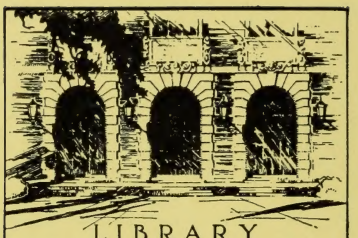

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THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. XXIII.

MARCH TO AUGUST,

1894.

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THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 133.—MARCH, 1894.

EPISODES OF THE MONTH.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The obstinacy of the House of Commons continues to force the House of Lords into unusual prominence, and during the month that has just elapsed it is the proceedings of the Upper House, and not those of the Lower, in which political observers have been chiefly interested. The great question of to-day is the strength of the Peers and their ability to resist the hysterical tyranny of the narrow majority which carries out the Ministerial Edict in the House of Commons. It is incontestable that on several occasions during the century the House of Lords has found itself in very disagreeable situations, in 1832 for instance, owing to its reluctance to accept the new *régime*. Again, ten years ago the Peers were face to face with a menacing agitation which might have had an unfortunate result if it had not been met in a conciliatory spirit. This dangerous unpopularity of the Upper House, which could be successfully appealed to and worked upon during any considerable political crisis, is, we believe, very much in abeyance just now. People who are capable of seeing anything must recognize that the events of the last year have conclusively shown the need of a second chamber, and the country is very unlikely to select this particular moment for a crusade against the only second chamber at our dis-

posal. The rejection of the Home Rule Bill has not been forgotten, and the championship of the Insurance Societies against Mr. Asquith and the ferocious Trade Unionist attack has made the Lords popular in places where they used to be the reverse. We doubt very much whether there will be any opportunity of fastening a quarrel upon them over the Parish Councils Bill. Moreover, as the Gladstonian Party contains a very appreciable percentage of men who hope that their political careers may be crowned with a peerage,—and who would be deeply distressed if an institution of such antiquity happened to terminate in their generation—it is difficult to regard the House of Lords as being in any serious danger at present. At the same time, their position is by no means easy, owing to the plan of campaign of Sir William Harcourt and his friends, who are afraid to dissolve now, believing they would be beaten, as the cry of "Peers *v.* People" is manifestly hollow. They hope, however, to raise it under more favourable conditions, *e.g.*, when they are quarrelling with the Lords over some fairly popular item in the Newcastle programme, and the "hereditary foes of the people" could be represented as obstructing progressive legislation.

Political Tactics.

The Gladstonians have in truth ceased to be anything but desperate electioneerers with whom tactics are a religion. This does not facilitate the position of the Peers, some of whom appear to be unduly haunted by the memory of former failures. We believe that one of the cardinal features of the situation is the indifference of the majority of voters to the Ministry and their measures. Were the Gladstonian Bills, however, to be successively carried in their integrity, the ordinary non-political Englishman—who decides all political questions in this country—would rally to the successful Party from which the other appeared to be running away. If, in the height of this feeling, a skilfully conceived bit of vote-catching legislation were rejected by the Lords, it might be possible for the Gladstonians to get up enough steam to carry them through a General Election. It is for this contingency that Sir William Harcourt and his colleagues are playing. They count on the shortness of political memories, and hope that their disastrous Home Rule Bill may soon be effaced from the elector's mind. Their success is contingent on this condition, and could only have one issue—a third Home Rule Bill, which would be summarily rejected by the Lords or passed with an additional clause referring it directly to the electors. We hope the country may be spared all this anxiety and friction. If the Lords, while recognizing the need of Registration Reform, decline to accept the principle of "one man, one vote" without the corrollary of "one vote, one value" they ought to find themselves on firm ground.

INSTITUTION, SWINDON

It would be very risky for the Gladstonians to shirk a Dissolution on the rejection of what they are pleased to treat as a great Reform Bill, while the case against "one man, one vote" without "one vote one value" is easily expoundable to the most obtuse of British electors.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

After the outstanding clauses of this measure had raced through the House of Commons, in accordance with the compromise effected between the two front benches, it was read a second time in the House of Lords, without a Division, on January 25th. Thus its principle was accepted by Lord Salisbury, as generally anticipated. In Committee it was subjected to severe and learned scrutiny, but the Unionist majority, in making their Amendments, did not fulfil prognostications. They were expected to take up a salient attitude upon one or two important points, and to use minor Amendments for purposes of "negotiation" with the Government. It was hoped in some quarters that they would be able to strike out the Poor Law Clauses which are quite irrelevant to a Parish Councils Bill, and perhaps to omit London altogether. The compound householder—or, rather, the householder who is compounded for—was thought to have no friends in the Upper House. The line actually taken, however, by the Unionist leaders, who fought in "loose order," was to introduce a great variety of Amendments, for the most part to the unimportant sections of the Bill. A serious effort was, indeed, made to protect the Charities against parochial rapacity, and the schoolrooms from perpetual meetings, while the limit of population at which parishes are to have councils forced upon them was raised from 200 to 500. The House of Lords must also be credited with having endeavoured to preserve the nominated Guardians in London, and with trying to put allotments on a more satisfactory footing by extending the period of compulsory hiring. It is doubtful how far these modifications will be sustained, as most of them failed to receive Liberal Unionist support on the return of the Bill to the House of Commons. No one can dispute the great practical wisdom of the Liberal Unionist leaders, but we cannot see the harm that would have been done if Gladstonians had been allowed to behave to this measure as they did to the Employers' Liability Bill. The incompetence of a Ministry is an important lesson for an Opposition to teach.

TAXATION AND REPRESENTATION.

Lord Salisbury endeavoured to couple Taxation and Representation as regards the administration of the parish in connection with an important Amendment moved by Lord Onslow. This Amendment proposed to

make the direct payment of rates a condition of parochial electorship. The Duke of Devonshire prevented this Amendment from being carried. He suggested that it would be a breach of the other House's privileges for the Lords to meddle with anything so delicate as rates; but, discussing the question of compounding on its merits, he pointed out that there were three courses open: to abolish the system of compounding, to disfranchise the compounding elector, or to give the owner power to relieve himself from paying rates on small tenements. The Duke of Devonshire showed that he did not favour any of these courses, not being prepared to put an end to a "convenient administrative system." He believed that the owner could protect himself and the parish against maladministration by raising the rent. Lord Balfour of Burleigh replied in an excellent speech, pointing out that the difficulties of collection, though considerable, were not insoluble—in fact, in Glasgow, out of 83,899 occupiers rated at between £4 and £10 a year only 16 per cent. were in default during the past year, which is less than the abatement allowed under the English system. He pleaded that the principle was too important to be lightly surrendered. Lord Salisbury most reluctantly recognized that the Duke of Devonshire's speech had practically killed the Amendment, which was accordingly withdrawn. Under this Bill, therefore—unless the Ministry abandon it in furtherance of their quarrel with the Lords, which remains uncertain while we write—one set of people will levy rates which another set will have to pay, their only safeguard being a dim prospect of eventually taking it out of their cottagers in the shape of rent. No one can speak lightly of the Duke of Devonshire's judgment, and his estimate of the political situation has always been admirable, but it does seem a profound pity that this very important extension of local government should rest on a principle that no one has attempted to defend except as a convenience. One shudders to think of what may happen in some districts under the new Poor Law Administration. The ex-officio Guardians have been somewhat contemptuously thrown overboard, plural voting has been abolished, and those who vote out-door relief will be spared the education of paying for it.

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY BILL.

The intricate subject of Employers' Liability still holds the field as a political question of the first importance. The House of Lords has all along accepted the principle of the Bill, which greatly extends the liability of employers by multiplying the occasions upon which workmen can bring actions against them. The two classes whom the measure would chiefly benefit are Trade-Union leaders who live on friction and speculative solicitors who live on litigation. The Upper House

has declined to join Mr. Asquith in destroying something very much better than the Bill,—*i.e.*, the Mutual Insurance Societies, to which both employers and employed contribute, out of whose funds compensation is paid promptly and without friction, in a far larger number of cases than are covered by the Bill. Under the Bill no workman can recover compensation unless negligence can be proved against the employer or a fellow-workman—the negligence of the employer (either in person or by deputy) is the principle of the Bill: the injury to the workman is the principle of the Insurance Society. The members of these Societies are convinced that unless they are permitted to contract against litigation their funds will lose the employers' contributions and become insolvent. They have unavailingly petitioned for protection to the Home Secretary who has shown marked asperity over this question, and their safety can now only be insured by the steadfastness of the House of Lords. The Peers have taken great pains to put themselves entirely in the right in this matter, and Lord Dudley's Amendment as modified is very difficult to criticize. It exempts existing Insurance Societies from the purview of the Bill, provided a two-thirds majority of the workmen approve by a ballot held subsequent to the passing of the Act. It also enables any workman to release himself from the insurance agreement if he thinks he will do better under the Act. This admirable Amendment further permits parties to future insurance agreements to contract themselves out of the Act, provided certain stringent conditions are complied with: (1) reasonable compensation must be paid in all cases of injury incurred in the course of employment; (2) the contribution of the employer must not be less than one-third of the whole fund; (3) the fund must be solvent or the employer willing to make up the deficiency; (4) the insurance agreement must not be a condition of employment. The two-thirds majority is required in future societies, and the Board of Trade is made umpire to see that all is fair. Lord Farrer, a Gladstonian Peer, supported this system of "domestic insurance" against the system of "outside insurance," which the Bill would compel employers to adopt, in a very telling speech. He pointed out that "outside insurance" means fighting every claim for compensation.

THE MAJORITY OF TWO.

When the Dudley Amendment reached the House of Commons Mr. Cobb (who has many constituents interested in preserving the "North-Western" Insurance Fund) moved an Amendment exempting Insurance Societies from the operation of the Act for a period of three years. This Amendment was grudgingly accepted by Mr. Asquith, and riddled by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain as illusory and unreal. In fact, it pleased nobody, and was known to have been devised

simply in order to rescue the Party from a scrape. A damaging Division followed, in which the Ministry escaped defeat by a majority of two (215—213). During the Debate much was made of a phrase in which Lord Salisbury was supposed to have referred to the Trade Unions (in connection with their tyrannical attitude towards the Insurance Societies, which they wish to break up) as "a cruel organization." It is perhaps worth noting that Mr. John Burns, while very bitter about this expression, spoke of the London and North-Western Railway men as "industrial Judas Iscariots to the rest of the working-classes." This is not a kind phrase for one working-man to apply to thousands of other working-men, merely because they differ from him as to the best means of promoting their own welfare. On a further Division the Dudley Amendment was rejected by a majority of 22 (219—197), and as the Lords have declined to give way the Home Secretary has abandoned the Bill in a "huff." If the Gladstonians were not in the grip of the extreme Trade Unionists they would see what a disastrous mistake they are making from a tactical point of view, which is the only one they care about. On the moral aspect of abandoning a Bill they regard as conferring a great boon on the working-classes, simply to "score off" the House of Lords, we prefer to say nothing. As the Bill rested on a wrong principle we are not sorry it has been dropped. The question would be better dealt with by a layman than a lawyer, for it is not so much a question of employer's liability as of workmen's insurance.

THE "PEOPLE'S VETO."

The Referendum has been very much in the air during the past month. Allusion has been made to it by several prominent politicians. Mr. Balfour spoke most weightily and not unsympathetically on the subject at Leicester, his words were these: "Though I am far from saying that we should make this innovation, or any other innovation, upon the British Constitution, so far I am prepared to go, that if, under the leadership of this or any other Government, the House of Commons is to be deprived of its deliberative functions, and the House of Lords is to be checked in the exercise of its constitutional duties, then a direct appeal to the people, and that alone, can save us from the greatest legislative disaster." Among the Gladstonians, on the other hand, the suggestion of a Referendum excites unmeasured indignation; Sir William Harcourt calls it "high treason to the House of Commons," as though there were some special sovereignty about the Lower House apart from its representing the people. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman has characterized it as an "outlandish invention." Mr. Bryce has condemned it as "ultra-democratic" and as "a thing far more revolutionary than

anything the Liberals have ever proposed." The fact is that it would not suit the Gladstonian game at all if the House of Lords could protect itself by a direct appeal to the people. They prefer to enjoy the grievance of an "irresponsible hereditary chamber" which can be thundered at in sonorous periods from provincial platforms. If the House of Lords acquired the power of polling the people—as it will one of these days—the guns of our most effective demagogues would be spiked. Professor Dicey, by christening the Referendum, the "People's Veto," has given it something it stood sorely in need of—a good working name.

THE NEW RADICALISM.

Mr. Chamberlain was entertained by the Edgbaston Conservative Club on the 30th January, when he delivered a very important speech on the Unionist Alliance. He expressed with great emphasis his disapproval of the new Radicalism which in their exigencies the Gladstonians have been compelled to embrace:

"I have no sympathy at all with the new Radicalism of which Sir William Harcourt is now a conspicuous supporter, although are cent convert. I have no sympathy with the policy of men whose representatives abet and aid the projects of the enemies of this country—the men who whine over the fate of Lobengula, but denounce as murderers the British officers and the brave Englishmen who, at the risk of their lives and fortunes in all parts of the world, are doing their part to maintain the great Empire of the Queen. I have no sympathy with men who apparently approve of French aggression, and who at the same time deprecate any increase of the British navy; or with those who preach consistently in all parts of the world, in Africa, in Asia, and in Ireland, their favourite doctrine of 'Scuttle.' But it is not only in regard to these questions of national existence and foreign policy that I find myself in absolute antagonism to the views of what is called the 'new Radicalism.' I do not like their domestic policy any better than their foreign policy. They have ceased to pursue the old object of Radicals —the greatest happiness of the greatest number. They are never satisfied with making anybody happy now unless at the same time they can make somebody else unhappy. Their love for Home Rule is only surpassed by their hatred of the Protestant and British minority in Ulster. Their interest in temperance is conditional upon their being able to ruin the publican. Their advocacy of compensation to workmen is tempered by their desire to do some injury to the employer; and even their love, their affection, for the Parish Councils Bill is conditional upon their hostility to the Church. I say that that is not true Radicalism."

A NATIONAL PARTY.

In the same speech after avowing his satisfaction with the title Unionist, Mr. Chamberlain proceeded to point out the need of establishing a National Party "that will put country before the interests of any faction, before any personal consideration; a Party that will not barter its conscience for votes, and a Party that will not betray the interests of the country in order to gain or to maintain itself in office." He further indicated some of the work that is ready to the hand of such a Party:

"We are face to face now with questions of the greatest importance, with social problems which are now coming into view, such as the condition of the poor, the distribution of wealth, the relations between capital and labour. These are matters which are absolutely at the foundation of the existing order of things, and if the time has come when they should be reformed or in any way altered, surely the examination ought to be carried out by impartial men in the interests of all, and not by those who set their sails to catch every gust of popular opinion and of popular prejudice. But if such a union of patriotic men is necessary in order to deal with the domestic policy of this country, still more is it necessary to protect our interests in connexion with our foreign relations."

LIBERAL UNIONISM.

On 8th February Mr. Chamberlain presided over the first meeting of the Midlands' Liberal Unionist Association which was held at Birmingham. The growth of this movement was revealed by the annual report to have been something more than satisfactory. The district in which the association operates returned 31 Liberals and 8 Conservatives in 1885; to-day it is represented by 13 Liberal Unionists, 16 Conservatives, and 10 Gladstonians; thus a Liberal majority of 23 has been followed by a Unionist majority of 19. Exclusive of Birmingham, the total membership of the affiliated association is actually 21,707, or over 10 per cent. of the whole electorate in the districts canvassed. Mr. Chamberlain was probably justified in his assumption that for every man enrolled "there are two or three others who will give their support at the polls, although they do not care to connect themselves with an association." After reiterating his desire for the formation of a National Party, "which would consent to sink all minor differences in order to seek the greater interests of our common country," Mr. Chamberlain spoke as follows:—

"It is necessary, then, in my opinion, for the strength of the Unionist or National Party that there should always be open two channels of entrance to its ranks, two means of communication with outside opinion, the one on the Conservative side and through the Conservative organization, the other on the Liberal side and through the Liberal organization. If I wanted any proof of what I have been saying, surely I could find it in our experience and in the report which has just been read. Of the 22,000 members who have inscribed themselves on the roll of our association, how many is it supposed we have taken from the Conservative Party? I will undertake to say there is not one in a thousand who has ever committed himself in any way to any Conservative association or Conservative organization, and I will go further and say that there is not one in ten of them who even now would be willing to sink himself entirely in such an organization. But if we did not exist, if we did not maintain some such body as that whose first meeting we are met to celebrate, these men would necessarily either drift to the Gladstonian Party or they would remain outside politics altogether, and in either case they would be lost to the National Party, whereas our organization gives them the opportunity which they require of enabling them to preserve their distinctive position as men who have never abandoned their right to call themselves Liberals, although they repudiate with indignation the spurious Liberalism with which the Separatist Party seeks to cover its policy."

However anxious we may be that the friction produced by

different organizations should be allayed, this opinion must be accepted as absolute, certainly with regard to the district in which the speaker's policy has been so abundantly justified.

BOMB THROWING.

Not a month passes without our having to record some fresh and terrible manifestation of anarchy. It is difficult to select an epithet adequate to stigmatize the last vile act which was perpetrated on Monday night, the 12th instant, at the café of the Hotel Terminus adjoining the Gare St. Lazare in Paris. A number of harmless people had collected in the café to listen to the music and forget for an hour or two the daily anxieties of life, when what has been described as a "well-dressed man" took a packet and threw it among the people. At once there was a flash and detonation and the usual scene of smoke, confusion, shrieks, and wounded people. The perpetrator of the outrage endeavoured to escape, and being armed with a revolver managed to wound a policeman who pluckily arrested him. He turned out to be one Emile Henry, a militant Anarchist, a young man who it seems had had a good education, but who had early been noted for his "advanced political opinions." Stringent laws are now in operation in foreign countries for the detection and expulsion of Anarchists. The result is that they are crowding over to London, and hatch here their abominable plots to destroy people in foreign countries. How long shall we tolerate this? Our indulgence furnishes the French with a grievance which they are entitled to resent.

THE EXPLOSION AT GREENWICH.

We have just received a warning against the danger of constituting our country an asylum for foreign "politicians." On Thursday evening, February 15th, an explosion took place in Greenwich Park, and an individual was found awfully mutilated by the bursting of a bomb. He hardly survived the explosion for half-an-hour. He had been apparently directing his steps towards the Greenwich Observatory, it is assumed with the intention of wrecking it, when from some accidental cause the bomb exploded, and, happily for his intended victims, he was blown to pieces. It is necessary to say as emphatically as possible that this Anarchist question surpasses all others in importance. It is a greater one even than the Parish Councils Bill. The disastrous progress of science in the manufacture of explosives has placed the means of scattering wholesale massacre at the service of any miscreant who chooses to avail himself of it. He can make his bomb out of harmless elements which are only terrible in combination, carry it in his waistcoat-pocket, and fling it into the midst of an assemblage who are defenceless, and

collected together for business or amusement. Emile Henry said that he looked out for the café which was fullest of people.

A New Peril. The danger we are threatened with is a new one, and one may almost say the most awful one which has ever been presented for the consideration of a Government. In England we have quite the worst people in power to deal with the new peril. The danger itself upsets their theory of progress. They attribute all discontent to the Government as a machine. There are some incorrigible sentimentalists among them who, directly a crime is committed, blame the Police. They have partly come to power on the shoulders of disorder, for they encouraged it when they were out of office, and now Mr. Asquith finds himself reluctantly compelled to institute club raids. The fact is—and it is an alarming one—our Ministerial visionaries are not competent to deal with a new peril such as the one we are confronted with. They cannot extricate themselves from the spell of ancient watchwords, which to sensible people are purely conditional, such as "Liberty of the Press" and "Freedom of Meeting."

Mr. Asquith. Nevertheless, we have hopes of the Home Secretary's stiffening his back and doing his duty in coping with disorder. He has learnt a great deal during his tenure of office, and delivered an admirable little speech in the House of Commons on 15th February. The opportunity was afforded by a question of Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's, who wanted to know why a man called Williams, who has been making disgraceful speeches on Tower Hill and elsewhere, was allowed to be at large. In the course of his reply Mr. Asquith very frankly took the public into his confidence, and explained his difficulties:

"As to the speeches made by the man Williams at Tower Hill and elsewhere, there can be no doubt that he has on several occasions used language inciting to violence, such as would render him amenable to the criminal law. I have not, I think, shown any indisposition in cases of necessity to take strong measures for the protection of public order; and I shall hardly be suspected of any tenderness for this person, or of any superstitious dread of infringing what in such a connexion it is absurd to call the right of free speech. But the question of prosecuting in such cases is one of expediency, which can only be properly determined by a full knowledge of all the facts and upon a review of the general situation as it affects public order. I have the advantage of being advised by police officers who in experience and ability are second to none in the world, and it is their deliberate opinion, in which I concur, that under existing conditions, and up to the present moment, a prosecution of this man would do much more harm than good. They regard him as an insignificant person, with no authority or real following except a small handful of casual loafers, and incapable either by himself or by any influence he has with others of doing any serious mischief. So long as this is the case, a prosecution, by giving him fictitious importance, would simply be serving his own ends. It must be clearly understood that I am not in any way fettering our action as to the future, and that if at any moment the balance of public advan-

tage seemed to turn the other way we should act accordingly. In the meanwhile I venture to renew an appeal which I made some time ago in the interests of public order to honourable members here, and in particular to great organs in the Press, not to propagate and give prominence to the mouthings of these obscure and contemptible ranters, and thereby to create the very mischiefs and dangers which they cannot be more anxious than I am to prevent. They may be sure that the Police are keeping a most vigilant watch, and are prepared to anticipate any outbreak involving risk to life or property."

INSIGNIFICANT PEOPLE.

If the Home Office and the Police agree that a man is not worth prosecuting they are probably right, the responsibility is theirs, and they must know what they are about. At the same time one cannot help feeling that this reluctance to give an "insignificant person" an advertisement may be carried too far. Criminals are rarely people of distinction—Emile Henry, Vaillant, and Ravochol were all "insignificant" until they perpetrated the diabolical crimes which gave them their infamous reputation, and within a very few hours of the Home Secretary's speech Bourdin, who had been as insignificant as a man well could be, immortalized himself at Greenwich. It is, indeed, palpable that insignificance is not the same thing as harmlessness.

"A CHEMICAL PARCELS POST."

This horrible phrase has emerged into prominence during the past month. It was supposed to have originated with an incendiary speaker on Tower Hill, who, however, disclaimed the authorship. Subsequent investigation revealed a Member of Parliament, Mr. John Burns, as responsible for the atrocious expression, which occurred in a speech reported in *The South Western Star* for April 16, 1887. *The Daily Chronicle* declares this report to be "absolutely correct":

"Lately Europe had been startled by an attempt on the life of the Czar of Russia. Great sorrow had been expressed by the papers at the attempt on the part of the men, who in Russia were only desperate, and only resorted to force and to secret societies because constitutional methods were disallowed them. Great sorrow was shown by *The Times* at the attempts to rid the earth of a tyrant. He was sorry they did not succeed. He would ask those men who deprecate force and extreme measures if they did not like the idea of Joseph Chamberlain following the Czar and Lord Salisbury to heaven by means of a chemical parcels post, to join their hands with those men who were trying to remove the causes which made political assassination necessary."

We doubt very much whether a more wicked utterance than this has ever been delivered by a responsible working-class leader.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. Rhodes remains altogether master of the situation at the Cape. The Elections have given him the large majority of 50 supporters in a House of only 76 Members. He has frankly claimed to be given power in regard to

his Northern Extension policy, that is to say, upon the policy of obtaining as far as he can the interior of Africa as a reversion to the Cape Colony. He has always made this his steadfast object, holding that the unknown interior of Africa had to be appropriated and civilized by some Power, and that the Cape Colony was on the spot, and more deeply interested in the disposal of the Hinterland than any other Power could be. Lobengula is reported to have died of fever, a hunted fugitive in the bush, a victim to his ignorance of the superior slaughtering power of the white man. All his regiments have come in, and the domination of the latter is firmly established over the Matabele country, and right up to the Zambesi. We hear of no difficulties likely to arise between Mr. Rhodes, as President of the Chartered Company, and the British Government. This means, probably, that he is to have a free hand.

MR. SELOUS *v.* MR. LABOUCHERE.

Mr. Selous arrived at the beginning of last month, and published a vivid account of the Matabele Campaign and of the departure of Major Wilson's fatal expedition. He spoke indignantly of Mr. Labouchere's slanders, and complained of the want of indignation of Englishmen at home at these calumnies. We should like to reassure him: the indignation was universal, and certainly it was expressed in every decent newspaper, but the refutation of calumny is rarely circulated widely. One of the evils of "cable" news is that what is called news is so often an exaggeration or distortion. The name of LABOUCHERE appears heading the column of a Cape newspaper in bold black type, and he becomes a person of some importance, whereas in his own country Mr. Labouchere has no importance. He is the English Rochefort with his own English *Intransigeant*, singularly misnamed *Truth*. Like Rochefort he has made his money and created a notoriety by lampooning. His greatest satisfaction is in vilifying his own country. Acting on the assumption that all men are rogues, he has occasionally rendered service by exposing real rogues. Mr. Selous has the sympathy of all decent Englishmen in the effort he is making to bring Mr. Labouchere to book for his calumnies.

EGYPT AND ABBAS PACHA.

We have certainly an aggravation of our difficulties in Egypt arising from the character of the youth who has become Khedive of Egypt. It is intolerable that he should have slighted the English officers in presence of the native army, and to such an extent as to induce General Kitchener to resign. We are told that it is the Khedive himself who is at fault, and that he does not act from any instigation. A letter from Cairo published in *The Times* says:

"The Khedive is in a way at the bottom of all the trouble, but only because Riaz, Ministers, and everyone in the country are afraid of his outbursts of temper. No one dare stand up to him; he takes offence where none is thought of, and generally about some trivial matter or a phrase the meaning of which he perverts and flies into a fury over. His life is made up of personal trivialities; his great interest is in his horses and his building operations at Koubbeh and Montaza (near Ramleh), and so long as he can go about with great pomp, see the people on the road make way and salute with all awe, he really cares very little about great public questions. But woe betide anyone who at any hour, in daylight or darkness, fails to recognize and salute his Highness. The other day the police ran in a tourist, and merely because, though he did get out of the way with his horse and also saluted, he was not quick enough about it, and the Khedive, with escort, came up quickly behind. Lord Cromer, I hear, sent a despatch on the subject to Tigrane containing a strong remonstrance."

We are most anxious to avoid a quarrel, but we really cannot submit to have native disaffection excited against us by a ruler whose position we maintain, and whose country we render prosperous.

GERMANY AND RUSSIA.

By far the most important event of the month has been the announcement of a Commercial Treaty between Germany and Russia. It is a sad blow to France—she had been counting on a continuance of the Tariff war: but the Russian peasants cannot stand the present prohibitory tax (50 per cent.) upon cereals which closes the German market. The two Emperors have agreed to the Treaty, by which the duty on cereals will be reduced by one-half. Russia, in return, reduces her import duties on certain German products. There are various other concessions on either side. Russia agrees to accept the German gold currency in payment of custom dues at the rate of 1,000 marks to 308 gold roubles, and offers no opposition to the return of Jewish emigrants of Russian origin if they have not been in Germany more than one month. The Treaty is to come into force on the 20th inst., and to be valid for ten years. Either nation can cancel it with a year's notice. There can be no doubt of the moral and economic advantage of this Treaty to both countries. The interest threatened by it is the agricultural one in Germany, and the agriculturists are protesting and agitating. The Emperor of Germany, however, is very decided, and announces that he will dissolve the Reichstag and appeal to the country if the Treaty be rejected by that body; and he said that the Reichstag had never been called upon to make such an important decision—rejection of the Treaty "would inevitably be quickly followed by a Tariff war, and, at no remote period, by a real war." These are strong words. The German Emperor tells the country that war with Russia will be the alternative if the Treaty be not confirmed! There is little doubt but what it will be accepted. In the meantime, France despairs over the conduct of her faithless lover. Have her milliards

then been bestowed on him, her caresses and lavish hospitality, only to receive this mark of infidelity? It is her constant fate to be "betrayed." The fact is, Russia has committed the offence which French opinion declares to be the deadly sin of England. She has consulted her own interests. She wanted French money, struck up an *entente* and got it. It has recently become imperative that her peasantry in the southern province should have the great market of Germany open to them for the sale of their cereals. The Tariff was starving them, taxes could not be paid, and there was wide-spread discontent; whereupon the Czar determined the Tariff war should be brought to a conclusion, and he made approaches to the German Government, offering reciprocal concessions. The result is the Commercial Treaty and an alteration of the European situation—for the better.

THE FRENCH IN TIMBUCTOO.

The French have had a very serious reverse at Timbuctoo. The French commander, Colonel Bonnier, went out on a reconnaissance and allowed himself to be surprised by the Tuaregs, as the chief native tribe is called. The Tuaregs appear to have rushed the camp at night time, and to have flung down the stands of arms before the French could seize them for defence. There appears to have been a general massacre. Captain Philippe remained in command at Timbuctoo and reinforcements were being hurried to his assistance. The occupation of Timbuctoo seems to have been a premature act, and the French Government had recalled the unfortunate Colonel Bonnier. After the reverse, however, Monsieur Casimir-Perier said there could be no question of an evacuation. "France did not fall back after an accident of that kind." The occupation of Timbuctoo, however poor the town may be, will very much improve the position of the French; and if she maintains it her influence will be greatly increased. The great caravan road runs from Morocco to Timbuctoo and tidings will be brought along the thousand miles it runs of the French seated in an empire of the South.

HANS VON BÜLOW.

Musicians are in the main too busy recollecting and recording the smart and witty sayings of the late Hans von Bülow to realize the full measure of the loss inflicted by his death on the world of art. For, in spite of all his petulance and extravagance—which were largely, if not entirely, due to an exceptionally sensitive physical organization,—von Bülow was as true a friend of music as ever lived. His immense devotion to Beethoven (of which he has left an abiding memorial in his monumental edition of the pianoforte works of that master) and to Bach was combined with an enthusiasm for Wagner

which survived the painful domestic complications which led to the break-up of his household. Furthermore, while one of the most zealous hierophants of Wagnerian opera, he never swerved in his allegiance to Brahms as the lineal artistic descendant of Bach and Beethoven. According to the late M. Tschaikowsky, he availed himself more fully than any other artist outside Russia of his opportunities as a conductor and executant to secure a hearing for the works of Russian composers; he proclaimed "Carmen" to be one of his favourite operas; and, finally, he did not scruple to declare that the waltzes of Strauss might be profitably introduced to lighten the seriousness of a symphonic concert. It was at once his merit and his misfortune that he united to a Teutonic intellect the mercurial physique and vivacious wit of a Celt. He never wearied of launching the shafts of ridicule against the *bourgeoisie* of Berlin, and is reported to have said that what drove him periodically abroad was the exasperating spectacle of the German ladies who could never come to a concert without their knitting. His memory was too prodigious to admit of the development of any special creative power, but in the widest sense of the word he was one of the greatest interpreters that ever lived. There have been many famous executants who were fine conductors, but the two functions were never combined in so superlative a degree as in the case of von Bülow.

THE RULERS OF MANKIND.

What though the Sword, incarnadined and crowned,
Yoke to its car the servile feet of Fate,
What though the sophist Senate's pompous prate
Engross the hour, and shake the world with sound,
Their carnal conquests can at best but found
Some tinsel-towering transitory State
On force or fraud, whose summits, soon or late,
Fresh fraud or force will level with the ground.
It is the silent eremitic mind,
Immured in meditation long and lone,
Lord of all knowledge while itself unknown,
And in its cloister ranging unconfined,
That builds Thought's time-long universal throne,
And with an unseen sceptre rules Mankind.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

REASONS FOR A COALITION.

THE air is full of rumours of an early Dissolution. Whatever other meaning may attach to Mr. Gladstone's characteristic telegram from Biarritz, it certainly conveyed a plainer admission than has hitherto been made by himself, or his admirers, that old age may compel him to relinquish office at no distant date. There is probably no formed decision in the Cabinet to dissolve this Spring, or even this year; and yet some taking battle-cry against the House of Lords,—some sulkiness on the part of one of the diverse groups which keep the Government in power, the sudden wrath, or the impatience of his impotence, of Mr. Gladstone himself, may at any moment precipitate this event. What will be its result? Most of the prophets think that it will result in a small Unionist majority. Others believe in a diminished Gladstonian majority. Outside the National Liberal Club, no one believes in an increased Gladstonian majority.

A priori and general considerations support the probable accuracy of one of the two former forecasts. The proverbial pendulum has swung some little way; but it has not yet had time to make its complete revolution. The figures of the polls at all the curiously infrequent bye-elections show a general, but not large, increase in the Unionist vote. There would seem to be no reason why any future action of the House of Lords should excite more popular discontent than its previous acts excited at Accrington and Horncastle. Apart from the stale cry against the Upper House, there is no legislative act, or project, by which the Gladstonians can hope to secure any appreciable accession of voting strength. The Employers' Liability Bill did not bring more Lancashire artizans to their side at Accrington. The Local Government Bill, according to all reports, quickened no rustic pulse in the villages of Lincolnshire. No thoughtful Gladstonian can hope that Welsh or Scotch Disestablishment, or the Local Veto Bill, or any conceivable tinkering with the Suffrage under the name and pretence of Registration Reform, is going to elicit new bursts of democratic affection for the Government, and of detestation for its adversaries. On the contrary, it may reasonably be anticipated that while each one of these

future measures will please its particular supporters, who now vote Radical, who have for years voted Radical, and who will not under any circumstances vote Conservative, each one of them will possibly alienate some former supporters of the Gladstonian Party, and will stir to unexampled exertions against the Government many members of the churches or interests about to be attacked, who have heretofore been neutral or lukewarm at election times.

Let us assume, then, for the purposes of this article, that the coming Dissolution is followed by either a small Unionist majority or by a reduced Gladstonian majority. In either case a period of intense political strain, and of the most anxious responsibility and difficulty to the Unionists, will succeed. How will they make the most effective use of all the forces and resources at their command? In either case the answer is clear, and is the same, whether they be Ministerialists, or whether they be in Opposition. The Conservative and Liberal Unionists in Parliament must be united in one self-governed Party. It will be fatuous folly for them, out of a sentimental regard for the names and the prejudices of the past, to retain any longer their separate and independent leaders. There must be a Coalition. That is to say, whether in office or in opposition, the leaders of the two sections must consult and work together. The retention of different organizations in the constituencies, and of separate disciplinary organization in the House of Commons, are matters comparatively of detail, on which it is not necessary to assert now any rigid or dogmatic regulations. The essential point is that if a Unionist Government be in office it shall include the most capable Unionist Servants of the Queen, whether in times past they may have been Conservative, Liberal, or Radical. And secondly, that if the Unionists be in Opposition, their leaders shall confer together, shall sit together, and direct one common policy, and one arranged system of tactics for which, whether Conservatives or Liberals, they shall be equally and directly responsible.

Let us consider first the contingency of a Unionist majority and Government. I am well aware that already in those charmed coteries, where Whips and Private Secretaries can indulge in the fascinating art of Cabinet-making, a Coalition Cabinet is taken for granted, and that it has been, so to speak, laid down to the most unimportant details, with a nice admixture of Conservative, and Liberal, and Radical Unionists. But I do not think that the great mass of the Unionist Party or even the active workers of the Party in the constituencies have realized as yet the probability, or the advisability of such a Coalition. And, therefore, it is time that the reasons for it should be stated, and Unionist opinion familiarized with the probable course of events.

The first and most obvious reason for a Coalition Government is this. The Queen's Government should have the direct assistance of all the ablest politicians and administrators who are in general sympathy with its policy. It is absurd that, when the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain, and their most capable colleagues, are supporting by vote and speech the legislation and the administrative acts of a Unionist Government, their talents and experience should not be available for the preparation of that legislation, and for the work of that administration. For the sake of Party distinctions, the significance of which is daily becoming more and more nominal, the country is deprived of the active services of some of its best administrators. The near future must bring into the range of practical politics the most complex and delicate of labour and industrial problems. The true cleavage between politicians will be between those who seek, on the one hand, to deal with these questions on the lines of the Trades Union Congress, and in expectation of the Trades Unionists' votes, and those who, on the other hand, recognize that there are other interests at stake besides those of the wage-earners, and who know that the ephemeral ideas of working-men leaders are as lightly abandoned as they are suddenly adopted and passionately preached. There can be no doubt now on which of these two sides the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Courtney would take their stand. Would it not be pitiable if in any future Unionist legislation on such subjects these men should not be enabled to give practical effect to their exceptional and special qualifications for dealing with them?

Take another great branch of Imperial policy. It is plain that one of the principal cares of a second Unionist Government will be the consolidation and extension of our Colonies, and of the Asiatic and African territories under our influence. Lord Salisbury's Government did much good work in this direction. But, probably, it will be easier to convince the country that such a policy is dictated by commercial considerations, and not by "Jingo" aspirations, if it be responsibly directed not merely by Conservative statesmen, but by some of those also who in times past have thought that Conservatism was inclined to be bellicose or Chauvinistic.

Some Conservatives, no doubt, will raise the objection that a Coalition Government will mean the abandonment of Conservative principles, and lead us Conservatives into strange and dangerous courses. I am afraid that a reference to the British legislation of the last Government will show that the exclusion of the Liberal Unionist leaders from a Unionist Cabinet does not ensure to us an untainted Conservative policy, or enable Conservative Ministers to stand firmly on the ancient paths. To mention

one instance only. Was there ever a more wanton desertion of Conservative professions, and a more reckless theft of a Radical cry, than when that Government passed the Free Education Act? And yet the stalwarts of the Conservative rank and file swallowed that novel morsel with astonishing avidity. In fact, it comes to this. So long as there is a Unionist alliance, each section of it will affect and modify the views and the action of the other; and the opinions of either will be leavened by a reciprocal permeation, whether the Liberal Unionist leaders sit in the Cabinet or give advice from outside. The first great difference between these two positions is that in the latter case they have power without direct, or public, or personal, responsibility. It may seem a paradoxical belief for me, a Conservative, to enunciate; but I am prepared to argue that several of the Liberal Unionist leaders, and of their younger followers, when once they were placed in a position of constitutional responsibility, would in many ways exercise a steadying, and, in the highest sense of the word, a Conservative influence on the policy of a Unionist Government. Take such men as Mr. Courtney, Sir John Lubbock, the Duke of Argyll, and Mr. Finlay; and amongst less known politicians, Mr. Arthur Elliot, Mr. Wodehouse, Mr. Hobhouse, and Mr. Parker Smith. They all belong rather to a political school which acts on certain definite political theories, based on experience, and precedent, and authority, and not to the opportunism of to-day. Conservative wire-pullers might label them academic, and perhaps sneer at some of them as pedants. Well, may a Conservative whisper it? There is not too much of the academic spirit amongst Conservative Parliamentarians, and an infusion of it would tend rather towards stability than instability in the domestic Unionist policy of the future.

The second great difference between the position of Liberal Unionist statesmen having seats in the Cabinet and that which they occupied during the last Parliament is that during that time they had power, and they gave advice, but without adequate opportunities for preliminary and constant deliberation with those whose action they were influencing. This system, I think, has been, and is likely to be, far more dangerous to the maintenance of Conservative principles, and to the steady prosecution of any consistent and determinate policy, than would be the inclusion of Mr. Chamberlain and his friends in a Unionist Administration.

Look back to the erratic course through the House of Commons of the Irish Land Act of the last Government—to the collapse of its Licensing proposals—to the vacillations that preceded the constitution of the Parnell Commission. In each case sharp curves in policy were taken because of urgent though tardy pressure from

MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

the Liberal Unionist leaders, who necessarily were not in such close touch with the Conservative Ministers as to be able to think out with them beforehand a definite scheme of policy, which should be resolutely adhered to. Politicians of high position outside a Cabinet are prone to think that they are better judges of the drifts of public opinion than the responsible Ministers. And when any of these external counsellors are nervously sensitive to every little puff of popular displeasure it is certain that the warnings from without of the consequences of a particular Ministerial decision, and the petitions for a modification of it will be frequent and imploring.

Another obvious objection to a Coalition Administration is that its composition must produce personal disappointments, and jealousies, and friction. No doubt. But, after all, the formation of a purely partisan Administration must always and inevitably cause some disillusions, and create some bitterness. The candidates for office must always be hugely in excess of the number of offices. And, it may be plausibly contended in the case of the Conservative aspirants for subordinate office, whom the composition of a Coalition Administration may leave unsatisfied, that they will be able to make more comfortable excuses to their own vanity, and to give more pleasing assurances to their friends and constituents, than if the recruits were exclusively taken from their own Party. In the event of a Coalition, how many Conservatives will there not be who will confidentially inform the Chairman of their Committees, that they are in a position to state that they would have been offered office if the Duke of Devonshire had not insisted upon the claims of this or that Liberal Unionist, and then take credit for their patriotic acquiescence in the decrees of political necessity? Moreover, amongst the younger Conservative Members, who are at all qualified for office, there are few who can be reckoned as professional politicians, still fewer as political adventurers. Most of them have other interests and duties in life; so that, while deprivation of office may mean an honourable ambition frustrated or postponed, it will not for them involve the abandonment of a career, or the loss of an expected income. And this is equally true of the younger Liberal Unionists, who have shown Parliamentary assiduity or ability. To such men as Lord Wolmer, Mr. Henry Hobhouse, Mr. Parker Smith, and Mr. Austin Chamberlain, office would bring hardships as well as "sweets." And it may be remembered, that at the birth of the separate Liberal Unionist Party in 1886 it was the fixed policy of its leaders that it could not, and should not, be merged with the Conservative Party, so that all their Members must have started on their Parliamentary life without any definite expectation of achieving official distinction

at any early date. For these reasons, then, I do not think that the distribution of offices amongst Conservatives and Liberal Unionists will prove so harassing a task, or lead to so much personal bitterness, as some have anticipated.

While, no doubt, the national reasons for a Coalition are stronger when a Unionist Government is in office, and while it is under those circumstances that the difficulties and the dangers that may grow out of the present weak connection between the leaders of the two sections of the Party are greatest, I suspect that the evils which result from the same cause when the Unionists are in Opposition have not been generally realized. It is perfectly true that this loose formation of the attack in the House of Commons on the last Home Rule Bill answered admirably. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour had scope to give full play to their special talents, an opportunity of which they made the most. And the competition amongst their followers to introduce destructive Amendments produced merely a healthy emulation in criticism. But that was a wholly exceptional case. The simple and common object of each section and of every member of each section, was to destroy the Bill—to demonstrate its inherent absurdity and mischievousness. There were no varying degrees in the hostility it inspired; no sympathy with its principle, combined with antipathy to certain of its details; no comparative tenderness for any portion of its provisions. And so the task of attack was carried on with perfect spirit and drastic effect.

It would, however, be hypocritical to pretend that the opposition to the Employers' Liability Bill, or to the Local Government Bill, has been as satisfactory, and, if one may use the word in this context, as constructive as it would have been if the leaders of the Liberal Unionists, and of the Conservatives, had been seated side by side, and had sought to amend these Bills after close consultation, ending in one scheme of action. As it was, in the case of the Employers' Liability Bill, Mr. Chamberlain, who was absent during the Report stage, made, both on the Second and on the Third Reading, speeches of more uncompromising criticism of the main principle and policy of the Bill than were delivered from the Front Opposition Bench; while during the protracted Committee stage of the Local Government Bill, he was intermittent in his attendance, and in his speeches showed no very distinct attitude towards the measure as a whole. When the Bill returned to the House of Commons on February 15th for the consideration of the Lords' Amendments, there was certainly no want of precision in Mr. Chamberlain's attitude. There had been a meeting of the Liberal Unionist Party that afternoon, and it was clear that it had then been decided that, for tactical reasons, the bulk of the Lords'

Amendments should not be supported. It was plain that the Liberal Unionist leader in the Commons intended, by the voting strength of his own Party, acting quite separately and independently of the Conservative Party, and of their prejudices and wishes, to make it virtually impossible for the House of Lords to adhere to the vast majority of the Amendments they had made. Now, I am not prepared to argue that, under the circumstances, this was not the politic course to pursue, or that the result arrived at was not the result, on the whole, to be desired in the interests of Unionism by the whole Unionist Party. But, was the spectacle of this complete separation of the counsels, and the tactics of the two wings of the Unionist Party in the House, quite edifying? Was it quite comfortable to the vastly larger section, who very probably would have completely approved of the policy pursued, if they had had any sort of voice in it, or any direct knowledge of the arguments by which it was justified? Some may lightly observe here: these examples of divergence of action, of independence of purpose, go to show such intrinsic differences of opinion as necessitate the maintenance of the present dual leaderships, and preclude the possibility of a Coalition. My inference from these facts is precisely the opposite. These divergences in tactics indicate no essential differences in principle, and arise out of no discrepancy in the large and general results which both sections desire to attain equally, and in common. But they do weaken the effect of the joint attack. They do necessarily produce some soreness, if only for the time, amongst the members of the one section or the other. They cannot fail to make the enemy blaspheme. And they can only be removed by the substitution for the present system of one under which the leaders of the Liberal and Conservative Unionists shall confer together, shall sit together, and speak with one voice to their united followers.

Curiously enough, however, it is in the House of Lords that the worst effects of a want of a working union between the two sections of the Party have been shown. Both the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Salisbury spoke on the Second Reading of the Local Government Bill. The Duke would himself have liked to cut out the District Council Clauses, whose omission would presumably have carried with it all the provisions affecting the Poor Law. Lord Salisbury in his speech showed that he was fully sensible of the gravity of these provisions. He was inclined not to exclude them *in toto*, for reasons purely extrinsic. And he was content to do this because—and only because—he thought that he could get rid of the compounding ratepayer, and so remove the most dangerous factor in the new system. Accordingly, (and this is really not without its irony to a Member of the House of Commons), while we, as a

matter of fact, had been struggling in that House through all the dark days and cold nights of last November and December to force the Government to abandon the Poor Law Clauses, no determined and direct attack was made upon them in the House of Lords because of the illusory hope that Lord Salisbury had discovered a panacea for them. But what happened? When, later in the Bill, the time came for applying the remedy, the Duke of Devonshire with authoritative emphasis condemned it, and it was straightway dropped by the Conservative leader. Could there be a greater fiasco resulting from an imperfect working accord between statesmen, whose real aims and fears were apparently identical? The leader, who would have eliminated these Clauses altogether, prevents the other allied leader from applying the remedy, the assured hope of the effects of which had alone deterred him from also voting for the elimination of these Clauses.

Another most unfortunate example of the bad results that have followed from a want of perfect accord between the Unionist leaders in the House of Lords must be quoted. The Bill, as it left the Commons, applied the new Poor Law provisions to the Metropolis. By an Amendment carried in Committee it also made changes in the suffrage under which the Metropolitan Vestries would be elected, abolished the qualification of Vestrymen, and made certain alteration in the composition of the Vestries. To the former of these proposals every thoughtful Londoner, and every Poor Law administrator, entertained the strongest objections. They were not partisan objections. They were founded on the well-grounded fear that under the new system an improvident and demoralising administration of the Poor Law would for a time ensue. There was reason, and legislative precedent, for treating London exceptionally in this matter. Although the accidents of time, and the notification of the compromise immediately before the Clause in question was reached, had prevented its being debated or opposed with adequate force in the Commons, it had been divided against there, and London Conservative Members had done their best to exclude it from the Bill. The objections to the second proposal, though reasonable enough, were not nearly so general in non-political society in London. They were much more dependent too upon purely partisan forecasts of their probable effect. They had been accepted in the Commons without a dissenting voice. And yet what happened in Committee in the Lords? Lord Balfour of Burleigh moved that London be excepted from the Poor Law Clauses, and was supported by Lord Salisbury, and would presumably have been supported by the whole Conservative Opposition, if the Duke of Devonshire had not peremptorily intervened and opposed the Amendment. Lord Salisbury thereupon intimated that he could

not persevere with it, and it was withdrawn. Lord Balfour moved the omission of the Vestry Clauses. Again the Duke of Devonshire intervened, and on this occasion gave his sanction to the Amendment which was carried. Every intelligent Conservative London Member is convinced that in these two courses the House of Lords, on the one hand, did that which it was quite unnecessary for them to do, and in which they could not ultimately succeed; while, on the other hand, they did not do something which they ought to have done, in the doing of which they would have been gratefully and enthusiastically supported by a public opinion in London larger and more disinterested than that of any Party, through the force of which they might have succeeded in their object. This egregious and most deplorable blunder was caused mainly by a want of proper consultation in that House between the leaders of the two wings of the Unionist Party, and to some extent it must with all respect be alleged from the ignorance of the Duke of Devonshire, (an ignorance natural to the leader of a small Party), of the movements of opinion in London.

It remains for us to consider whether a Coalition of the leaders would produce any dissatisfaction or difficulties amongst their followers in the country. As has been said, such a Coalition need not involve—at all events, for a time—the destruction of the distinct Liberal Unionist organizations in the constituencies. Obviously, it would be absurd to think of removing them in Birmingham, and in those Midland districts where Mr. Chamberlain's personality dominates politics, and has been, and is, the chief source of Unionism. This is probably true also of many Divisions in Scotland and of Cornwall. But, assuming that this Coalition did not immediately affect the organization of the Unionist Parties in the constituencies, would it, notwithstanding this, have a detrimental effect on either Conservative, or Liberal Unionist opinion amongst the rank and file? It would be presumptuous to dogmatize, but I have a very strong conviction that it could not diminish the energy or enthusiasm of either section. They are now completely at one on the question of the Union, and are agreed in hostility to any scheme of Home Rule which would set up a separate Legislature and Executive in Dublin. With their several leaders they are in substantial accord in their attitude towards those Industrial and Imperial Problems to which allusion has been made. There are, it is true, two general and important questions on which very many Liberal Unionists differ from the Conservative Party. They are the questions of Disestablishment and of Temperance Reform. With respect to the former, shrewd observers of the currents of opinion think that, so far as England is concerned, it is more likely to recede from, than to advance within, the range of prac-

tical politics. It was more likely, it is thought, to come to the very front under a middle-class, than under a democratic franchise. The cry is but a survival of other and different days. The hopes of the working-classes are directed to wholly diverse objects. With respect to the latter of these questions it is one which also excites differences of opinion within the Conservative ranks themselves; and the failures of successive Governments to deal with it legislatively, and the certain failure of any Radical Government in the future to deal with it on the lines of the United Kingdom Alliance, will probably direct the energies and hopes of sincere Temperance Reformers from political to social remedies, and will, at all events, disillusion them with the particular nostrum of Local Veto and No Compensation. In London, there is a third difference of opinion between many Liberal Unionists and the bulk of the Conservatives. It is on questions of Municipal Government and policy. But this has, so far, not prevented those Unionists, who vote Progressive in the County Council elections, from voting against the Home Rule candidate in Parliamentary elections. And the twofold tendency of the Progressives, on the one hand, to become crudely Socialistic, and of the unhappily-named Moderates, on the other, to become more Progressive in a good sense, will probably work out the remedy for this difference of sentiment.

Let us, however, look at the larger aspects of contemporary politics, and the general movements of political thought. Under our present suffrage the Conservative Party can never again be an aristocratic Party, or a Party of privilege. It draws its strength from every class. It is forced to appeal to the prejudices and the desires of the poor, at least as much as to those of the propertied classes. It cannot, therefore, ever again be a Party of contented and passive inactivity. It cannot stand still. It must have its positive policy of legislative reforms. The hereditary and natural leaders of the Tory Party, the country gentlemen, have accommodated themselves to these altered conditions with admirable sense and much public spirit. The manufacturers and the merchants of the large provincial towns—the Jacksons, the Forwoods the Houldsworths of the House of Commons—in all industrial and commercial questions have also most certainly shown themselves large and open-minded men.

It may be asserted then that the Conservative Party in the future will approach all questions of the extension of Local Government, of Land Transfer and Tenure, of the Poor Law, of Taxation and Local Rating, and all questions affecting our trade and manufactures, and their employees, in no spirit of narrow or exclusive Conservatism. While Conservatism is thus being made

more constructive and more liberal, the wild opportunism of modern Radicalism is driving away from its ranks week by week disgusted men, who, apart from political names and histories, apart, perhaps, from a fixed desire for any definite legislative programme, find that they have far more sympathy with the fears, and hopes, and temper of Mr. Balfour, or at all events of the Duke of Devonshire and of Mr. Chamberlain, than they have with the blind and bitter partisanship of Sir William Harcourt.

The other day at Newcastle-on-Tyne Mr. Campbell-Bannerman had the magnificent audacity to assert that the "politics of the Liberal Party were the politics of common-sense." In *The Times* of the same day it was reported that a former Gladstonian candidate for Birmingham had stated that "to save the Liberal Party" it was necessary that they should "attack some big interest." Exactly! A better illustration of the temper, of the hopes, and of the methods of the new Radicalism could not be supplied, nor a more suggestive commentary on Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's amazing flight of fancy. The object is "to save" not the country, but the Party. The method is to attack, with delightful vagueness, "some big interest." It really does not much matter what, or whether with or without reason, so long as it is "big." Sir William Harcourt revels in such romps; and at Portsmouth he set himself to attack a big interest with a vengeance. But what is the true effect on public opinion of his rhodomontade? The excited delegates rise, and wave their sticks and umbrellas; but only a few days afterwards *The Daily Chronicle* condemns the whole conference as "mere thin, uninspiring wire-pulling." And thousands of non-partisan Englishmen must be reflecting that this was the deliverance of a possible future leader of their race on a great occasion, who in it uttered no word of sober advice or argument on any of the national problems of the near future, but simply rollicked about in Party polemics. They are contrasting this noisy speech with the speeches of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain on our Imperial responsibilities, on the Navy, on Employers' Liability, and with those of the Duke of Devonshire on Home Rule, in all of which there is apparent an honest desire to instruct and guide public opinion, and not merely an all-consuming lust for "votes, votes, votes." All such men, whether they have been Liberals or Radicals, will be delighted to see the Liberal Unionist leaders in the future working in a closer combination with the leaders of the Conservative Party for Empire and Liberty against the selfish shifts of the new Demagogueism.

To recapitulate the argument of this article: when a Unionist Government is in office, Coalition is required for the efficiency of administration, and for a steady adherence to lines of legislation

deliberately determined upon. When the Unionists are in Opposition, a Coalition between their leaders is not less required in order to ensure coherent and consistent criticism of the Ministerial policy. In both of these contingencies a Coalition will be cordially supported by Conservative and Liberal Unionist opinion and action in the country.

A CONSERVATIVE M.P.

LUXURY.*

Professor Sidgwick has been discussing the ethics of luxury, and according to his wont, has been giving fresh interest to a well-worn topic. I do not wish to dispute anything that he has said, nor do I hope to clear up problems which he professedly left unsolved. In one sense, they obviously cannot be solved precisely. Luxury is a relative term which cannot be defined in absolute terms. A luxury, in the first place, is distinguished from a necessary. But, then, one man's necessary may be another man's luxury. My very existence depends upon conditions with which another man can dispense. If, again, we admit that there are many things which, though not absolutely necessary, may rightly be used if they can be used without injuring others, we see that we must also take into account the varying social conditions. If we use luxury, in what Bentham called the dyslogistic sense, we must distinguish between necessaries and superfluities, and then divide superfluities into comforts which may be rightfully enjoyed, and luxuries which cannot be enjoyed without incurring some degree of moral censure. But the dividing lines are always shifting. Scott tells somewhere of a Highlander sleeping on the open moor in a winter night. When he tried to roll the snow into a pillow his companion kicked it away as a proof of disgraceful effeminacy. Most of us would come to a speedy end if we lived in a social state where such a standard of hardiness was rigidly enforced. We admit that some kind of pillow may be permitted, if not as absolutely necessary as at least a pardonable comfort. We shall probably agree also that nobody is to be blamed for using clean sheets and securing a certain amount of warmth and softness—as much at least as is desirable for sanitary reasons. But if we endeavour to prescribe precisely how much may be allowed in excess of the necessary, how often we are to send our sheets to the wash, whether it is right to have lace upon our pillows, and so forth, we get into problems where any attempt at precision is obviously illusory. We are the more perplexed by the question whether the provision of a bed for ourselves causes other people to

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go without a bed, and perhaps without supper, or how far we are bound to take such consequences into account. Without aiming, therefore, at an impossible precision, I shall try to consider—not what objects should be called luxuries or comforts or necessaries, but what are the really relevant considerations by which we should endeavour to guide our judgments.

Luxury is, as I have said, a well-worn topic. Saints and philosophers in all ages have denounced the excessive love of material enjoyments, and set examples of a more or less thorough-going asceticism. It was—to go no further back—one of the favourite topics of our ancestors in such papers as the *Spectator* and the *Rambler*. Addison, in his *Cato*, described the simple Numidian, whose standard appears to have resembled that of Scott's Highlander. The Numidian, he says, rests his head upon a rock at night, and if next day he chances to find a new repast or an untasted spring "blesses his stars and calls it luxury." General Oglethorpe quoted this passage, in an argument about luxury, to Johnson, and added "let us have *that* kind of luxury, Sir, if you will." Johnson himself put down all this declamation as part of the cant from which we ought to clear our minds. No nation, he said to Goldsmith, was ever hurt by luxury. "Let us take a walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel, through the greatest series of shops in the world: what is there in any of these shops (if you except gin-shops) that can do any human being any harm?" "I accept your challenge," said Goldsmith. "The next shop to Northumberland House is a pickle-shop." To which the excellent Johnson replied, first, that five pickle-shops could serve the whole kingdom; secondly, that no harm was done to anybody either by making pickles or by eating pickles. I will not go into the ethics of pickles. I only quote this to remind you that this was one of the stock questions of the period; and not without reason. The denunciation of luxury was in fact the mark of a very significant tendency. Goldsmith had expressed the prevalent sentiment in the *Deserted Village*, as in the familiar passage beginning:

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

And Goldsmith, like many contemporaries, was only versifying the sentiments uttered most powerfully by Rousseau in his famous exaltation of the ideal man of nature above the man of a corrupt civilization. The theory has some affinity to the ancient doctrine already expounded by classical writers, according to which each form of government includes a principle of decay as well as of life. One stage in the process of corruption of Plato's ideal republic is marked by the appearance of the drones, people who take a sur-

feit of unnecessary pleasures, and, to obtain satisfaction, associate themselves with the fierce and rapacious. In Rousseau's time, this view became connected with the growing belief in progress and "perfectibility." It was a symptom of warning to the drones of his day. It showed that the thoughtful classes were becoming dimly sensible that something was wrong in the social organization; and that a selfish and indolent aristocracy should be called upon to put its house in order. The denunciation of luxury meant, in short, that the rich and powerful were accused of indulgence in pleasures which they had not earned by services, but by simply (as Beaumarchais put it) taking the trouble to be born. Considered from this point of view, as the muttering of a coming storm, as the expression of a vague foreboding that the world was somehow out of joint, we may see more meaning than appears at first sight in the old-fashioned commonplaces of our great-grandfathers. The language has changed its form; but the discontent at a misuse of wealth in various forms has certainly not diminished since that time.

Obviously, then, the question of luxury is connected with very wide and deep problems as to what is the proper use of wealth, and might lead us into ultimate questions as to the justification of the right to private property at all. I shall try, however, to keep as closely as may be to the particular aspect of such problems which is immediately relevant to this particular question. And for this purpose I think it will be convenient to take two points separately. The objections to luxury may be stated either with reference to the individual or with reference to the society. That is to say, that if we consider a man by himself, we may ask with Johnson whether expenditure upon pickles is injurious to the constitution, or at what point it becomes injurious. And, in the next place, we may ask whether, if we set to our way to decide that pickles are wholesome as well as agreeable, some of us may not be getting more than our fair share of them, and so diminishing the total sum of pleasure, by inordinate consumption. First, then, I discard for the moment all social considerations. I take for granted, for the sake of argument, that my indulgence does no harm to anyone else; that I am not depriving others of a means of enjoyment, but simply adding to my own; or, at any rate, that I am not, for the moment, to take into account that set of consequences. How far, on this hypothesis, or, say, setting aside all question of duty to my neighbour, should I be prudent in accumulating wealth? I sometimes amuse myself with the problem, How rich should I like to be, supposing that I were perfectly wise in that sense in which wisdom is compatible with thorough-going egoism, or with what is called enlightened self-interest? The obvious answer is that in that case there would be

no limits to my desires. An imaginative American, we are told, defined competence as "a million a minute and all your expenses paid." The suggestion is fascinating, but not, to my mind, quite satisfactory. It recalls a doctrine which used to be put forward by the old political economists. They had to meet the theory—a preposterous theory enough—of the danger of a universal glut; the danger, that is, that a nation might produce so much that nothing would have any value, and, therefore, that we should all be ruined by all becoming enormously rich. To meet this, it was often urged—along with more satisfactory arguments—that human desires were illimitable; and, therefore, that however rich a man might become he would always wish to become a little richer.

According to this doctrine, the desire for wealth cannot be satiated. The millionaire would still choose an extra half-crown rather than refuse it, although the half-crown brings him incomparably less additional pleasure than it brought him when his pockets were empty. But it is also true that long before we are millionaires the pleasure obtainable by additional wealth may be infinitesimal, or absolutely non-existent. The simple desires may be easily saturated. Pope asks, "What riches give us, let us then enquire." And he replies, "Meat, fire, and clothes—what more? Meat, clothes, and fire?" This is, in fact, a pithy summary of our most elementary and necessary wants. Now, our demand for meat is obviously strictly limited. As soon as we have eaten, say, a pound of beefsteak we do not want more; by the time we have eaten, say, three pounds we do not only not want more, we loathe the very thought of eating. So when we are clothed sufficiently for comfort and decency, more clothing is simply a burden; and we wish only for so much fire as will keep our thermometer within certain limits—a heat above or below would mean death either by burning or by freezing. Our ultimate aim, therefore, in regard to desires of this class is not to increase the stimulus indefinitely, but to preserve a certain balance, or equilibrium. If we want more food after our appetites are satisfied, it must either be with a view to our future consumption, which is still strictly finite, or else with a view to exchanging the food for something else, in which case it is desired, not as food but as the means of satisfying some other desire. If, then, Pope's doctrine were really sound, which really amounts to saying, if our desires were really limited to the physical conditions necessary to life, we should very soon reach the state in which they would be completely glutted or saturated. It may be worth while to note the circumstance which rather obscures our recognition of this fact. We may distinguish between the wealth which a man actually uses and that which remains, as I may say, only potential. A man may desire an

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indefinite quantity of wealth, because he may wish to have rights which he may yet never turn to actual account. There is a certain satisfaction, no doubt, in knowing that I have a vast balance at my banker's though I have no desire to use it. I may want it some time or other; and, even if I never want it, I may enjoy the sense of having even a disproportionate barrier of money-bags piled up between me and the yawning gulf of actual poverty. Therefore, though a very limited amount may be enough to saturate all our existing desires, we may like to know that there is more at our disposal. If possession carried with it the necessity of using our property, if we could not have potential as distinguished from actual wealth, we should be so far from desiring an indefinite increase of wealth that we should regard the increase beyond a certain limit as only one of two intolerable alternatives.

The question, therefore, How rich should I wish to be? requires an answer to the previous question, How rich can I be? A man, even if on the intellectual level of a savage, can be indefinitely rich in potential wealth: he may, that is, have a right to millions of pounds or be the owner of thousands of acres; but in order to use them he must have certain capacities and sensibilities. It is a curious question, for example, how much of the wealth of a country would cease to be wealth at all if the intelligence of the possessors were lowered certain degrees in the scale? A large part of the wealth of England consists, I suppose, of machinery. If nobody knew more of machines than I do—and my whole notion of a machine is that it is something that goes round somehow if you happen to turn the right handle—all this wealth would become as useless as an electric telegraph in the possession of a hairy Ainu. And if nobody had any better artistic perception than mine and we were therefore unable to see the difference between a Raphael and the daub in an advertising placard, the pictures in the National Gallery would have an average value, say, of eighteen-pence. A man, therefore, who is at the lower levels of intelligence is simply unable to be actually rich, beyond a narrow limit. The fact is occasionally forced upon us by striking examples. I heard the other day a story—I am afraid we all hear such stories too often—of a man who had become enormously rich by a freak of fortune. His only idea of enjoyment happened to be gin. He could, therefore, only use his wealth by drinking himself to death; a proceeding which he accordingly felt to be only a proper tribute to his improved social position. A similar result happens whenever a sudden rise of wages to an insufficiently civilized class leads to the enrichment of publicans instead of greater enjoyment of refined and innocent pleasures. The man, in short, whose idea of pleasure is simply the gratification of the physical appetites in their coarser

forms is incapable of becoming actually rich, because a small amount of wealth will enable him to saturate his desires by providing a superfluity of the material means of gratification. It is, perhaps, here that we may take into account the remark so often made by moralists, by Adam Smith among others, as Professor Sidgwick reminds us, that happiness is more evenly distributed among different classes than we suppose. The king, according to Shakespeare,

> "With all the tide of pomp
> That beats upon the high shore of this world . . . .
> Cannot Sleep so soundly as the wretched slave
> Who with a body filled and vacant mind
> Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread."

The "body filled" and the "vacant mind" make up for the "distressful bread." It is as well, that is, to have no wants except the want of mere physical comfort, as to have higher wants and the means of gratifying them and yet to be saddled with the anxieties and responsibilities which the higher position involves. The doctrine, "I am not really better off than you," is, indeed, not a very graceful one from those who are actually better off. There was some excuse for the fox who said the grapes were sour when he could not get them; it argued a judicious desire to make the best of things: but if he made the remark while he was comfortably chewing them, by way of pacifying the grapeless foxes, we should have thought him a more objectionable hypocrite. The pauper may fairly reply, If you really mean that your wealth brings no happiness, why don't you change places with me? I will, therefore, not defend the statement, considered as an exhortation to content; but I accept it as a recognition of the obvious fact that if happiness means a satisfaction of all our desires, a man of small means may be as happy as the man of the greatest means, if his desires are limited in proportion. But is it for our happiness to increase them?

Does our principle hold when we suppose a man to have the necessary sensibilities for the actual enjoyment of wealth? If he acquires the tastes which imply greater intellectual cultivation, a power, therefore, of taking into account sources of pleasure more complex and more distant in time and space, does it then become true that his power of using wealth will be indefinite? I should reply, in the first place, that we must still admit the same psychological truth. Any desire whatever, that is, is capable of yielding only a strictly finite amount of enjoyment; the pleasure which we can derive from it must be limited both by the necessity of gratifying other desires and by the fact that no desire whatever is capable of an indefinite increase by increased stimulation. After a certain point of excitement is reached, we cannot get more

pleasure by any accumulation of internal conditions. We assume for the present that our aim is simply to extract the greatest possible amount of gratification out of life. We must then take for our data our actual constitution, capacities, sensibilities, and so forth, and calculate how much wealth could be actually applied in order to keep us moving always along the line of maximum enjoyment. This would be to study the art of life on purely hedonistic principles. We should ask, what career will on the whole be fullest of enjoyment? and, then, what material conditions can enable us to follow that career? I imagine that the amount requisite would vary indefinitely according to our characters. Suppose, for example, that a man has strong intellectual tastes, a love of art or science or literature. He will require, of course, enough wealth to enable him to devote himself without anxiety to his favourite pursuits, and enough, moreover, to train himself in all requisite knowledge. But granting this, the material conditions of happiness will be sufficiently fulfilled. I think it was Agassiz who observed when he was devoting himself to science that he had not time to get rich. Wealth to him would have been rather an impediment than an advantage. A man like Faraday, who placed his whole happiness in the extension of scientific knowledge, and who was not less honoured because he lived upon a modest income, would not have had a greater amount of that kind of happiness had he possessed the wealth of a Rothschild. A man whose pleasure is in reading books, or contemplating works of art, or listening to music, can obtain the highest enjoyment at a very moderate price, and can get very little more if he has the most unbounded wealth at his disposal. If we inquired what men of such tastes had, in fact, derived from them the greatest happiness, we should, I fancy find ourselves mentioning men comparatively poor, whose enjoyments were even comparatively keen, because they had to devote a certain amount of care and contrivance to obtaining full play for their capacities. Charles Lamb, plotting and contriving to get an old volume from a bookstall, possibly got more pleasure from his taste than the possessors of gigantic libraries. The sociable man, again, the man whose pleasure in society is the genuine delight in a real interchange of thought and sympathy, who does not desire magnificent entertainment but the stimulus of intimate association with congenial friends, would probably find the highest pleasure in comparatively simple social strata, where the display of wealth was no object, and men met, as Johnson met his friends at the club, to put mind fairly to mind, and to stimulate intellectual activity instead of consuming the maximum of luxury. Milton's sonnet to Lawrence gives perhaps a rather severe but a very fascinating ideal of refined luxury:

> What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
> Of Attic taste with wine, whence we may rise
> To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice
> Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
> He who of these delights can judge, and spare
> To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

Nor need we be accused of inordinate boasting if we should say that we would rather have made a third at such a feast than have joined a dozen rowdy courtiers at the table of Charles II.

There are, however, pleasures which undoubtedly suppose an indefinite capacity for using wealth. There is, for example, such a thing as the pure love of splendour which is represented so curiously in some of Disraeli's novels. One of his heroes, if I remember rightly, proposed to follow the precedent actually set by Beckford, who built at Fonthill a tower 300 feet high—not because it was wanted for any other purpose, but simply for the sake of building a tower. Of course, if one has a taste for towers 300 feet high there is no particular limit to the quantity of wealth which may be found convenient. One of the gentlest and most delicate satirists of modern society, Mr. Du Maurier, has given us admirable illustrations of a more vulgar form of the same tendency in his portraits of Sir Gorgius Midas. When that worthy denounces his servants because there are only three footmen sitting up till two o'clock to save him the trouble of using a latch-key, we may admit that his pleasures, such as they were, were capable of finding gratification in any quantity of expenditure. It might be a question, indeed, if we had time to ask it, whether the pleasure derived from such expenses by the millionaire be really so great as the pleasure which he had when he first turned the proverbial half-crown, with which he must have come to London, into his first five shillings; and it is certainly also a question whether his expenditure was ethically right. But, at present, we are only considering facts, and we may admit that there would be no filling such a gulf of desire by any dribble of bullion; and, further, that there are pleasures—not, on the face of them, immoral—in procuring which any quantity of money may be spent. If a man is simply desirous of obtaining influence; or, in some cases, political power; or if he decides to muddle away his money upon charity, there are no limits to the sums he may spend, especially if he has no objection to corrupting his neighbours.

Before saying anything upon this, however, I must pause to deduce a conclusion. Keeping still to the purely hedonistic point of view, I ask, At what point does expenditure become luxurious in a culpable sense? meaning by "culpable," not morally culpable but simply injudicious, from the point of view of enlightened self-interest. To this I think that one answer is already suggested,

that is to say, that since, on the one hand, a certain finite quantity of wealth will enable us to keep to the happiest or most philosophic career: and since, on the other hand, a man may possess a quantity of superfluous wealth which he can only use on penalty of deviating from that career, he becomes foolish, if not immoral—upon which I say nothing,—when he tries to use more. That people frequently commit this folly is undeniable. Wealth ought to be (I mean would be by a judiciously selfish person) regarded as a means of enjoyment. Therefore the superfluous wealth should be left in the potential stage—as a balance at his banker's or accumulating in the funds. But though the possession does not imply a necessity of using, it does generally imply a sort of tacit feeling of responsibility—responsibility, that is, to a man's self. I have got so much money; surely it is a duty to myself to use it for my pleasure. So far as a man yields to such an argument, he becomes the slave instead of the master of his wealth. What ought to be machinery for furthering an end, becomes an end in itself: and, at that point of conduct, I think that we are disposed to call a man's life luxurious in a distinctly bad sense. The error, as I have suggested, is perhaps at bottom much the same as that which leads a poor man to spend an increase of wages at a gin-shop. But we do not call the gin-drinker luxurious, but simply vicious. For luxury seems to apply less to conduct which we can distinctly call bad in itself, than to conduct which only becomes bad or foolish as implying a disproportion between the end attained and the expense of attaining it. It applies when a man has, as we say, so much money that he does not know what to do with it. We speak of luxury in the case of Sir Gorgius, where the prominent fact is that the man has been gorged with excessive wealth, and is yet too dull to use it in any manner which would increase the happiness of a reasonable or refined being. So it is generally regarded as characteristic rather of the upstart or newly-made millionaire than of the man born to higher position, whose life is perhaps as selfish and hardly superior morally. But the nobleman by birth has inherited a certain art of life; he has acquired traditional modes of arranging his pleasures, which give him the appearance, at least, of possessing more judicious and refined tastes; and we are less shocked than by the man who has obviously wealth which he knows not how to use, and which he, therefore, deliberately devotes to coarse and vulgar ostentation. The upstart may not be more selfish at bottom; but he dashes in your face the evidence of his selfishness, and appeals for admiration on the simple ground that he has a larger income than his neighbours. Luxury means, on this showing, all such expenditure as is objectionable, not because the pleasure obtained is intrinsically bad, but because

we are spending for the sake of spending, and could get more real enjoyment at a lower sum. I need not dwell upon the fact that men of moderate means may fall into the same error. The fault of exaggerating the importance of machinery is not confined to those whom we call rich. Thackeray's discourses upon Snobs are full expositions of the same weakness in the middle classes. When we read, for example, of Colonel Ponto being miserable because he tries to make an income of a thousand a year support the pomp accessible to persons with ten thousand, we see that he has as false a view as Sir Gorgius of the true ends of life. And I refer to the same great satirist for abundant illustrations of the weaknesses which too often make society a machinery for wasting money on display, and entirely oblivious that it should be a machinery for the promotion of intellectual and refined pleasures.

Now, if I have given a fair account of luxury as considered simply from the point of view of an enlightened selfishness, I may proceed to the ethical question. So far, I have only asked in substance at what point our expenditure upon pickles becomes foolish. But, of course, the more important question arises, at what point it becomes selfish. A man may be silly for spending money upon erecting towers; but if he does no harm to his neighbours we hardly call him wicked. We cannot say that it is unconditionally wrong to build a tower. We must enquire, therefore, how far luxury necessarily involves a wrong to others. Here we must begin by listening to all the philosophers and divines of whom I spoke at starting. Any number of wise and good men will tell us in various dialects that pleasure is in itself bad, or, at least, that all the pleasures obtainable by wealth are bad, or, at any rate, beneath the notice of the higher spirits. There are the thorough-going ascetics who strive, not to regulate but to suppress all except the absolutely necessary physical instincts, and think that even those desires savour of evil; who consider the best man to be the man who lives upon bread and water, and, if possible, upon mouldy bread and ditch-water. There are, again, spiritually-minded people who consider all happiness to be worthless, except such happiness as results from aspirations to another world; who regard all riches as chains binding the soul to earth; who take the words "Blessed are the poor" in the most literal sense, as defining the true aim of life. We should seek, they say, for happiness elsewhere than in this transitory stage of existence, remember that the world is a mere screen hiding the awful realities of heaven and hell; and despise even such pleasures as are generally called intellectual pleasures, the pleasures, for example, of art or science, for they, too, belong really to the sphere of illusion, and are simply more subtle temptations

than those of the flesh. And besides these we have the philosophers, who would have us live in the world of pure intellect, and tell us that the true moral of life is to make ourselves independent of external circumstances by suppressing all the corresponding desires. Renunciation, therefore, is the first lesson to be learned by the wise man; and the practical rule, as has been said, is that we should endeavour not to increase our numerator but to lessen our denominator. I cannot now discuss such doctrines. I am content to say that I regard them not as simply false, but as distorted views of truth. For my part, I am content to say that even as a moralist I wish to see people as happy as possible; that, being after all a poor utilitarian after my own fashion, I desire—however erroneously—the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and in particular that I should like to see not a feebler, but a much keener appreciation of all the pleasures derivable from art or science or literature or rational society, even, if I may say so, from good cookery and athletic sports. Briefly, the ideal society seems to me to be one in which even our lower instincts should not be suppressed but regulated; and the typical man of the future to be one whose whole faculties and their corresponding sensibilities should be cultivated to the utmost possible degree. What is the application of this to our special question? I do not know that I can do better than refer to the writings of Bernard Mandeville, who in his *Fable of the Bees*—one of the cleverest books in the language—succeeded by the help of much paradox, and under a cloak of cynicism, in stating the problem with singular vivacity. Private vices, that was his way of putting it, are public benefits. His meaning, put less paradoxically, was this: accept, on the one hand, the ascetic doctrine that pursuit of pleasure is intrinsically vicious, and you condemn all the impulses by which the structure of society, especially the industrial structure, has been built up. Accept, on the other hand, the doctrine that civilization is on the whole a good thing, and you admit that the instincts, which, upon this hypothesis, correspond to private vices, are the only means of producing a public benefit. In other words, if we took the language of theologians in its natural sense, and really regarded the world as worthless, we should have no industry, no trade or commerce, and be still living in swamps and forests, digging up roots with our nails, living upon acorns and shell-fish, and scarcely even painting ourselves blue, for to the savage blue paint was a luxury. Now, apart from any question as to the fairness of this version of theological doctrine, we may ask, What is the real underlying difficulty—or that aspect of it which is still worth considering? We may grant, in the first place, to Mandeville that, in point of fact, the construction of a civilized society presupposes the development of numerous desires, many of

which are more or less condemned by severe moralists. If the savage comes to value blue paint, he may take to planting something to exchange for it, instead of simply lying on his back to digest his last handful of acorns; and, in so doing, he makes the first step towards the development of an industrial system. The desire for wealth is of course implied in all stages of progress if men are to create wealth; and we can partly answer Mandeville's paradox by throwing over the ascetic and declaring that a desire for good meat and fire and clothes, even for pictures and books and music, or for such comforts as most of us enjoy, is not in itself immoral; and that, on the contrary, the more there is of such enjoyment the better for men's bodies and minds, and therefore, on the whole, the better for their morality. But the moral difficulty returns in a new shape. The desire for wealth, let us say, is not in itself bad; it is simply natural—it is a desire for one essential condition of a tolerably happy life. But is it not bad in so far as it is selfish? Do not the desires which have been the mainspring of all modern development imply a desire of each man to get rich at the expense of others? Have they not been the source of all that division between rich and poor which makes one side luxurious and the other miserable? Has not Dives become rich and bloated by force of the very same process which has made Lazarus a mass of sores and misery? Suppress the desire for wealth, and we should still be savages "running wild in woods." But was not even the noble savage better than the pauper who now hangs on to the fringes of society? and is his existence compensated by the existence of other classes who have more wealth than they can use? And so the old problem comes back; and we have, as of old, the most contradictory answers to the problem.

I am, I confess it, one of those old-fashioned people who believe in progress, and hold that their own century is distinctly better than any which preceded it; who would on no account go back, if they could, to the days of the noble savages or even to the brutalities and superstitions of the ages of faith. But I do not think that I need argue that question for our present purpose. We have got to this century somehow, and we can only get out of it by living till the twentieth. Meanwhile, we should make the best of the interval. I will, therefore, only permit myself one remark. If we suppose, with Mandeville, that the instincts which have developed modern society have been to a great extent selfish desires, that is, for the personal comfort of the agent, irrespectively of consequences to others, it does not follow that the corresponding development has been mischievous. Good commonplace moralists have been much in the habit of condemning the selfish passions of kings and conquerors. What can be an easier mark for de-

nunciation than such a man, for example, as Louis XI. of France and the wily and cruel rulers of past ages, whose only aim was to enlarge their own powers and wealth? And yet, if we consider the matter historically, we must admit that such men have rendered enormous services to mankind. A ruler, let us say, had for his only object the extension and concentration of his own authority. Still it was by the conflicts of rulers that the great nations have been formed out of a chaos of struggling clans; that peace and order, therefore, has been substituted for violence throughout broad territories; that law has taken the place of private war; moreover, that the privileges of selfish orders have been suppressed through the development of a larger and more civilized national organization; and that, although the immediate victory was won by the selfish ruler, the ultimate benefit has accrued to the people upon whom he was forced to rely for support against the oppressive subordinate powers. The ruler, perhaps, did not look beyond his own interests, but his own interest forced him to find allies among the mass of the population, and so gradually led to the formation of central organs, representing not the personal interest of the king, but the interest of the whole nation in which they had arisen. We may make a similar remark upon industrial development. The great merchant and capitalist and inventor of new methods and machinery has not looked, it may be, beyond his own interest; but, intentionally or not, he was helping to construct a vast organization which, whether it has on the whole improved the world or not, has at least made it enormously richer. Perhaps Watt, when he was improving the steam-engine, thought only of the profits to be derived from his invention. But the profit which he gained after a laborious life was but an infinitesimal fraction of the enormous increase of efficiency which resulted to the national industry. We cannot doubt that the whole gigantic system which at least maintains a population several times multiplied, which maintains part of it in wealth and a large proportion in reasonable comfort, has been due to the labours of many men, each working for his own interest and animated chiefly by the desire of wealth. So much remains true of the economist's doctrine of the natural harmony between individual and public interest. In this case, as in the case of governments, we may, perhaps, say that men acted from motives which must be called selfish, in this sense at least, that they thought of little but their own interests; but that at the same time their own interests compelled them to work in a direction which promoted more or less the interests of others. I add, briefly, that these are only instances of what we may call the general rule: namely, that morality begins from an external or unrecognized conformity of interests and ends by recognizing

and adopting as motives the consequences which in the earlier stage seemed to be internal or accidental consequences. I begin by helping a man because circumstances make it useful to myself, and I end—and only become truly moral when I end—by doing what is useful to him, because it is useful to him. When, indeed, I have reached that point, my end itself is profoundly modified; it becomes much wider and yet only regulates and directs to new channels a great deal of the corresponding conduct.

The consideration of this modification—of the change which should take place when a man not only pursues such conduct as is beneficial on the whole to a country, but pursues it with a view to the beneficial consequences—brings us back to the question of luxury. The bare pursuit of wealth as the end of existence implies, of course, indifference to the means by which it is produced; an equal readiness, for example, to grow rich by cheating my neighbour, or by actually producing a greater quantity of useful produce. It is consistent with a simple desire to enlarge my business without reference to the effect upon the persons I employ, as when manufacturers enriched themselves by cruel exploitation of the labour of infants. But if we hope for a state of things in which an employer should consider himself as essentially part of the national organism, as increasing his own wealth only by such means as would be also advantageous to the comfort of the nation generally, the pursuit of wealth would become moralized.

Here, in fact, we must once more consider Mandeville's paradox. Desire for wealth, he substantially says, must be good because it stimulates industry. When your lazy barbarian, who has no pleasure but gorging himself with food, comes also to desire fine clothes, he is not only a degree more refined in his tastes, but his increased industry leads him to produce enough food to support his tailor and provision is made for two men instead of one. But desire for wealth, it is replied, is bad, because it leads our barbarian, not only to consume the product of his own labour, but to consume that of somebody else. Mandeville gained piquancy for his argument by confusing the two cases. Since the desire is good, all its manifestations must be good. Extravagance, for example, is good, and, as he put it, the fire of London was a benefit to industry, because it set up a greater demand for the services of carpenters and bricklayers. I need not say how frequently an argument substantially the same has been adopted by good writers, and simple extravagance been praised because it was supposed to be "good for trade." Political economists have been forced to labour the point that extravagant consumption does not increase wealth; but the only curious thing is that such a point should ever have required demonstration. The conclusion, which is sufficient for

our purpose, is simply that an absolute denunciation or an absolute exaltation of the desire for wealth is equally impossible: for the desire may have contrary effects. In one shape it may stimulate to enjoyments which actually diminish wealth in general, or, at any rate, to those which lead to the actual exploitation of the many for the benefit of the few; and, on the other hand, to denounce it, simply would be to denounce all the springs of action which raise men above the barbarous state of society. When we look at the contrasts between the rich and the poor, we must rightfully desire a greater equality of distribution; but we may be tempted to approve too early any means which may lead to such equality. It is, indeed, obvious that if all the national resources which are now applied to producing superfluities could be turned to the production of necessaries, we could support the same population in a greater comfort, or support a much greater population at a point just above starvation level. But it does not at all follow that a society in which every man's labour was devoted entirely to the task of providing necessaries would in fact be either more comfortable or more numerous. Historically speaking, the fact is the very reverse. The only societies in which there is such an equality are societies in which the level is one of uniform misery, and whose total industrial efficiency is incomparably smaller than that of the more civilized races. It has been only in so far as a nation has been able to support classes with sufficient means to devote themselves to science and art, and the cultivation of the higher faculties generally, that it has acquired the vast powers of production which enable some to be disproportionately rich, but which also enable numerous masses to support themselves in tolerable comfort, where there were once a few wandering barbarians. That the more cultivated classes have sought only their own advantage instead of the general benefit may be too true; but the conclusion is—not that they should cease to have the desires which entitle a man to be called a civilized being, but that these desires should be so regulated and moralized as to subserve directly and necessarily the ends which they have only promoted indirectly and accidentally. A society which has grown rich by mechanical discoveries and industrious organization has acquired the power of greatly raising the average level of comfort. If, in point of fact, its power has been greatly misused, if a great development of poverty has taken place side by side with a great development of industrial efficiency, the proper inference is not that we should denounce the desires from which the efficiency is derived, but that we should direct them into such channels as may lead to the more universal distribution of the advantages which they create.

It is, I think, from this point of view that we can best judge of

the moral objection to luxury. For, as I previously suggested, luxury begins when a man becomes the slave instead of the master of his wealth; when that which ought to be a mere machinery becomes an end in itself; and when, therefore, there is a tendency to cultivate and stimulate to excess those lower passions which, though necessary within limits, may beyond those limits distort and lower the whole character, and make the pursuit of worthy objects impossible. We know that the king who had the reputation of being the wisest of mankind, after building a splendid temple and a gorgeous palace, and filling them with vessels of gold, and importing ivory and apes and peacocks, could find nothing better to do with the rest than to take 700 wives and 300 concubines—a measure which hardly increased his domestic felicity, but no doubt got rid of a good deal of money. Although few men have Solomon's opportunities of affording a typical instance of luxury, many of us show ourselves capable of weakness similar at least in kind. I need not multiply examples. The great mystery of fashion is perhaps a trifling but a significant example. When people, instead of considering dress as a means of displaying the beauty of the human frame, consider their bodies as mere pegs upon which to display clothes, and are ready to distort their own forms to fill arbitrary shapes, changed at short intervals to increase the cost, they are clearly exemplifying the confusion between means and ends. When a young gentleman spends a fortune upon the turf, or upon gambling, he shows that he has no more conception than the poor boy who plays pitch-and-toss with halfpence of the ways in which wealth might be made conducive to undertakings worthy of absorbing human energy. When, on pretence of cultivating society, we invent a whole cumbrous social apparatus which makes all rational conversation impossible, we show that the display of wealth has become an end to which we are ready to sacrifice our ostensible purpose. Now, I suggest that such luxury, such exaltation of the machinery above the ultimate good, corresponds pretty nearly to the distinction between the desires which lead to the rightful use and those which lead to the shameful misuse of wealth in a social sense. Human nature, indeed, is singularly complex, and it is impossible to deny that the hope of acquiring such luxuries may incidentally lead to that increase of industry and development of national resources which, as we have seen, is the ground upon which it is defended. The industrious apprentice may have been stimulated to become Lord Mayor by the odours from his master's turtle-soup; Arkwright, perhaps, was induced to invent the machinery which revolutionized the cotton manufactures by the hope of becoming Sir Richard, and rivalling the coarse luxury of some stupid Squire Western. But we cannot doubt

that upon a large scale the love of the grosser indulgences is bad, even from its purely economical point of view. If incidentally it encourages industry, it far more directly and necessarily encourages wasteful expenditure. If a rich man can only spend his thousands at a gambling-table, the poorer man cannot be blamed for gambling with a thimble-rigger. When Solomon set up his domestic establishment, every shopkeeper in Jerusalem might be encouraged to marry an extra wife. If a rich man who has enough to saturate a healthy appetite tries how much money he can spend, like the old classical epicures, upon new dishes of nightingales' tongues, you can hardly expect the poorer man to refrain from an extra glass of gin. Briefly, so far as the resources of a nation are spent upon the mere ostentation—which we call vulgar, to imply that it is spending for the sake of expense, foolishly trying to get more pleasure for an appetite already gorged to excess by simply increasing the stimulus—it is encouraging all the forces which make rather for waste than increased productiveness, and justifying the natural jealousy of the poorer. So far, that is, as a desire for wealth means a desire to consume as much as possible on supersaturating the lower appetites, the commonest argument against private property in general is not only plausible but justified. I should say, then, that luxury in a bad sense begins wherever in expenditure it indicates an insufficient sense of the responsibility which attaches to all wealth. This does not condemn an expenditure which may seem, from some points of view, luxurious; though, as I have said, I cannot profess to draw any distinct line in what is essentially a question of degree and of actual possibilities. I can only suggest in general that a man is *primâ facie* justified in all such expenditure as tends to the highest possible cultivation of his faculties and of the faculties of those dependent upon him. I hold it to be a matter of the highest importance that there should be a thoroughly civilized class—a class capable of all intellectual pleasures; loving the beauties of art and nature; studying every possible department of knowledge, scientific and historical; maintaining all such modes of recreation and social enjoyment as are naturally appropriate to such a class. And I do not call any man luxurious for maintaining his position in such a sphere, or for enabling his children to follow in his steps. I believe that, as things are, the existence of such a class is a necessary condition of national welfare and of the preservation and extension of the whole body of cultivation which we have received from our ancestors. What is requisite is that the class should be not only capable of refined enjoyment, but of discharging its functions relatively to the nation at large, and spreading a higher standard of enjoyment through the whole community.

So far as the richer class maintains certain traditions, moral and intellectual—traditions of personal honour and public spirit, of artistic and literary cultivation—it may be discharging an invaluable function, and its existence may be a necessary means of diffusing a higher civilization through the masses who have not the same advantage. Whatever employments of wealth contribute to make a man more efficient as an individual member of society, to strengthen his understanding and his perceptions, to widen his intellectual horizon and interest his sympathies, and the enjoyments which correspond to them, are not to be condemned as luxurious. They are, too, at present only within the reach of the richer classes, ardently as we may hope that the power of partaking them may be extended as rapidly and widely as possible. But the growth of luxury, in the bad sense, is the indication that the class which should act as the brain of the social organism is ceasing to discharge its functions, and becoming what we call a survival. It is a kind of moral gout—an aristocratic disease showing that the secretions are becoming disordered for want of a proper application of the energies. It was in that sense, as I said before, that our grandfathers denounced the luxury which proved that the ruling classes, especially in France, had retained their privileges while abandoning the corresponding duties. If in England we escaped so violent a catastrophe, it was because, with all their luxuries and levities and shortsightedness, the aristocratic classes were still playing an active part, and, if not governing well, doing whatever was done in the way of governing. But every class, and every member of a class, should always remember that he may be asked whether, on the whole, he and his like can give any sufficient reason for his or their existence, and that he ought to be prepared with a satisfactory answer. When he has to admit that his indulgences are in the main what may be called luxuries in the bad sense, he may consider that he is receiving notice to quit.

This may suggest the last remark that I need make. It is impossible, I have said, to say definitely this is, and that is not, a luxury: and, in general, that is not the way in which the question presents itself. We have rather to decide upon our general standard of life and to adopt a certain scale of living more or less fixed for us by our social surroundings. We can all do something towards rationalizing the habitual modes of expenditure and adapting the machinery to such ends as are worthy of intelligent and cultivated beings. So far as inclination is in the direction of vulgarity, of ostentatious habits, of multiplying idle ceremonies and cumbrous pompositics, we can protest by our own conduct, at least, in favour of plain living and high thinking. But so far as social life is really adapted to the advancement of intellect, the humanizing and re-

finement of our sympathies, it promotes an improvement which cannot but spread beyond the immediate circle. Even such pursuits, it is true, may incidentally become provocative of an objectionable luxury. A man who is a lover of art, for example, occasionally shuts himself out all the more from the average sympathies and indulges in pleasures, less gross but perhaps even more enervating than some which we should call distinctly sensual. The art, whether literary or plastic, which is only appreciable by the connoisseur is an art which is luxurious because it is on the way to corruption. Nothing is clearer in the vague set of guesses which pass for æsthetic theory than this: that to be healthy and vigorous, art must spread beyond cliques and studios, and express the strongest instincts and emotions of the society in which it is developed. This, I think, is significant of a general principle. Luxury is characteristic of a class with narrow outlook, and devoted to such enjoyments as are, by their nature, incapable of communication. Whenever the enjoyments are such as have an intrinsic tendency to raise the general standard, as well as to heighten the pleasure of a few, they cannot be simply stigmatized as luxurious. The old view of the responsibilities of wealth was chiefly confined to the doctrine that the rich man should give away as many of his superfluities as possible to be scrambled for by the poor, in order to appease the Fates. We have come to see that charity, though at present a necessary, should be regarded as a degrading necessity; and, therefore, not in the long run a possible alternative to luxury. Too often it is itself a kind of luxury as mischievous a selfish disregard to the natural consequences of our expenditure. The true direction of our wishes should rather be to direct social energies into such channels as have a natural affinity to public spirit. A man who really loves art because he has a keen sense of beauty, not because he wishes to have the reputation of a skilful collector, would surely try to beautify the world in which we all live, to get rid of the hideous deformities which meet us at every turn, and not simply to make a little corner into which he may retire for simple self-indulgence. A lover of truth should not be content, as some philosophers were forced to be content, with discussion in an esoteric circle, but should endeavour, now that thought is free, to stimulate the intellectual activity of all men, confident that the greater the number of investigators, the more rapid will be the advance of truth. I do not venture to suggest what special direction should be taken by those who have the privileges and responsibilities of great wealth. I have never had to consider that problem in any practical reference. Still, considering how vast a part they actually play in social development, how great is their influence, and how many people

and enterprises seem to be in want of a little money, I cannot help fancying that a rich man may find modes of expenditure other than reckless charity or elaborate pampering of his personal wants, which would be not only more useful to the world, but more interesting to himself than many of the ordinary forms of indulgence. But I am only speaking of general tendencies, and have disavowed any capacity for laying down precise regulations. If I have stated rightly what is the evil properly attacked when we speak of luxury as vicious, it will, I think, come mainly to this: that the direction in which we should look for improvement is not so much in directly prescribing any Spartan or ascetic system of life, as in cultivating in every one who possesses superfluities the sense of their implicit responsibility to his fellows which should go with every increase of wealth, and the conviction, not that he should regard pleasure as in itself bad, but that he should train himself to find pleasures in such conduct as makes him a more efficient member of the body corporate of Society. If, indeed, there should be any man who feels that he has no right to superfluities at all while so many are wanting necessaries, and should resolve to devote himself to the improvement of their elevation, I should say, in the first place, I fully and heartily recognize him to be one of the very large class which I regard as my superiors in morality, although, in the next place, I should insinuate that he is one of those heroes who, while they deserve all honour, cannot be taken as models for universal imitation, inasmuch as I cannot help thinking that the ultimate end is not the renunciation but the multiplication of all innocent happiness.

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FRENCH FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND.

A CERTAIN excitement has recently been displayed by the English Press owing to the bitter tone adopted towards England by many French newspapers in their articles on Colonial affairs. Several leading statesmen, notably Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, have taken these articles as their text in the campaign they have been undertaking in favour of increasing the strength of the British navy. Moreover, some thoughtful-minded men have not only seen in last year's increased friendliness of relations between France and Russia a direct menace to the interests of Great Britain, but have even gone so far as to recommend the British Government to take immediate steps towards joining the Triple Alliance. This state of feeling is somewhat disquieting. By dint of constantly repeating that the differences between France and England are radically irremediable, they may end by becoming so, and these two great States may thus be forced into an open rupture, whereas at the present moment nothing prevents them from settling their difficulties pacifically and in all good faith. For my own part, I am inclined to think that several of England's leading politicians have shown more party spirit than serious reflection in their recent public attitude, but I am no judge of the exigencies or vicissitudes of England's home policy. I only wish to enlighten my English readers as to the true state of feeling in France towards their country, as to the reasons of certain of our recent actions, and, generally, as to the bent of our present foreign policy. I shall be only too happy if a dispassionate and sincere statement of the actual situation in France can help in putting an end to any of the misunderstandings which are daily accumulating between our two countries.

I wish at the outset to set aside certain secondary considerations. For instance, Mr. Chamberlain, speaking to his Birmingham constituents, accused France in so many words of having increased the strength of her navy in order to deprive England of her supremacy on the seas. In regard to this, I would only ask my readers to look up the speeches that have been made on this question (notably a debate which took place in the Chamber of Depu-

ties early in February). Such a thought could never have entered into our heads, for the simple and sufficient reason that from no point of view could it ever be realized. We have enough to do to maintain our territorial army on a suitable footing without endeavouring to dispute the superiority of your navy. Our sole preoccupation, as far as our fleet is concerned, has been to render it fit to resist the combined forces of the Triple Alliance. Should England join the Alliance, we are not so mad as to contemplate the possibility of conquering her. All we have to hope for in regard to this matter is to succeed in preventing her from landing on our coasts —a contingency for which the tone of the English Press bids us to prepare.

Again, considerable excitement has been caused in England by the accusation brought against M. Clémenceau at the time of the general elections last August of being a "friend of England," and his defeat has been looked upon as a rebuke to all those Frenchmen —and there are many—who wish to live on friendly terms with England. Time and space will not allow me to enter into the details of the last general elections, but I must warn my readers that it would be a serious mistake to take the recriminations exchanged in the course of such struggles, as having any serious foundation. As to M. Clémenceau, it would be well to remember that he himself, some ten years ago, inaugurated this unhappy mode of warfare by accusing certain of his adversaries—or causing them to be accused—of being "friends of Germany." He has thus been wounded by a shaft from his own quiver, but this has no serious international bearing. Let us, therefore, leave this unimportant incident on one side, and go at once to the heart of the matter. It cannot be denied that at the present moment the current of opinion in France is unfavourable towards England. How, why, and up to what point? This is what I wish to explain without reserve. It is unnecessary for this purpose to go back to the Hundred Years War, to the heroic struggles of the Revolution and of the Empire, or even to the former repeated and often considerable encroachments England made upon our Colonies. Historical recollections do not play the same part with us as with other Continental nations. We are not naturally resentful, and if it be the case that our coast populations still have a lively remembrance of ancient rivalry, in no degree can this be admitted to be the general disposition of our country. In truth, we are too impressionable to nourish hereditary hatred, too susceptible, too sentimental, if you will, to worship indefinitely at the shrine of a far distant past in the presence of a more acute grievance.

We must, therefore, seek the causes of our actual tendencies nearer home. One of these is absurd, I admit, but at the same

time unquestionably exists. The agitation in favour of Protection which has gone on since 1860, and which triumphed in 1892, has caused its partisans to acquire the habit of denouncing England everywhere as the initiator of Free Trade; and thus her name has been constantly dragged into a bitter discussion. It is true, doubtless, that during the last development of the domestic conflict between the two systems of political economy, our Protectionist party, in order to emphasize denunciations of commercial treaties, made much use of the argument deduced from the special clause in the Treaty of Frankfort, which granted in perpetuity the treatment of the most favoured nation, to articles of German manufacture. This point is, however, of small importance. Questions of political economy, though of almost universal interest, engross but few minds. Fate, or let us call it the force of circumstances, has caused England to wound our national feeling, and I am now touching on the only point upon which all Frenchmen are agreed, be they from the North or from the South, at the top or at the bottom of the social ladder. I do not allude to the neutral attitude of England during the cruel war of 1870, for that is easily understood. I do not forget, and no Frenchman can forget, the generous ardour displayed by numbers of Englishmen in helping to revictual Paris after the siege. I am not ignorant, and no Frenchman is ignorant, of the effort made by England, in conjunction with Russia in 1875, to save us from a new aggression on the part of Germany. But while sensible of these acts of friendship, we esteem that we have not received from Englishmen the sympathy, or even the justice to which we consider ourselves entitled, upon the question of our stolen provinces. I still remember with deep emotion the eloquent terms in which Admiral (then Captain) Maxse expressed himself in 1871 about the treaty of Frankfort, and its inevitable consequences to Europe. "It was a crime," he wrote at that time to the *Morning Post*, speaking of Alsace Lorraine—"It was a crime to annex French population, if it be a crime to establish deliberately an ascertained cause of war. . . . Prince Bismarck has not merely left a pretext, but he has bequeathed such a cause for future war that it becomes righteous, and that even those to whom war is hateful, and the military spirit an abomination, must recognize the dreadful necessity of fighting whenever the proper time may arrive for the release of brother Frenchmen in captivity." And again accusing the whole of Europe of complicity in this outrage to public peace, and declaring, even when speaking more particularly of Great Britain, that "her sense of public morality is only shocked when France is the offender, and that all her virtuous indignation against the crime of removing a neighbour's landmark is only the pitiable

outcome of national jealousy"; he added this profound remark: "If Prince Bismarck had known the good as well as the bad side of France, he would have been aware that there had been growing for some time in that country, a considerable peace party." Since then matters have taken the course in all points as anticipated by this far-seeing writer. The peace party whose first appearance Admiral Maxse welcomed in 1871, and whose first adherents he was right in signalling amongst the leaders of our young democracy, headed by Gambetta, has been constantly growing and strengthening, notwithstanding the provocation. A Republican France must of necessity be a peaceful France. A nation all of whose children must serve under her flag, does not love war for its own sake, a state whose public powers are based upon universal suffrage does not lightly embark upon perilous adventures. These truths are too elementary to require demonstration; furthermore they rely for proof on the twenty-three years of patience and self-sacrifice through which we have lived since the disastrous treaty of Frankfort; but at the same time democratic France has remained faithful to the sentiments expressed by Admiral Maxse in 1871. Not only does she intend to shelter herself from any further attack, but she remains strong in the belief that Alsace-Lorraine has never accepted Germany's brutal annexation, and in the hope that, in one way or another, the hour will come when the "brother Frenchmen in captivity" will be restored to her. Some persons, accustomed to regard us as frivolous, may be surprised at this proof of constancy; others may blame us for still brooding—after twenty-three years' peace—over the consequences of our defeat. But let us suppose for one moment that England had been robbed, not of a costly jewel only, such as one of her colonies, but of the Bill of Portland and of a strip of the coast of Hampshire, including Portsmouth, would she not feel the same regrets and cherish the same hopes?

From 1871 till the present moment these sentiments have dominated our entire policy. No one can accuse us with truth of having disturbed the peace of Europe; indeed, more than one great nation might be named, commonly accounted less excitable than ourselves, who would never have brooked such treatment as we have received at the hands of our Continental neighbours. But what has been the result? Though we have ever been found ready to take part in any enterprise of general interest (take—as notable instances—our policy at the Berlin Congress, our loan to the Bank of England at the time of the crash in South America, and similar actions on our part) yet, inspired by the same Minister who imposed upon us the Treaty of Frankfort, almost the whole of Europe conspired to organize a diplomatic blockade against us.

In the first instance the three emperors of the North and centre of Europe formed an Alliance together, much resembling the Holy Alliance at the Congress of Vienna; then Russia having seceded from the Alliance for reasons well known to all, her place was taken by Italy, and in the course of these different diplomatic combinations we have had to suffer innumerable slights. I need only recall the Schnaebele incident, M. Tirza's insulting speeches on the subject of our Universal Exhibition, and M. Crispi's aggressive conduct when he was first in power. In connection with Italy, whom we are generally accused of having treated outrageously, concerning Tunis, and of thus having driven to seek alliance with Austria and Germany, I refer my readers to certain very conclusive diplomatic documents published in July, 1893, in "les Annales de l'Ecole des Sciences politiques," from which it appears clearly that Italy was always aware of our intentions, and that we should never have gone to Tunis at all had she not obliged us to do so. In short, on all hands, it seemed agreed that we should be made to realize, to our detriment, La Fontaine's celebrated fables called "Les Animaux malades de la Peste," and "Le Lion et l'Ane."

What has been England's attitude during this lengthy process of boycotting? I shall not, I hope, be accused of exaggeration if I say that in the first place the English Press has the habit of treating all foreigners, and especially the French, as inferiors, and apart from this provocation, England, both through its Press and officially, has almost invariably sided with Italy or Germany, regardless of our mild protestations. She was, I allow, strictly within her rights, but it must be admitted that her attitude has, in course of time, resulted in provoking a very natural feeling of irritation on our part, and indeed caused us to suspect that England, in her part of champion of the *status quo* of Europe, declines to admit that we have any legitimate grievance at all; she thinks us not entitled to cherish one. Thus, in addition to the hostility we endure on our Eastern frontier, we have gradually come to understand that we must not expect any moral support from Western Europe, that is to say, from England, should hostilities occur. And this has not been all. Having found it difficult to breathe the air of Europe, we sought a breath of oxygen in distant climes, a course which commended itself, almost at the same moment, to Germany, to Italy, and even to peaceable Belgium. Considering the vast extent and the number of England's foreign dependencies, we rendered ourselves, by so doing, liable to come into direct competition with her, but it was scarcely to be supposed that the misunderstandings would be so numerous and so difficult to settle as they proved to be. On one point all Frenchmen are

unanimous, namely, in recognizing the admirable loyalty of the British Government in two matters of business, transacted between themselves and us. The British Government retired most gracefully from Tunis, which State they had, indeed, offered us of their own accord, in return for their annexation of Cyprus.

Nothing could have been more courteous than the action of the British Government at Madagascar after the Convention of 1890 had been signed in order to settle the Zanzibar question; but every Englishman knows that the British Government is not England. England numbers among her sons men more stirring and more exacting than H. M.'s Ministers, and the good effect that might have been expected from the correct attitude of British diplomatists has been more than counterbalanced by the silly outcry raised by English newspapers over the trial of Enfida; and by the hostile behaviour of British Protestant Missionaries in the land of the Hovas. But the attitude even of the British Government has not always been equally correct. I am not now speaking of Egypt, concerning which country much ink has, doubtless, yet to be spilt. We have never ceased blaming our folly in not having accompanied England thither in 1882, and we continue to blame England for remaining there for a slightly unreasonable time. English people believe, I am told, that our anxiety for England's departure from Egypt is entirely due to a desire on our part to succeed her there. This is not my opinion. I am convinced that we should be well satisfied with any arrangement which rendered the valley of the Nile equally inaccessible to French and English troops; our principal object in Egypt being to secure free communication with the Far East. But what about our differences elsewhere?

There is the African question. We have found it difficult not to draw a contrast, disadvantageous to ourselves, between Lord Salisbury's disdainful excuse for making the concession to France of a few square miles of "sand" in the Sahara, and the condescension of the Royal Niger Company in abandoning the rich Hinterland to Germany. Again, we were somewhat surprised at England's prompt occupation of Burmah, in answer to our annexation of Tonkin, and finally it is but a short time since we observed a token of mistrust on England's part which seems to us unfriendly and inexcusable, in her refusal to occupy a joint frontier with us on the Upper Mekong, and in her determination to interpose between us a so-called Neutral State, which cannot fail to be a source of constant intrigue and dispute.

All this gives us good reason to believe that there exists in England more national jealousy towards France than even the English themselves are aware of. Nevertheless, I am profoundly convinced that not one of these misunderstandings is of a nature to

provoke a rupture between France and England, and that, in spite of these events having simultaneously conspired to obscure for the moment the diplomatic atmosphere, sooner or later they will find their solution in judicious measures of mutual compensation. If, however, as has been recently advocated in *The National Review*, England joins the Triple Alliance, an irreparable breach would be caused between our two countries. And why should England join the Triple Alliance? on what pretext real or apparent? I know, no one knows better, the apprehensions that have arisen among a considerable fraction of the British public from the friendly relations, or as it is generally termed in England—the Alliance between France and Russia. I am also aware that England fears an understanding between the Cabinets of Paris and of St. Petersburg on all the matters directly concerning her own interests. I observe that she is also disposed to believe that this Alliance, if Alliance there be, is directed against herself more than against any other nation, and she can never admit that "if the Alliance were only to keep things as they are the French people would not have gone into such ecstasies." I quote from the "European Outlook," an article which appeared in the November number of *The National Review*. Permit me to say that any person who thus reasons has no knowledge of the popular feeling in France. I was present at the Franco-Russian fêtes in October. I need not give my readers a detailed account of them, but I am able to add to the information that has been already received on the subject this fact, that popular feeling was summed up in the thousand times repeated cry "Vive le Czar," "Vive la République." This doubtless seems paradoxical at first sight, and it may be a matter of wonder that Republicans should have so far lowered themselves as to give an ovation to the representatives of an autocrat of autocrats. But consider a moment. History teams with such anomalous alliances; from Richelieu and the German Protestants, Cromwell and Louis XIV., Louis XVI. and Washington, down to the present time. The distinguishing feature of this particular Alliance is that the people are interested in it, the reason for which is simple enough.

During the isolation of France since 1870 her democracy has, not without reason, looked upon a change in the relations of the Great Powers of Europe as a guarantee both of national security and of the stability of the Republic, and, furthermore, as affording a chance that her fondest hopes may be realized should war, which she does not desire, but which is rendered imminent by the exasperation due to militarism in Europe, eventually break out. Nor is it to be wondered at that threatened as France has been for a long time with a simultaneous attack upon the Vosges and upon the Alps,

she should feel more confident as to the future in the knowledge that a diversion might well be created at the same time in the direction of Poland and Eastern Prussia.

These considerations have also suggested one more hope to France, so visionary that I scarcely dare speak of it, but the truth must be told at all hazards, I allude to the possibility that at any given moment, by the simple means of pacific negotiation inspired by progress in international morality, the populations of Alsace and Lorraine may at length find themselves at liberty to pronounce upon their own fate, as did formerly the inhabitants of Nice and Savoy when they declared for France. This would put an end to those terrible armaments which exhaust the strength of our ancient Europe. On the other hand, neither the means nor the opportunity to thwart Great Britain has suggested itself. England was certainly not in our thoughts when Admiral Avellan and the Russian officers who accompanied him were being received with wild enthusiasm at Toulon, Marseilles, Lyons, and Paris. France had no thoughts save for the ever-bleeding wound on her eastern frontier. And should our new ally ask our aid to-morrow in attacking England in India we should reply with the same unanimity with which we greeted the dawn of a new era, "No, our soldiers have other duties to perform, the milliards we possess are destined to other purposes; we have grasped your hand proffered to assist us in going whither our devotion to our country bids us go. But our time for great adventures is over. We desire our liberty and that of our captive brothers. For this, and for this alone, we are ready to march."

André Lebon,
Deputy of the French Chamber.

HERESIES IN SALMON-FISHING.

It is commonly assumed that when a salmon rises at an artificial fly he supposes it to be good to eat and means to eat it. Sir Herbert Maxwell challenges that assumption. He thought the subject over, and wrote down his reflections, during a journey from London to Edinburgh; and his reasonings, which are published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, are fresh and entertaining. He perceives no cause for believing that the salmon means to eat the thing at which he rushes. A child who catches a butterfly or a bluebottle does so without thought of eating the insect: the motive is curiosity combined with a liking for romps. Sir H. Maxwell cannot see why the salmon should not rush at the fly in the same spirit. Indeed, he feels that there are cogent reasons for supposing that the fish does. The fly, he says, is not like any living thing which the fish has ever seen; and salmon, he believes, do not eat in fresh water. What happens is that the fish sees the fly floating jerkily over the pool which he has made his temporary home, wonders what it is, and takes it in his mouth to see. If the fisherman misses the chance, the salmon may rise again. If the hook pricked the fish on the first occasion, the motive of the second rise is irritation and vengeance. That is what *The Spectator* suggested a few years ago. *The Spectator* had been arguing that angling was a pitiless sport; to prove that that was a wrong impression, Mr. Andrew Lang had mentioned the fact that many a trout which has had a hook broken in his jaw rises at another hook immediately after, which familiar phenomenon, he thought, showed that trout could not be susceptible of pain; and *The Spectator* replied that the explanation might be, not that fish are incapable of pain, but that they are capable of resentment, and ready to express it at the risk of being pained. "May not the trout," the writer said, "snap at the fly in anger?" Mr. Lang seemed to think that the idea, which, indeed, *The Spectator* had put forth in a desperate off-hand manner, was too ridiculous to be taken seriously. Fishermen generally were then, and will be now, when the suggestion has been revived by Sir Herbert Maxwell disposed to scoff at it. They will say that the thought of fish

having any mental or moral emotion, either curiosity or indignation, is one that could arise in the mind of no man acquainted with their habits; and it is certain that they will be supported by those who take rough-and-ready views of things. Nevertheless, there is more to be said for the novel notion than either *The Spectator*, in its extremity, or Sir Herbert Maxwell, in the railway carriage, thought of.

A fish inquisitive or in a temper is undoubtedly an absurd idea at first sight; but the absurdity lessens on reflection. All animals of whose ways we have intimate knowledge reveal the emotions which the fisherman denies to fish. For example, children, lambs, young tigers, young lions, young monkeys, kittens, and puppy-dogs, rush at things which attract their eyes, and that without thought of eating them; and if they are thwarted or injured in the contact they are apt to rush at them again in irritation. If, then, we take it for granted that fish are incapable of curiosity and irritation, we are assuming that the minds of fish are fundamentally different from those of all living creatures with whose natures we are familiar. That, when one thinks of it, would be an assumption so great as to be impossible of acceptance until it had been justified by the clearest reasoning. No reasoning whatsoever can be offered in its favour, and some can be offered against it. We have no authority for believing that the mental characteristics of fish are different from those of animals generally. We are used to believing this; but the usage is unintelligent. It probably springs from the separation of sympathies which comes from our living in an "element" other than that of the salmon and the trout. If we were amphibious, we should have a clearer insight into their ways, and perhaps find that both fun and indignation lurk, at times, under the saturnine aspect of their visages. As it is, some of us who have been in the accidental neighbourhood of a shark have had cause to realize that, even as "a hungry man is an angry man," a hungry fish, when annoyed in pursuit of his meal, is angry too, and not unwilling to risk his skin in vindication of his appetite and his wrath. Besides, all fishermen, to their sorrow, know that there are times when salmon and trout rise briskly but "not in earnest." Many an exasperating hour have all of us spent with fish who give our flies a frequent poke, or a frequent nibble at the tails of them, and escape "untouched." Many a time, also, have we found them rising at the fly, not with their mouths, but with their tails, seeking to flick them under the surface and to "drown" them, to all appearance in the spirit in which a cat plays with a mouse. The analogy between fish and other creatures in the matter of curiosity and gambolling goes even further. It may have been observed that it was the young of tigers, and cats, and

dogs, and other creatures, that we spoke of as given to playing with things that attract their eyes; not the elderly animals so much Well, fish are in exactly the same case. The elders of them are as sedate as the most dignified ten-year-old cat. They sometimes condescend to take a minnow, when you draw it under their very noses, at the bottom of the lake; but they are imperturbable under the attraction of a fly. One knows a Scotch loch in which, it is believed, six-pounders are as numerous as one-pounders; in which also, no six-pounder, even according to the wildest legend of the neighbourhood, ever looked at a fly.

We must, then, accede to Sir Herbert Maxwell's contention in the main. There is more reason for assuming that fish do have curiosity, a sense of fun, and capacity for bad temper and rash acts of courage, than for assuming that they do not. We cannot, however, grant that he is right in the premisses from which he arrives at that conclusion; we cannot assent to the most heretical doctrine about flies into which, for the guidance of fishermen, he translates his conclusion; and, as his heresies are grievous in the extreme, such as would ruin the trade of all the makers of flies, and shatter the happiness of all their customers, we must sift his argument to the bottom.

Salmon-flies, he says, are unlike any living things which fish have ever seen; salmon do not feed in fresh water; therefore, a salmon in a river who takes a fly does not mean to eat it. That is reasoning unworthy of a man, and a brother in Isaac, who is member of a sound Tory Opposition protestant against the Closure. It is tyrannical. Is not a salmon-fly, when properly worked in a river or on a lake, very like a shrimp? Then, what does it matter if that is a mere conjecture as to the salmon's point of view, and if the fly appears to him a thing which he cannot identify? If Sir Herbert Maxwell were stranded on an uninhabited island luxuriant in strange fruits, would he hold his hand, and close his mouth, merely because he saw none which he could conscientiously call an apple or a banana? One cannot imagine that he would. Rather, one feels, he would say to himself, "Well, this does look nice; I've eaten such things before, though none exactly of the same shape; I'll risk it;" and forthwith eat of the fruit which, in colour and in shape, was least unlike some item in his customary dessert. That may be exactly the mental process which impels the salmon to your Jock Scott. He may say, "That's a rum-looking creature. It's not exactly a shrimp, I think; and it cannot be a sea-slug, so far away from the salt water. Still, it is something of the kind, it appears to be alive, and is, no doubt, tasty. So here goes!" and rushes at it, open-mouthed, without more mental ado.

It will be inferred, from this train of argument, that we are unable to grant Sir Herbert Maxwell's postulate that salmon do not feed in fresh water. That is right. The postulate cannot stand. It is sanctioned by Mr. Huxley, who, eight years ago, avowed a belief that salmon feed only when they are at sea; but the evidence in favour of the opinion is meagre and misleading, whilst both pure reason and experience furnish forth considerations against it. It seems, so far as one can trace its genesis, to be the outcome of the facts that nobody ever caught a salmon in fresh water which had anything in his stomach, and that a salmon does not increase in weight during his sojourn in the river or in the lake. One of those facts cuts both ways, and the other cuts no way at all. Did anybody ever take from the sea a salmon with anything in his stomach? Sir Herbert Maxwell cites a statement by *The Field* about a salmon, taken at sea, within whom there were small herrings; but that was an American salmon, and we are probably right in suspecting that it was an American writer who told the tale; which, therefore, all things considered, is not one that would be taken without a grain of salt by any thoroughly ancient British jury. It is much more dubious than the sea-serpent, which usually asserts himself somewhere in the neighbourhood of these States; much more dubious than the Mahatmas, who dwell in the Thibetan mountains, up which no European foot strays. The sea-serpent and the astral personages who dwell beyond our ken do not dwell at all. That is our time-honoured way with them. Sir H. Maxwell, who is susceptible to analogy, must admit that it is the only attitude in which we can bear ourselves towards that herring-fed salmon. There is, it is true, no cause for believing that the salmon disdains the herring; but it is none the less true that there is no authenticated record of a salmon not empty-stomached ever having been taken from the sea. Now, if the salmon's vacuity when taken from the river or from the lake is to be accepted as proof that he does not feed in fresh water, his vacuity when taken from the sea must be clear proof that he does not feed in the salt; from which it follows that, as he does not fly in the air, in which he might feed on insects, nor climb trees bearing edible nuts, nor saunter, like the eel, through the fair fields on summer nights, he is an abstainer from food altogether. Not being scientific enough to accept that deduction in reverence, one must beg leave to have the salmon's stomach put out of court. It is no evidence at all. Nor can one hold oneself in any greater humility towards the argument that, as the salmon does not increase in weight during his stay in the fresh water, he does not eat when there. Other creatures are not abstinent from food when they are not growing. Mountain sheep, for example, fatten during winter on the Lowland pastures; but that would be

poor ground for saying that they eat nothing when they are back on their native heath and tending to become as gaunt as a Land-for-the-People man would become if he were given the whole of Ben More in inalienable right and forbidden to trespass in pursuit of food beyond its base.

In short, we can make nothing of the fact that salmon do not gain weight when in fresh water. The phenomenon cannot any more rationally be held to prove that the fish feed only when in the sea than the fact that we can find no tangible trace of their having fed there can be held to prove that they never feed at all. On the other hand, surely the finding of things in the fish's mouth is as good evidence that he does feed as finding them farther in would be. Every time we catch a salmon, we catch one with such evidence on his person. He has in his mouth a fly, or a worm, or a minnow, or a bunch of maggots. Whilst it is to be admitted that sometimes the fish may snap at one of those things in curiosity, or in anger, we cannot admit that his motive in taking a bait is always either inquisitiveness or rage. Sometimes, surely, the baits are taken simply because they strike the fish as things which are good to eat. We could adopt Sir Herbert Maxwell's view only at the cost of entertaining a most humiliating opinion of the very creatures for whom he claims mental and moral energies like unto his own, and a most extravagant estimate of the subtlety of fishermen generally, whom Sir H. Maxwell regards as having no subtlety at all. We should have a very low opinion of the salmon if we supposed that it is always inquisitiveness or bad temper that brings him to the surface; and a very high opinion of our own insight, or our own intuition, which has led us to discover, from among the innumerable things to be chosen from, the particular articles which are capable of arousing the susceptibilities of the fish. If Sir Herbert Maxwell is right in holding that all we have to do in order to get a rise from a salmon is to present an object which is likely to whet his curiosity or to stir his temper, why do we restrict our battery to flies, minnows, parr-tails, and mother-of-pearl eels? Why do we not fish with finger-rings, brooches, pen-knives, and cigarette-tubes? The answer obviously is that, whilst no sane salmon would think of eating any of those things, the things with which our tackle-cases are stocked are things that appear to be edible. As nobody ever found any trace of a meal inside a salmon, nobody can say for certain what he eats; but it is a reasonable presumption that he does eat, and it is a reasonable presumption that if we wish to catch him we must lure him with things in imitation of the creatures which he conceivably may eat.

The whole of Sir H. Maxwell's reasoning is designed to establish the proposition that "it is absolutely immaterial to the angler's suc-

cess what colour predominates in the lure presented to a salmon." The question of colour, one may admit, is "absolutely immaterial" to the fisherman who succeeds; but it is certainly not so to the fisherman who fails. We shall touch upon that point anon. Meanwhile, we must ask our ingenious heretic to explain why, if the colours of a fly are not of importance, the shape of it is. If the salmon does not take the thing as being an insect or other animal familiar to his eyes and to his palette, but merely as an amusing or exasperating curiosity, for what reason is the shape of it to be considered as of more consequence than the hue? On that hypothesis, which is Sir H. Maxwell's own, should not a tin bat, or a copper butterfly, or a lace snow-flake, be as effective as a Poynder or a Blue Doctor?

Merely to state that question is to inflame all fair-minded fishermen with doubt about the whole of Sir H. Maxwell's heresy; but it would be deplorable if we could do no more by way of undoing his posers than formulate a poser more perplexing still. Fortunately, the subject is not destitute of positive evidence. We may not be able to work our way into the mind of the salmon; but that of the trout is an open book. Sir H. Maxwell, when he was writing his entertaining essay, had an inkling of this fact, and of the possibility that it might lead to an elucidation of the subject; but the Flying Scotchman seems to have entered a tunnel just as the inkling arrived, and it was an inkling still, and that a lost one, when he was restored to the light of day. It had occurred to him that, as trout are akin to salmon, any discoveries as to the eyesight of trout which we might make by experiment would hold good about the eyesight of salmon; and he bethought him of a drastic test of his theory that both salmon and trout are colour-blind. "Let some floating May-flies," he wrote, "be dyed a bright scarlet—they will reflect the same amount of light as the ordinary yellowish-gray imitations,—and let some devoted searcher for truth use one in a southern stream what time the May-fly is on, and the big trout are sucking down the floating insects by scores." That, indeed, would be a test; and if the devoted seeker after truth had a single rise we should ever after be rank heretics ourselves, and have no other desire this side of Woking than to see Sir H. Maxwell proclaimed a Saint in the Positivist Calendar; but where shall you find the unselfish man who would risk the loss of the hours when the May-fly is up in order to give the scarlet monstrosity a trial? Sir H. Maxwell himself would not be he. We may be sure of that. We may be sure, also, that when he does sojourn by the Hampshire streams towards the close of May his tackle-boxes are stocked not only with "the ordinary yellowish-gray imitations," but with these in all the delicately graded hues necessary to provide him with resources

against the ephemeræ of any hatch which the great day may witness. When trout take an artificial May-fly at all, it is one which, in size and in tint, is an exact imitation of the insect on the water at the moment. It is the same in the matter of gnats. If the fish want a black-gnat, they will have a black one or none at all. They will not look at a red or at a grey. According to Sir Herbert Maxwell's theory, they should not know the difference. It is the same, also, in the matter of duns. Duns are graded with such delicacy that the eye of the fisherman himself can scarce detect the difference between any one and its next neighbour; yet the fisherman succeeds exactly in proportion to his discrimination and his celerity in changing the lure as one rise of duns gives way to another of different hue.

Sir Herbert Maxwell says that "no structural contrivance for detecting the different colour-rays in a beam of light, such as is well known to exist in the human eye, has yet been recognised in the eyes of fish." Even if it had been recognised, Sir H. Maxwell would have doubted whether a salmon could distinguish a Wilkinson from a Thunder and Lightning. "Whereas artificial flies are displayed on or near the surface of the water, and salmon lie near the bottom, the lure passes between the fish and the light, in silhouette against the sky—the very worst arrangement for exhibiting gradations of tint in an opaque object. To human eyes, notwithstanding their complex and sensitive provision for the reception of colour-rays, every fly presented in this way would show dark, almost black, against a bright background, save where some coloured sparkles shone through transparent material. Take such a fly, for example, as the Blue Doctor—a well-known killer in every stream where it has been used, and deservedly a favourite;—pass it at moderate speed overhead against the sky at a distance of four or five feet, the usual depth of water over a salmon in a cast. Can you detect the delicate tint of the body of pale-blue floss, or the laps of brilliant scarlet worsted on the head and butt? Or can you distinguish the fibres of bustard, turkey, dyed-swan, and guinea-fowl feathers composing the wing? Not at all: all that is visible is a small dark object crossing the bright space behind." That sounds very crushing; but it need not feel so. No man by holding a fly overhead in the air can tell how it appears to a fish. You could gain that knowledge only by taking the place of a salmon at the bottom of a pool and having an assistant seeker after truth dangling the fly above you. To suggest that Sir H. Maxwell should have descended to the bottom of the Birgham Dub, and stretched himself out, "horizontal, contemplative," in the truly scientific posture, would be inconsiderate, almost as cruel as to suggest that he should whip the Itchen this summer with a scarlet

May-fly; but he might have put the Blue Doctor into a bowl of clear water, held the vessel aloft, and looked through it from below. If he had done so, he would have made a discovery which, experienced sportsman as he is, he has still to make. He would have seen that, excepting as regards the wings while they are still untashed, a fly in water is quite a different thing from a fly in air. In the air it is indeed, as he says, a homogeneous mass. In the water, every hair of the hackle, every loose fibre in the busking, stands apart, shimmering in its own space. That is what we should see if we looked at the fly in the water. Inasmuch as the salmon can see things so minute that we, if we were in his place, could not see them at all, we must conclude that what we see he sees. As to whether he sees the tints of the quivering fibres of the fly exactly as we see them we can have no more than a surmise; but it is quite certain that as far as the fly is concerned it is open to him to see the "coloured sparkles" which shine through its material. The sparkle of every loose fibre in the object is shining thus. That is what Sir Herbert Maxwell overlooks. His impression, apparently, is that a black-gnat, for example, is, when in the water, exactly the same thing as it is, wetted, when you look at it in the air, a small shapeless mass which, at a distance of two or three feet, one might imagine to be made of black pulp. If, thinking of this, he had argued that a velvet black-gnat would be just as serviceable as one made on the orthodox pattern, he would not have been farther astray than he is when he declares that if we fished, year in year out, and on any salmon river to which good luck might take us, with flies made from the feathers of a blackbird or a common rook, we should have as much success as would fall to us if we were equipped with flies of all the standard patterns and with all the local traditions as to which are the killing lures. Local traditions are liable to be modified, and the cosmopolitan fisherman's lore in the craft is still imperfect; but between them they make a safer science of fishing than any revolutionary theory, howsoever scientific its presentment may be, which, based upon an apprehension that ultimately, as we have seen, obliges the theorist to suppose that salmon never eat at all, takes no note of the fact that trout, which are believed to be not more acute of vision than the salmon, can distinguish between flies varying only by the fraction of a tone of tint, and ignore you if you ignore their discrimination.

W. Earl Hodgson.

THE REFERENDUM.

I.

Ought the Referendum to be introduced into England?

In 1890 this question was raised in a leading periodical.* The enquiry received little attention and no answer. The nature and the very name of the Referendum were then unknown to English statesmen.

Four years have wrought a vast change. The Referendum we all now know is an institution under which no proposal for changing the constitution of a country can become law until it has received the direct approval of the citizens. The institution, though hitherto unfamiliar to the inhabitants of England, is well-known to numbers of the English people; it exists, though not under the name of the Referendum, in most of the States of the American Union.† Sir William Harcourt's abuse and Mr. Balfour's approval are signs of the time. In periods of revolution, like the present, men live fast. The speculative question of 1890 may, it is likely enough, be transformed into the popular demand of 1895 or 1896. The Referendum is the People's Veto; the nation is sovereign, and may well decree that the constitution shall not be changed without the direct sanction of the nation.

Whence comes this turn of public opinion? It flows in the main‡ from a keen perception of the evils which infect our present Parliamentary system and a conviction that these evils might be mitigated by the exercise of a national veto.

The defects of Parliamentary Government as now practised in England result from the unchecked though temporary supremacy of any Party which can obtain a majority in the House of Commons. They may be summed up under four heads.

The supremacy of a Parliamentary majority, or, to use more popu-

* See *Contemporary Review*, April, 1890.

† See *Referendum in America*, by E. P. Oberholtzer, with which read *Etablissement et Revision des Constitutions en Amérique et en Europe*, by C. Borgeand.

I have, it will be observed, treated the Referendum as a veto on constitutional changes. I am, of course, aware that it may be used, and is used, as a veto on ordinary legislation.

‡ It is attributable also in part to the profound distrust in representative bodies which moulds the opinion and even the legislation of countries so different from one another as Switzerland, France, the German Empire, and the United States.

lar though less accurate language, of the House of Commons, forbids the invention of any means for securing from attack the very bases of the Constitution. In democratic countries, such as the United States or Switzerland, the articles of the Constitution are in a strict sense the law of the land. They cannot be altered, they cannot even be menaced by the small and temporary majority of a representative assembly. The people of these Republics know that such a majority, however fairly elected, may misrepresent the will of the nation; they know and acknowledge that the foundations of the State must rest on some support firmer than the transitory wishes of a majority of the people. Under our modern English Constitution we cannot secure—witness the experience of 1893—that the House of Commons shall even debate the gigantic constitutional innovations which it is prepared to enact. The sovereignty of Parliament, I may be reminded, excludes any distinction between the articles of the Constitution and ordinary laws. The sovereignty of Parliament, I reply, is a very different thing from the supremacy of the House of Commons, and influences, I add, which have lost their power have, until recent times, in practice though not in law, maintained a distinction between laws which affect the Constitution and laws which deal with matters of everyday life. Till 1893 no statesman dreamt that a majority of from 30 to 40 warranted the attempt to dissolve the Union between Great Britain and Ireland.

Our present scheme of government again, while it ultimately refers every question to the decision of the electors, is so worked as to prevent the electors from deciding any question on its intrinsic merits. The art of Party warfare is turning into the art of bribing and confusing the voters. The absurdity of supposing or asserting that the fair and reasonable method of obtaining a national verdict on the question whether Ireland shall be given a separate Executive and Parliament is to mix this enquiry up with the whole number of political problems raised by the Newcastle Programme, is too patent to need exposure. The judge who should direct a jury that they could not properly give a verdict upon one most difficult case unless they at the same time gave a verdict on twenty others as difficult, would not be allowed to remain a day longer upon the Bench. But the behaviour which would argue madness in a judge when asking for the verdict of a jury, is considered the wisdom or astuteness of politicians when appealing to the verdict of the country. Nor is this confusion of issues caused solely by the unscrupulosity of statesmen. The English form of Parliamentary government inevitably confounds questions of person with questions of principle. Half, at least, of the voters who came to the poll at the last General Election meant to vote that Lord

G.W.R. MECHANICS' INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

Salisbury or Mr. Gladstone, as the case might be, should be Premier, and expressed a very indirect opinion against or in favour of Home Rule. The other half were perplexed both in thought and conduct by being called upon to decide at once the two totally different questions, whether Mr. Gladstone ought to be Premier and whether the Act of Union ought to be repealed. The position of every elector was a false and absurd one, though habit has blinded us to its falsity and absurdity; for it is in the strictest sense preposterous that a man cannot support Mr. Gladstone's candidature for the Premiership of which he approves, without supporting the Home Rule policy which he condemns, or cannot, on the other hand, support Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, without sacrificing that concession of Home Rule to Ireland which he conceives to be an act of justice.

The artificial supremacy again of a Parliamentary majority, occasionally at any rate, deprives large minorities of their due political influence. Nobody supposes that the Irish representation fairly represents the Irish people. The Protestants constitute roughly about a fourth of the population; they are represented by less than a fifth of the Irish Members.

The last, the most subtle, and by far the most dangerous of the evils attributable to our present system is that it stimulates instead of mitigating the influence of Party. No one, of course, supposes that partisanship can be banished from politics. Few are the sensible men who believe that the public life of modern England can dispense with some kind of Party organization. Parties are an evil, but in the estimation of most persons a necessary evil. The reasonable complaint is not that parties exist, but that the course of events has been allowed by statesmen to increase all the evils of partisanship. If parties are to conduce to the benefit of the country, every patriotic man must with scrupulous care observe two conditions of political warfare. The first condition is that respectable leaders should not tolerate the violation of the ordinary rules of fairness and of public morality. The second condition is the practical recognition of the principle that allegiance to the nation always at a crisis overrides the demands of Party loyalty, or what is really the same thing, that there are certain matters which politicians of every school must agree to treat as of more importance than political victory. To this doctrine respectable men, whatever their political creed, will presumably in words assent. No English statesman will maintain that for the sake of placing Liberals or Conservatives in office he may rightly impede the action of the National Executive, lower the character of Parliament, excite the mutual animosities of classes, or give aid and comfort to conspirators. We all agree that the country has paramount

claims upon our loyalty. But as it appears to thousands of Englishmen, the conditions of salutary political conflict have of recent years been violated. The tolerance by men otherwise entitled to esteem of slanders or abuse which they themselves would never utter, the attempts by statesmen who have themselves served the Crown to weaken the servants of the Crown when engaged in a desperate contest with crime and violence, the toleration or palliation of boycotting by politicians whom we must believe to be themselves incapable of acts of oppression and lawlessness, the intimate alliance of a whole English Party with a body of men found guilty of criminal conspiracy and of inciting to sedition and the commission of crime, are things which politicians ignore, but which have made a lasting impression on thoughtful and moderate men who stand outside politics ; the suppression of Parliamentary debate by a predominant Party at the very moment when vital constitutional changes ought to have received the most ample consideration, can hardly have passed away from the not very retentive memory of the English democracy. But it is not the violence alone of partisanship which deserves notice and censure. What is at least equally important and deplorable is the condition of sentiment which Parliamentary conflicts produce. The predominance of a majority in the House of Commons, depending as it does upon the maintenance of Party discipline, engenders even among politicians of good intentions the delusion that the one virtue of public life is Party loyalty; the charge of having deserted Mr. Gladstone seems, in their eyes at least, as serious an accusation against a statesman as the charge of having betrayed the interests of his country. The belief that the triumph of a particular political connection is essential to the prosperity of the country soon turns into the conviction that persons who do not belong to this political connection cannot count as part of the nation. Party becomes everything, the Nation sinks to nothing.*

These are the patent defects of Parliamentary Government as it exists in England ; they constitute the new political disease known in foreign countries as "Parliamentarism." No man of sense can expect that any piece of constitutional mechanism will be a panacea for the maladies of the State. But for reasons which

* As I write this article I observe that here and there a so-called Liberal M.P. suggests the practical abolition of the House of Lords by an exercise of the Prerogative. The suggestion is absurd, but it is not the less significant. It betrays the existence, perhaps the prevalence, of that worst of revolutionary delusions that a faction may rightly usurp the authority of the nation and override the law of the land.

can be briefly assigned the introduction of the Referendum may be expected to moderate, if not to cure, the evils of Parliamentarism.

First.—The Referendum may undoubtedly be so used as to establish a clear distinction between laws which effect permanent changes in the Constitution and ordinary legislation.

Suppose, for example, that Parliament passed an enactment which may be termed the Referendum Act, providing that no Bill which affected, *e.g.*, the rights of the Crown, the constitution of either House of Parliament, or the Acts of Union, should become law until it had been submitted to the electors of the United Kingdom for their approval or disapproval, and had obtained the assent of the majority of the actual voters. Such a Referendum Act would make every man of intelligence throughout the country at once realize the difference between any ordinary law and the fundamental laws of the realm. He would understand what now many men do not perceive, that it is one thing to pass a Merchant Shipping Act which may be repealed or amended next year, and quite another thing to abolish an institution such as the House of Lords which can never be restored, or to establish an Irish Parliament which, except at the cost of a civil war, can never be abolished. The Referendum Act would directly secure the fundamental laws of the country from sudden assault. This result, moreover, would be attained in the simplest and the most effective manner. For the Referendum, or the People's Veto, is an institution which is in absolute harmony with the democratic principles or sentiment of the day. It violates no democratic conviction, it constitutes the nation itself the guardian of the rights of the nation. Add to this the consideration that the Referendum would greatly diminish the importance of merely personal questions. Under the proposed system it would be possible, at least, for the national rejection or, it may be, the national approval of a change in the Constitution not to involve a change of Government. Let us suppose, for the sake of example, that a measure for abolishing the House of Lords were submitted by Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues to the nation for its sanction, and that this sanction were refused. The rejection of the Bill need not, if the Gladstonians were still a majority of the House of Commons, involve the retirement of the Ministry. Ministers might with perfect propriety retain office. It would clearly appear that the nation wished Mr. Gladstone to administer the affairs of the country, but did not wish to repeal the Act of Union. There would be nothing degrading in a statesman's submission to the deliberately expressed will of the country. Any man may bow without loss of self-respect to the commands of the nation. No one blames Peel for acquiescence in the Reform Act; no one blames the Protectionists for having ultimately accepted the national verdict in favour of Free Trade.

Secondly.—The Referendum would ensure that in matters affecting the constitution the country always came to a decision on a clear and plain issue.

That this would be the effect of the Referendum is patent; that this effect would be beneficial is past dispute. It is impossible for any honest or clear-headed man to maintain that it is an advantage that the electors, who are the true sovereign of the country, should not clearly understand the effect of their votes. The Referendum, moreover, just because it places a clear issue before the country, is a guarantee—and under conceivable circumstances, may be a much needed guarantee—against reaction. As things now stand it is possible that gigantic revolutions may be the result of mere Parliamentary intrigue, and may be legally enacted without ever having received the sanction of the country. Yet changes which the nation has not really sanctioned have no moral claim to permanence, and can never be safe against the influence of reaction. Suppose, for example, that a Home Rule Bill, or a Bill giving the Parliamentary Suffrage to women, were passed to-morrow by the present Parliament in consequence of some private arrangement or compromise come to by the leaders of the two great political parties. Who is the man who can warrant that both or either of these measures had not been passed in defiance of the wish of the nation? Yet, if even the suspicion of national disapproval existed, neither of these measures could be free from the risk of reactionary change. It is to innovators or reformers, at least, as much as to Conservatives, that the Referendum should commend itself. Unwarranted innovation produces revolutionary reaction.

Thirdly.—The Referendum of its own nature gives due weight to the wishes of all voters.

Under the present condition of affairs, neither the Unionist minority in Ireland nor the Home Rule minority in England exerts its rightful influence. This evil may or may not be capable of mitigation by measures other than the Referendum. On this point I express no opinion: all I maintain is that the Referendum, as regards any measure to which it is applied, gets rid of this defect in our scheme of representation. If the question, Should the Home Rule Bill of 1893, or a measure like it, pass into law? could be put to every elector throughout the United Kingdom, each man's vote would have its due weight. The Unionist minority in Ireland and the Separatist minority in England would each exhibit its true strength.*

* I have assumed, for the sake of argument, what I am not prepared to concede, namely, that a measure affecting the Act of Union with Ireland can be justly carried by a mere majority of the electors of the United Kingdom. The Act is

Fourthly.—The Referendum places the nation above parties or factions.

This is its highest recommendation. The existence of an appeal to the country reminds us all that when orators have exhausted their rhetoric and Members of Parliament have given their votes the final decision of the nation's destiny must be referred to a more august tribunal than the House of Commons, or even than Parliament. Sentiment plays no small part in public life, and thinkers who appreciate the force of moral feeling will attach great importance to the formal acknowledgment of the nation's supreme authority. But the advocates of a direct appeal to the people need not base their advocacy solely on the tendency of such an appeal to stimulate sound national feeling. They can show that the Referendum increases the authority of the nation as compared with the power of parties or sections, and this in two very practical ways. The Referendum, in the first place, by compelling electors to vote on a single issue of profound importance, leads them on this one occasion at least to follow their own convictions rather than their Party connections. Men who vote at an ordinary General Election for a particular Member who advocates a Party programme must in general vote with reference to the interests of their Party. Every elector, therefore, for the sake of measures for which he cares much supports other measures for which he cares little or nothing: *A* swallows a Home Rule Bill because he wishes for an Eight Hours Bill; *B*, with great difficulty, supports an Eight Hours Bill because he wishes Ireland to have Home Rule; whilst *C*, who cares neither for restrictions on the hours of labour nor for Home Rule, votes in effect for a Home Rule Bill and an Eight Hours Bill because he is a zealous advocate of Local Option. It is probable that were each measure separately submitted to each elector each would vote only for the measures which he actually approves: *A* would reject Home Rule; *B* would reject the Eight Hours Bill; and *C*, while rejecting both the Home Rule Bill and the Eight Hours Bill, would vote only for the establishment of Local Option. The Referendum, in the second place, would bring men to the ballot-box who now hardly vote at all. Some of the most intelligent and most unbiassed members of the community who rarely take part in Parliamentary Elections would vote for or against a definite proposal, say a Bill for the abolition of the

not only a law but a treaty, and a treaty cannot in fairness be altered without the assent of all the parties thereto; that is to say, in this case, without the consent of the majority of the electors of Great Britain and Ireland respectively, and perhaps of England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively. This opinion is no novel paradox invented for the occasion; it was in principle maintained more than a century ago by Bentham (see *Fragment on Government*, Chap. IV., s. xxxvii., *note*).

House of Lords. Abstention from electoral contests is always a dereliction of civic duty. Still human nature being what it is, abstension is often a natural, if not a pardonable, offence. A Gladstonian of Birmingham hardly cares to vote against Mr. Chamberlain. Unionists at Cork who cannot by any possibility return a representative of their own way of thinking shrink from coming to the polling booths. When once a single issue is submitted to the judgment of the people the whole aspect of affairs will be changed. Let us keep to the case of Home Rule. When a Home Rule Bill is submitted to the judgment of the electors every man will know that he must act then and there. Every Unionist who dreads the rule of Mr. Healy, every Nationalist who desires an Irish Parliament, must acknowledge the occurrence of a final crisis. The men who are most indifferent when minor issues are confusedly placed before them will rise, it is to be hoped, to the requirements of this great occasion. Party connections, personal preferences, or individual fancies must surely lose their influence when every man is called upon both to hear and to pronounce the verdict of the nation.

The advantages of the Referendum may possibly be outweighed by more than compensating evils. The consideration of the objections which may be fairly urged against the People's Veto must however be reserved for another occasion.

A. V. Dicey.

II.

I am opposed to Mr. Strachey's suggestion for the introduction of the Referendum into England, because I am not enamoured of its principle, because its machinery would be cumbersome, and probably before long unworkable, and because I believe that it would produce consequences infinitely worse than those which it is expected to cure. Mr. Strachey justifies the proposal on two grounds; first, that it would "for ever defeat the policy of National disintegration," *i.e.*, Home Rule for Ireland; and secondly, that it would prove to the world that the House of Lords, and not the Radical Party, is the body that really trusts the people. He even lays down the proposition, to which I altogether demur, that "the man who refuses to agree to the Referendum cannot be true to the essential principle of Democratic Government."

Both these reasons are, in my opinion, quite inadequate to justify the change. It is surely indefensible to advocate the Referendum, because it is likely to prove a useful broom with which to sweep

the *disjecta membra* of Home Rule into the dustbin. Because Mr. Gladstone aspires to revolutionize the Constitution in one direction, there can be no necessity for us, in order to defeat him, to revolutionize it in another. The Referendum, if applied in Great Britain, would very likely result in the final extinction of Home Rule. Granted; but so also, in all probability will the next General Election. We must really examine the proposal in its application not to a particular measure, but to the whole future course of Parliamentary legislation and of Imperial Government.

Next, as regards the claim that the Referendum would prove to all mankind the "acceptance of the popular sovereignty by the Lords, and their trust in the people," I decline altogether to admit that trust in the people consists in a perpetual summons to the ballot-box, or that the sovereignty of the people is best vindicated by an eternal procession to the polling-booth. The mere arithmetical counting of heads and acceptance of the result as decisive is neither the sole nor the final criterion of popular sympathies. It is the simplest available method for deciding between two parties or policies or persons, in cases where the question at issue is capable of being settled and can only be settled by a Yes or No.* But it becomes an absurd and delusive method when the question at issue is one of great complexity, such as a Parliamentary Bill (*e.g.*, the Home Rule Bill) crammed with clauses and bristling with disputable propositions; and to proclaim that an appeal so made and answered is irrefutable evidence of trust in the people, and that a refusal to accept this test is proof of heresy to the democratic principle, is, in my judgment, to show a very imperfect idea of the true meaning of popular Government.

Mr. Strachey incidentally introduces a third argument. He says that the Referendum "is an institution which democracies throughout the world are beginning to find necessary to counteract the accidents and eccentricities of representation." This is news to me. Switzerland is the only country in which the Referendum in Mr. Strachey's sense exists. Twenty years ago it was extended from the Cantonal Constitutions to all laws and resolutions passed by the Federal Assembly; which, upon the petition of 30,000 electors or of eight cantons, can be referred to a poll of the entire electorate. This is the only extant example of the general legislative Referendum, and scarcely admits of a parallel being drawn between the circumstances of Switzerland with 3,000,000 inhabitants and the United Kingdom with 39,000,000. On the other hand, the process by which in the United States all amendments of the

* *E.g.*, a poll on the Free Libraries Act, or a Parliamentary or Municipal Election.

Federal or State Constitutions must in the last resort be submitted either directly to the popular vote, or to specially elected conventions, is a Referendum applied only to a particular, and that a very narrow, class of legislative proposals, and to none other; while the *plébiscites* with which the Second Empire familiarized us in France, have little in common with the Legislative Referendum, being a popular poll upon one of that class of questions to which it is possible to answer Yes or No. Where, therefore, or what the democracies are to whose experiments or experience Mr. Strachey refers I do not know.

Let me briefly summarize some of the objections that occur to me to the use of the Referendum in England, both in its operation and in its consequences.

1. The machinery is, we are told, to be set in movement by a monster petition. Then there is to be the lapse of a certain period during which the Bill, which is to be submitted to the people, will be posted up; M.P.'s will go down to instruct or to bamboozle their constituents, and the country will be flooded with electioneering literature. In other words, there is to be a General Election in miniature on the Bill. Can anything more odious be imagined? Conceive the caucussing and canvassing that will be enlisted to get the signatures in the first place; or, even if the petition, as Mr. Strachey hints, be dispensed with, the deluge of rhetoric that will ensue. Already political life is enslaved by the *abacus*. We do nothing but count heads, like the beads on a monk's rosary, from morning till night. What with Parish Councils, District Councils, County Councils, Town Councils, and Parliamentary Elections, a voter has seldom an idle moment. Let us spare him the additional infliction, and the country the grotesque turmoil, of a General Election whenever the two Houses happen to disagree.

2. In the case of a Bill that has been seriously amended by the House of Lords, which persists in adhering to its amendments, upon which version of the Bill is the elector to vote? Is the Bill to be posted in the form in which it left the Commons, or as it was recast by the Lords? If Aye is voted to the Bill as it left the Commons, are the Lords to accept it without any amendment? If No is voted to this proposition (or Aye to the converse, viz., to the Bill as it left the Lords), are the Commons to submit to whatever the Lords have put into it?

3. Observe in the former case the irresistible temptation to a powerful and not too scrupulous Government. Conscious that its Bill, if passed at all, will be passed in the form in which it left the Commons, the most outrageous proposals may be inserted into it, the application of the guillotine in that House will become normal and incessant, and the securities for free discussion hitherto pro-

vided by the unwritten tradition of the Lower Chamber, and by the constitutional prerogative of the Upper, will be simultaneously extinguished. The House of Commons will become a mere Star Chamber registering the decrees of a Parliamentary tyrant, checked only by reference to the haphazard Aye or No of a *plébiscite*. The Referendum, introduced as a buttress to the House of Lords, would in fact end by destroying the House of Commons.

4. What is to be the position of a Government whose Bill is rejected upon the Referendum? Take the case of the Home Rule Bill last summer. Supposing this Bill to have been thrown out by such a vote, is it conceivable that Mr. Gladstone's Government could have remained in office? And yet, if not, is not the Referendum, in the hands of the Lords, equivalent to the prerogative of forcing a dissolution whenever they please?

5. In the converse case, if the Government Bill were passed, and the action of the Lords rejected, would not the verdict of the electorate be popularly interpreted as a condemnation of the Upper Chamber?

6. What again is to be the position of a Member in his constituency? Unless the votes are to be all heaped together and counted up without geographical distinction, he may be exposed to the taunt of no longer representing the majority of his constituents, should he have given a vote hostile to their decision upon the poll. And yet, till the General Election, he will remain irremovable.

7. With the present political complexion of the two Houses, the Referendum would only be set in motion when a Radical Government was in power. Clearly the two Chambers are unlikely to disagree when the Conservatives are in office. The contingency can only, therefore, arise either when a Bill, first introduced and passed by the Lords, is afterwards rejected by the Commons—a reversal of the ordinary procedure—or when a Bill is passed by the Commons and rejected or amended by the Lords. In other words, it is a wholly lopsided arrangement, hardly likely to be acceptable to those who already complain that the House of Lords enjoys an extravagant initiative.

8. Finally, in the interests of good government, any proposal should be deprecated that is likely to tempt the electorate to believe in its own infallibility, or to dispense with informed and independent direction. The debates in Parliament will lose in influence and reality in proportion as their legislative product is liable to be sacrificed at one sweep by a mass vote. The people, in the complacent possession of its own crowning prerogative, will pay no attention to the details of a complex measure, but will rivet its gaze upon the animating principle, or lack of principle alone.

Let us, at least, save our democracy from the danger to which all previous democracies have succumbed, viz., the licence of untempered power.

GEORGE N. CURZON.

III.

I HAVE been requested to state my opinion of the proposed introduction of the Referendum into this country. I confess I am not keen about it. I see many almost insuperable objections to its adoption. It would, no doubt, serve to protect the House of Peers from attack when a cry is raised against it for resisting a House of Commons measure. The proposal certainly appears to comply with the democratic doctrine of appealing to the people, for we are all agreed that the majority of votes obtained at the polling-booths represents the People. This majority, howsoever slender it may be, swallows a minority almost equal to it in bulk, and—subject to awful fits of indigestion which perturb its majestic countenance—passes itself off as the Sovereign People. To this imposture we all of us submit for the simple reason that power must be lodged somewhere, and the authority sounds well. The claim of the Referendum is that when there is a dispute between the two Houses, we appeal to our august Potentate.

This would be well enough if the greater number of his constituents were keenly interested in politics and had opinions of their own on public questions, but the fact is—as politicians well know—it is quite otherwise. It has been recorded in Parliamentary evidence that an election agent of great experience once said when he had introduced a candidate to a constituency, in his private ear of course, "There is one thing, sir, I wish to impress on you strongly, and that is, that you must be careful to avoid politics." This is hardly a satire upon the political apathy which prevails over a large part of England. The democratic theory—it is a very respectable one—is that people are thirsting everywhere to take part in public affairs. The idea of Parish Councils in small rural districts was hatched in a townsman's brain: people of the poorer classes will not serve unless there is some money to be got, and this is perfectly natural. The temptation to spend other people's money may perhaps encourage them to come forward. In a great number of constituencies which may be considered backward, but which determine the nation's verdict, the personality of the candidate is the principal feature of a contest. The principles he represents are generally ignored, except by a few fierce fanatics. The Party ticket is sufficient. It is the personality that forces the question. The common Englishman is a good fellow, but he has

little interest in National questions. I try to picture to myself the Referendum according to Mr. St. Loe Strachey's plan, unaided by Party, travelling dolefully about the country in search of the British people. It is absurd to suppose, however, that parties would stand aloof. The measure at stake would necessarily be identified with one Party, and its rejection would probably be fatal to that Party and necessitate a Dissolution. The whole Party machinery would therefore be set vigorously to work, the Members for the constituencies would appear on the scene, aspirant candidates, our old friends the Permissive Bill men would tramp about on their mission of salvation, and the Referendum question with its demand for a "Yes" or "No" would be huddled up and disappear beneath the usual vortex of issues.

Each Referendum would involve the tumult and the expense of a General Election. As England is constituted in character, habits, and customs, it is hopeless to expect a direct answer upon a single question.

An advantage from the Referendum might be—if the Swiss plan were adopted and a proportion of the electors was entitled to demand a poll to determine the fate of a measure—that the country would be enabled to compel an appeal when the Government of the day represented a feeble majority. It would also absolve the House of Peers from the necessity of opposing a measure which was in itself bad—but popular.

Apart from the serious objection to the Referendum which I have urged above, there is a great difficulty in the way of its adoption. If the Swiss plan is followed, and the initiative is to come from the people, the number of electors entitled to claim the Referendum, adopting the Swiss proportion, would be something like 300,000. To verify the signatures of this great number would be rather a huge affair. In order to avoid this difficulty the *Spectator* suggests that the duty of putting the Referendum into operation should be invested in Parliament, which, as the House of Commons would not require to refer a measure it had passed, and no legislation of importance is initiated in the House of Peers, would mean in the latter body. But the power of applying the Referendum is a means of obtaining, as I have said, a Dissolution, and it is very unlikely that the House of Commons would consent to confer this power on the House of Peers. If a Unionist House of Commons did so the power would certainly be revoked, after much agitation, by a Radical House of Commons. It would not be difficult for a democratic orator to maintain that the proposed Referendum, under the guise of a democratic measure, was nothing but a trial to secure immunity from attack and longevity to the House of Peers.

FREDK. A. MAXSE.

IV.

The opinion that I have been asked for on Mr. Strachey's article can be given in a very few words. The writer, if I understand him rightly, assumes that the Government of a nation ought to be directed by the wishes of the majority of its inhabitants, and argues that the surest and simplest way of ascertaining what these wishes are is to adopt the plan, known as the "Referendum," of referring disputed questions as to legislation and policy to the people at large, and counting the votes for and against any proposed measure and accepting the decision of the majority as conclusive. It is unnecessary for me to consider whether counting the votes of the whole people in the manner proposed by Mr. Strachey would afford a reliable test of the real wishes of the people; because even if this could be proved, it would afford no guide as to the expediency of accepting or rejecting the measures submitted to the decision of the people. The proper object of a Government, and especially of a representative legislature, is not to meet the wishes of the majority of the population, but to adopt the policy and sanction such measures as may be best calculated to promote their welfare. This was the view taken of the subject by a writer of such strong Radical opinions as the late Mr. J. S. Mill, who said in his "Considerations upon Representative Government" that "a Government is to be judged by its action upon men, and by its action upon things; by what it makes of the citizens and by what it does with them; its tendency to improve or deteriorate the people themselves and the goodness or the badness of the work it performs for them and by means of them." In like manner the great English Whig Party used to hold that the duty of Statesmen was to be guided in their action not by the mere wishes of the people, but by their own judgment as to what is just and right; and that Party, after being turned out of office, refused to return to it for over twenty years rather than come back into power so long as they were denied authority to propose what they considered a measure of justice indispensable for the welfare of the nation. Long ago a great Roman satirist warned his countrymen that their gods had overturned whole cities by granting their wishes, and the same truth was taught by Dr. Johnson in his fine poem on the "Vanity of Human Wishes" in imitation of Juvenal's satire. All history is full of examples of the same thing: not to mention the fearful calamities brought upon the Jewish people by their sins, and their general disposition to listen to prophets who prophesied to them "smooth things" rather than those who prophesied true things. It is clear that the fall of the great Greek republic—and ultimately that of Rome itself, was mainly due to the

unwise measures adopted by these States in deference to the wishes of the people. Our own history is not wanting in many examples of the same kind, but I will only mention one. Nobody, I presume, now doubts that the progress of Ireland would have been far greater than it has been, and the present condition of Ireland would have been much more satisfactory than it is, if Pitt had been permitted to carry into effect his original design of including in his measure of the Union the relief of the Roman Catholics of Ireland from the civil disabilities to which they were subject on account of their religion, and also a moderate provision for their clergy. It is well known that Pitt was prevented from acting on this policy by the obstinate refusal of George III. to consent to the repeal of the anti-catholic provisions of the law; and that in this refusal he had the support of a great majority of his English and Scotch subjects. If, therefore, the law of Referendum had then been in force, it would have been still more impossible than it actually was to settle this great question by a just and wise measure.

GREY.

V.

IF it were possible to put to the people in some simple form the issues on which the two Houses of Parliament are from time to time divided, I should think the proposal well deserving of consideration.

If for instance the people could be asked for an answer, "Yes" or "No" to such questions as the following, viz.:—

Shall the Corn Laws be repealed?

Shall the Irish Church be disestablished?

Shall Local Government be made democratic?

Shall Ireland have a Parliament of its own?

Shall the people in each place control their own liquor trade?

Shall employers be liable for accidents from negligence over which they have no control?

Such answers might probably be asked for with advantage.

But the questions between Lords and Commons do not take this simple form, especially during a period of constructive legislation. Consider by way of illustration the questions now at issue.

The question "Will you or will you not have the Irish Home Rule Bill" involves a most complicated issue. In the debate in the Lords the most striking thing was, that whilst the supporters of this Bill upheld the principle of Home Rule, the opponents for the most part attacked the special provisions of the Bill; and a refer-

ence to the people would be a reference of those special provisions. To put all those provisions clearly before the people would be impracticable; the question would be unintelligible; and if answered "Yes" or "No," it would decide nothing or almost nothing.

Take again the Employers Liability Bill. The real question arising on the difference between the two Houses would be not "whether the doctrine of Common Employment should be abolished?" or "whether Contracting Out should be allowed?"—but "whether it was better to have the abolition of the doctrine of Common Employment coupled, with a prohibition of contracting out qualified by a number of very special and detailed exemptions from that prohibition; or, on the other hand, to have no Bill at all? Who could explain such an issue as this? Take again the Parish Councils Bill. The Bill, as it left the Commons, was an extremely multifarious and complicated Bill, raising numerous issues. The Lords have altered it throughout on a very great number of points. It would in this case be even more difficult than in the case of the two other Bills I have mentioned to put any distinct issue before the public. And whether you were to put to them the Bill as it left the Commons, or the Bill as altered by the Lords, the question would not be understood.

In short, in all these cases, and in other cases of the kind, it would be impossible to make the real issues intelligible to the mass of the people; and after endless canvassing and wire-pulling, the real question would probably be the same which we put in an election under the present system, viz.: Will you have Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury?

Under such circumstances I believe that the result of a Referendum in the case of difference between the two Houses would only be to cause confusion and delay, and, under the guise of a democratic expedient, to make democratic legislation more difficult than it now is.

FARRER.

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SOME NOTES ON TIBET.

THE exact status of the relationship between China and Tibet is so vaguely known, and the Chinese, for their own aggrandizement, make such wrong representations, that a few observations taken during my late journey through Tibet, dressed as a native, and when living amongst the cosmopolitan inhabitants of the border towns, may be of interest. To begin with a curious contradiction: the Chinese tell one that the whole of Tibet is subject to their rule; the Lamas of Lhassa, on the other hand, disclaim Chinese rule altogether. The eastern Tibetan provinces of Amdo and Kham alone are, so both chiefs and Lamas of importance told me, subject to the Imperial Government of China. The Grand Lama, or his representative, the Dever-Shu, rules over the central and sacred province of Ü (Tibet proper), and the Lama chief residing at She-ga-tze governs the province of Tsang. A short residence in Amdo and Kham showed me that even in these provinces the Chinese rule is more or less nominal. The strongest proof is that no Chinese woman is allowed to penetrate them. So afraid, indeed, are the Tibetans of the Chinese peopling Tibet, that should a Mandarin, invested with some official appointment in Tibet, attempt to bring with him a Chinese wife, he would be stopped at the border and made to send the woman back. The Chinese may marry Tibetan women, but of the progeny of such mixed marriages, though the boys are called Chinese, the girls are obliged to adopt their mother's nationality.

With regard to the power exercised by the Mandarins in Tibet, in the large commercial town of Ke-gu, O-gan-ze, and other towns and villages, I found they only ruled over the Chinese residents. The Tibetans always have a local chief of their own, who carries out Tibetan law and justice. Even the Chinese military chief at Ke-gu only defends the Chinese trade interests, granting little or no protection to the Tibetan caravans which carry on the tea thence to Lhassa; and at the capital the Emperor of China's representative, or ambassador as he really is, administers justice to the Chinese under his protection and cannot interfere with the natives. The Tibetans have their own laws, courts of justice, and

native officials in authority. The Chinese are, however, allowed to keep here a small armed force, under the plea that it is necessary to protect the Royal Lama, his sacred person being greatly valued by the Emperor of China. As to customs and taxes, we find the custom dues collected in Amdo and Kham alone swell the revenues of the Chinese Government. In the provinces of Ü and Tsang the customs are levied by Tibetans at the various border towns, and are paid over to the Lama chiefs of these two provinces. The taxes collected in Kham are taken to the Chinese town Ta-chien-lu, on the Si-chuen border. In other eastern districts subject to Chinese taxation, the Tibetan chief of a hundred collects them in kind from his people, and takes them to a district chief, who sells them for silver. Once a year a Mandarin from Si-ning (China) repairs to Ke-gu, where this silver is then handed over to him to pay to the Imperial Government.

The question naturally occurs, "Why do the Tibetans allow customs and taxes to be collected for the Chinese government from any Tibetan provinces?" The answer is soon found. The Emperor of China professes, as before mentioned, to greatly revere the sacred person of the Dalai Lama. He therefore pays a large bounty to the Lhassa Lamas for the daily repetition of prayer and the holding of ceremonies, to invoke the blessings of Buddha upon his Imperial head. The amount paid yearly is about 100,000 ounces of silver, and some 10,000 yâk loads of tea. It is this bounty that keeps the Chinese in touch with the Tibetans. A fear of losing this annual tribute holds the Lamas, and they influence the people, in fear of displeasing their powerful neighbours. Should this subsidy be stopped, not nearly so many monasteries would be kept up; and the Lamas, who form quite a third of the male population, would have in large numbers to turn laymen. Whether this would influence the increase of population, as the Lamas profess celibacy, it is difficult to anticipate; owing to the scarcity of women folk, polyandria is even now practised in Tibet. But passing over any suggestion that it may seem an advantage to the Chinese to keep down the population of countries adjoining their Empire, we come to the real reason for the payment of this bounty. A glance at the map of Asia will satisfy all that the ports of India are infinitely more suitable for the importation of goods for Tibet than the further removed ports of China, situated so many hundred miles from the Tibetan frontier, and with no railways into the interior to help forward the goods. More than a century ago Warren Hastings was so alive to the topographical facilities for trading between India and Tibet, that he sent a mission to Lhassa, in the hopes of bringing about such a consummation. The only manufacture in Tibet is that of woollen cloth. The Tibetans, many of

whom are so wealthy that their herds of cattle and droves of sheep are reckoned by thousands, are dependent for all their luxuries and most of the comforts of life upon importations. Owing to the rigorous climate of their country, of which the mean altitude is equal to the loftiest peaks of the Alps, agriculture is pursued but sparsely, and then only produces a few cereals, roots, peas, etc. The recompense to the Chinese for this bounty is therefore to be found in their trade interests, setting aside all political considerations.

The principal importations of Tibet are: Tea—which consists of the sweepings of the plantations, the branches and leaves not only of the tea-plant but also of other shrubs pressed into bricks—rice, raw sugar, cotton cloth of the very coarsest texture, tanned and dyed leather, inferior satin, an immense amount of porcelain, and European goods of various kinds,—clocks, watches, and musical boxes being much appreciated by the Tibetans. All these goods pay custom dues at every town which they pass during transportation through the interior of China. Besides this item to the Chinese revenue, the Tibetan exports are very valuable: gold, silver, mercury, musk, furs, hides, wool, etc. The Tibetan merchants, be they Lamas or laymen, as also the drogpas (cattle owners), are quite alive to the disadvantages under which they live. They would much prefer to trade direct with India, where the goods they want are much cheaper, and the exchange for their own produce would be consequently much higher. Another great advantage would be that the distance between Lhassa and Darjeeling is comparatively short; and is safe, being free from freebooters. The road between Lhassa and China is so infested with these freehanded gentry, that the merchants cannot call their goods their own till they have reached their destination; and the hardships are such that a number of their yâk, horses, and even some of their fellow-companions, pay the penalty of the terrible exposure by death on the way. But the Chinese, naturally, have no wish to lose their trade with Tibet, the monopoly of which is at present in their hands; and the fear of such loss is what influences them to encourage the Tibetan authorities to exclude trade from India, and to create and keep up every possible barrier to foreigners entering Tibet. The Tibetans, for their part, might follow their bent to trade with India, but for the fear of offending China, and thus risking the loss of the large bounty, which, as already mentioned, China pays to the Tibetan Lamas. On both sides it is matter of revenue.

That religious grounds have nothing to do with the matter is proved by the fact that the Mahommetan nations are so well represented in Lhassa. There is a large mosque in the capital, and

a Mahommetan ambassador to care for the interests of the faithful. The Tibetans have, moreover, no knowledge of Christianity, and believe the religion of the Pi-ling-i, or Europeans, to be the same as that of the Mahommetans. I was frequently asked, and this even by Lhassa chiefs, if such was not the case. On the other hand, objections to missionaries can be easily traced to their source. In Sikkim, for instance, where the English officials cannot speak the language of the people over whom they rule, the former make use of a few Lamas, men of no moral character, and whose only recommendation can be that they speak Hindustani, to act as middlemen between the natives and themselves. Missionaries always learn the language of a people they wish to teach, and these same Lamas naturally object to Europeans, who understand their language, dwelling amongst them, and hearing of the many strange things they say and do in the name of our Government. The same thing occurs in every newly annexed country or recently extended borders. It is a pity that the Government does not see more clearly the desirability of its representatives speaking, reading, and writing the language of the people with whom they have to hold intercourse. This would greatly favour British interests; so peculiarly liable are the officials to be misled and tricked by the native interpreter.

The public profession of the Chinese, that they are willing Europeans should visit Lhassa and trade with Tibet, is simply a blind.

Before the beginning of the Sikkim war, the Lhassa Lamas wrote to China for the Emperor's advice. A big official document, with a smaller one enclosed, was brought back by the couriers. The contents of the big document were to the following effect: "Do not fight with the foreigners; let them enter Tibet." The private letter read thus: "Do not let the foreigners enter Tibet. Fight with them, or you will rue it." The latter advice was naturally followed.

The Tibetans do not know the power and position of the English, nor that, in fact, of any European nation. The Chinese do their best to make them believe all nations, excepting themselves (the Chinese) are very unimportant. My Tibetan manservant, who, entering my service at Sikkim, had travelled with me through India, by steamer to Shanghai, and thence through the Chinese mainland to Tibet, quite surprised the Lhassa chiefs by telling them that the Chinese officials not only treated with respect the Europeans travelling in the interior of China, but even sent runners to protect us. In Tibet, both Mandarins and Chinese merchants find it to their advantage to discourage us in all possible ways, and consequently do their best to set the natives against us. My servant repaired four times to the Za-man at the town of O-gan-ze, to see the

Mandarin there residing. But though he exhibited my Chinese passport, he never succeeded in getting an interview. Here, too, the Tibetan who undertook to travel with Mr. Rockhill, the American explorer, from Ke-gu to Ta-chien-lu, was, upon his return, arrested by command of the Mandarin, and imprisoned till his death, which soon afterwards took place. The man's wife, who told me the story, asserted, however, that her husband was not cruelly treated, and that his death, she thought, resulted from natural causes, though accelerated by fear.

But more insidious ways of getting rid of European travellers are resorted to by the canny Chinaman, namely, by exciting the cupidity or arousing the mistrust of the natives. At the town of Ke-gu and thence all along the road to Ta-chien-lu, I found a common rumour current as to my powers of witchcraft. I could see through the mountains, and was taking note where all the gold, silver, and precious stones were hidden, in order to remove the treasure at some future time. The Tibetans, in their simplicity, would come and ask me if this, that the Chinese said, was true.

During my daily intercourse with the natives, on my seven months' journey through Tibet, and when living in the border towns, I frequently led the conversation to European travellers in Tibet, to discover the native opinion. I have also had the pleasure of meeting several myself; most of them Russians, both explorers and merchants.

Travellers of this nation seem to have more facilities granted them by the Chinese Government than other Europeans, though they are by no means first favourites with the Tibetans. General Prejevalsky and Messrs. Vievtsoff, Grumgriji, and Votanin succeeded in surveying the greater part of Amdo and Kham. The Russian merchants residing on the Chinese borders of Tibet hold a passport enabling them to open shops in any of the frontier towns of Kan-suh, Shen-si, and Si-chuen; and they have a resident consul at Lu-chau in Kan-suh to look after their interests. When they first came to Kan-suh, the interpreter to the Russian embassy at Pekin travelled up through the interior, to see that their rights had been duly enforced. These so-called merchants are in reality Russian military officers. They do not trade on their own account; one of them even confided to me that it makes no difference to their income if they sell much or little; and they have a way, somewhat suggestive, of presenting the Mongols and border Tibetans with an oleograph portrait in gilt frame of the Czar, whose rule they applaud with the words: "Happy the people with such a ruler!" Both Russian travellers and merchants are masters of the Mongolian language. I met the late General Prejevalsky, in 1887, at Lan-chan, the capital of Kan-suh. He

was short of stature, with dark hair, and small piercing eyes; an appearance advantageous, as not strikingly unlike the natives. An agreeable conversationalist, he expressed in fluent French his warm enthusiasm and love for exploring. He was very bitter against the Russian Government, giving the following reason. After an absence of many years from his country, spent in exploring the wilds of Central Asia, he at last returned to St. Petersburg. He had resided there but a few days, when he was told he must quit the country. He had been seen in conversation with some suspected characters staying at the same hotel; people he had never met before, and about whom he knew nothing. This last spring a large party of Russians, provided with passports from Pekin for Lhassa, set out for Tibet in three divisions. One division took the Si-ning road; Mr. Beregovski intended to travel *viâ* Yu-nan; and Mr. and Madame Votanin were to take the official road from Ta-chien-lu. It was here that I heard of the expedition, and before I left for Shanghai, I was fortunate enough to meet the Votanins. The husband, a tall, dark man, seemingly under forty, could speak neither English nor French, so I could not converse with him. Madame Votanin, a little fair woman with grey eyes, and wearing the Chinese dress as worn by the Tai-Tai (the officials' wives), spoke a mixture of French and English. She was hopefully looking forward to the journey. A third European was the most formidable-looking of the party. His hair was long and shaggy, his face hard and severe, and in the girdle supporting his wide, blue cotton Chinese trousers there were visible two revolvers and other weapons. A Mongol, as Tibetan interpreter, had come with them from Pekin, and they had a large quantity of baggage carried by hired mules. I shall be glad to hear how they fared. I had learnt from Monsieur Dejean, the French priest who so kindly befriended me in Ta-chien-lu, upon my arrival in an almost destitute condition from my severe journey in Tibet, that the chief Chinese official of the town had imparted to him the following information. He, the official, had received instructions to send an escort with the Russians as far as Ba-tong. Upon their arrival there the party would have to deal with the Tibetan Government; to this Government a special Chinese messenger had been sent, bidding them hinder their progress from Ba-tong. And this in spite of the passports given them at the Court of Pekin for Lhassa. It was the same old story, the large official permissive document and the private contradictory one.

I heard many stories in Tibet about European travellers. In the Golok country they told me about a party of Russians, six men and one lady, whom five hundred Goloks attacked. The Russian caravan took up their position on the summit of a small hill, from

which point of vantage they fired upon the approaching natives. Twelve of these were killed before they arrived within firing distance for their old matchlock guns; so the Goloks, deeming discretion the better part of valour, left the Russians in possession of the field. They expressed to me their longings to possess like guns. Wa-chu-bumo, the Golok chieftainess, and even other chiefs of this tribe, so renowned for their ferocity, would not allow such dangerous travellers to camp on their ground, and were glad to let them depart in peace. In this same country I heard of a European, whose nationality I could not conjecture, travelling alone through these parts some three years ago. He was on horseback, and led a pack-horse carrying a large tin box. This the natives much wished to investigate; but the story got about that it was full of paper soldiers, who would come to life when the box was opened. When I was living at Tau-chau, among Chinese and Tibetan borderers, a tin box of mine inspired the same superstition; and, though unmarried, I was credited with forty children, who, however, only showed themselves by night. Such beliefs act no little as preventive against violence on the part of the natives. Amongst other travellers, I heard about the Prince of Orleans and Monsieur Bonvalot. The Lhassa chiefs chuckled at the deceit which they seemed to think they had practised on these distinguished travellers, by sending a Lama, both small in stature and low in rank, to be palmed off to them as the Dever-shu. Captain Bower they distinguished as a maker of maps; Mr. Rockhill as a payer of high prices. When I was prisoner at the military camp, some three days' journey from Lhassa, I was told of a European (probably an Englishman), who had lately entered Tibet across the Indian frontier. With him were many coolies and servants, who called him Lord Sahib. This the Tibetans took to be his name; and the chiefs asked me if I knew him; and whether he was, as he said, one of the big officials of India. He had reached within five days' journey from Lhassa.

On the whole, fearful as Tibetans are, owing to Chinese influence, of all Europeans, I found the English were preferred to others. Monsieur Bonvalot makes an opposite statement. Yet he tells us that the natives had some difficulty in comprehending his nationality, France being a country of which they had never heard; and he is in nowise ignorant of the fact that the word Pi-ling-i, analogous with the word Frank in the Levant, is a generic term for Europeans. Our treatment of the prisoners taken in the late war greatly impressed them. They descanted upon the good food given them, the careful attention paid to their wounds, the wooden legs made for two injured men, and how, when released, sufficient money to buy food for their journey home was given them. The

cannon-balls and bombs were a marvel to them. "Fire came down from Heaven," they said, "in big balls. Some of our men ran up to one and it burst, killing all near it." "Your soldiers are like fish," exclaimed one, "they can swim under the water." Our fairness in trade is also commented upon in a very complimentary way. Unfortunately the wily Chinaman takes advantage of this. I heard from the Lhassa chiefs, and many Tibetans on the road, that there was at Ta-chien-lu a shop kept by English merchants. When I arrived in this town I hunted up the shop, to find the goods English but the shopmen Chinese, passing themselves off as my countrymen. When will genuine English merchants be able to trade openly with this people, and from India direct?

It is a strange fact that at the close of the nineteenth century this country of only partly civilized people, and situated on the very borders of our great Indian Empire, seemingly defies intercourse with all Europeans, and closes its frontiers to Western travellers and merchants alike. That its powerful neighbour to the east pulls the wires, little or no doubt can be held. A combination of nations, the exercise of a little firmness, and without shedding a drop of blood, Tibet, now so inaccessible, would be opened up and a time of security and prosperity heralded for its inhabitants, the absence of which they now but with too much justice deplore. My servant shortly ago naïvely remarked to me, "My country is greater than yours! I, a little Tibetan, have been through your great dependencies, India and Canada; I have travelled all over Great Britain, and, when I return home, shall have been round the world. Your countrymen cannot even enter my country. Are they not ashamed of this?"

ANNIE R. TAYLOR.

NOTE.—Since the above was written the Sikkim-Tibet Convention has been signed, which will enable traders to meet at Yatung on the Tibetan side of the frontier. British subjects are to be allowed to reside at this place after May 1st, and trade is to be unrestricted, except in regard to certain specified articles, for five years.—A. R. T.

THE ROYAL WELSH LAND COMMISSION.

As I appeared before the Commissioners, I wish to say at the outset that personally I have no fault whatever to find with any of them. The Chairman showed his usual courtesy, tempered by as much formality as befitted his position; a Commissioner, from whom I might have expected some retaliation, asked me some very sensible questions; and Professor Rhys was, no doubt, quite right in declining to be led into a philological discussion. Dismissing, however, all such personal considerations as the genial disposition of Professor Rhys, I will endeavour to deal with the evidence laid before the Commission, as any person might do who had not taken part in the proceedings. Whatever may be thought of the methods of the Commissioners, of their more than leading questions—indeed, of their putting words into the mouths of the witnesses—of their touting for a Land Court, and their exaggeration of petty grievances, blame of their methods is blunted by the knowledge that the Commission was merely doing the work of its master. Its primary business was to secure votes and seats for a Party which is being rapidly discarded by the more enlightened parts of England and Scotland.

One of the Commissioners had taken umbrage at what Lord Salisbury said at Cardiff in November about the agitators hounding on tenants against their landlords; but if Lord Salisbury could have attended certain sittings of the Commission he might have classed some of its members with the agitators, so determined did they seem to make bad blood between landlords and tenants. Here is a question addressed to Mr. Ellis, M.P., and the answer he gave (unchecked by the chairman) (17,089). "How would you characterize the conduct you have described [that of the late Lord Penrhyn]? —Infamous." This, on the whole, was the only ebullition of temper which Mr. Ellis permitted himself. Before reaching this point he had been mild, and had made several admissions which told against his arguments and his Land Bill. When asked (17,113) what legislation he would suggest with reference to common land which has been enclosed by landlords of late years (presumably under Act of Parliament), he answered, "Well, one has, I think, sometimes to check one's own inclinations in matters of that sort; but I think that these enclosures, especially recent enclosures, unless they

have been made under some very high authority, ought to be carefully and responsibly scrutinised." Mr. Ellis, however, did not scruple to insinuate one of the fallacies of the Socialist agitator by speaking of landlords and tenants as rent receivers and rent producers, as though the landlords did not largely contribute the means of making the soil productive.

At the same sitting Professor Rhys met with the fate of Actæon, and was worried by his own fellow Commissioners. It was as Bursar of Jesus College that he heard his college accused of having raised the rent, and of having refused a permanent reduction, and of having let the game to strangers. "Mr. Grove: Then, when you did not like to pay the larger rent, did you not bear in mind that the rent itself goes, for the purpose of education, to Jesus College?" Question 17,993. This question is dictated by the erroneous idea that tenants are concerned in the way rents are spent, apart from the share they may expect to get for landlords' improvements. The tenant replied: "I know that it goes for the purpose of education; but, as prices of animals and so on are decreasing, what will we do, and to whom will we apply?" Another Commissioner, Mr. Richard Jones (18,001), suggests to the tenant that the education given in Jesus College does not benefit him at all. He might as well have suggested that the portion spent on port wine for the fellows of Jesus College did not benefit the tenant. Could the Bursar of Jesus College have descended from the bench of the Commissioners and have given evidence in defence of his college as a witness?

One witness caused some amusement by stating that he had a printed rent receipt belonging to one of his family dated 1300 and odd: he could not tell when printing was invented. Another complained of the shooting tenant of Mr. Pope, Q.C., going out shooting with three dozen dogs. There was no cross-examination as to this extraordinary statement. Much time was occupied by the Commission upon what was termed the burden on a tenant of providing, according to some old agreements, a goose at Michaelmas. To ordinary minds it would seem that between a rent of £20 10s. or £20 and a fat goose a tenant would choose the latter; but one Commissioner thought that for fear of giving offence to their landlord tenants continued sending the goose. On being told that every goose sent was given of goodwill, another Commissioner concluded that the people who did not send geese did not entertain the best feeling towards their landlord, and had to be told that those who did not send any probably had none. It is obvious that a tenant of less than ten acres with no oat stubbles would not have any geese.

Mr. R. J. L. Price (16,390) spoke with satisfaction of most of his

tenants being related to one another and forming a happy family. Other witnesses seemed to think this an object to be aimed at. Now, many years ago, a Spaniard, at Madrid, complained to me that the Pope was always meddling with their affairs. "What does he do?" I asked. "He prevents cousins marrying; and, as most of our villages are one or two leagues apart, it is impossible for the people to marry, if relationship is to be taken into account." "It is odd," I said, "but only this morning I was reading in *The Times* the report by a Commissioner sent to inquire into the large number of deaf and dumb persons and idiots in a village in Essex, and he attributed this to the isolation of the village, and the frequent intermarriage of its inhabitants." Wherever there is a small population—and the monoglot Welsh are necessarily a small population—similar results must ensue; and I have lately noticed how much the tenant farmers are related to one another, and the considerable number of half-witted people to be met with. I have two labourers in this condition, one of whom was a candidate for the ministry (I could produce him before the Commission), and about seven farmers.

One of the Commissioners seemed anxious to discover that leases for three lives had been customary in Wales, and, apparently, to wish to revive them. Such leases are very objectionable, owing to their uncertainty, and may or must be called in English a gambling transaction. The French expression, an aleatory transaction, is the more correct: it defines their haphazard nature without imputing moral blame. I have been told that my grandfather gave leases for lives very readily, saying that he would back his life against others' lives. I have been told that a reason for leases with three lives having been given was that at one time these conferred a vote which was not the case with a lease for years only.

With regard to farm labourers in Wales it appeared from the evidence that 10s. a week, besides board and lodging, was the usual and general wage of single men. This is undoubtedly high when it is remembered that in Wiltshire, in Essex, and in other English counties, farm labourers are said to be earning only 10s. a week and providing themselves with board and lodging. No doubt, they get more than that during the harvest. Still, their earnings are far below those of the farm labourers in Wales. There is a discrepancy between the evidence as to the hours of labour being too long and that as to the prowling about of labourers late at night round the farm houses. If the evidence as to this latter point is true—if the men are not anxious to go to rest after their last meal—their hours of labour cannot be said to be excessive.

There was much discussion as to whether farm labourers should be lodged inside or outside the farm houses. The Chairman of the

County Council (21,908, 21,969) said that the better feeling of the country was against housing them outside. Mr. C. F. Priestley (who, as a tenant farmer, gave very good evidence) was strongly against lodging the men inside; and he spoke as a farmer and as a magistrate. In this respect the farm labourers are as wolves, and as such should be kept outside the door. Last year I put up an addition to the house of a tenant of twenty-eight acres consisting of a back kitchen, tiled dairy, and two bedrooms. The tenant who is (or was) a local preacher, and should be one of those whom the Chairman of the County Council calls "the best people," took the view opposed to that of the chairman, and preferred that his labourer should enter his bedroom by an outside staircase. I hope that the Chairman of the County Council, whenever he is tired of getting no abatements from his landlord, will come to me should I have a vacant farm to suit him. I should be able to give him less hazy ideas of the relations of landlord and tenant than those he submitted to the Commissioners.

Mr. Priestley said he did not see how a protective duty can be escaped (22,080). One of the Commissioners, Mr. Richard Jones, argued that if prices went up rent also would go up. Mr. Priestley gave good reasons, founded on experience, why rent should not go up. I may say that I am pledged in that sense; for I wrote in a published letter that a rise in the price of wheat would not benefit me and my neighbours in Cheshire, but that we desired it for the sake of the eastern counties, and that we should benefit incidentally by the general increase of prosperity.

There were a great many questions about what are called penal clauses in agreements: for example, one imposing a penalty of so much per acre for ploughing up old grass. As all the witnesses said that those clauses were never enforced, or that they did not know of any case in which they had been enforced, the chairman said that it would be better to omit them. The bulk of the evidence, however, is in favour of retaining them. This would have been quite clear if I and other witnesses had stated more correctly that those clauses *never required* to be enforced, since the existence of the clauses prevents tenants, especially outgoing tenants, from ploughing up old pasture, or from doing other things prejudicial to a farm. Now that laying down permanent pasture is a first-class improvement under the Holdings Act, it would be the height of inconsistency to recommend dispensing with so necessary a precaution for its protection. The authority (whom I quoted in this *Review* last August) who complained of his predecessor in his farm having ploughed up old grass before leaving has told me that there was no clause in his agreement to prevent his doing so. This proves the necessity of the clause.

There were some questions about cream separators. The result

of my enquiries in Cheshire and Anglesey has been that they are subject to the initial defect of costing fifty pounds. What they gain in an increased yield of butter is lost by the deterioration and thinness of the skim-milk or butter-milk, which is no longer worth drinking, either by human beings or by pigs. Pigs do not thrive on it, and people would no longer buy it. Its very name is ill-omened, and should be reserved to death and the average Gladstonian to whom, as Separators of Unions, it properly belongs.

One witness raised the point of annual instead of half-yearly payment of rent, and described it as a great gain to the farmers, though another witness said he could not see where the advantage lay. Before I succeeded to my Anglesey property, the rents had been taken once instead of twice a year. My late uncle advised me to alter this, and take them half-yearly. He thought it was a great difficulty for the smaller tenants to keep their money for rent for so long a time. Mr. R. Elliot, who procured the establishment of a representative assembly in Mysore, Southern India, has described how in a similar way it was there proposed to petition the Raja to take the taxes four times instead of once a year, on the ground of the difficulty of the ryots' keeping money and not spending it, and then being obliged to have recourse to the money-lender. The Dewan, who was present, acceded to this request, to the great joy of all. A proposal for the payment of rates being divided between the owner and the occupier found some favour with the agitators, although some of the Commissioners pointed out that it would not benefit tenants, since the half of the rates paid by the owner would be added to the rent. There are, however, many objections to this plan. It would be unjust that the owners should pay rates which they would have no voice in voting, and by which they do not profit, since the bulk of the rates (especially those for education) are levied for the benefit of the present ratepayers. Such a division would give a great deal of trouble in accounts, and produce much friction before these accounts were adjusted. Moreover, a great check upon extravagance would be lost. Many of those objections, however, are the things which would commend such an alteration to Radical minds. Besides, it has now been proved that the rates have fallen; not risen, as was generally supposed.

The temper of the Nonconformists towards the Church was much shown at some of the sittings. It was assumed by some witnesses that Nonconformists ought always to be preferred to Churchmen. I was asked if I had given a farm, a farm which I had bought and which was vacant, to a Churchman and Tory. I answered that he was a Churchman, but that I knew nothing of his being a Tory. Why should I not have given it to a Churchman? As to his being a Tory, I might have said that it required more education and

knowledge of the history of the country to make a Tory, whilst Radical opinions are the result of ignorance, and extreme Radicalism of ignorance and envy superadded.

The Commissioners appear not to have been aware of the fact that the land or pasture which produces good cheese does not produce the best butter, and *vice versâ;* and that Wales which does produce very good butter is not adapted for cheese. They required, also, to be informed by one of the legal witnesses that the public at large have no rights over commons, except rights of way, and that other rights belong only to the commoners. Mr. Brynmor Jones does not appear to be well posted as to Lord Cairns's Act. If one may judge from his examination of witnesses as to diet, he can never have travelled in mountainous parts of France, or of Spain, or of other countries; he seems not aware that the seamen of the Royal Navy thrive upon salt beef, and that butchers' shops are not scattered about in the rural districts of Wales. He must also have forgotten mention in the Classics respecting agricultural labourers, such as:

> "O dura messorum ilia!"
> "Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis."
> "O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint
> Agricolas."

And everybody forgets that those lines were written before Rome had inundated Italy with Egyptian and Libyan corn.

Several of the Commissioners put questions to witnesses in order to discover what was meant by an agitator. Considering that some of the Commission have for some time sat under the Revered Leader, one imagines they ought to have no doubts left as to the meaning of that term. One of them gave a very good definition when he asked (18,653): "You would not go so far, I suppose, as one of the Carnarvon witnesses went? He said that an agitator was one who tried to make people believe that there were grievances which did not exist." This definition of those who suggest a grievance where a grievance had not been previously felt applies exactly to Mr. Owen Williams and Mr. R. H. Williams, who gave evidence at Llangefni. Mr. Ellis, M.P., also comes under that heading. There was some interesting sparring between him and Mr. R. Price of Rhiwlas. Mr. Ellis wished that landlords should build comfortable recreation rooms, and, having done so, hand them over to the villagers, to be managed by those whose chapel management he praised. Looking at the evidence given to the Commission and the means of procuring some of it, one feels that this savours rather of the idea of asking landowners to provide conveniences for agitation against themselves and for spreading the pernicious matter published in the vernacular press.

Mr. Grove (16,375) asked Mr. Price if he would consider that

case of Mr. Ellis (his rise from the son of a tenant farmer of 158 acres to be M.P.) a very exceptional one. The answer was: "I consider it very creditable to the young man to have used his brains to acquire such a prominent position as he has, and I also, if possible, consider it more creditable to his father for having found the money to give him such an education." For my part, I do not consider this at all an exceptional case. The second son of one of my tenant farmers passed the sixth standard of the local Board School at the age of eleven. He then went to a Liverpool Grammar School, in which he gained an exhibition, which gave him a year's schooling free. After that the principal advised his father to send him to the University; and, after consulting me, his father sent him to St. John's, Cambridge, where he obtained scholarships, and came out as twelfth wrangler. After that he went into a Liverpool solicitor's office, and finished his articles; and he has just taken first in the first-class in his final Law Examination. He took the Daniel Reardon prize, and the Clement's Inn prize. Allowing for difference of age, I think this case is far superior to Mr. Ellis: especially since it is easy to become an M.P. if you only make sufficiently large promises to the voters, such as are generally made nowadays at other people's expense.

One of the worst proofs of the onesidedness of the Commission is to be found in their requirement that the evidence of landowners, or at least headings of it, should be previously submitted to them, whilst they allowed the Radical election agents to put questions to landowners or their agents without any notice, so that it was not possible always to answer questions which implied that there was a grievance where none existed. How little reliance can be placed upon the unsifted evidence given to the Commission by some of the witnesses may be estimated from that of Mr. Owen Williams, given at Llangefni on October 12. Mr. Williams handed in a number of blank, undated agreements of different estates, with conditions which he called oppressive. Those agreements were put in without dates, on the ground (20,534) that the agents would know who had put them in. The real reason for this will appear presently. "Are they the old agreements or the present agreements?" (Question 20,691, for Mr. Vincent.) "Some of them are the present ones, and some are past. . . . ." "Is it any use putting in agreements that are not in force now? Are these agreements in force now?" (20,692) "So far as I know, except in the case of Sir Richard's estate; but I did not take anything stated in my evidence except those which are now in force." This last answer is as opposite to the truth as an answer could well be, and mistakes in accusations of oppression are not excusable. This witness accused my agreements of reserving rabbits, and of not allowing the sale of potatoes, of not allowing any compensation for

farmyard manure (20,529 and 20,538). In my examination the day before, I was asked by the Chairman, in behalf of the Radical election agent, if I reserved ground game; and I thought the question a silly and frivolous one, as the Act makes that impossible. I was also asked if my agreement prevented tenants selling potatoes (29,840), and denied it. The witness (20,658) said: "He (Lord Stanley) said at first it was not in [the clause preventing sale of potatoes]. Until we handed him the agreement, he did not know what was in his own agreement." I did not know that the clause about potatoes was in the agreement, for it was not in any agreement of mine; but in one of 1851, when my father first came into possession of his Anglesey estate, rabbits also were naturally reserved in that agreement. But my agreements for Anglesey, made in 1873, seven years before the Ground Game Act, omit the word "rabbits" entirely; and this is not an oversight of the printer, for such was and had been the practice at the time those agreements were made, and before then the tenants in Anglesey were allowed to kill rabbits. Mr. O. Williams is, therefore, much to blame for his reckless aspersion, which is worse than if he had been led into error by trusting to an old agreement still in force, except in the particular in which it is over-ridden by the Act. Mr. O. Williams is not accurate in his quotations. He says (20,529) that my agreements oblige the tenant to leave all the manure without compensation. Now, the agreement of 1851, from which he had quoted his reservation of rabbits, says that "the said landlord agrees to pay the full market value for such hay, straw, fodder, manure, *muck, and dung*, as shall be left unconsumed upon the premises at the expiration of the tenancy." In the agreement of 1872 (which is mine, and did not reserve the rabbits) it is agreed that the dung, or farmyard manure, shall be at the disposal of the landlord, or at that of the incoming tenant. This was put in because it was found that tenants, knowing they would leave, accumulated manure instead of having put it upon the land. My present agreement (printed since, and on account of the Tithe Act) gives compensation for manure made since the July 1st preceding the expiration of the tenancy. This witness complained of a clause in my agreements that the tenant shall leave proper and substantial gates. The witness was obliged to admit that he did not know of that clause having been enforced (20,635). This clause is for the purpose of making tenants take care of their gates; and is not oppressive, since it is founded on the supposition that the farm had gates at starting, and on the lowness of the rents. I stated to the Commission that dilapidations were not recovered from bad tenants, and gave an instance of a son who absconded from his late father's farm without paying the last half-year's rent, and that when he returned to the neighbourhood he

was not troubled about it. The witness (Mr. O. Williams), continuing to suggest grievances where there were none, contradicted another witness who had said that only small advancements had taken place on my estate (20,559), and said that I had raised the rent of a farm near his from £72 to £132. I was asked about this by the Commission, and could not answer, having no recollection of it, and not being prepared for the question; but my agent said that the tenant had offered this rent himself when the lease of it had come to an end. I know of two facts dispelling the ideas which this agitating witness wished to instil: first, that on one occasion some one or other of my tenants proposed to ask me for an abatement, and this tenant opposed the idea on the ground that I had not raised my rents when times were good; secondly, that this tenant sent to the first county agricultural show four bullocks, and that the butchers offered him fifty pounds each for them, which speaks well for his farm.

A discovery was made by the Commission of a Welsh designation or definition of the Gladstonians, on the 14th October at the 27th sitting, the last of which an official report has appeared. Lord Kenyon asked (23,090) of Mr. W. Edwards, a Professor of Agriculture, and chairman of an Anglesey Liberal Association, a question handed in by Mr. Ellis Jones Griffith, "What is a cynffonnwr?" The witness said he did not know. "Professor Rhys can tell you better than he could." Professor Rhys: "It is a man who is supposed to make up to his superior by flattering him. Literally, it means *One who wags his tail.*" Lord Kenyon: "A sycophant." Professor Rhys (23,091): "The Welsh metaphor implies a *dog that comes up wagging his tail at you.* I do not know the object of the question; but the word is much used in Carnarvonshire and Anglesey." This agitating witness answered: "The point is this, that the friendship between the landlord and tenant is simply skin-deep. There is no reality in it, and (as a proof of that) when we see a man who makes any special effort to make himself friendly with the landlord we at once call him 'cynffonnwr.'" The agitators probably do so, and endeavour to discourage friendship and good feeling between landlords and tenants, and to deny that which exists. But the interest which attaches to the word is this: the London papers have said that, though it was a moot point whether the dog wagged his tail, or the tail wagged the dog, it was certain that Mr. Gladstone was moved or directed by his tail. Now, the word *cynffonnwr* is not in the Welsh dictionary; and I found it was unknown to two Anglesey men, one of them a County Councillor; but Pughe's dictionary, under *cynffon* (a tail), gives an old adage: "With the dog will go his tail"; which would lead us to expect that Mr. Gladstone's followers will be cynffonnwrs to the end.

STANLEY OF ALDERLEY.

A FAMILY BUDGET.

PUBLIC attention has been directed of late so much to the condition of the working classes, that it may be something of a novelty to consider the condition of a class of Londoner which has not yet, I think, attracted the attention of the social reformer or even of the statistician. In the June number of *The Journal of the Royal Statistical Society*, 1893, there was an exceedingly interesting article upon "Workmen's Budgets" by H. Higgs, Esq., LL.D. I was struck with one remark of the writer. At the very outset of his paper he said: "Turn over the journals of this society for the last twenty years. Here, if anywhere, are reflected the statistical activities of the age. But you will seek in vain for any record of the complete cost of living of a family or families in any class of life." As far as workmen's budgets go Mr. Higgs has certainly lifted this reproach from the country, but much remains to be done. Perhaps the following small contribution to the literature of family budgets may open a little fresh ground. I belong myself to a class which, for want of a better name, I will call the working gentleman. By that I mean a man whose parents belong to the higher middle class, country gentlemen, for instance, or professional men, whose standard of comfort is high, and whose children have been accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of a cultivated home. A man of this class, as a rule, desires to begin where his father left off, but is quite unable to do so. As a younger son of a large family his capital ranges from two to four thousand pounds, and it is quite obvious that he must work for his livelihood if he desires to marry and live in this country. It is not too much to say that the suburbs of London swarm with this class. Such a man desires a certain amount of social enjoyment and of mental and moral cultivation, a domestic interior in which hospitality on a limited scale can be enjoyed and where generally the surroundings are refined and pleasurable. He likes his rooms nicely furnished, his boots and clothes well brushed, good food, a smart maid and spotless table linen. His wife must be as well dressed as she was in her maiden days. She must on no account sink into the mere household drudge or fussy mother of the family. If he looks ahead he hopes to be able to bring up

his children so as to enable them to start in life with the best possible chance of success. All this, I admit, conveys more than meets the eye, and two great questions arise thereon. How much does it all cost? and is life worth living at the price?

My establishment consists of eight souls, viz., my wife, myself, three children (all under six), a cook, house-parlourmaid, and nurse. I have to make both ends meet on £700 a-year. The house we occupy, which is about three and a half miles from Piccadilly, is built and arranged as follows. Basement: Kitchen, scullery, coal-cellar, store-closets, larder, &c. To the front a large front sitting-room, used as day nursery. Ground floor: Drawing-room, dining-room, with small conservatory off and steps leading down to garden; a small return room used as spare room. First floor: Large bed-room to the front, study behind. Second floor: Two bedrooms and a dressing-room. The house contains in all ten apartments all told and is on the whole fairly comfortable. Its great advantage to me lies in the fact of its excellent situation. It is not overlooked at the back and the garden is exceptionally well situated and airy, there being a large expanse of grassy land behind the house as yet unbuilt upon. Facing south-west we get all the sun and none of the east wind, and I have derived very considerable satisfaction and amusement from garden operations, growing plenty of herbaceous flowers, creepers, and annuals. In three seasons of the year the children also use the garden extensively in those odd half-hours which when spent in the open air are so beneficial to their general health. The tenure is an agreement for three years, and on coming in the inside of the house was overhauled, the drains put in good order, and the rooms newly papered and painted throughout.

We now come to consider the household budget. The figures I give are pretty accurate statistics ranging over a period of twelve months, corrected by an average experience of ten years; when I have had recourse to estimates I state it in brackets. The exact figures of the yearly outgoings in respect of the house are as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Rent	65	0	0
Poor rate	8	10	0
Other local rates	9	5	6
Water rates	2	18	8
House duty	2	7	3
Fire insurance (furniture)	0	5	0
Repairs (average)	4	13	7
	£93	0	0

It will be seen by these figures that I am not by any means over-rented. Indeed, according to Lord Salisbury's dictum in his article on the housing of the working classes in *The National*

Review, September, 1885, I do not reach the limit he assigns for rent expenditure, viz., one-fifth of income. But no one can accuse the structure of my house of being exceedingly well built. It is only about ten years old, but the mortar between the brickwork outside often crumbles away at a touch; the woodwork has shrunk, the doors and windows require continual repairs; one door indeed (immediately after our arrival) collapsed into its original planks, and generally there is something for a handy man to do on the premises once a month. This, however, is merely saying what is true of every row of contractors' houses in the suburbs. Bitter experience has taught me a good deal as to the possibility of checkmating the original sins of a jerry-built house. I have been awakened before now at early dawn by the noise of water-pipes bursting, and have at last learned the art of packing outside cisterns against frost. Some builders, who deserve hanging, seem to select with care the spot where they are most likely to freeze in winter, and to place them there. Of course, when the main pipe from the road is only a foot or so from the surface, one is liable at any moment to be cut off from the water supply, and to be aroused in the morning by a boiler bursting, and by the news that the cook is knocked senseless on the kitchen floor. Upon these and other details, however, and upon the general question of how to get warm and keep warm in winter, I shall have something to say later on.

The next item I put down comes under the head of fixed charges. And the first of these is also the eldest, being interest on debt. The sum of £32 10s. represents the yearly interest on capital laid out on my own education and advancement in life before my marriage. With it goes properly the premium I pay every year on the policy of life insurance which I took out on my marriage. I insured my life for £3,000 with profits, so that if I live to the age of sixty-five the value of the policy will be nearly doubled. The premium of £84 is a great tax, no doubt, especially as it is payable in a lump sum once a year; but, on the other hand, there is a grim satisfaction in feeling that if I were stabbed to the heart in a 'bus by a British Anarchist, or were run over by a dray, as happens to most of the unappreciated heroes in the modern novel, my family would be fairly provided for. Then there is income-tax, an item by no means to be forgotten. These outgoings therefore stand thus:—

	£	s.	d.
Interest on debt	32	10	0
Premium on policy of Life Insurance	84	0	0
Income-tax on £550, at 7d.	15	12	6
Total	£132	2	6

G.W.R. MECHANICS' INSTITUTION, SWINDON

THE FOOD BUDGET.—During the great famine of 1848 O'Connell once commenced a fine speech at a public meeting in Dublin with uplifted hands, and with these words: "Food! food! food!" After all, it is food, food, food, with which a great part of our lives is concerned. It involves the great and burning question of cooks, babies, and husbands' tempers, and upon it largely depends another item in the family budget—doctors' bills. Ever since I married I have paid my way weekly, and I have never seen any reason to regret it.

The advantages of a ready-money system are obvious, viz., complete check upon tradesmen's books and private expenditure. The objection, perhaps, is that it entails more trouble upon the mistress of the house in the way of daily marketing, paying up books, &c. But, on the other hand, she is much more independent, and ought to be able to get better value for her money. My budget is framed on very simple principles. The quality of all the articles consumed is exactly the same for all the inmates of the house. The children have as much milk as they can drink, and the servants have no beer. This last is a matter on which, curiously enough, I have never had any trouble. My experience is that beer is quite unnecessary for women from a physical point of view, nor has it ever been made with us a point of dispute in taking service. This may be a result of the rising scale of wages or an indication of the advance of the temperance movement. I merely state my own experience in the matter. I am quite prepared to hear that many people will think my food budget small for a family of eight people, but it must be remembered that the children are all under six; that owing to the weekly cash system a very strict watch can be kept upon waste of all kinds (and I am inclined to think waste of food is a special feature of London life), and last, but not by any means least, our maids are always country-bred, and we decline to have anything to say to the regular London servants.

Here, then, is a weekly budget for the commissariat department:—

AVERAGE WEEKLY HOUSE BUDGET.

	£	s.	d.
Butcher	0	16	0
Butter, eggs, bacon	0	10	0
Dairy	0	7	0
Poultry	0	6	6
Groceries and chandlery	0	6	0
Vegetables, &c.	0	5	0
Fish	0	3	0
Bread and flour	0	3	6
Laundry	0	8	0
Sundries, including 'bus and underground fare, &c.	0	5	0
	3	10	0

HUSBAND'S EXTRA WEEKLY BUDGET.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Brought forward				3	10	0
Lunch	0	9	0			
'Bus and train	0	5	0			
Sundries, postage, church	0	6	0			
				1	0	0
				4	10	0

$0 \times 52 = £234.$

To this I add an average drink bill for wine and spirits of £20, making in all a total food and drink budget of £254 per annum.

LIGHTING AND WARMING.—Lighting and warming are two very important points in the every-day life of the Londoner. For seven months at least of the year, he is exposed to the chance of very cold weather, accompanied by fog, and with coal steadily rising in price, the expense of open fires has become literally a burning question. I am inclined to think from my own experience that the use of mineral oil as a warming agent will develop enormously. It is portable and cheap, and the newest lamp stoves are admirable in their simplicity and effectiveness. I used these stoves this winter with great comfort and satisfaction when coal was "up." Gas must, for many years to come, be the chief means of lighting small houses in London, but I never use it save in the kitchen and passages. Oil lamps give better light and do not exhaust the air, spoil pictures or wall paper, or kill plants. Then, again, I am bound to say that much as I enjoy an open fire, there can be no doubt as to its extravagance. In Germany the cost of fuel for a stove ranges from twopence to fourpence a day, and the atmosphere is kept at a far more equable warmth than with our open grates, in which the cost is more than double. The slow combustion grates, I believe, are a great improvement on the old-fashioned type, but there is room for a still further advance of civilization on all these points. My average yearly budget for light and warmth stands as follows :—

	£	s.	d.
Coal	15	0	0
Gas	5	0	0
Oil	4	0	0
	24	0	0

WAGES.—The item of wages opens up the whole question of servants and domestic home rule. One need only refer to the monthly reviews and magazines to see that here we have indeed a chronic subject for discussion. The professional philanthropist, the enlightened and benevolent peeress, the lady journalist, even Sarah Jane herself, all have a word to say. Our own experience I can give very shortly. There has been on the whole very little trouble except with the cooks. Wages have run on an average

as follows: Nurse, £20; cook, £18 to £20; house-parlourmaid, £16. When the life and income of a domestic servant is compared with that of many a girl in business or even with that of many working men, I am prepared to say that she is exceedingly well off, and if thrifty could very soon save a hundred pounds. Servants are often very good to their relatives and friends and can be taught to save money; but it is idle to blink the fact that a great deal of their wages goes upon their backs in the shape of unsuitable finery. Putting all this aside, what can you get for a wages budget of £54? Well, you can with luck get well served in every department except the kitchen. "God sends the food, but the devil sends the cooks." The difficulty is mainly this—the impossibility of getting a plain cook to cook plain things well every day. She will boast of her pastry and *ongtrays*, but if you ask her to cook a chop or fry a potato properly it is too often utterly beyond her, and as a rule she is above being taught. The middle-class bread winner can in London be certain at a hundred restaurants, or at his club, of getting a repast of three courses excellently cooked and presented to him at a moderate cost. The same certainly cannot be had at home. My own explanation is a very simple one. The British plain cook does not consider in the first place that her employers are entitled to have food at all better prepared than she herself knows how to prepare it. This knocks on the head any idea of teaching her the art. She simply listens to her mistress with silent contempt and ignores her plain directions. That is one phase of the cook difficulty. There is another perhaps still more trying phase—when the cook is willing to learn and improve herself, takes advantage of all the teaching she can get, becomes (as we fondly hope) the permanent treasure of the household, and then departs. The fact is that in London at the present day the "treasure of a cook" soon discovers her own value; a friend whispers to her that her talents are thrown away in a small household, and she seeks, and most probably finds in the next street, a situation with higher wages and "help given in the kitchen." Who can blame her? The fact is the demand far exceeds the supply, and the remedy will not be found in abuse of the cooks or even (I am inclined to think) in the county council classes now being established throughout the kingdom for teaching the first principles of cookery. It is perfectly obvious that a certificated cook from these classes will at once look for a higher rate of wages, and then the present difficulty remains the same. Cookery classes are a very good thing in their way, but I doubt if they will do much to give English girls, as a class, a taste for cooking. There is at present amongst them a hearty dislike of kitchen work and a genuine contempt for the refinements of cookery outside the ordinary roast and boiled.

Plenty of good roast beef and solid apple dumpling delights the heart and will continue to delight the heart of the British working classes, from whom, after all, the *genus* plain cook springs. No amount of teaching in technical schools will impart to their daughters that art of cooking which comes naturally to the Frenchwoman of the same class, any more than scientific dressmaking will impart the art of taste in dress to the average British girl.

Clothing.—The question of clothing might admit of much controversial discussion. One of the inevitable results of living in London is that the standard of dress is raised. This is particularly true of those who, like the writer, are forced to earn their bread in the company of people endowed with greater wealth. They must be presentable, not to say smart. There is really no intermediate stage of men's clothes. The clerk in a bank, the barrister, the merchant, all dress in much the same way as the county squire, the officer, the peer, or the millionaire. The only people who systematically disregard the canons of dress are Members of Parliament. A shabbier lot of hats and boots and coats I never saw anywhere than I did once on a visit to the House of Commons. The statesman's motto is evidently: "Let me make the laws of my country, I care not who makes my clothes." With a fair stock of clothes I think a man in business ought to be able just to dress on £20 a year, always supposing he is not in debt to his tailor, and can resist the suggestive blandishments of the operator as he takes measurements. Upon the subject of ladies' dress "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." My theory is that as man has simplified his dress there is no reason why woman should not do the same for hers. Indeed, if the "Woman's Rights" advocates would make this a condition precedent of their programme I should be disposed to join them. The practical immutability of men's attire enables the whole sex to reduce their wants, without loss of dignity, to the lowest point. If women would do the same the first step would be taken to real "emancipation." My wife had a good stock of clothes when she was married, and I do not think she has much exceeded £25 a year since. The children, I admit, have been largely provided for by a crowd of adoring relations, and therefore £5 a year does not adequately represent what they will require in coming years. But taking the whole dress budget, one set of items with another, I calculate that £50 sees the family well equipped, with a fair standard of cut and fashion.

Doctor and Dentist.—The item of medical attendance which I have put down in my budget is, of course, only an average one. If we could foresee illness a great many things would happen differently in our lives. A serious illness, a birth, or a death, makes a great difference in a yearly account, and such events or calam-

ities must be met either by economies in other departments, out of the credit balance at the end of the year, or out of capital, when there is any available. In every parish in London there is a choice of excellent family doctors, who supply medicine as well as advice at a moderate cost, sending in an account once a year. But with dentists it is quite different. There are hundreds of cheap dentists and incompetent "dental practitioners," and wise people will give them a wide berth. I shall never forget a horrible half-hour with an alleged dentist with a corkscrew eye, who was called in one Sunday evening for my wife, and failed signally to extract the tooth. My average bill for doctor and dentist has been £10 for several years.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—This item comprises £5 subscription to my club; £3 subscription to a library; £2 to other institutions connected with my profession; £1 to political organizations, and £5 to religious and philanthropic institutions. Total, £16.

NEWSPAPERS AND BOOKS.—The consumption of newspapers on an average I put down at £3 a-year. This allows for one morning and one evening paper a day, and a margin for occasional papers and magazines. Of books I must admit I am not now a purchaser, though I have a small library of 1,000 volumes, the accumulation of my bachelor days. I scarcely spend £2 a year upon books, and the longer I live the more I feel that, with public libraries at command, the town man (unlike the dweller in Bœotia) does not require a personal library. Books accumulate terribly, and in an age of much movement and change they are not easy travelling companions, besides being (says my wife) most troublesome items in a spring cleaning. There is no difficulty in getting a wide range of reading at a fixed price per annum, and it is merely a question of selecting your library.

HOLIDAY AND TRAVELLING.—Nothing is more remarkable than the movement of population of these islands. It is a distinctly growing feature of modern life, and extends down to all classes of Londoners. Spend half-an-hour on a platform at Clapham Junction any day in July or August, and you will have the fact impressed vividly and ineffaceably upon your memory. Travel down third-class with the trippers and week-enders, and you will learn much that is interesting in the social life and habits of the working classes *en fête*. Our own outing has generally been taken in August or September, and five weeks has been the average time away. I have put down £30 as the sum required for this yearly event; but this includes minor travelling expenses on short trips to friends near town at other times. It does not include household expenses. The autumn change is distinctly a necessity of life for the working gentleman and his family. Personally, I have always found Lon-

don air wonderfully brisk and inspiring for nine months out of the twelve, but it is the summer time which exhausts the nervous system and lowers vitality. It takes five weeks at least to thoroughly oxygenize the blood and revive the appetites of a London family. "But what about your house while you are away?" As far as we are concerned this has not presented any difficulty. Placing valuables in the bank, engaging a trusty man to batten up the strategic points in the basement, and personally interviewing the Superintendent of District Police on the extraordinary necessity of keeping watch over my domicile, I have over and over again shut up my house and left it empty of life during my holiday, returning to find all safe and snug. The cat no doubt presents a difficulty; but she can either be lent to a friend or sent to the nearest chemist. I have a curious receipt in my possession to this day. It runs as follows: "To poisoning cats with thanks—2s."

There are only two items in my budget now left to be dealt with. One is the expenses of the garden, which ought not to exceed two pounds a year, once you have stocked it and supplied yourself with the necessary requisites. Christmas presents are almost a fixed charge, and though one gets present for present that does not affect the financial aspect of the institution. I calculate that I spend on an average three pounds a year on Xmas and birthday presents.

COMPLETE BUDGET.

HEADS OF EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
1. Rent, Rates, Taxes, Fire Insurance	93	0	0
2. Interest on debt, Premium on Life Insurance policy, Income Tax	132	2	6
3. Food and drink budget	254	0	0
4. Coal, oil, and gas	24	0	0
5. Wages	54	0	0
6. Clothing	50	0	0
7. Doctor and dentist	10	0	0
8. Subscriptions	16	0	0
9. Books and newspapers	3	0	0
10. Holiday and travelling	30	0	0
11. Garden	2	0	0
12. Xmas presents	3	0	0
Balance to credit	28	17	6
	£700	0	0

Here, then, is my yearly budget. After all outgoings I have a credit balance of £28 17s. 6d; but it is pretty obvious that there are plenty of sundries which very soon swallow that up. Cabs, charities, wedding presents, and drugs deserve almost a department in themselves. Then many people will say, does this "working gentleman" never amuse himself or his family? Personally, I am

growing quite of the same opinion as the cynic who declared that life would be tolerable if it were not for its amusements; but then I am of that particular age which the French would describe as *un peu avancé*. Still, we like an occasional theatre, and these dissipations are not by any means outside the range of our practical finances. In framing my budget, I need hardly say it has been quite impossible to vouch every item, but I have covered the ground as closely as possible. For example, the item of education is conspicuous by its absence, owing to the tender years of my olive branches. But in this department it must be remembered that when the nurse disappears a certain amount of money now spent in wages and keep will be liberated for other purposes. I do not say that this will by any means cover the increased cost of children's clothes and education; but it will help. Moreover, in the ordinary evolution of a working gentleman, a probable increase in his income is not altogether to be left out of consideration. This would ordinarily come to pass at the time when the expenses of the family would be growing.

I started, it may be remembered, with two propositions for discussion—(1), the cost of living of a working gentleman and his family with an income of £700; (2), is life worth living at the price? I have tried to show what one individual and his wife have done for over ten years under the conditions and circumstances laid down at the outset. It now remains to consider the more philosophical part of the subject. Unlike a certain section of the rising generation, I consider life to be always worth living. People talk in piteous tones of "the struggle for life," but, after all, what is life worth without a struggle? In this so-called "struggle" is to be found all the real interest of existence. It calls into play all the varied qualities of mind and body. It means desire and discipline, satisfaction, and self-denial; it brings contact and sympathy with all classes of our fellow-creatures, and by bringing into daily exercise the powers of the will and the resources of the intellect, gives us the means of cultivating the higher and more spiritual phases of human nature. This much by way of generalization. I urge this point of view for several reasons, but particularly for one. There is a very comfortable and influential class of people in the world to-day whose creed cannot be called merely material, for amongst them are a very high percentage of highly cultured and gifted men and women. But their bugbear is what they call "poverty." They lay down a hard and fast rule that men and women cannot be happy without a very considerable income. Above all, no one is to be allowed to enjoy the sweets of domesticity without being absolutely beyond the reach of the smallest chance of the smallest privation. They seem to desire to see an inde-

finite multiplication of what may be termed the merely spending classes. Not comfort only, but luxury, they look upon as a necessity of existence, and they recoil with fear and trembling from the idea that any child of theirs should be plunged into this vortex which is called "the struggle for life." If by any chance such a misfortune should occur, they draw the line at children. These delights and consolations, of course, must be reserved for the rich. It is regarded simply in the light of a crime for any one under £1,000 a-year to have the audacity to have a family. One result of this creed is to be seen in the increasing number of young men who do nothing with great elegance and inutility on £400 or £500 a-year. Cursed with a competence, they spend their years up to the age of forty in selfish loafing, and afterwards in boring everybody with vain regrets and futile efforts to get "an appointment." Young women, frightened at the bugbears of "domestic drudgery" and "sordid cares of motherhood," end in matrimonial alliances which too often bring grist to the mill of the Divorce Court. There is, of course, a substratum of truth and sense underlying this theory of the spending classes. Improvident marriages are much to be deprecated in all conditions of life; but granting and providing against that error, I confess I would rather see a man die in the matrimonial harness, doing his best to bring up a family of capable and useful citizens, than live in the ignoble ease of bachelor quarters, expending his substance upon nothing but his miserable self.

I am far from denying that the tangled web of the "working gentleman's" life is shot with many a dark colour. Work brings worry, and worry breeds friction, and ofttimes illness. There are the dangers of falling into penurious habits, which are almost as detrimental to character as habits of extravagance. All that must be admitted. The problem I should like to see tackled is, Can such a family as I have described better its condition, lessen its troubles, and increase its joys and comforts, and, if so, in what direction and by what means? Glance down the figures of my budget, and the first thought that arises is the possibility of reducing many of them by some system of co-operation. If a man has a separate house, he must, of course, be prepared to pay for the pleasure and privilege thereof. Chief amongst these, no doubt, is the pleasure and privilege of privacy. But need he pay so much, and why should his dwelling not fulfil the elementary qualification of keeping out the weather? I think it will be found that the class of which I have been writing pays more and gets less for their money in the housing department than many of their fellow-workers. Will some capitalist soon arise, and try to do for us what they have done for other working classes in such schemes as the

Peabody and Guinness' trusts? Why should not a whole street of houses be linked together by some system of common verandahs, back and front, which would give access to public kitchen laundries, eating-rooms, reading-rooms, &c., &c., with garden at the back free to all, and large enough for lawn-tennis or recreation grounds? By co-operation we could live far more cheaply, avoid half the worries of the great servant problem, and gain not only some release from the incessant, insistent, and necessitous cares of the body, but also some much-needed time for the recreation and amusement of the mind. This is the bitter cry of the working gentleman. How long will he have to wait for the outstretched hand of relief? I have done what I can to give an illustration of his income and expenditure. There can be no doubt that he works hard for his livelihood. Indeed, in conclusion, I feel inclined to enter a protest against the modern interpretation of the term "working classes." The workers of England are to be found in all grades of society, from "the peer and the peasant, the lord and the loon," to "the haughty lifeguardsman and the little gossoon." The spirit of work and the love of labour have for generations permeated all classes of the community, and to earmark a certain section of Englishmen as "the working classes" is unjust, and a reflection on the general character of the nation.

A FAMILY MAN.

"THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER."*

To the best of my knowledge, no work on a naval or military subject has attracted one-tenth of the notice which has been bestowed on the book whose title stands at the head of this article. If, at the ninth hour, I venture to add to the literature which has accumulated around it, it is only because certain points it has brought out have been hitherto either intentionally obscured or carelessly overlooked by the critics who have dealt with the subject.

Captain Mahan's ultimate conclusion is that Trafalgar delivered Europe from the Napoleonic yoke, and on this point we have fastened in the true Jingo spirit, and with a characteristic indifference as to causation.

We won Trafalgar because we possessed the empire of the sea—therefore, since "Britannia rules the Waves," we shall continue to win Trafalgars as often as the opportunity presents itself. No one pauses to enquire why in those days we ruled the waves. On the continent, and chiefly in France, as is only natural, thoughtful politicians and soldiers are well acquainted with the chain of causation which led to the result, and they reason that it is blindness on our part to count on a similar run of good luck again. Captain Mahan's principal merit in our eyes lies in this, that he reveals to us, with vividness and precision, the true sequence of events and the folly of counting on their recurrence. For months before the great wars actually broke out, the French Government had itself been most diligently employed in destroying the fighting efficiency of its own fleet, and had succeeded so well that, unprepared as we were—we had only twenty-six ships of the line in commission—victory was practically impossible to the French from the first. French Republican Governments may fail again in the same manner, it may be argued, and the argument might be valid against the assertion unsupported by proof; but if the proof as furnished by Captain Mahan be given, then it must be admitted by everyone at all conversant with the existing conditions of French

* *The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire*, 1793-1812. By Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N., President U.S. Naval War College. London: Sampson, Low, Marston, & Co.

administration, its strength and its weaknesses, that no such collapse of our neighbour's navy is even within measurable distance of practical politics nowadays.

"It was because the Government of France so faithfully and necessarily reflected the social disorder, the crude and wild habits of thought of the day, that it was incapable of dealing with the naval necessities of the day."

But the same Government, judged by results, proved eminently capable of meeting the military necessities of the day; why then should it have failed so signally in its naval policy and administration? And to this question Captain Mahan gives the following answer, which at a time when, even in England, the press and public opinion often assert themselves in technical matters of administrations and armament to a dangerous degree, deserves our particular attention.

"The immediate reason was, that to a service of a very special character, involving special exigencies, calling for special aptitudes, and consequently demanding special knowledge of its requirements in order to deal wisely with it, were applied the theories of men wholly ignorant of those requirements—men who did not know even that such requirements existed. Entirely without experimental knowledge of the conditions of sea life, they were unable to realize the obstacles to those processes by which they would build up their navy, and according to which they proposed to handle it. . . . . 'Disdaining,' says Jean Bon Saint André, the revolutionary commissioner whose influence on naval organisation was unbounded, '*disdaining* through calculation and reflection, skilful evolution, perhaps our seamen will think it more fitting and useful to try those boarding actions in which the Frenchman was always conqueror, and thus astonish Europe by new prodigies of valour.'"

It is well to trace in detail the steps by which a fine service was broken down, for while the circumstances under which the process began were undoubtedly exceptional, the general lesson remains good. To disregard the teachings of the past, to revolutionize rather than to reform, are tendencies that exist in every generation. Certainly at the present day this school of thought has unusual strength, which is not to be wondered at, in view of the changes and development of naval weapons.

"The one sea-weapon of the period of the French Revolution was the gun. Cold steel came into play only towards the end of an action, if at all. To the gun belongs its carriage, using the word carriage as belonging rightly to the whole ship, upon whose skilful handling depended the placing of the gun in those positions of advantage that involved most danger to the enemy and least to oneself. This was the part of the commander; once there the skill of the gunner came into play. . . . The ship and its guns together formed one weapon, a moving battery, which needed quick and delicate handling and accurate directions in all its parts. It was wielded by a living organism, knit into one by the dependence of all parts upon the head, having a common life, which, like all other life, is not found fully ripened, without having had a beginning and a growth, It would be foolish, because untrue, to say that these things were easy to see. They were easy to men of the profession; they were not at all easy to ousiders, apt to ignore difficulties of which they have neither experience nor conception. The contempt for skilful manœuvres was not confined to Jean Bon Saint André.

though he was unusually open in avowing it. It was not to be expected that the man, newly taken from a merchant ship, whose concern with other vessels was confined to keeping out of their way, should at once be fitted to manœuvre skilfully around an antagonist actively engaged in injuring him; nor yet be ready to step at once from the command of a handful of men shipped for a short cruise, to that of a numerous body which he was to animate with a common spirit, train to act together for a common purpose, and subject to a rigorous discipline to which he was himself a stranger. The yoke of military service sits hard on those who do not habitually bear it. Yet the efficiency of the military sea officer depended upon his fitness to do these things well, because they had been so wrought into his own personal habit as to become a second nature.

"This was true, abundantly true, of the single ship in fight; but when it came to the question of combining the force of a great many guns, mounted on perhaps twenty to thirty heavy ships, possessing unequal qualities, but which must, nevertheless, keep close to one another, in certain specified positions, on dark nights, in bad weather, above all, when before the enemy; when these ships were called on to perform evolutions, all together, or in succession, to concentrate upon a part of the enemy, to frustrate by well-combined and well-executed movements, attacks upon themselves; to remedy the inconveniences arising from loss of sails or spars, and consequent loss of motive power; to provide against the disorders caused by sudden changes of the wind and the various chances of the sea—under these conditions, even one not having the knowledge of experience begins to see that such demands can only be met by a body of men of special aptitude and training, such as, in fact, has very rarely been found in perfection in even the most highly organised fleets of any navy in the world. To these things the French National Assembly was blind, but not because it was not warned of them.

"In the navy, as in society, the *morale* suffered first. Insubordination and mutiny, insult and murder, preceded the blundering measures which in the end destroyed the *personnel* of the excellent navy the Monarchy bequeathed to the Republic. During the latter half of 1789 disturbances occurred in all the seaport towns—in Havre, Cherbourg, Brest, Rochefort, and Toulon. Everywhere the town authorities interfered with the concerns of the navy yards and of the fleet; discontented seamen, idle or punished, rushed to the town halls with complaints against their officers. The latter, receiving no support from Paris, yielded continually, and things naturally went from bad to worse."

In Toulon, Commodore D'Albert de Kions, one of the ablest commanders in the whole navy, was regularly besieged in his official residence on shore, the cause being that two of his subordinates whom he had been compelled to punish for gross discipline had lodged complaints against him at the town hall. Pricked with bayonets, clubbed with muskets, and even ignominiously kicked, this gallant old seaman, the companion of De Grasse and Suffren, was dragged through the streets amid cries of "Hang him!" "Cut off his head!" and thrust in the common prison, and for these gross insults neither he nor his officers, who suffered with him, could get any redress. This was the signal for the spread of mutiny among the crews. Similar incidents occurred often and everywhere. De Kions' successor was hauled to prison by the mob, and remained there several days; his second in command was dragged to the gallows, and only accidentally delivered. In Brest, a captain who had been ordered to command a ship on foreign service was assaulted as an aristocrat by a mob of three thousand

persons, and only saved by being taken to prison, where he remained with nineteen others similarly detained. As Chevalier, a well-known historian of the French navy, truly said, "The naval officers, no longer able to depend on the support of the Government, became outlaws." In the fleets, insubordination soon developed into anarchy. In the spring of 1790 De Kions was ordered to Brest to take command of a fleet fitting for active service, but mutiny broke out, and finding it impossible to obtain the support of the Government, he retired from the service altogether, and thus, almost before a shot had been fired, France lost one of her very ablest commanders. In Colonial waters, the crews of two ships of war told their officers they would not fight except in self-defence; other crews mutinied altogether, and in several cases murdered their officers.

We now come to the measures taken by the National Assembly to remedy these evils. The old Royal Navy had been essentially an aristocratic service, and, as in our own, the candidates being taken very young and thoroughly trained as specialists, they grew up into a class of officers of whom any navy might have been proud. But with the triumph of the *Liberté égalité* principles, this source of supply was at once cut off, and at the same time the great bulk of the existing officers driven to renounce the service or to emigrate; a double deficit had, therefore, to be met, and though the methods proposed were undoubtedly, as the author shows, radically vicious, yet, under the circumstances, it is difficult to see what else could have been done to meet the exigencies of the moment. Briefly, whilst providing for the future by the formation of a School of Cadets, very much on the lines of the American West Point Military Academy, adapted to the sea, and which under more favourable circumstances might have had a fair degree of success—to fill up the vacancies in the upper ranks they were compelled to promote all the old officers who remained, as rapidly as possible, and allow as many merchant-captains as chose to come forward to fill the remaining vacancies, offering what inducements they could to attract them. Things were in such a condition in January, 1793, immediately before war with Great Britain broke out, that the Convention decreed that rear-admirals might be drawn from captains whose commission dated from the previous month. Merchant captains who had commanded privateers or ships in the foreign trade for five years could be at once made post-captains, and only five years' sea-service, either in the navy or a merchant ship, qualified for a lieutenant's commission. Even these extremely lenient conditions failed to meet the necessities, for now the reign of terror set in, so the ranks of those who had not already emigrated or been murdered were still further thinned, and ultimately

it was prescribed that the naval officers, merchant captains, and other seamen who had qualified as "enseignes" or apprentices on board a ship of war were to meet and name three candidates for each vacancy, and from these three the Minister of Marine made his selection. The result was depicted in a letter of Admiral Villaret Joyeuse, who was at once an officer of the old service, and yet had entered it from the auxiliary navy, who therefore stood as nearly as possible between the two extremes. He wrote:

"The popular societies have been called on to point out the men having both seamanship and patriotism. The societies believed that it was enough for a man to have been long at sea to be a seaman, if he was a patriot. They did not reflect that patriotism alone cannot handle a ship. The grades consequently have been filled by men without merit beyond that of having been much at sea, not remembering that such a man often is in a ship just as a bale of goods is."

The consequences of all these changes were that in the first great battle of this war, 1st June, 1794, the three admirals and twenty-six captains had risen since 1791 from the following positions: Commander-in-Chief Villaret de Joyeuse had been a lieutenant; of the two other flag officers, one had been a lieutenant and the other a sub-lieutenant. Of the captains, three had been lieutenants in 1791, eleven sub-lieutenants, nine captains or mates of merchant vessels, one a seaman in the navy, one a boatswain; the prior position of the remaining one is not given. With such a nondescript collection of leaders, the marvel is that they made such a good fight of it against our fairly seasoned captains and admirals as they did, for our victory fell many points short of being truly decisive. And the marvel becomes still greater when one contemplates the crews. We have already seen that discipline had practically ceased to exist some years before, and naturally had not been recreated in the meanwhile. Yet, as if this was not enough, the Assemblies had endeavoured by legislative interference to make matters still worse. Up to 1794, a body of some ten thousand trained marine artillerists had existed, invaluable for the service of the guns under the circumstances which obtained among the crews. In this year they were suppressed on a motion of the notorious Jean Bon Saint André, endorsed by the National Convention.

"'The essential basis of our social institutions,' he said, 'is equality; to this touchstone you must bring all parts of the Government, both civil and military. In the navy there exists an abuse, the destruction of which is demanded by the Committee of Public Safety, through my mouth. There are in the navy troops which bear the name of "marine regiments." Is this because these troops have the exclusive privilege of defending the Republic on the sea? Are we not all called on to fight for liberty? Why could not the victors of Landau, of Toulon, go upon our fleets to show their courage to Pitt and lower the flag of George? This right cannot be denied them; they themselves would claim it, were not their arms serving their country elsewhere. Since they cannot now enjoy it, we must at least give them the prospect of using it.'"

MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

For sheer imbecility I imagine the above surpasses any recorded utterance of any responsible human being, but that is not the way it struck the Convention; on the contrary, and in spite of the intervention of some few naval experts, the resolution was passed with acclamation. The marine artillery ceased to exist, and the consequences were soon seen in the fighting at sea.

Captain Mahan does not say so, but it is a matter of common knowledge, that our own gunnery was not on a high level at all, even with the material we then possessed; much more might have been expected of us than we attained, as, indeed, we found out to our cost when fighting the Americans a few years later, but still the want of skill on the French side was so much lower, that our losses in action averaged about a third of those of the enemy. Thus the *Alexander* fought three French ships of her own size for two hours; the average loss of each of the latter equalled that of the one enemy. In June, 1795, five French vessels engaged three British for several hours, the three British ships lost thirteen men between them. A few days later eight British ships tackled twelve French ships, the whole British loss was 144; three French struck with a loss of 670, and the remaining nine had 220 more killed and wounded. Similar instances might be multiplied indefinitely, but the above will suffice to demonstrate the suicidal nature of the Revolutionary legislation, more especially since these examples are all picked from engagements in which, owing to light winds, &c., superior seamanship counted for little. Once the command of the sea had been attained, its maintenance was relatively easy—relatively, that is to say, to the condition of the present day. For, owing to the want of land communications, it became impossible for France to replenish her naval stores, or to train fresh crews. The Baltic was then the great emporium for timber, masts, spars, rigging, &c.; on which we could, and did, draw almost indefinitely, but from which France was shut out altogether. Nor was it possible for her to lick her fresh crews into shape; lying at anchor in port is bad for the discipline of even a good navy, and absolute ruin to an indifferent one. A certain amount of gun-drill might be taught under conditions as unlike the real ones as possible; but sail drill and fleet tactics are, under such circumstances, absolutely impossible. It needs no very deep acquaintance with the present condition of France to see that the recrudescence of a similar state of things is at present practically impossible; and, certainly, far too remote to come within the scope of practical calculations.

Though the political system of that country is extremely unfavourable to the development of the discipline needed for modern land fighting, it is by no means so badly adapted to naval requirements, for there is a very marked contrast between the two.

Indeed, the word discipline has two totally different significations in the two services. On land the difficulty is to bring a number of individuals across a fire-swept zone until within a distance at which their own weapons are effective. Discipline based on severe punishments alone can never suffice for this purpose, for the immediate danger from the enemy's bullets is too vividly present before the mind to be outweighed by the chance of prospective punishment. Moreover, the mental effort required to decide to shirk the danger is immeasurably smaller than that required to face it. All that is necessary is to remain lying down when the rest rise and advance. But on board ship there is no such simple way out of the dilemma. The vessel is brought within effective range by a power beyond the control of the individual member of the crew; combination between a number of them is the least that could avail to change the vessel's course, and for that there is obviously no time. Moreover, the dangers surround the individual so equally on all sides that he sees the hopelessness of resisting his fate, and it is brought home to him, in a manner it never can be on shore, that victory is the only possible way or chance of escape, and that therefore his best hope lies in co-operating with his comrades to secure a thorough victory. Bad, therefore, though I hold all Republican institutions as a means of organizing victory in time of peace to be, they are none the less far more likely to attain the desired result on sea than on land, when once, that is to say, the form of Government has already been consolidated. Now the administration of the French forces certainly has been consolidated, and as yet we have no certain grounds to believe that the corruption and bribery disclosed by the Panama scandal have seriously invaded her dockyards. On the contrary, in everything that money can do to prepare for war, it is probable, nay certain, that France has been far more liberal than any of her rivals. Her proportion of ships is greater relatively to our own than it ever has been; they are well-found, seaworthy, and at least as well-armed, whilst they carry in their high explosive shells a power far in excess of what we can boast. Moreover, we are thrown by the necessities of our situation initially on the defensive, and modern improvements in steam and electricity render the execution of a combined concentration a matter of infinitely greater certainty than formerly; and even should we succeed in frustrating her designs, France is nowadays far less dependent for naval requirements on ocean-borne produce than she formerly was. Every single requirement of a modern battleship can be produced indefinitely within her own frontiers, and they can be put together in dockyards invulnerable to us without the aid of a land force, such as we certainly, at present, cannot command. Whether these views be objectively true or not is tolerably

immaterial, for the maintenance of peace does not depend on the actual truth of things as they are, but on the appearance they present to the would-be aggressor, and we may be certain that, seen through French spectacles, the picture they present is far more attractive than I have sketched it. For the moment, the peace of Europe may be as secure as diplomatists tell us it is, but naval preparations must be undertaken in advance, and I cannot but think that existing relations between continental Powers all point to a growing danger for us. The alliance with Russia against Germany is losing its attraction, as the conviction of Russia's almost hopeless weakness and impoverishment is being brought home to the French Staff. War, single-handed against Germany, even in spite of the evidence of internal weakness the Army Bill in that country is held in France to disclose, is not attractive. There remains, therefore, but one line of action open to a French Government compelled to consolidate its power by war, and that line offers, if successful, the riches of a Colonial Empire beyond the dreams of avarice. It is true that, even if she conquered, her gain would only be temporary; thirty-eight million of French, with finances not by any means as sound as is popularly supposed, certainly could not permanently subjugate sixty million British with the wealth of the world in their hands, but that is not the French way of looking at things, and it is on their decision that the outbreak of hostilities depends.

We have made immense progress in the last twelve years, it is true, but our numbers both of men and ships are yet far behind what are required to hermetically seal the French ports as was done by Lord St. Vincent in the latter years of the Great War, and which is the only means of securing that incontestable control of the seas on which, nowadays more than ever, our existence depends.

F. N. Maude,
Captain, late R.E.

OUR CLEOPATRA.

Everybody must remember the gratifying compliment paid by bluff old Field-Marshal "Vorwärts" to the well-to-do appearance of London, as he passed through its streets eighty years ago to be feasted at the Guildhall. "*Mein Gott!*" exclaimed the aged warrior, a true brother-in-arms of Wallenstein, born out of due time, "What a city for to sack!" In the operations of conquest the seizure of territory corresponds to the pillage of cities; and one can conceive a soldier of Blucher's primitive instincts and artless modes of expression being as irresistibly moved to like utterance, *mutatis mutandis*, by a tour through Egypt as by a "progress" down Cheapside. Of course, there are no such soldiers now. One may be certain that no military commander, French, German, or Russian—nay, no English Colonial filibuster, even as sketched by Mr. Labouchere—would nowadays so far forget himself as to exclaim brutally of Egypt, "What a country for to seize!" In these virtuous days, he would content himself with thinking it, and perhaps, if opportunity offered, acting upon it: thereby only following the example of every conqueror who ever got within seizing reach of the country, in the course of the last three thousand years.

It is as difficult not to feel the extraordinary and secular attraction of Egypt as it is to give a wholly adequate explanation of it. Reasons enough can, of course, be suggested—there is, indeed, a bewildering variety of them: reasons which appeal to the soldier, to the trader, to the explorer, and, in later times, to the artist, the archæologist, and the scholar. Yet no one of them seems sufficient alone to account for the spell which the country has always cast alike over the European and the Asiatic mind. It captures the senses with some more potent magic of physical allurement, it fascinates the imagination with some more mysterious glamour of romance, than can be traced to its beauty, its fertility, or the hoary antiquity of its relics. Its charm seems compounded of natural loveliness of aspect, exquisite sweetness of climate and extraordinary interest of historic association—with an imponderable and indefinable "something" thrown in. You can sum up its material and

spiritual amenities readily enough, and check them off upon your fingers; but there comes a point at which you feel that your analysis is failing. "It wants *that*," Sir Joshua Reynolds exclaimed, indicating with a snap of the fingers an unnameable quality for lack of which the meritorious picture he was viewing had just missed distinction. Egypt has distinctly got "that," but you can no more name it than Sir Joshua.

What the conquering soldier finds irresistible in it one can see at a glance. Nay, it stares at you from the map, this vantage-point of observation and command in the extreme south-eastern corner of that sea which for long ages of human history washed the shores and bore the vessels of the only civilized world. The "City of the Blind" was the contemptuous name given by the ancients to that settlement on the Bosphorus, the founders of which had had in full view, yet had neglected, the unequalled site whereon Byzantium was afterwards to arise; but blinder still would he have been who, "prospecting" along the southern edge of the Mediterranean basin for a spot on which to settle, should have missed the Delta of the Nile. Egypt is at once a watch-tower and a gate: it overlooks one Continent and guards the entrance to another; and in this twofold capacity it is alike the goal and the starting-point of ambitions. Eastern conquerors, like the Kings of Persia, made themselves masters of it before pressing onward to the invasion of Europe; Western conquerors, from Alexander to Napoleon, have treated, or thought to treat, it as a stage in their onward march to the subjugation of Asia. The genius of the Macedonian, the first of its captors who had "ideas" beyond those of the warrior, discerned and developed its unrivalled facilities as an *entrepôt* of trade between the East and the West. The political, the strategic, the commercial importance of the country has, in fact, been familiar to the civilized world for more than two thousand years; its intellectual attraction as a birthplace of religions and a cradle of the arts has been recognized from at least as far back as the age of Herodotus. And as the land of that venerable and mighty river *fontium qui celat origines*, divine alike in the recurrence of its bounty and the mystery of its source, the awe and wonder of humanity, has almost from the first dim beginnings of human consciousness clothed Egypt with perpetual romance.

Still, one hardly knows which, or whether any, of these things are uppermost in the mind of him who retraces the course of the Nile for the six hundred miles or so of river which lie between Cairo and Assouan. The immediate physical impressions which he receives are too deep and powerful; not even the tombs and temples themselves can displace them for long. The human

marvels amid which he spends the morning and afternoon compete with the superhuman glories of the evenings, and—well, for most of us, they get the worst of it. No doubt they act upon the "subliminal consciousness" and secretly deepen the glow reflected from the heavens upon the heart. Without deliberately diverting our thoughts from Nature to Time, without allowing the mind to dwell sensibly on the two million sunsets which have flamed upon the river since Cheops piled his Pyramid, no doubt we are under their constant subconscious influence; and they contribute mystically to the making of our mood. The process, however, it must be repeated, is for the most part unwilled and unwitting, and, except at rare intervals, when the vast antiquity of the world through which we are moving is forced upon one, the voyager—at any rate the voyager for the first time—up the Nile has little room in the reception chambers of his being for anything but its dreamy and sensuous charm. If the ancientness of things solicits conscious recognition at all, it is the ancientness, not of the tomb or the temple, but of the plough and the *shadûf*. The thoughts revert far seldomer to the Pharaoh whose toiling millions hauled those giant plinths from the quarry and reared them, surely by some lost process of engineering, to be a wonder for all time, than to the peasant who stood sixty centuries ago on the very spot, maybe, whereon that fellah now stands, and like him, "betwixt the spring and downfall of the light, bowed down ten thousand and two hundred times" to fill the ineffectual bucket with which to this day his unchanged successor irrigates his plot. That is the simple and unlearned kind of antiquarianism in which the mind of the average traveller, not being an Egyptologist, or having the fear of Egyptology before his eyes, loves most to abide: it is over those easily legible human hieroglyphics that he prefers to pore.

Egypt, of course, is not all Nile and Nile Valley; but Nile Valley and Nile, including the Delta as a whole under the category, make up a vast proportion of it for the new-comer from the West. Even the habitual haunter of cities will not be long delayed by anything till he reaches Cairo, though there, it is true, he may take his fill of Oriental life, and drink himself drunk with the glorious colouring and the strange rich scents of this most wonderful of Eastern cities. If, too, he feels, as many strongly feel, the special intoxication of the mixture of East and West, he will, perhaps, no otherwhere find the two more cunningly compounded than they are here. Merely to spend a day in lounging on the terrace of Shepheard's Hotel—an unrivalled point of view for the purpose—is to feel the exhilarating effect of this contrast as never before. And just now it is at its strongest. If statesmen and diplomatists really

possessed the æsthetic sense in any decent degree of development, the British occupation of Egypt could not possibly give rise to any international jealousies. Instead of being perpetually worried by France with premature inquiries as to when we propose to go, we should be earnestly requested to stay, and should receive, at the same time, the sincere thanks of every artistically-minded community in Europe for having attracted that increased influx of Western men and women into Egypt which has so thrown up and heightened the picturesque contrast to which reference has been made. During all the years of our Egyptian trusteeship the volume of the stream has been steadily increasing. The old "tag" about Tiber and Orontes will have to be adapted to the situation, and that large proportion of people who do not know that it is the end of a hexameter will doubtless be just as well satisfied with *In Nilum defluxit Thamesis*. Nor is it the Thames alone. The Seine, for all the discontent of France, has probably enlarged its tribute, and assuredly that is the case with the Spree. Germany, which has taken so late in life to globe-trotting, gives Egypt, of course, a prominent place among the halting-places in its wanderings, and Cairo has always been one of the few spots for which the Frenchman has deigned to exchange the Boulevards. Nor is there any reason why his dislike of, or dissatisfaction with, the *status quo* in Egypt should keep him away. Our presence has undoubtedly added to the liveliness of the Egyptian capital, thereby rendering it less unworthy of comparison with Paris; and, considering the necessary strength of the British force there, it cannot be said that Tommy Atkins is gratuitously or offensively in evidence. It is true that Tommy's superior officer pervades Shepheard's Hotel pretty freely in his mess-jacket about the dinner-hour; but, then, Shepheard's after all is Shepheard's and would be a hot-bed of English and Americans in any case. Besides, the Frenchman should remember that the hotel where the English uniform most often meets his eye is also in the frequent habit of delighting his ear with the strains of an English regimental band at dinner—if, that is to say, he enjoys an accompaniment which is to me, I confess, a source, or sauce, of acute irritation.

As to the native inhabitants of Cairo, they have still more substantial reasons to be grateful for our ten years' sojourn among them. We have made commerce march for them, if we have done nothing else. If the English occupation has brought no other blessing to the Cairene trader, it has at least been good for trade. The Muski would re-echo that admission from end to end if a street, and particularly an Oriental street, were capable of speaking the truth. There is not a brass-worker, nor an embroiderer, nor a wood-carver in the bazaars, nor a tobacconist, nor a bookseller, nor

a photographer on the Boulevard, who is not a richer man "this day" for the events which brought us to Cairo and are keeping us there. And this, no doubt—according to the topsy-turveydom of all the relations of cause and effect in the intercourse of the West with the East,—is precisely the reason why, whenever the slightest friction occurs between the English guardian and the Egyptian ward, we at once hear talk of the "fanatical hatred" with which we are regarded by the native population. It does not, I am persuaded, amount to much. There is some fanaticism in Cairo, of course; but for the rest the "hatred" goes no deeper, I believe, than the Irish instinct of being "agin the Government." Which brings me to another part of my subject.

No sensible man, whose business at home compels him to concern himself almost daily with political discussion, would come out to Egypt to study its politics for seven weeks. He must know that by so doing he would be simply spoiling a good holiday to collect bad, or, at the best, superfluous material for subsequent journalistic use. All that he could possibly learn of Egyptian politics during so short a stay he would have to gather from conversation with the English experts on the spot; and all that the English expert has to tell him is every bit as accessible to him at home. Without shame, therefore, I confess that, so far from making any effort to enlarge my acquaintance with the latest facts of the situation, I carefully neglected all means of enlightenment on the subject, and avoided rather than courted the society of those who, I feared, would deem it their duty to mar the pleasure of my stay in Egypt by instructing me. Still, there are certain political phenomena in every country that leap—or at any rate seem to leap—to the eye even of the most cursory and casual observer; and there are political situations which speak so loudly even to the casual passer-by that he cannot choose but hear. It was so with me in Egypt. Like Mrs. Cluppins, I was "not listening; but the voices was loud and they forced themselves upon my ear." This will seem the less remarkable when I mention that the last of these voices was that of his Highness Abbas Pasha, whom, as I was returning to Cairo, I had the honour of passing on his way up to Wady Halfa, laden, as it afterwards proved, with injudicious remark, and the echoes of whose explosive eloquence just reached me as I was taking ship from Alexandria.

It would have been difficult, it will be admitted, for anyone not to hear them, even though he was thinking of anything else but Egyptian politics. And, in fact, the young Khedive might well attract one's attention without offering it anything half so sensational as his latest performance. For Abbas Pasha is certainly a very singular youth. I doubt whether anybody, from Lord Cromer

to Riaz Pasha himself, knows exactly "where to have him." His ways, like those of Ah Sin, are "dark," in the sense of being incalculable from one day to another; and of his character, which might throw light upon his ways, it seems, unfortunately, impossible to get consentient accounts. There are those who tell you that he is really an amiable and generous, if too impulsive, young man, apt to chafe a little, as is natural in an impulsive young man, against English control, but harbouring no personal ill-feeling towards England or dislike of her representatives. Others, on the contrary, assure you positively that he is a shifty and sulky hobbledehoy, always on the look out to do some *mauvais tour* to the object of his capricious ill-will, and resolutely bent on making the situation at Cairo as uncomfortable for England and Englishmen as he dares. Which of the two accounts of him is the correct one? The latter may, perhaps, be unduly hostile, but one cannot help suspecting that the former must of the two be the wider of the mark. For though the Khedive's escapades might be those of a generous but impulsive youth, it can hardly be denied, I think, that in their sequel the sulky hobbledehoy comes more to the front. It is not so much his Highness's aptitude for getting into a mess, as his Highness's way of getting out, which creates the unfavourable impression. As regards the former species of achievement, Abbas Pasha is undoubtedly a "record maker" among semi-independent Princes. It is not two years since he succeeded to the Khediviate, and he has already received two ultimatums. When one adds that both these peremptory communications have been drawn from the Foreign Secretary of a Government of which Mr. Gladstone is the head, it will be seen that the Khedive has more reasons than one to plume himself on an unique performance. Twice within two years to have got an ultimatum out of a Gladstonian Government! It is impossible to go much faster than that. For however confidently one may credit Lord Rosebery with a determination to "stand no nonsense," we can feel no such assurance about any other member of the Cabinet in which he sits. There are those about him, not his Chief alone, who would stand a good deal of nonsense before risking an accusation of Imperialist Jingoism; and it is a remarkable exploit of this young man to have succeeded twice within so short a time in not only compelling Lord Rosebery to put his foot down, but forcing the hand of his Leader and his colleagues.

Nevertheless, it is not to be supposed that Abbas Pasha deliberately sought, or was prepared to be content with, this barren honour. Indeed, if he were, he would have accepted it more complacently, and would have "climbed down" with more grace than he did. These periodical outbreaks must surely, we say to ourselves,

have some object in view. He, or somebody at his elbow, must see, or think he sees, something to be gained by flouting the representatives, military or civil, of the protecting Power at intervals of about every six months or so. But, if so, what is the motive and who the man? It is no one of his leading native advisers: that seems certain; but if it is an underling like the subordinate official who has just been displaced by English influence and decorated by Khedivial favour, why doesn't the Khedive stand by him? On the other hand, if he does these things "off his own bat" why does he always "retire hurt" directly we put on our fast bowler? One knows the feather-headed type of young Oriental ruler, and one knows the chicken-hearted variety. What amazes us is to find them both under the same fez. For a combination of temerity and timidity, for suddenness of forward rush, and readiness of backward scuttle, Abbas Pasha is simply *impayable*. The instantaneous change from impudence to alarm reminds one of the antics of a tame magpie.

Of course, it is possible that the young man's whole behaviour may be all part of a subtle and deep-laid scheme of policy; but it is only possible in the sense of the possibility that Lord Burleigh's shake of the head meant all that Mr. Puff said it did. Abbas, as we know, has his Puff in Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, and Mr. Blunt wrote of him in last month's *Nineteenth Century* that "young as he is he is probably the shrewdest political head in Egypt, and he has the enormous advantage over the rest that he is absolutely without fear in his patriotism of personal consequence to himself. It is, I believe, a matter of indifference to him whether or not he continues to be titular ruler of Egypt, but he is determined as long as he holds that position to fulfil its whole duties." Mr. Blunt was unfortunate in having written this before the Khedive's last performance at Wady Halfa; and he may, or may not, find a difficulty in pointing out in some future article exactly whereabouts in that performance the "shrewdness," the "fearlessness of personal consequence," and the indifference to the retention of the titular sovereignty of Egypt come in. But, fortunately, I am not concerned in solving the enigma of the Khedive's character and acts. His latest escapade is only relevant to the purpose of these remarks in right of its relation to those political phenomena which leap, as I have said, or, at any rate, seem to leap, to the eye of the cursory and casual observer. Now, first and foremost among this person's crude impressions—an impression which he is apt to begin to form, (no doubt, prematurely enough) from the first moment of his immixture among the polygenous crowd at Alexandria, but which deepens with every day's additional observation of "the people,"—is that if any country in the world was ever a "geographical expression" and no more, that country is Egypt. The historical

associations of the term may make it, Mr. Blunt might say, an infelicitous one for me to use; and I am aware, of course, that he believes in his "Young Egypt," his "National party," and all the rest of it, with a faith as firm, whether destined or not to prove as well grounded, as that with which the Mazzinian of the Fifties believed in his Young Italy. I am only saying how it strikes the "irresponsible indolent" holiday-maker, and how it does strike that worthy, or unworthy, is, as the vulgar say, "like this": that whatever else there may be in Egypt there is no "Egyptian People." The irresponsible indolent one looks about him with such poor eyes as God has given him; he inquires of those who might be expected to know, whether native or European, "Where is that Egyptian People?" with all the earnest persistency of Toad-in-the-Hole's question, *Ubi est ille reporter?* But it will be with the same negative result: *Et responsum est ab omnibus* (except Mr. Wilfrid Blunt) *non est inventus.* In the two chief cities, Alexandria and Cairo, he will find Arabs, Copts, Greeks, Turks, Levantines, in any number and of every shade; men belonging to a single class, the traders of the towns; men united, or, at least, the Mahommedan majority, by the tie of a common religion, and by a certain community of commercial interest; but no more capable of combining for purposes of self-government than the motley crowd of Moors, Berbers, Jews, and "rock-scorpions," who fill the market-street of Gibraltar at mid-day, would be capable of running an independent "Republic of Calpe," if the English garrison were to be withdrawn to-morrow.

If, on the other hand, he leaves the town for the country, if he follows the course of the Nile up to the Nubian Desert he will find, it is true, a homogeneous race inhabiting its banks. But what sort of a race? Of what a temperament and with what a record? He will find a race possessing many virtues: simple, peaceful, thrifty, indefatigable in labour, but as limp and unresisting as a blade of grass—a race which has passed from master to master, the secular spoil of conquest, from the very dawn of history until to-day, exchanging one lord for another with that dumb submissiveness which is as immutable a characteristic of the fellah as those brows and eyes which were bent with the self-same patient humility before the task-masters of the Pharaohs as before the tax-collectors of Ismail. It is of these two elements, the Arabs, Greeks, Armenians, Levantines of Cairo and Alexandria, and the fellahin of the Nile Valley that the so-called Egyptian People seems—to the Ignoramus—to be composed; and if that be indeed its composition, then surely the question raised by the antics of the Khedive is greatly simplified. It ceases to matter whether the young man acts out of mere "cussedness" or, like General Trochu, "has a plan,"

for the plan, be it autocratic or, so to say, democratic in its origin, would in that case be unworkable. No one supposes, nor does even Mr. Blunt, as I understand him, contend, that Abbas Pasha could by sheer individual force of character, and relying upon the army which he has himself disparaged, erect himself into an absolute or quasi-absolute ruler of Egypt, defying the Great Powers and his suzerain with one hand and repressing internal discontent with the other. No: the existence, actual or potential, of an Egyptian Nation is presupposed by Mr. Blunt, and by everyone else who can at all rationally sympathize with the Khedive's impatience. But if the "Egypt" on which he is assumed to rely be what the Assyrian King declared that it was to Hezekiah—"the staff of a bruised reed on which if a man lean it will go in his hand and pierce it"—why, then, it is as much a kindness to him as a necessity of our own policy to "sit tight."

There, in fact, lies the whole question, What is Egypt? Is it a great farm? an unrivalled archæological museum? a delightful health resort? a valuable naval stronghold and place of arms? an important centre of Mediterranean trade? In truth it is each of these things and all together, even to the most casual and cursory glance of the most irresponsible and indolent holiday-maker. But what it is *not* to him—and herein he takes courage from the thought that neither is it to those ninety-nine out of every hundred Europeans who have longest and most carefully studied it, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt being the hundredth—the home of a Nation. If there is one fact which seems to stare him out of countenance whichever way he turns—one fact with which the present and the past alike confront him; which meets him in the tomb and the temple, in the river meadow and the bazaar; which looks at him out of the eyes of pictured Pharaohs, and of almost as mute and monumental fellahin; which takes voice and motion in the many-coloured chattering crowd of Cairo, and which is almost audible in the very silence of the Desert itself—it is that Egypt is a land without a People. It has an aboriginal race of cultivators, as much a part of the soil as its palm-trees; it has an infinitely mixed community of settlers, the deposit of successive conquests, permanent in the sense in which the desert sands are permanent, but no more to be built upon than they. From time immemorial the beautiful country has been the spoil of every ravisher who was strong enough to seize and hold her—Ethiopian, Assyrian, Persian, Macedonian, Roman, Arab. Every rising or risen Power upon her borders, European, African, or Asiatic, has in turn possessed her, and as its strength declined has in turn been forced to yield her up to a stronger hand. To the chief States of the world she has been all that her famous Queen was to successive masters or competitors for

the mastery of Rome. Every great nation in turn has looked upon her to lust after her; nor can she herself exist without a lover. All that one has ever heard of the inability of Egypt to stand alone seems inadequate to him who visits the country for the first time, who surveys its defenceless conformation, and notes its nerveless people. England is for the moment the Antony of this Cleopatra. It may be that we shall have to break off the *liaison* at some indefinite future date; indeed, it is certain we shall have to do so, unless Europe would consent (which is improbable) to "regularize" the connection for good and the Sultan (which is still more improbable) would pronounce his "Bless you my children!" over the heads of the pair. But if, and when, we have to part company with our Cleopatra, let those believe who can that she will prove capable of living as a *femme sole*, and without forming any new matrimonial or quasi-matrimonial tie. To me, speaking as an ignoramus, and saving the reverence of "those who know," there seem but three lines of future open to her when we depart. She may become once more the slave-mistress of the Turk, who will beat her and embezzle her savings. She may form a fresh *liaison* with some new Western lover, in all probability France. Or, lastly, she may be made the subject of an arrangement with the European Powers, which would practically amount to political polyandria of the most odious and demoralizing kind.

H. D. Traill.

SOME SIDE ASPECTS OF DISESTABLISHMENT.

Much of what has been written and spoken against Disestablishment has missed its mark for want of observing one very simple caution. If reasoning is to have any useful result, there must be some willingness to listen on the part of those to whom it is addressed. Now, men whose minds are made up are seldom willing to consider fresh arguments. They feel, and feel with reason, that life cannot profitably be spent in perpetual controversy on the same subject. Take, for example, the Welsh Radical, in whom traditional dislike of the Church is reinforced by a new fear of her activity. Can he be expected to postpone his attack until his enemy has had time to strengthen her position? He may not care much about Disestablishment in the abstract; in England he may even regard the Church with something like friendly interest. But he is a Welshman before everything, and to his mind Wales and Nonconformity are equivalent terms. The political Dissenter —meaning by this the man with whom Disestablishment has become a matter of class feeling—is equally unapproachable. His desire to bring it about is founded on jealousy of the social superiority which Churchmen seem to him to enjoy by the side of Dissenters. It is vain to tell him that there would be no more Dissenters in the House of Lords or among the landed gentry if the Church were disestablished than there are now, and that the religious body to which these classes belong would retain its social position so long as they belonged to it. Nothing will persuade him that the Established Church is not a perpetual barrier against his rising in the world, and as such a nuisance to be destroyed. These are instances of conviction too fixed to be shaken. The member of a Liberal caucus is often an instance of an indifference which it is equally hard to move. He cares nothing about the merits of the question; and if you could convince him that the Established Church was the greatest possible advantage to the nation, the work would be still undone unless you had convinced him at the same time that it is an advantage to the Liberal Party. He is not at all a bigoted opponent. Prove to him that Mr. Gladstone would have a better chance of winning the next Election if

Disestablishment were dropped, and he would not have a word to say in its favour. But so long as he thinks Disestablishment a useful cry, he will be as hopeless a convert as either of the others. A large section of the working class is another case in point. They are not exactly hostile to the Church, but neither are they in the least friendly to it. Ecclesiastical matters come home to them no more than an election at the Royal Academy comes home to the frequenters of a village tap-room. They are interested in quite other aspects of Liberal policy, and they are quite willing to leave it to the Liberal leaders to determine whether that policy will have more or fewer chances of success if Disestablishment has a place in it.

Leaving these confirmed opponents of the Established Church on one side, we come to three detached groups who are still open to conviction. They are (1) a particular section of Liberal Unionists; (2) certain Liberal Churchmen; and (3) those politicians who think that, as Disestablishment must come, it may as well come soon as late. With these there may be some use in arguing, and to these alone I propose to address myself.

I begin with those Liberal Unionists who were formerly supporters, perhaps ardent supporters, of Disestablishment, and who are told by their Liberal friends that as Disestablishment has nothing to do with Home Rule they are still bound to work for it both in and out of Parliament. In Wales, especially, they are told, the maintenance of the Established Church has become impossible. Why should they be false to their old principles in order to defend a cause which is already as good as lost?

One obvious answer to this question lies in the fact that you cannot keep men in office for one purpose, and insure that they will not use their position for other purposes. Mr. Gladstone's Government is before all things a Home Rule Government, and being such, it is for every Unionist simply a Government to be got rid of. All other questions may be left to bide their time; the question of the Union is instant and urgent. If Ministers are saved from defeat on a Welsh Disestablishment Bill by the votes of a few Liberal Unionists, what guarantee will these Liberal Unionists have that the next measure introduced will not be a Home Rule Bill? Or rather, is it not absolutely certain that it will be? The Government is sure of a majority on Home Rule, and by voting with it on a question on which it is weak these dissentient Unionists will have helped it to go forward to a question on which it is strong. The reasons for which a vote is given count for nothing in a division; the one thing that matters then is the vote itself. This is so elementary a principle in politics that it may seem a waste of time to insist on it. But the position

of a Liberal Unionist is often one of so much difficulty that it should not be too confidently assumed that he will be able to hold it. In London he is all right. He mixes with friends of his own way of thinking, he feels that he is a part of a strong political force. But in the country things are different. There the Liberal Unionist finds himself cut off from his old friends, and expected to sympathize with his old foes. In the eyes of the Liberals he is a renegade, in the eyes of the Conservatives he may be no more than a doubtful recruit. And, oddly enough, the very fact that he has separated himself from the Liberals on one question, admits of being used as an argument why he should separate himself from the Unionists on another. You left us, says the tempter, because you set your principles above your party; are you now going to take lower ground and to set your party above your principles? When your conscience did not suffer you to support Home Rule we could at least respect your independence. Though we thought you mistaken, we believed you honest. How shall we believe this any longer if we see that same conscience allowing you to turn your back on the convictions of a lifetime by opposing the disestablishment of the Church? It is very necessary, therefore, to show that the duty of resisting Home Rule is not adequately discharged by voting against a Home Rule Bill. The defeat of measures of this magnitude is bound up with the defeat of the Government which has made them its own. A Liberal Unionist who votes against a Disestablishment Bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone, does not vote against Disestablishment in the abstract; he only votes against it because it is part and parcel of a policy which makes the passing of a Home Rule Bill its chief object. When Home Rule and Disestablishment are once more dissociated he will be free to take his old course. So long as they remain parts of one and the same Ministerial programme, to vote for Disestablishment is in effect to vote for Home Rule.

But this is neither the sole, nor even the chief, reason why every Liberal Unionist is bound to oppose the Disestablishment policy of the present Government. The particular form which that policy has taken is in itself an assault of the gravest kind upon the integrity of the United Kingdom. For the project of Disestablishment to which Ministers stand committed is not directed against the Church of England as a whole. It is only directed against four dioceses out of thirty-four. The law knows nothing of a Welsh Church; it knows only of a Church of England, in four of whose dioceses the Welsh language is largely spoken. Now, under any circumstances, it would be a very hazardous experiment thus to cut the Church of England in twain. There is no parallel between such a step and the policy adopted in the case of the Irish Church. The Irish Church was a distinct church from the Church of

England. It had its own organization and its own machinery. Its bishops owed no obedience to the English Archbishops; its clergy sent no representatives to the English Convocations. Its connection with the Church of England was a Parliamentary connection, and its dissolution made no real change in the position of either. There were no relations between the two bodies beyond those of friendliness and goodwill, and these have gone on unchanged. But between the Church of England and the so-called Welsh Church the relation is not one of friendliness or goodwill merely, it is one of identity. The Welsh Church is simply a local name for four dioceses of the Province of Canterbury. If it would be easy to disestablish the Church of England in Wales, it would be equally easy to disestablish the Church of England in Cornwall. All the arguments—save one—that are used to justify Disestablishment in the one case can equally be used to justify it in the other; indeed, if the piecemeal policy be once resorted to, the Cornish Radicals will, almost certainly, demand its extension to themselves. Disestablishment in Wales will be the prelude to Disestablishment in every county which can show a strong vein of dissent. Even a convinced advocate of Disestablishment may fairly object to its being brought about in this fashion. The enemies of the Church of England might rejoice at it for the very reason that it might involve the break up of the Church as well as her disestablishment. But enemies of the thoroughgoing type are rare; the Disestablishment party more often maintain—and, we believe, maintain honestly—that in their judgment the Church would only be the stronger for the severance of her connection with the State and with the land. Whatever might be said for this view if the proposed Disestablishment were total and immediate, there is nothing to be said for it when Disestablishment is effected by successive stages.

It has been said that all the arguments which justify Disestablishment in Wales are equally applicable to Cornwall save one, and it is this exception that makes the Unionist argument against a purely Welsh Bill so overwhelming. For what is the contention on which the whole case for Welsh Disestablishment rests? Is it not that Wales is a separate country from England, and the Welsh a separate people from the English? The language of the Welsh advocates of Disestablishment always points in this direction. Their refusal to acknowledge that the Church in Wales is an inseparable part of the Church of England is merely a part of their refusal to acknowledge that the Principality of Wales is an inseparable part of the Kingdom of England. The demand for Disestablishment is merely the prelude to secular demands of the same kind. The Welsh Radicals well know the advantage of asking for

one thing at a time. To-day what they want is a distinct ecclesiastical system; to-morrow it will be a distinct land law; the day after it will be a distinct legislature. Now, though the consequences of granting Home Rule in Wales might, it is true, be less serious than the consequences of granting Home Rule in Ireland, the concession itself involves a far greater disturbance of the existing constitution. Ireland had a Parliament of her own till 1800, and she still has her own Judges, her own Civil Service, her own Educational System. No changes that could be made in these particulars would in the least affect England. When the Irish Church was disestablished Englishmen knew nothing about it except through the newspapers, and they would be equally unaffected by anything that took place in Dublin Castle or in the Four Courts. In Wales it is altogether different. The judges that try Welsh cases are the same that try English cases; the same Secretary of State directs Welsh and English Administration; the same Education Department inspects and subsidises Welsh and English schools. England and Wales in short are not two countries but one, and in proportion as the identity is more complete, the proposal to give Wales Home Rule is more revolutionary than a similar proposal in the case of Ireland or Scotland. But if we treat Wales as a separate country in respect to the Established Church, how can we with any consistency resist any further demands that may be made on us? We shall have broken up the Church of England to gratify Welsh sentiment. Why should we stand out when the same interesting object is urged as a sufficient reason for breaking up every other institution which Wales has in common with England?

This consideration ought to be enough to remove any possible doubt in the mind of a Liberal Unionist as to his duty in regard to a Welsh Disestablishment Bill. The case is infinitely stronger than it would be if it were proposed to disestablish the Church of England as a whole. That, at least, would not affect the integrity of the Kingdom. Unionists might dislike it on other grounds, but as Unionists they would be free to vote for it. What they are not free to do is to help a Home Rule Ministry to set up in Wales an ecclesiastical system altogether distinct from that which exists in England.

The second of the detached groups I have mentioned are those Liberal Churchmen who regard, or are tempted to regard, Disestablishment as a remedy for certain specific evils under which the Church is suffering. There can be hardly a better representative of this group than Mr. George Russell. He is a convinced Churchman and an advanced Churchman; and when, in a paper he has recently published in *The Weekly Churchman*, he pleads

for Disestablishment as a positive gain to the Church, no one can question his sincerity.

Mr. Russell's contention is that the position of an Establishment tends to make the Church "unspiritual, worldly, proud, hard, and exclusive," and gives a wrong—that is, an anti-Liberal—bias to the political opinions of the clergy; that it subjects her to a Parliament "composed of men of all sorts of belief and unbelief"; that it provokes legislation of the type of the Public Worship Regulation Act; and that it perpetuates a variety of abuses, and, in particular, private patronage. Let us concede, for the purpose of the argument, that the state of things described by Mr. Russell is as black as he paints it. It does not need a very ardent reformer to see in a great and ancient institution much that he could wish amended. But what reason is there to suppose that these evils would be cured by Disestablishment? It is not wealth alone that makes men hard and worldly. The same effects may spring from quite the opposite cause. Endowments do at least enable a clergyman to shake himself free from that constant anxiety about money which is sometimes quite as injurious to the moral nature as the possession of money. Many of the clergy have of late been brought face to face with poverty in a very acute form, but I doubt whether, except in a few special cases, they would say that they had found it conduce to greater spirituality of mind. It is possible, indeed, as Mr. Russell himself says, that Disestablishment and Disendowment might rather increase than lower the stipends of the clergy; but in proportion as this came to pass, the moral effect that he anticipates from Disendowment would be lost. It is true, no doubt, that Parliament possesses in theory enormous power over the Church, but it is only in theory. If the power of Parliament disappeared, we should have in its place the far greater power of the lay paymaster. The character of a voluntary Church will, in the great majority of cases, be the character of those by whom the ecclesiastical exchequer is filled. For some years past we have seen this exemplified in the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. The clergy have resisted, and on the whole resisted successfully, the very strong pressure exercised by the Pope in the matter of Boycotting and the Plan of Campaign. They are not, indeed, by natural disposition, either disobedient or revolutionary. But the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland is essentially a peasant Church. Its priests are paid by the peasantry, for the most part they spring from the peasantry, and with few exceptions they share the feelings of the peasantry. Consequently the Papal brief has been consistently disobeyed from the moment of its promulgation. Mr. Russell may perhaps say that this is just what he wants to see happen in England, but he can hardly imagine that if the Church of England

were disestablished she would become a peasant Church. Her chief hold is on the educated and well-to-do classes, it is to those classes that her clergy would look for their stipends, and their opinions that they would mostly share. It is true, again, that as an Established Church she is subject in a special way to the authority of Parliament, and that a position which was defensible when Parliament was really a "House of Laymen" may not be so now that religious tests have been abolished. But with the changed character of Parliament has come an equal change in the action of Parliament. No body of men could be less fitted to have a deciding voice in matters ecclesiastical than the House of Commons as it now is. But if the voice is silent this unfitness is of no importance. For nearly twenty years the Church of England has in practice been as much exempt from Parliamentary interference as any voluntary Church could be. The last serious effort in this direction was the Public Worship Regulation Act, and the success of that experiment has not been such as to make a repetition of it probable. And I may remind Mr. Russell, who no doubt dislikes the Public Worship Regulation Act on its merits as well as because it derives its authority from a Parliament of all religions, that if the Church of England had been disestablished in 1874 she would probably have framed canons pointing in the same direction as the Act of Parliament, which might not have fallen so quickly into disuse. Undoubtedly this absence of ecclesiastical legislation has its disadvantages. If Parliament no longer passes laws which injure the Church it is equally inactive as regards laws which would benefit the Church. But when the good and the evil come to be weighed against one another the continuance of admitted abuses may not be thought too high a price to pay for the absence of injudicious reforms. Moreover, even in the case of an admitted abuse there may be something to be urged in arrest of judgment. He who undertakes to describe the system of private patronage in the Church of England without reference to the way in which it has actually worked may be tempted to say that nothing worse can be imagined. Let him turn from theory to practice and he will form a very different impression of it. The average appointments to benefices by private patrons are not inferior to average appointments of other kinds, while in particular instances they give a chance to men who otherwise might have none at all. The bishops, the Crown, the Lord Chancellor will always be tempted to make popular appointments. They are the natural friends of safe men, of moderate men, of men with "no party views." It is well that a private patron here and there should have the courage of his convictions and give a man a living for no other reason than his belief that he is the right man to hold it. High

Churchmen, at all events, can never wholly condemn a system which gave Keble his sole promotion in the Church.

I am not writing to convince Mr. Russell. He has made up his mind. But there are many who go with him in his premises, and yet have not definitively accepted his conclusion. There are abuses in the Church which they would like to see removed, and they are told that it is her connection with the State that prevents this. What I ask them to consider is, first, how far these abuses are associated with ecclesiastical features which they wish to preserve, and whether it is possible to abolish one without destroying the other; and, next, whether, for these comparatively slight and doubtful benefits, they will help to bring about a change so vast, so far-reaching, so irretrievable?

I pass on to the third group, those who have no love of Disestablishment in itself, but are always disposed, when they are certain that a thing will happen some day, to think that it may as well happen at once. They will do nothing to hasten it, but at the same time they will do nothing to oppose it. They would feel differently if the evil could be averted, but they are paralyzed by the sense that at best it can only be postponed. They regard the Church with interest, perhaps with affection; they respect it as an institution which has had a long history, has rendered great services to the Nation, and is now threatened with the loss of her position in the State, and of a great part of her property, for no fault of her own. But, in their judgment, if Disestablishment does not come now it will come twenty or forty years hence, and so short a respite as this does not seem to them worth fighting for. It may be assumed of this class of persons that their interest in the Church of England will survive Disestablishment; they will wish that in her new position she may retain as much as possible of the influence for good which she has exercised while she was established. If this influence were greatly lessened, if it turned out that the Church was weaker, less well-equipped for her work, or less able to turn her equipment to good account, they would dislike the prospect of Disestablishment very much more than they dislike it now. What I shall try to show is that there is one very dangerous possibility associated with Disestablishment which makes its postponement, even for five or ten years, much more for twenty or forty, a gain of the utmost importance.

The Church of England, as by law established, is a body to which there is no parallel in history. It contains two distinct elements, openly differing from one another on questions of the greatest theological importance, but alike claiming to be the true and logical representative of the historical Church which was founded in the sixth century, and reformed in the sixteenth. The effect of Es-

tablishment has been to make any settlement of this claim impossible. The State has stereotyped the formularies, the articles, and the canons. It has said in effect to each party: These are what you are bound to accept; but in what sense you accept them, and what meaning you attach to them, is for you to determine. All that we ask is that you take these documents as you find them, and declare that they answer to your convictions. For some 230 years there has been no change effected by the authority of the law in the doctrine or ritual of the Church of England, and the change in her discipline effected by the Public Worship Regulation Bill, after causing much ill-feeling and some personal inconvenience, has disappeared into the limbo in which the blunders of the statute book pass their shadowy lives. The strong hand of the State, always inert, and latterly indifferent, has imposed external union upon High Churchmen and Low Churchmen. Each party has been able honestly to maintain that it, and it alone, is the legitimate representative of the true and genuine Church of England, because there has been no possibility of bringing either assertion to a final decision. But if the strong hand of the State were removed the Church would at once be brought face to face with a new danger. She would then have an ecclesiastical legislature of her own, which would be free to place an authoritative interpretation on her formularies, and would at once be challenged to do so. In an Established Church bishops may hold opposite views on the necessity of Episcopacy, or priests, on the nature of Absolution; but it would be almost impossible for them to do this in presence of an Elective Synod, invested with full authority to say which view was the true one, and constantly challenged by each party to say it. These same divisions existed in the Irish Church before Disestablishment, though they were only pale copies of their prototypes on this side of St. George's Channel. But, pale as they were, they were strong enough to raise and determine their relative positions. Almost the first act of the Disestablished Church was to make certain alterations in the Irish Prayer Book, with the avowed intent of giving it a Low Church meaning. In Ireland, it is true, this change did not result in disruption. The dividing line between the two parties had always been very much fainter than in England, and the numerical disproportion between them was excessive. But in England both parties are strong and confident, and any serious attempt to make the Prayer Book speak definitely in the sense of one or other of them would almost inevitably break up the Church. Disruption would follow hard upon Disestablishment.

Still this prospect would not of itself be an adequate reason for merely postponing Disestablishment. Disruption, it might be said, is bad at any time, but it is no worse at one time than at another.

If, however, it can be shown that the longer Disestablishment can be delayed the less likely it is to be followed by Disruption, the plea that it is useless to stave off the inevitable loses its force. It is worth while to set up a temporary barrier against change, when the change we are resisting promises to be less injurious twenty years hence than it would be now. Can this be shown in the case of Disestablishment? I think it can be shown, and in this way. The two parties in the Church of England are undoubtedly less inclined to part company than they were fifty or even twenty years ago. Fifty years ago the Church was in the very crisis of the Tractarian Movement, and we need only look at the evidence collected in Newman's Letters or in Pusey's Life to see that if the Church of England had then been a voluntary church, the High Church party of that day would have had but a short shrift. The authorities and the larger part of the Clergy and Laity were set against the Tractarians to a degree of fury which at this distance of time we feel it hard even to conceive, and the first act of a free synod would almost certainly have been to make such changes in the Prayer Book as must have driven the leading High Churchmen of that day clean out of the Church. Thirty years later a similar outburst of feeling carried away even so shrewd a judge of public opinion as Lord Beaconsfield, and gave us the Public Worship Regulation Act. Had a similar measure been introduced into a voluntary synod it might not have been so ready as Lord Beaconsfield was to stop at the fringe of the question. It might have aimed not so much at making the enforcement of doubtful rubrics easier as at making the rubrics themselves clearer. The hostility to Ritualism which was so visible in the House of Commons would in all probability have been equally visible in the synod, and the new ordinances in which that hostility would have been embodied might have made the position of the Ritualists untenable. Still, great as was the excitement of 1874, it was as nothing compared with that of the earlier period, and this softening process has become far more marked since that time. On the whole it may fairly be said that though there are still great divisions within the Church of England, there is a far stronger and more persistent current of opinion in one direction than there has ever been before. At any given moment it may seem to be standing still, but when it is watched for any appreciable period its direction and drift will be clearly seen. We seem to be within measurable reach of a time when the majority of Low Churchmen will be averse from making any changes in the Prayer Book which could lead to a High Church Secession, while the majority of High Churchmen will be content to trust to the course of events to bring about a general recognition of their own reading of the Anglican formularies. When that time

arrives the danger of Disruption will be at an end, and every ten years that Disestablishment can be put off brings this consummation nearer. Can it therefore be held by any one who wishes well to the Church of England that such a postponement is not worth fighting for?

I have now finished the very humble task I proposed to myself. If it be objected that the three groups I have had in view are too small to be worth arguing with, I can only reply that when, as regards a particular measure, political parties are not unequally balanced, even a few votes may turn the scale. So long, therefore, as any electors remain open to conviction the time spent in reasoning with them cannot be considered wasted.

Z.

A FRAGMENTARY CORRESPONDENCE.

PART I.

FREDERICK HELMSLY, ESQ., BREITSTEIN, GERMANY, TO LADY BRADLEIGH, ENGLAND.

August 3rd, 1891.

MY DEAR NELLY,—You will be glad to hear that my choice of a place in which to seek for rest and good subjects to paint has so far been successful. Nothing can be more sleepy and restful than the scene I am contemplating as I write. The slow, still, placid Rhine you know, but you have never, I am sure, found such a quaint, pretty hotel garden as I have discovered at the "Drei Kaiserhof," Breitstein. It is merely a long, low Swiss châlet, painted white, covered with a Virginia-creeper, which is now dyed a deep dark red by the southern sun; there are the usual little arbours and tables inviting one to drink coffee at all hours of the day, and in the middle of the garden stands that round glass ball, reflecting like a distorted dream the scene around, which one meets in German and Norwegian gardens, the use or ornament of which I always fail to see; but it has become typical in my mind of this kind of place, and I should quite miss it were it absent from my retreat. At the foot of the garden flows the river. I have chartered a boat which is now moored there, and in which I, and my sketching things, some food, and much tobacco, spend many long days. I work at numerous small studies of river scenes, and old castles, and am quite pleased with some, annoyed with others, and really take my rest as I work hard at scenes which are a repose to study. Yet I begin, as I always do after much contemplation of inanimate nature, to long for something more human, and something which has a soul to draw forth the sympathy of my own, and cause my painting to be more to me than the reproduction of mere still beauty. I dare say you think me a conceited fellow to fancy this result is ever arrived at. Maybe in the eyes of others (all beauty of form and colour being only subjective!) the feeling and the passion I fondly hope to reproduce does not appear to exist, but to me it is indeed a labour of love to try to express on my canvas something of human thought and passion, and not

simply the realism of still life. To-day I have seen a face which came to me as a revelation of what woman should be. The most ideal countenance, full of possibilities of pure passion, yet so surprisingly innocent and touching in its expression. Good heavens! When I think of what women have insisted upon becoming in these women's-rights-young-lady-emancipation days, how hard and shrewd and brazen is the usual stamp of female countenance; how cynical and would-be all-knowing in their views of life the owners are; with no corner in their minds left for the divine mystery of love and suffering, and an utter absence of gentle tenderness from their faces, with which to invite men to teach them the lesson that life holds more great and noble things for both sexes to learn than is dreamt of in their cheap and cynical philosophy. When I remember the sort of young woman I see every day at home, and then think of the face I have had a glimpse of to-day, I say to myself "Can these two types be both called woman?" I should like to paint this ideal type. I must—indeed, I have already been trying, but it is difficult, for I am not accustomed to reproducing on my canvas faces possessed of souls sweetened by suffering. I would paint her simply sitting thinking, and I should indeed deem myself blessed if I could draw her eyes with the wonderful expression I saw in them to-day, and underneath the picture I would have engraved—

THE GLIMPSE.

"Just for a day you crossed my life's dull track,
Put my ignoble dreams to sudden shame,
Went your bright way, and left me to fall back
On my own world of poorer deed and aim." *

August 4th.—I have seen her again several times. I have heard all about her, poor child; it is no wonder she bears the stamp of suffering on her face. She is a cripple and cannot walk, all her seventeen years have been spent on her sofa, carried there from her bed, and on fine days, into the garden and there propped up in a long chair with many cushions. This is how I have seen her; for the weather being hot, balmy, and delicious, the one joy and variety her life can know has been granted her these days. I must get to know her, she is so utterly helpless that I cannot paint her without her leave, and paint her I must. Never did struggling artist meet his ideal and let the moment pass by without an effort to fix it on his canvas.

Your affectionate brother,

F. H.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you that my glimpse of the ideal is called the Gräfin Else von Königstein, and her mother is English.

* William Watson.

THE GRÄFIN ELSE VON KÖNIGSTEIN, GERMANY, TO MRS. LINCOLN, ENGLAND.

August 24th, 1891.

MY DEAREST AUNT,—I am wishing so much to hear from you. These long sunny days make me remember our conversations two summers ago, when you came here and we spent so much time together. I lying in my chair in the garden watching the lights and shades of the trees reflected on the river, and listening to you while you talked so kindly and sympathetically of my trouble Do you remember how I begged you never to mention to me again the idea of my having an operation, and the possibility of my becoming eventually cured? We agreed that in my darling mother's delicate state, the anxiety of it all would shatter her health and nerves completely; and in the event of my death, the shock would in all probability kill her. I knew that even my helpless and feeble life passed between bed and sofa was of great use after all, that my parents' love for me made them happy and occupied in waiting upon me, though it was but a sad happiness. Their whole existence centred round the fact that I lived and passed my life day by day beside them; and all this—so much to them—would most probably come suddenly to an end. I might get well to become a joy to myself instead of a pain and a sorrow; but the likelihood of my dying would be so great it was not to be thought of any more. I saw this all so strongly that I persuaded you to agree with me; but it is I now, dear Aunt, who want you to reconsider our conversation and decision. Mother is stronger: as she grows stronger I can see how she longs to have her daughter like other girls. We are richer: we could well afford to go to Paris and place me under Dr. Z——. But, Aunt, it is more than this, it is I, myself, who have changed, I long eagerly, madly, wildly, to have health, youth, pleasure, and—shall I say it? Ah! do not think me wicked—love! Do not think me ungrateful for my parents' love—for yours. I do cherish these; but I know to other women there comes a deeper, fuller love. Is it strange that life looks cold and grey without this possibility? Forgive me this selfish letter, and write and tell me you will help me in going to Paris and that you agree with me in thinking that the time has now come when it might not be wrong to take the risk, the possible result being so wonderful.

Your ever affectionate niece,

ELSE.

P.S.—Mother is very pleased with a picture an artist here is painting of me. He calls it "The Glimpse." It is much too flattering; but in the event of my operation failing, mother will be glad to have it, I know. The artist is an English gentleman, Mr.

Helmsly—do you know his people in London ? He has been so charming to mother, and lets her watch him while he paints, which gives her much pleasure, as you know how fond she is of painting.

F. Helmsly, Esq., to Lady Bradleigh.

August 24th, 1891.

My Dear Nelly,—I am too busy painting to have much time to write, but here is a line to tell you how I am getting on. I have made friends with the Gräfin von Königstein, and she has allowed me to paint her daughter Else. It is marvellous to find such an ideal face. Her mind is as I thought, as lovely as her face, so pure and so unselfish. The Gräfin tells me she has given up the possibility of a cure by operation to please her parents, the risk being so terrible that both father and mother dared not run it. So she has voluntarily allowed her life to remain so sad and weary a one for their sakes. I think the Gräfin is longing all the same to give her the one chance, but does not dare suggest it to daughter and husband. I declare, Nelly dear, I don't know how to express what I feel for Else. It is love, but love so different, so far higher than anything I ever felt, or thought I should feel, that I hardly recognize it myself. She is perfect. How I shall hate all women, except yourself, when I tear myself away from her. They will seem so hard and unfeminine.

Yours,

P.S.—Write to me. F. H.

The Gräfin von Königstein to Mrs. Lincoln.

September 20th, 1891.

Dearest Mary,—Yes: I am resigned to the inevitable. I feel it would be wrong to take away from my Else the one chance she has of health and a life like other girls. All the more do I resign myself because I feel sure that the longing for health and youth which has become so strong of late in her has been greatly developed by the companionship of a young Englishman who is devoted to her society. I like him extremely. His tender solicitude for Else's comfort touches me deeply. He loves her, I am sure. I cannot let her give up all the joy to which women cling. It would be for my sake if she sacrificed herself. I cannot let that be, and so we will join you in Paris on October 11th.

Ever, my dear sister,

Your affectionate

Alice von Königstein.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS LATER.

F. HELMSLY, ESQ., LONDON, TO LADY BRADLEIGH, SUSSEX.

May 20th, 1892.

MY DEAR NELLY,—Why don't you come up to town? I want your advice so much! Agnes Lorrimer has become a widow. She seems to like me as much as ever. I do admire her for behaving so well when I wanted to act as a blackguard three years ago, and besides which she is never conventional and dull. I could never feel bored with her, she has a spice of the devil in her in spite of her firm principles. I proposed to her yesterday, but she would give me no definite answer, except that I may come and ask her again at the end of the year. I shall do so, of course. Are you glad to think she will be your sister-in-law? Old Lorrimer has left her £3,000 a year. It's not that, however, which I want; it is herself. She looks more splendid and handsome than ever. I shall paint her as Cleopatra.

Your affectionate

FRED.

P.S.—What do you think? I went to a ball last week at Mrs. Lincoln's, and she turns out to be the English aunt of my little friend with the ideal face at Breitstein. Imagine my astonishment at seeing her there, and dancing! Yes: she had that operation performed after all, and is quite well. I am extremely glad, but since she has gained health and robustness she has entirely lost that lovely idealized expression which so caught my fancy. It's true her eyes still look wistful and sweet, but she is just an insipid little German Mädchen dancing about in a London ballroom. How glad her mother must be at her recovery: there was something very touching in their devotion to one another. I did not talk much to the Mädchen, I wanted to get away home to come to some decision in my mind about Agnes, but I told her to go and see her picture, "The Glimpse," in the Academy, which is on the line. Did I tell you?

THE GRÄFIN ELSE VON KÖNIGSTEIN, LONDON, TO THE GRÄFIN VON KÖNIGSTEIN, GERMANY.

June 20th, 1892.

DEAREST MÜTTERCHEN,—I know by your letters that you are not well; tho' you do not say so in so many words, you have never recovered the strain and anxiety of those weeks last autumn. I am coming home to you on Monday. Aunt Mary is extremely kind and wants me to stay till the end of the season, and then pay some country-house visits with her. But I am suffering very much from "Heimweh," little Mother, I long to be at home. Shall we go again, all three of us, to Breitstein? I should like that, if

Father wishes for a change. It was lovely there last summer. I think I am not fitted for London seasons and rushing about, I feel frightened and alone amidst a gay throng, even tho' Aunt Mary and my cousins are kindness itself. You ask me to tell you of any English friends. I have some more news of one, of Mr. Helmsly: after he came to the ball here we met him in the Park with his married sister; she is charming, and I have made friends with her. She has been so nice to me, and has told me a secret, which I may tell you. It is that Mr. Helmsly is going to marry a widow with whom he has been in love a long time, ever since they were quite children and had no money. It cannot be settled till the end of the year on account of her mourning, but they quite understand one another, Lady Bradleigh says. It was very strange and interesting that she should tell me. I am the first person out of the family who knows of it. I wonder why she told me! I am glad she did—somehow it makes me feel great friends with her, and she seems fond of me. He does not know that I have been told. I saw the lady driving with Lady Bradleigh yesterday, she is dark and very striking looking, but I don't think I should like her, she looks so determined, and it seems so extraordinary to me for a woman to think of marrying again so soon; but Mr. Helmsly was her first love, and I suppose the one she really cared for. All day I keep thinking I am nearing the time when I shall see you again. I am counting the hours, for I am so weary of going out into society among strangers. I feel so tired always; perhaps I am not so strong as I thought I was, but I shall soon feel well when I am with you, and it will be so delightful to be able to run about and wait on you now. Can I ever repay you for all the care you took of me those years? I will try. Your devoted

ELSE.

P.S.—"The Glimpse" has been sold for a very large sum. I am pleased to think he gave you the finished study for it. It was kind of him—was not it? Lady Bradleigh says he has bought such beautiful jewels for his future wife, as he can now afford to spend money since his paintings bring him in so much.

BEATRIX DUFF.

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G.W.R.
MECHANICS
INSTITUTION,
NEW SWINDON.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 134.—APRIL, 1894.

EPISODES OF THE MONTH.

A Rumour.

The rumour of Mr. Gladstone's impending resignation, which was started by *The Pall Mall Gazette* on the last day of January, was the subject of much speculation throughout the month of February. It received some credit in Unionist circles, but it could not have been more passionately denied by the Gladstonian Press if it had cast some serious stain on the Party honour. It was resented as a cruel and impossible calumny. On the whole, it was regarded as an unscrupulous journalistic *canard*, and the condemnation of the management of the offending newspaper was expressed in no measured terms, Mr. Gladstone's uncertainly-worded denial being attributed to his weakness for ambiguity. In the latter days of February, however, the rumour became more strenuous, and the denials more faint-hearted: it was universally felt that some crisis was at hand. On February 27th the news agencies circulated the last denial "on authority," and one of the Premier's private secretaries described the statement as "unauthorized." On March 1st Mr. Gladstone made a very important speech in the House of Commons in accepting the Lords' Amendments to the Parish Councils Bill. It was vulnerable to argument, as Mr. Balfour showed; but the matter was bitter, and the manner as fiery as ever. Those who heard it felt it could not be, and hoped it would not be, a retiring

speech. Could Mr. Gladstone—apparently overflowing with health—close his political career with a raging attack on the Constitution?

THE CRISIS.

On the following morning (March 2nd) the country was definitely told that Mr. Gladstone would resign immediately, and that Lord Rosebery (the Foreign Secretary) would be sent for by the Queen. In the meantime, Mr. Labouchere, believing he had got wind of an intrigue, headed a hurriedly collected deputation of "stalwarts" to Mr. Marjoribanks (the Chief Whip) for the purpose of protesting against the selection of a Peer-Premier to lead a Party whose main object is the abolition of the House of Peers. Mr. Labouchere also addressed a vehement letter of remonstrance to Mr. Marjoribanks on the same subject, in which he said, "I mean to be the follower of no Peer. I shall vote no confidence in a Cabinet, the chief member of which is not in the House of Commons, for I believe that such a Ministry would put us back on the path of democracy by twenty years." The Member for Northampton, in fact, looked very "ugly" at the moment, and was thought to command the materials for a formidable cave, from which a sally fatal to the new Ministry might be made. On the other hand there was a very strong movement in favour of Lord Rosebery; the bulk of his Party evidently realized that he was their only possible leader, and that a Harcourt Premiership would involve them in disaster. The newspapers of all shades of opinion supported Lord Rosebery, *The Times* because he is supposed to be an Imperialist, *The Daily Chronicle*—which a short time before had declared him to be out of the running—hailed him with almost indecent effusion as the new Saviour of Society, as though it were a relief to be rid of Mr. Gladstone. Every other paper from *The Standard* to *The Sun*, and from *The Spectator* to *The Speaker*, joined in the chorus of approbation. The tenants of the cave became alarmed by this tumult of public opinion, and abandoned it one by one, until at last it became uninhabitable even to its author. On March 3rd, Mr. Gladstone formally resigned his offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Privy Seal, and his resignation was "graciously accepted" by Her Majesty on March 5th; Lord Rosebery being nominated his successor at the Treasury and President of the Council.

THE NEW PREMIER.

The new Premier excites almost as much curiosity and interest as his illustrious predecessor, whose personality has overshadowed English politics for twenty-five years. Lord Rosebery's career has been so easy—partly, it must be said, on account of his peerage, which has spared him the rough and tumble of politics—that he has never had to put forth his strength, and few people pretend to guess

what manner of man he is. He has taken immense pains with his speaking, and is admittedly one of the best occasional orators in the country, but he has never soared beyond the felicitous epigram into the region of inspiration. He is an undoubtedly able manager of men, and nothing was more remarkable during the late crisis than the enthusiasm with which his claims were supported by the most moderate and the most extreme men of his own Party. *The Daily News*, *The Sun*, and *The Daily Chronicle* worked equally hard for him; the Irish abstained from any hostile demonstration, though his success signalizes the defeat of the Little Englanders; and Mr. Labouchere's cave crumbled away. Lord Rosebery's friends point triumphantly to his management of Foreign Affairs, his chairmanship of the London County Council, and his settlement of the Coal Strike as evidence of his greatness; they confidently predict for him a reign of unusual lustre, in which the masses will prompt a spirited foreign policy, while the classes open their arms to every Socialistic suggestion. It may be so, but if the new Premier is wise he will abstain from trying to do too much, and from displays of excessive cleverness. Mr. Gladstone acquired such ascendency that he could conjure with impunity, but this generation has had its fill of magic.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

There was not much shuffling of Ministerial portfolios beyond the stupendous change of leader. One persistent and disquieting rumour installed Mr. John Morley at the India Office—this would have been the worst appointment that could have been invented. Happily he has remained at the Irish Office to soothe the Nationalists, having declined promotion. Lord Kimberley has succeeded Lord Rosebery at the Foreign Office, which is regarded as a National misfortune, simply because Lord Kimberley is a much underrated man, who has never pushed himself, and is without the glittering qualities which captivate the public: he is a mercilessly hard-worker, with a sane judgment and a good deal of Palmerstonian grit. Lord Kimberley has been followed at the India Office by Mr. H. H. Fowler, whose Under-Secretary is Lord Reay. This is rather an anxious arrangement, as the name of Fowler carries no weight in the East, and Lord Reay is somewhat of a doctrinaire. However, Mr. Fowler showed himself a moderate-minded man over the Parish Councils Bill, and he ought to know something about finance, so it may turn out all right. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre goes to the Local Government Board, and is replaced at the Office of Works by Mr. Herbert Gladstone. Mr. George Russell has been transferred from the Under-Secretaryship for India to the equivalent post at the Home Office, where Mr. Asquith will be able to keep an eye upon him. The sudden death of Lord Tweedmouth inflicted a

damaging blow upon the new Ministry by removing his eldest son, Mr. Marjoribanks, from the House of Commons, where his services as Chief Whip have been sorely needed. He has been made Lord Privy Seal, and Mr. T. Ellis has succeeded, without replacing, him as Patronage Secretary—this has been done to conciliate Wales, and is regarded as a possible alternative to Welsh Disestablishment.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE MEETING.

Lord Rosebery took an early opportunity of assembling his Party at the Foreign Office, where he expounded the political situation. He began by a rather strained reference to Mr. Gladstone as "that sublime and pathetic presence that enriched and ennobled not merely the Treasury Bench but the House of Commons itself," and proceeded to explain that "there is no change in measures, only a most disastrous change in men," and that the present Cabinet "remain all pledged to the policy which he (Mr. Gladstone) laid down," and that the Irish question bound them "by every tie of honour and of policy." Lord Rosebery complained that his famous speech in the House of Lords on the Home Rule Bill had been much misunderstood—he did not disclose in what particulars—and referred to Mr. John Morley's presence in the Cabinet as a "significant pledge" of that Cabinet's policy. He concluded a bitter and hostile reference to the House of Lords by saying "we shall not lose sight of any measure that may force upon the country the grave peril in which that Second Chamber places us." The Premier ended with a spirited protest against the doctrine that "no Peers need apply" for the Premiership. The speech was a considerable disallusionment to those who expected Lord Rosebery to undertake a pilgrimage of moderation in which he would be joined by all the temperate politicians in the country. It was of service, however, in clearing the air, and in dissipating hopes which must have been disappointed —it extinguished the vapid talk which had been occasionally heard among the more near-sighted Liberal Unionists. Sir William Harcourt, who followed his new chief, dotted the i's and crossed the t's: he compared the retirement of Mr. Gladstone to the loss of Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar, and spoke of the survivors as an "undivided crew." He indignantly repudiated the suggestion that Home Rule or the "cause of temperance" were to be abandoned, and added "we have dropped nothing and mean to drop nothing." The meeting was altogether an eloquent tribute to the power of the Irish vote, and a candid recognition of the idleness of attempting any reconstruction of parties.

THE NEW SESSION.

On the same day as the meeting at the Foreign Office (17th March) the new Session was opened by a Speech from the Thorne, containing an unusually brief reference to foreign affairs. The paragraph about the

estimates omitted the common form "with due regard to economy," and promised "full and adequate provision for the defence of the Empire"; the rest of the Speech was aptly described by Lord Salisbury as the "Newcastle Programme as usual." It consisted of a lengthy citation of all-round legislation, appealing in turn to every section of the Ministerial Party; but as the Session is several weeks late in starting and finance will require unusually onerous discussion this year, no one takes this part of the Speech seriously. While every conceivable topic was alluded to, from Evicted Tenants to the Local Veto, there was no mention either of Home Rule or the House of Lords, but these had been dealt with at the Foreign Office earlier in the day, in a manner gratifying to the Irish Ministerials and the Radical Stalwarts. In the debate on the Address in the House of Lords, Lord Salisbury, who was in his best form, paid an obviously genuine tribute to Mr. Gladstone in these words:

"We, his opponents sitting in a House where we have not been subject to the glamour of his eloquence, can offer our passing tribute to the most brilliant intellect that has been placed at the service of the State since Parliamentary government began, and to the courage and resolution, and self-sacrifice and self-discipline, with which he has continued exertions on behalf of the convictions he has acquired to the latest period that has ever been granted to an English statesman."

This eulogy is quite free from exaggeration, and completely expresses, we believe, the attitude of the whole Unionist Party towards their foremost adversary. Lord Rosebery, in reply, ambitiously compared Mr. Gladstone to "some noble river that has gathered its colours from the various soils through which it has passed, but has preserved its identity unimpaired and gathered itself in one splendid volume before it breasts the eternal sea." The debate in the Upper House was altogether of a friendly character, and would have passed off without notice but for an admission of the Premier's.

LORD ROSEBERY'S "INDISCRETION."

Lord Salisbury, in the course of his speech, after demanding a Dissolution, proceeded in these words:

"Nobody believes that as long as England refuses Home Rule, Home Rule can be established in Ireland. On the other hand, everybody is aware that if England is willing to accept Home Rule the resistance of its antagonists will not prevail. I do not wish to hurt the national feelings of the noble earl at the head of the Government, and I freely admit that if Scotland had as strong an aversion to Home Rule as England has that would be a bar to its adoption; but, dealing with the matter as we stand, the opinion of England for or against is the deciding judge in this issue of Home Rule."

Lord Rosebery, while denying the right of the Lords to consult

the People upon the great issue between the two Houses, created quite a sensation by his frank recognition of England's rights:

"The noble marquis made one remark on the subject of Irish Home Rule with which I confess myself in entire accord. He said that before Irish Home Rule is conceded by the Imperial Parliament England, as the predominant member of the partnership of the three kingdoms, will have to be convinced of its justice. That may seem to be a considerable admission to make, because your lordships will know that the majority of English Members of Parliament, elected from England proper, are hostile to Home Rule."

The following morning we found ourselves very near another crisis: *The Times* pointed out that this admission "shattered the very basis" of the Prime Minister's policy and completely justified the House of Lords in rejecting Mr. Gladstone's Bill; the Irish Nationalists were greatly alarmed, and indignantly repudiated the doctrine of the "predominant partner." *The Westminster Gazette*, which is always equal to a dilemma, bravely treated Lord Rosebery as having enunciated the "truism" that some seats must be won in England—as there are no seats for the Party to win elsewhere—before there is a big enough majority to overawe the House of Lords! As this explanation has been greedily embraced by almost the entire Party, and after some days' reflection was swallowed by the Premier himself, it is, perhaps, hardly worth while pointing out that it is quite incompatible with the language actually used. In confessing himself "in entire accord" with Lord Salisbury that "England will have to be convinced of its justice" before Irish Home Rule is conceded, and in speaking of this as "a considerable admission to make because the majority of English Members of Parliament, elected from England proper, are hostile to Home Rule," Lord Rosebery cannot be honestly and intelligently held to have meant anything except England's right to veto dismemberment. At present England returns a majority of seventy Members against Home Rule; if that majority were reduced to fifty, twenty, or even ten, England could not be described as being "convinced of the justice of Home Rule" any more than the country could be described as being "convinced of the justice of the policy of the Opposition" if a General Election resulted in a Ministerial majority of five. We believe that the "indiscretion" was a perfectly honest expression of opinion, and the interpretation an afterthought prompted by subsequent events.

MR. LABOUCHERE'S REVENGE.

The first night's debate on the Address in the House of Commons was decorous and uneventful, but the following evening Mr. Labouchere had the unspeakable satisfaction of manipulating a successful intrigue against the "Peer-Premier." He moved an Amendment to the Address, "humbly praying" the Queen to exercise her prerogative

to deprive the House of Lords of its legislative functions—an arbitrary suggestion, highly characteristic of the modern Jacobin. In spite of its authorship, the debate dealt with a serious subject, and was expected to last for some hours; however, owing to the exceedingly bad management of the Treasury Whips and the very astute tactics of Mr. Labouchere, the discussion collapsed entirely in an hour, and the Amendment was carried against the Government by a majority of two (147-145) amid considerable excitement. The majority consisted of the renascent cave, numbering 79, and 70 Irish Nationalists smarting under the "indiscretion" or "truism." The minority was composed of 57 Gladstonians and 90 Unionists. This was, of course, a very discouraging opening to the new Ministry, and Members felt it could never have occurred under the leadership of the Old Parliamentary Hand. Precedents were searched, and it was ascertained that no Government had ever retained office after a defeat on the Address. Some enthusiasts thought that Lord Rosebery would follow the usage and throw up a disagreeable task, but the next day the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that the Government had decided to vote against the amended Address and move a new Address of their own framing. In this course they were supported by Mr. Balfour, who made much of the ludicrous predicament in which the Ministry found itself, and the amended Address was negatived without a Division and a less offensive document substituted in its place.

THE EDINBURGH SPEECH.

This series of crises increased the interest felt in Lord Rosebery's appearance in Edinburgh, which had been arranged for March 17th. There were still a certain number of confiding optimists who hoped that he might steer a central course, and ignore alike the "Celtic fringes" and the Saxon cave. The speech must have been agreeable to listen to; it was, of course, exceedingly clever from beginning to end, and the personal passages were as happy as possible,—*e.g.*, when the speaker referred to himself as "a lonely oligarch in an inaccessible House,"—but the serious political portions were characterized by an opportunism which has alarmed those who were inclined to regard Lord Rosebery as a robust and strenuous statesman. He adduced a pile of trumpery statistics to prove that he would have been guilty of an absurdity if he had meant what he said in the House of Lords as to England and Home Rule. He utilized the "indiscretion" to exhort his supporters to win seats in England in order that the opposition of the House of Lords and Ulster might be overcome. He described the Irish question as "an Imperial question which concerns other populations as much as Ireland," and announced—speaking "not as a Minister, but as a man"—that

"When we receive from Scotland that national demand which appears to be ripening so fast—a national demand for that local power of self-government which would cause the business of Scotland, so long neglected in England, to be settled in Scotland, I as a Minister shall not be standing to oppose you in the breach; and, if I am not a Minister, as a man I shall hope to be in the storming party."

This is a promise of Home Rule all round, strengthened by the suggestion that our colonies would be disposed to join a federation which not one of them has ever shown the slightest symptom of desiring. Proceeding to the question of Scotch Disestablishment, he gratified the extremists by declaring that "every manse, or nearly every manse, of the Established Church of Scotland is an agency for the Tory Party"; but went on to say that "a State, if it thinks well to do so, has just as much right to maintain an Established Church for its own purposes and its own interests as it has to establish a standing army or any other institution that it thinks right," and wound up in favour of disestablishment—and disendowment "for local, parochial, and beneficent purposes."

LORD ROSEBERY AND THE LORDS.

After promising support to the Miners' Eight Hours Bill, and getting into trouble with his audience in a reference to the navy, by speaking of "England strong in her navy," instead of Great Britain (which, after all, excludes Ireland), Lord Rosebery proceeded to criticize the House of Lords:

"I am a Second Chamber man. I believe in a Second Chamber if it be a good Second Chamber. What I complain of in the House of Lords is that during the tenure of one Government it is a Second Chamber of an inexorable kind, but while another Government is in it is no Second Chamber at all. Every workman in Scotland knows why the Employers' Liability Bill is not law to-day. Every workman in Scotland knows it and puts it down to its true cause; but I suspect every workman in Scotland also knows that, if the Employers' Liability Bill had been presented to the House of Lords by a Conservative Government, it would have passed on oiled castors without the slightest hitch and without the slightest difficulty. Therefore the result, the effect of the House of Lords as it at present stands is this, that in one case it acts as a court of appeal and a packed court of appeal against the Liberal Party, while in the other case, the case of a Conservative Government, it acts not as a Second Chamber at all. In the one case we have the two Chambers under a Liberal Government; under a Conservative Government we have a single Chamber. Therefore I say that we are face to face with a great difficulty, a great danger, a great peril to the State."

Second Chambers all over the world from their very nature have a Conservative leaning, and are open to the charge of tolerating legislation presented by a Conservative Government, which would be viewed more suspiciously if its authorship were Radical. This, however, is a very good argument for strengthening the Second Chamber by the infusion of a non-political element; it is no argument for swamping it with partisans or for abolishing it, imperfect as it may be; it in no way prepares the ground for the following

clap-trap, in which Lord Rosebery permitted himself to indulge:—

"I have been talking of remedies for many years past, constitutional remedies, remedies within the four walls of the Constitution. I have not been able to find them, for the simple reason that a Bill to be legal, whether as modifying or as going further with the House of Lords, must be passed through both Houses of Parliament before it constitutionally becomes law. But I leave that subject to your serious consideration. If it is to be dealt with by the present Government it can only be dealt with with the backing, and on the summons, and on the inspiration of a great popular feeling. Without that backing, without that inspiration, and without that summons we in this matter are absolutely impotent. We await your guidance and your direction, and when we have it we shall be prepared to take what measures you may inspire."

No leader has ever placed himself more unreservedly at the service of his "tail" than Lord Rosebery has done in this passage: he appears desirous to wash his hands of all initiative and guidance, which he light-heartedly delegates to Mr. Schnadhorst and the circulars. The tone of the speech throughout excites considerable misgivings and will detract from Lord Rosebery's prestige as a "safe" man—we are not quite prepared in this country for the autocracy of the Caucus.

THE INCREASE OF THE NAVY.

The statement in the Queen's Speech that the Estimates would be found to "make full and adequate provision for the defence of the Empire," foreshadowed a substantial addition to the navy. The First Lord of the Admiralty (Lord Spencer) issued the Navy Estimates on March 15th; they show that Sir William Harcourt, the Treasury, and the "Little Englanders," have been temporarily defeated. Last year the net estimate was £14,240,100, this year it is £17,366,100, or an increase of £3,126,000. Last year the total number of officers, seamen, boys, coastguards, and Royal Marines voted was 76,700; this year there are to be 83,400, or an addition of 6,700. The shipbuilding to be undertaken during the coming financial year under the New Programme consists of seven first-class battleships, six second-class cruisers, and two sloops. Of the battleships, however, only five are to be vigorously pushed forward this year. The new expenditure—according to Lord Spencer—forms part of a scheme extending over five years, which, however, is only to be revealed year by year; this suggests that there will be an annually recurring battle between the Admiralty and the Treasury—this year the latter is to be freely bled, but occasionally the former may be pinched. It will be observed that there is no extra provision for first-class cruisers. Our efforts must also be examined by the light of the recent Admiralty return exhibiting "the battleships and cruisers built, building, and preparing to build" by England and other Powers. This important document shows that France and Russia combined had twenty-eight first-class battleships to our twenty-two in the same category: the seven new ships will make

is twenty-nine against twenty-eight—vulgarly speaking, we have "seen" their twenty-eight first-class battleships and "raised them" one. It is a desperate contest, but we must insure ourselves against starvation and bankruptcy. How far this balance of one constitutes such an insurance we leave experts to decide, while we congratulate the Government on responding to the pressure organized by the splendid ability of *The Times*.

THE INDIAN COTTON DUTIES.

A great commotion has been raised over the question as to whether India is to be allowed to reimpose a 5 per cent. duty upon cotton imports. The Indian Government has not proposed to apply this as a protective duty, but merely as a fiscal expedient to raise money to meet an alarming deficit of some fifteen million rupees. Lord Kimberley who is one of the most judicious of the present Cabinet Ministers, before he quitted the India Office declined to consent to the reimposition of the duty, but while reassuring a panic-stricken deputation from Lancashire which had hastened to him in alarm, he admitted "that there is one unceasing outcry against the repeal of the duties" on the part of the native Press in India. He might indeed, have said that the unanimous opinion of all India, whether native or European, official or non-official, is in favour of the tax. The most Conservative and loyal native functionaries have declared themselves at public meetings strongly against the Imperial veto. Now, we all know that the Home Government would not attempt to interfere with any duties imposed by Canada or Australia, and that high protective tariffs are now in force in these countries. India, however, is considered weak and may be safely bullied, in the interest of Ministerial seats in Lancashire. It is impossible to conceive a meaner ground than this English vote-catching upon which to rest an Imperial policy. And apart from the morality of the question it seems to be so unnecessary: for the injury to Manchester goods would be *nil*, as is well shown in a letter published in *The Times* of March 23rd, signed Robert H. Elliot, in which there are also a whole series of arguments in favour of the duty. Mr. S. Lang's letter in the same issue is also emphatic for the duty, and he speaks with the authority of a former finance Minister of India. England will disgrace herself in native estimation and lose her moral hold on India if she does not give way. Mr. Fowler has a rare opportunity now of justifying his appointment and of confounding his detractors.

THE GAMBIA EXPEDITION.

News came at the commencement of the month of a serious reverse which a British naval force had sustained in an expedition on the Gambia, on the West Coast of Africa. In reality, a naval force ought not to have

been used at all in that broiling climate. It would have been far better to have waited for the arrival of West India troops, who are acclimatized and experienced in such operations. The expedition was undertaken against a slave-hunting chief named Fodi Silah. The landing party consisted of 200 officers and men belonging to H.M.S. *Raleigh*, *Widgeon*, and *Magpie*, and was at first successful. It marched inland, dispersed the natives, and destroyed two stockaded villages. On their return, however, when about to embark, the force was attacked by a large number of natives, who poured a heavy fire on them from adjacent cover. The first lieutenant of the *Raleigh* was killed, as also two other lieutenants and ten men; five officers and forty men were wounded, a field gun was lost, and 6,000 rounds of ammunition. Altogether it was a disastrous affair. It was, however, soon retrieved, reinforcements being sent in the shape of West India troops and another naval force. The natives defended themselves well, and occasionally poured in a deadly fire upon their assailants; but the machine gun was plied with irresistible effect. Fodi Silah's position was carried, and he was driven, as a fugitive, to take refuge in French territory. Gambia is in shape the oblong frame of some 200 miles of the Gambia river, situated on the extreme western coast of Africa: it is surrounded by French territory. The French have been friendly to the British expedition because Fodi Silah was a common enemy, and had probably kidnapped more French native subjects than English. He is not likely, therefore, to be assisted. He was a chief of considerable power, but it was impossible to come to terms with him.

BLACKS TO PROTECT BLACKS.

The real object of this expedition was to protect the Blacks. There need not, however, have been such a sacrifice of the English for this purpose, and Bluejackets are not equipped or trained for fighting in the African bush. *The Spectator* suggests that an African Legion, which need not exceed four or five thousand men, should be formed, to be composed of the best fighting Blacks we have in our dominions. The Zulus would not do, because they are demoralized on foreign service by an unconquerable home sickness. Some of the Haussa tribe from the Middle Niger, who now furnish the police force at Sierra Leone, would be a better source to tap. This African Legion would be officered and trained in just the same way as the present West India regiments are, and be liable for service in any part of Africa where troubles broke out. Their chief mission would be, under British guidance, to protect the Black from that barbarism and slavery which entails more misery than is possible in the lowest form of white civilization, and which it requires an anarchical philosopher to appreciate.

ANNEXATION OF PONDOLAND.

This territory, hitherto a Protectorate, and declared to be the Switzerland of South Africa, has been annexed by the Cape Government. The Cape Colony in greater part surrounded it, and Natal adjoins it on the eastern side. There has been considerable conflict and jealousy between the two Colonies in regard to Pondoland. Natal has always been anxious to annex Eastern Pondoland. But Sir Bartle Frere's policy, and the successful conflicts which the Cape Government waged with turbulent chiefs on the western side, gradually secured its paramount influence. Sigcau, the nominal chief of Pondoland, seems to have been used as the instrument of annexation; his claim to the succession of territory on the death of a chief was sustained six years ago against the claim of the Natal Government. A condition of the annexation now is that Sigcau shall cede the whole of Pondoland—a condition which seems rather unfair to Natal.

UGANDA AND UNYORO.

News travels slowly from the interior of Africa, and it has only just become known to us that on December 13th Colonel Colville, the English administrator of Uganda, had declared war against Kabba Rega, the powerful King of Unyoro, that vast country which lies between Uganda and Lake Albert Nyanza. This tyrant, who reigns over many "nations," has always shown, with unerring instinct, an implacable hostility to Europeans: he has become alarmed at the submission of Uganda to the British, and at the spectacle of the peace and improvement which have commenced under British protection. Captain Lugard towards the end of his book calls attention to the strides which have been made during the last ten years in Uganda, and recalls how Captain Speke related that human life in his day "was of less account than the life of cattle," and quotes other travellers upon the ghastly occurrences due to the caprice of a king. Kabba Rega has been preparing for some time to reclaim the people of Uganda from the encroachments of civilization, and has collected his forces: Colonel Colville has probably sufficient resources to deal with him, and it is not likely that the people of Uganda will desire to pass back into slavery.

A MAGNIFIED MINUTE.

Mr. A. G. V. Peel, who is a junior clerk in the Treasury, and a son of the Speaker, was deputed last year to write a paper on the Australian Banking Crisis, partly for the information of his immediate superior, Mr. Hamilton, and partly to exercise his own efficiency. It was of course a purely departmental affair and was never intended for publication; it was printed according to the extravagant practice of the Treasury and unluckily found its way to Sydney, where it

was regarded as a State Paper. Those who have seen it describe it as an able essay, indicating considerable promise in its author. When it reached the Premier of New South Wales, Sir George Dibbs, he telegraphed wildly to London, and the Treasury thought they had pacified him by explaining that it was not an official document. However, he caused a rejoinder to be solemnly laid before the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, in which Mr. Peel is treated as the spokesman of the British Government, and his strictures catagorically replied to. This reply was published on the following day in the principal colonial newspapers, and a large number of copies are said to have been forwarded to this country for circulation. Sir George Dibbs has certainly made a very fine mountain out of an insignificant molehill, and we hope his fellow-countrymen are not unable to join the laugh against him.

LORD DUFFERIN.

The foreign outlook is quieter than it has been for some months, and this tranquillity will probably be augmented by the *rapprochement* between Russia and Germany over the commercial treaty, as well as by our maintenance of the Navy. Lord Dufferin made one of his forbearing little speeches in the early days of March at a dinner given by the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris. He pointed out that although we have our little difficulties with France, peace has reigned for seventy years between us, and he suggested that the increasing intercourse between the two countries would prevent the occasional friction from becoming serious. The intercourse seems to us to be so purely superficial in the absence of mutual appreciation, while French chauvinism is prepared to work the "jars" for all they are worth. However, Lord Dufferin's soothing assurances are not to be ignored, and his deliberate panegyric of the Emperor of Russia—against whom the French Press is wont to accuse him of plotting—as an ardent lover of peace seems to have made a considerable impression on the Continent, and has certainly facilitated his own position in Paris.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

THE Emperor of Germany has had his way and the Commercial Treaty has been ratified between Russia and Germany. The Imperial Diet accepted the treaty by a large majority. The effect of the treaty must be beneficial to both countries. Not only in the way of reviving trade and promoting prosperity, but also because it marks a readjustment of the European situation in a manner favourable to peace. It damps the ardour of a Franco-Russian *entente*, and will encourage a peaceful spirit in France. It shows that the Tsar is as anxious as anyone can be to maintain the tranquillity of Europe, and that friendship with Germany is appreciated. The German Emperor

has responded in a similar spirit. He has exercised the whole of his influence on behalf of the Treaty of Peace, as it deserves to be called, and on attending a banquet at the Russian Embassy in Berlin on the 17th toasted his "dear friend Tsar Alexander of Russia." Another favourable omen for the peace of mankind is that Austria is following in the wake of Germany and is negotiating a treaty with Russia. The curse of Home Rule in Austria renders negotiation and ratification of this treaty much more difficult. Austro-Hungary is a double-headed government and each clause of the treaty has to be approved by Hungary as well as by Austria. On this account negotiations have lagged.

THE NEW SPIRIT.

A very interesting scene took place in the French Chamber at the commencement of the month. A "New Spirit" upon religious questions was announced by the Government of the Republic: it seems to have been time. It appears that there is a Socialist Mayor of St. Denis dressed in "a little brief authority" who has availed himself of his position to put an end to all public manifestations of religion. Accordingly he has prohibited the display in the streets of any religious emblem. The effect of this was to prevent even a cross being placed on a coffin. A Deputy in the Chamber called attention to this odious oppression, and wished to know whether the Government sanctioned it. M. Spuller was the responsible Minister on the question. He is a Freethinker and strong Republican, for many years Gambetta's right-hand man, and Editor of *La République Française;* but he is not fanatical, and has been educated by official responsibility and experience. His reply was almost startling, coming from a Republican stalwart. He said the Mayor had been tyrannically wrong in forbidding the display of religious emblems, and then he delivered himself thus:—

"In these religious quarrels a paramount principle must govern us—the principle of tolerance—the veritable spirit of tolerance, enlightened and humane, which is inspired not only by liberalism of ideas, but by warmth of heart. It is time to do battle against all fanaticisms and all sectarianism. The Chamber may count on the vigilance of the Government to maintain the rights of the laity, but also on the new spirit which animates it, and which has for its object to conciliate all citizens."

These words were uttered amid the murmurs of the Left and cries of *traître*. The austere Brisson mounted the tribune and asked Monsieur Spuller to explain what he meant by this "New Spirit."

M. Spuller was not to be intimidated, he replied:—

"It is not necessary to abandon any of the rights and traditions of secular and civil society; but it is necessary that a new spirit should animate the democracy and those who represent it, instead of carrying on a paltry, vexatious, worrying war"——

"Whom do you accuse of having waged this war?" cried M. Goblet.

"I accuse myself for my part of it," replied M. Spuller, "and when I am asked to explain myself as to the new spirit I feel in no way embarrassed. It is important that the Church shall not be able to pretend that it is hunted down, excluded, kept outside the social life of this country. That, I say, is no longer possible." To this Monsieur Brisson's retort was that the definition given was merely "an act of contrition for the past," and he moved that the Chamber persist in the Anti-Clerical principles which have always inspired the Republican policy." Thereupon the Prime Minister, Monsieur Casimir-Perier, intervened, saying that he adopted the new policy, and, "After years of effort, has not the moment come to affirm that in the combat waged between religious authority and the laic power, the laic power has won the victory? Is it not time to affirm that the era of real war is past, and is it not wise to say that it would be absolutely puerile, ridiculous, and unworthy of the Republic to undertake a petty war of paltry annoyances? When we are called upon to safeguard the interests of the State, to ensure the execution of the decisions of the Municipal Authorities, we shall see that they are respected. But when we are asked if it is permissible at St. Denis, or elsewhere, for a mother or a widow to carry a cross to a grave—we reply that the State has here a right to protect. We are a Government which means to govern."

We have given an abstract of this debate because it almost marks a new era in French politics. Protection from aggressive atheism is needed far more in France than protection from religious persecution, and the Government of Mons. Casimir-Perier deserves credit for its attitude of firmness.

THE MADELEINE BOMB.

The report of a bomb explosion has become a monthly item of our chronicle. We commenced this year with the hideous crime in the Barcelona Theatre, then followed the explosion in the French Chamber, after which came the one at the Café of the Terminus Hotel, then the Greenwich outrage. We have now to report an attempt, as diabolical as any of the preceding, to blow up an innocent congregation collected in a church. Fortunately in this case the attempt at the Madeleine was frustrated by an act of poetic justice: the miscreant having been destroyed by his own bomb. He turned out to be an anarchist named Pawels, a Belgian. He was a friend of Vaillant and Emile Henry, and a frequent speaker at anarchist meetings, being known as the "Apostle." He had worked under Paul Reclus in a soda factory near Nancy. He seems to have been of the usual type of hardened criminal. His wife has been interviewed and said he drank absinthe from morning to night, ill-used her, and urged her to immorality to obtain money; and threatened to murder her if she allowed her little girl to go to catechism. It is reported that in his boyhood he tried to murder his mother, who, however, would not prosecute him. This was the anarchical instrument for the regeneration of society under the patronage of the Reclus family and Monsieur Jean Grave, author of *La Société mourante et l'Anarchie.* Every act on the part of anarchy renders it abhorrent to mankind and has the reverse of its intended effect:

it consolidates and strengthens authority. It should be perhaps a compliment to our nationality that so far no Britisher has committed one of these atrocities.

THE BRAZILIAN CIVIL WAR.

The Brazilian fleet has ceased to bombard the Brazilian capital. This is something. The appearance of a newly improvised fleet obtained by Marshal Peixoto from the United States, off the mouth of Rio Harbour, on the 10th inst., produced the collapse of the Naval Insurrection. This new fleet prepared to co-operate with the forts and the latter opened fire on Tuesday, 13th, but no reply was made: the insurgents had exhausted their ammunition and provisions and surrendered. Their officers took refuge on board the foreign men-of-war—French and Portuguese. The rebel Admiral—da Gama—got on board a Portuguese man-of-war. It is not surprising that he wants to "get away to Europe"; but Marshal Peixoto demands his surrender, as well as that of the other insurgent officers, in order that they may be tried before "the ordinary tribunal." It is unlikely they will be given up. Men-of-war which happen to be present at a seaport during a civil war possess the peculiar privilege of offering an inviolable refuge to defeated insurgents, the theory being that the ships are merely detached pieces of the territory of the country to which they belong. We remember the decks of an English man-of-war at Malaga being crowded with fugitives during a night of insurrection. The next morning they were all taken to Gibraltar in face of the baffled authorities. Certainly no two officers ever more richly merited capital punishment that Admirals de Mello and da Gama. It is impossible to conceive a higher treason to the nation than was committed by these men when they availed themselves of their high position and influence to induce subordinates—disciplined to obey them—to turn the guns of the fleet upon the capital, and without the sole justification (according to J. S. Mill) of insurrection—a prospect of success. Those who undertake to head an insurrection should suffer the full penalty of defeat. They can only expiate their error by death, and thus serve as the needful warning to prevent others from bringing similar disasters on their country. Admiral de Mello, for some inexplicable reason, had left Rio, and gone elsewhere to co-operate with some land forces.

THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES STEPHEN.

We have to record the death of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. His age was barely sixty-five, but he had been already retired for some time on account of ill-health. He first came into notice in connection with the prosecution of the Rev. Roland Williams for heresy. His defence is a monument of speculative ability,

G.W.R.

learning, and massive argument: the subject was perhaps as grateful to him as the Aryan heresy was to Gibbon. His next mark was the publication of an important text-book, *A General View of the Criminal Law*. In 1869 he went out to India as legal member of the Legislative Council, where he worked strenuously at the codification of law. On his return to England he devoted himself to drafting a Bill for the codification of the English law of evidence. There was much labour and talent wasted on this ungrateful task, for the Bill was dropped. Sir James Stephen deserved a wider field than is offered in the small pedantic legal world. His instinct informed him of this when he tried twice to get into Parliament: he was too uncompromising to succeed in these attempts. The man who would not open a museum on Sunday blocked the way to what would have been in all probability a fruitful career. Literature and Journalism were the only fields which remained open to him. His chivalry of nature was shown in the publication of two volumes on the trial of Nuncomar to vindicate the character of Sir Elijah Impey from Macaulay's aspersions. His chief book, called *Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity*, commanded much attention: it was closely reasoned, adorned with great wealth of illustration, and admirably written; but it was of too controversial a nature to be popular. His widest influence was obtained through his contributions to the Press: his journalistic style was forcible and attractive, and every utterance worthy of a man whose doctrine was "Act for the best, hope for the best, and take what comes."

"Social Evolution."

Under the formidable title of *Social Evolution* (published by Macmillan), Mr. Benjamin Kidd has produced a book which has been greeted with something like enthusiasm by those who have met with it. The writer is, we believe, unknown to the world of letters, but he has equipped himself for his office of philosopher by wide reading and strenuous thinking. He boldly sets himself to tackle some of the toughest problems of our time. We have no space for a review, or even for an epitome of the author's argument, which does not lend itself to compression, and is well worth mastering in its entirety. He opens with a survey of some of the leading social phenomena of the present day, such as the political enfranchisement and education of the people, the brilliant triumphs of Science over matter "while the Nemesis of poverty still sits like a hollow-eyed spectre at the feast," the development of Socialism into a Religion, the organization of Society into huge menacing battalions, the steady reaction in favour of Religion, against which Science has had its barren fling. Western civilization is groping about for some guidance to these and other problems, while the economists and men of science stand

impotently by, unable to discover a governing principle or even to suggest a clue. The author points out that "the biologist, whose crowning work in the century has been the establishment of order and law in the lower branches of his subject, has carried us up to human society and there left us without a guide"; he invokes the application of the Darwinian method to the social organism, and the rest of the book is an exceedingly interesting and striking attempt to extend and apply the doctrine of evolution with its inexorable law of progress—based on the principle of selection and rejection—to human society. It is the work of an original, thoughtful, and suggestive mind, and is written in clear and confident language. It harmonises with prevalent thoughts and feelings, and owing to the comfort it conveys to various schools of thought, it is not unlikely to meet with considerable acquiescence. Mr. Kidd has made a remarkable literary *début*.

"A Policy of Free Exchange."

Another literary episode of the month has been the opportune appearance of a collection of essays edited by Mr. T. Mackay, whose former volume *A Plea for Liberty* has excited much interest during the last few years. The present venture (*A Policy of Free Exchange*, published by John Murray) consists of nine essays upon economic subjects contributed by H. D. Macleod, William Maitland, St. Loe Strachey, the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, Wynnard Hooper, W. M. Acworth, T. Mackay, Bernard Mallet, and the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton. Much of the book—which may be fairly described as an exposition of Cobdenite principles brought up to date—deals vigorously with highly controversial matters, but Mr. Mallet, in his thoughtful and unbiassed examination of the Principle of Progression in Taxation, as well as Mr. Lyttelton, in his lucid presentation of the Law of Trade Combination, expressly assume the position of *Amici Curiæ* who are willing to inform the tribunal, as represented by their fellow essayists, without associating themselves with its decisions. The weightiest article, which is written by Mr. Mackay under the title "The Interest of the Working-classes in Free Exchange" is designed to show that the working-classes have everything to lose by the trammels with which modern legislation is seeking to encumber production, and everything to gain by the adoption of a policy of free exchange which "is capable of becoming to labour what a right of free mintage is to bullion—viz., a certain guarantee of employment and wages." Mr. Maitland's forecast of the adoption of Free Trade by the United States, Mr. St. Loe Strachey's account of the *Ateliers Nationaux* in Paris in 1848, and Mr. Fortescue's indictment of State Socialism in the Australian Colonies will all be read with interest by serious students of public events. The principle of Free Exchange may, of course, be carried too far (*e.g.*, it

is hostile to all Factory Acts), but in these days when the practical politicians on both sides have made up their minds to embark on experimental socialistic legislation, and without perhaps a very clear idea as to the ultimate goal, we ought to be grateful to a group of "Old Radicals" for their able exposition of the deserted creed.

"SWEAR STRONG AND SAVE THE BOSS."

It is advisable that those who desire to Americanize our politics should turn up *The Times* of March 2nd (p. 13), which contains a most instructive biography of a Political Boss in the United States. After a triumphant career, in which he appears to have appointed three successive Presidents of the Great Republic by a shameless system of bribery and coercion, this man, "Boss M'Kane," eventually aroused the wrath of New York over the election of a Judge of the highest Court in the State. His nominee was a man openly accused of felony: this was too much, even for the phlegmatic respectability of New York; they formed an organization, and fourteen well-known men were appointed under the election law, and despatched as "watchers," or inspectors, to Gravesend, the heart of M'Kane's territory. We must leave the correspondent of *The Times* to continue the story:

"The coming of this committee was telegraphed from New York to M'Kane, and, when the fourteen prominent and wealthy citizens arrived at Gravesend, by M'Kane's order they were at once arrested as 'vagrants' and thrown into prison. On the next morning they were set free, but then M'Kane refused to let them come within a hundred yards of any polling booth, his paid roughs threatening to 'pound the life' out of any one who violated this order of the 'Boss.' This action of M'Kane's being reported to the county committee, they went before the Supreme Court and obtained an injunction restraining M'Kane from keeping the watchers from the polls. This order of the High Court was sent down to Gravesend in the hands of a well-known clergyman. M'Kane, however, had heard of the Court order, and received the name of the man who was bringing it down; and, with a crowd of his roughs, he occupied the platform of the railway station when the train arrived. The clergyman, when confronted by the great 'political boss,' told him he had an order of the Court, an injunction, and tried to read it to him. 'Injunction don't go down here. You and the Court be d——d!' exclaimed this autocrat of 6,000 votes, and then his roughs set upon the clergyman and gave him a terrible beating."

This, however, was his last outrage. He was arrested, prosecuted, convicted, and sentenced to six years' imprisonment for his accumulated crimes. His friends tried very hard to save him by perjury—one witness, a policeman, admitted that he regarded it as his duty to "swear strong and save the Boss."

FORESIGHT AND PATIENCE.

Sprung of the father blood, the mother brain,
Are they who point our pathway and sustain.
They rarely meet; one soars, one walks retired.
When they do meet, it is our earth inspired.

To see Life's formless offspring and subdue
Desire of times unripe, we have these two,
Whose union is right reason: join they hands,
The world shall know itself and where it stands;
What cowering angel and what upright beast
Make man, behold, nor count the low the least,
Nor less the stars have round it than its flowers.
When these two meet, a point of time is ours.

As in a land of waterfalls, that flow
Smooth for the leap on their great voice below,
Some eddies near the brink borne swift along,
Will capture hearing with the liquid song,
So, while the headlong world's imperious force
Resounded under, heard I these discourse.

First words, where down my woodland walk she led,
To her blind sister Patience, Foresight said:

—Your faith in me appals, to shake my own,
When still I find you in this mire alone.

—The few steps taken at a funeral pace
By men had slain me but for those you trace.

—Look I once back, a broken pinion I:
Black as the rebel angels rained from sky!

—Needs must you drink of me while here you live,
And make me rich in feeling I can give.

—A brave To-be is dawn upon my brow :
Yet must I read my sister for the How.
My daisy better knows her God of beams
Than doth an eagle that to mount him seems.
She hath the secret never fieriest reach
Of wing shall master, till men hear her teach.

—Liker the clod flaked by the driving plough,
My semblance when I have you not as now.
The quiet creatures who escape mishap
Bear likeness to pure growths of the green sap :
A picture of the settled peace desired
By cowards shunning strife or strivers tired.
I listen at their breasts : is there no jar
Of wrestlings and of stranglings, dead they are,
And such a picture as the piercing mind
Ranks beneath vegetation. Not resigned
Are my true pupils while the world is brute.
What edict of the stronger keeps me mute,
Stronger impels the motion of my heart.
I am not Resignation's counterpart.
If that I teach, 'tis little the dry word,
Content, but how to savour hope deferred.
We come of earth, and rich of earth may be ;
Soon carrion if very earth are we !
The coursing veins, the constant breath, the use
Of sleep, declare that strife allows short truce ;
Unless we clasp decay, accept defeat,
And pass despised ; " a-cold for lack of heat,"
Like other corpses, but without death's plea.

—My sister calls for battle ; is it she ?

—Rather a world of pressing men in arms,
Than stagnant, where the sensual piper charms

Each drowsy malady and coiling vice
With dreams of ease whereof the soul pays price!
Their banner flying sings of generous wealth;
'Tis their fresh Youth, that offers life for health:—
Truth's brawny brother! he persuading Truth,
For service done, to lend her eyes to Youth.
No home is here for peace while evil breeds,
While error governs, none; and must the seeds
You sow, you that for long have reaped disdain,
Lie barren at the doorway of the brain,
Let stout contention drive deep furrows, blood
Moisten, and make new channels of its flood!

—My sober little maid, when we meet first,
Drinks of me ever with an eager thirst.
So can I not of her till circumstance
Drugs cravings. Here we see how men advance
A doubtful foot, but circle if much stirred,
Like dead weeds on whipped waters. Shout the word
Prompting their hungers, and they grandly march,
As to band-music under Victory's arch.
Thus was it, and thus is it; save that then
The beauty of frank animals had men.

—Observe them, and down rearward for a term,
Gaze to the primal twistings of the worm.
Thence look this way, across the fields that show
Men's early form of speech for Yes and No.
My sister a bruised infant's utterance had;
And issuing stronger, to mankind 'twas mad.
I knew my home where I had choice to feel
The toad beneath a harrow or a heel.

—Speak of this age.

—When you it shall discern
Bright as you are, to me the Age will turn.

—For neither of us has it any care;
Its learning is through Science to despair.

—Despair lies down and grovels, grapples not
With evil, casts the burden of its lot,
This Age climbs earth.

—To challenge heaven.

—Not less
—The lower deeps. It laughs at Happiness!
That know I, though the echoes of it wail,
For one step upward on the crags you scale.
Brave is the Age wherein the word will rust,
Which means our soul asleep or body's lust,
Until from warmth of many breasts, that beat
A temperate common music, sunlike heat
The happiness not predatory sheds!

—But your fierce Yes and No of butting heads,
Now rages to outdo a horny Past.
Shades of a wild Destroyer on the vast
Are thrown by every novel light upraised.
The world's whole round smokes ominously, amazed
And trembling as its pregnant Ætna swells.
Combustibles on hot combustibles
Run piling, for one spark to roll in fire
The mountain-torrent of infernal ire
And leave the track of devils where men built.
Perceptive of a doom, the sinner's guilt
Confesses in a cry for help shrill loud,
If drops the chillness of a passing cloud,
To conscience, reason, human love; in vain:
None save they but the souls which them contain.
No extramural God, the God within
Alone gives aid to city charged with sin.
A world that for the spur of fool and knave,
Sweats in its laboratory, what shall save?
But men who ply their wits in such a school,
Must pray the mercy of the knave and fool.

—Much have I studied hard Necessity!
To know her Wisdom's mother, and that we
May deem the harshness of her later cries
In labour a sure goad to prick the wise,
If men among the warnings which convulse,
Can gravely dread without the craven's pulse.
Long ere the rising of this Age of ours,
The knave and fool were stamped as monstrous Powers.
Of human lusts and lassitudes they spring,
And are as lasting as the parent thing.
Yet numbering locust hosts, bent they to drill,
They might o'ermatch and have mankind at will.
Behold such army gathering: ours the spur,
No scattered foe to face, but Lucifer.
Not fool or knave is now the enemy
O'ershadowing men, 'tis Folly, Knavery!
A sea; nor stays that sea the bastioned beach.
Now must the brother soul alive in each,
His traitorous individual devildom
Hold subject lest the grand destruction come.
Dimly men see it menacing apace
To overthrow, perchance uproot the race.
Within, without, they are a field of tares:
Fruitfuller for them when the contest squares!
And wherefore warrior service they must yield,
Shines visible as life on either field.
That is my comfort, following shock on shock,
Which sets faith quaking on their firmest rock.
Since with his weapons, all the arms of Night,
Frail men have challenged Lucifer to fight,
Have matched in hostile ranks, enrolled, erect,
The human and Satanic intellect,
Determined for their uses to control
What forces on the earth and under roll,
Their granite rock runs igneous; now they stand
Pledged to the heavens for safety of their land.
They cannot learn save grossly, gross that are:
Through fear they learn whose aid is good in war.

—My sister, as I read them in my glass,
Their field of tares they take for pasture grass.
How waken them that have not any bent
Save browsing—the concrete indifferent!
Friend Lucifer supplies them solid stuff:
They fear not for the race when full the trough.
They have much fear of giving up the ghost;
And these are of mankind the unnumbered host.

—If I could see with you, and did not faint
In beating wing, the future I would paint.
Those massed indifferents will learn to quake:
Now meanwhile is another mass awake,
Once denser than the grunters of the sty.
If I could see with you! Could I but fly!

—Your toilers toil as ever: to one end,
The central, their prime starting point, they tend.

—That language formerly effective rang.
In irony I like more tenuous twang.

—The length of days that you with them have housed,
An outcast else, approves their cause espoused.

—O true, they have a cause, and woe for us,
While still they have a cause too piteous!
Yet, happy for us when, their cause defined,
They walk no longer with a stumbler blind,
And quicken in the virtue of their cause,
To think me a poor mouther of old saws!
I wait the issue of a battling Age;
The toilers with your "troughsters" now engage;
Instructing them through their acutest sense,
How close the dangers of indifference!
Already have my people shown their worth,
More love they light, which folds the love of Earth.
That love to love of labour leads; thence love
Of humankind—earth's incense flung above.

—Admit some other features: Faithless, mean;
Encased in matter; vowed to Gods obscene;
Contemptuous of the impalpable, it swells
On Doubt; for pastime swallows miracles;
Is prompt to chase the scut of mad surmise;
While, vowed to the credulity of eyes,
In mind 'tis furnished with the boring mole's;
Has windy yearnings, which it calls the soul's;
And if I bid it face what *I* observe,
Declares me hoodwinked by my optic nerve!

—Oft has your prophet, for reward of toil,
Seen nests of seeming cockatrices coil:
Disowned them as the unholiest of Time,
Which were his offspring, born of flame on slime.
Nor him, their sire, have known the filial fry:
As little as Time's earliest knew the sky.
Perchance among them shoots a lustrous flame
At intervals, in proof of whom they came.
To strengthen our foundations is the task
Of this tough Age; not in your beams to bask,
Though, lighted by your beams, down mining caves
The rock it blasts, the hoarded foulness braves.

—I see it as a motley form that plays
God's Jester snared to thread a Pagan maze.
Or, if you will, the limping Momus crowned
With nettle-bells in Christian burial-ground.

—All faces under sun have shadow-sides;
In the full shade more equal hue abides,
A poet says. The thing it is, you sum
When History writes, with all its actors dumb.
Her fairest Age that out of dust we rake,
Would greet you with derision or the stake.
But this accepts you, though men listen less
Than hum your aria for its witchingness;
And hold the admonitions it contains,

As inharmonious bass to heavenly strains ;
Or of some songful child a vixen nurse.
They hear with languid senses, not perverse.
My sister sees no round beyond her mood ;
To hawk this Age has dressed her head in hood.
Out of the course of ancient ruts and grooves
It moves : O much for me to say it moves !
The weak are strengthened and the torpid stir.

G.W.R.
MECHANICS
INSTITUTION,
NEW SWINDON.

—Bubbles the mud, and blossoms top the burr !
Now giants are the atoms armed with sparks.
Aspiring hedgehogs, suicidal larks,
Show us the stale ways quitted for the fresh ;
The voluble are lords, hailed King is Flesh.
Specific Doctors drumming in his place,
A banished Devil views with sly grimace ;
Spies the grain meagre, plenteous heap the chaff ;
Immense machinery rouse the stomach-laugh ;
Obedient echoes leap to bear reply,
And tainted of their burden whining die.
By gastric ardours goaded past his needs,
The shark for Pleasure shivers while he feeds.
Perdition has him in his appetites,
The nostrum-mongers in his recreant frights.
Whate'er his act,—Silenus, scourging friar,—
Instant the secondary hounds the prior.
He hugs the hair-shirt and he shuns a crease ;
Tempts him the starveling, tortures him obese ;
Insanely a lost sanity pursues ;
'Twixt interdict and drug Hygeia woos ;
Enjoyment claims as creditor, else thief ;
Drinks impious wine, despatches haunted beef !
What conscience the tormented wretch meanwhile
Allies to Life, behold in jets of bile !
But can my thoughtful sister verily hope
Of days when moles are guides and seers grope ?—
These crooked to excavations in the pits,

Those heading by the grace of eyeless wits:
Around them shades of History cast before
From quills that men must fence or kiss the floor!

—Beneath the surface your ephemerals reave,
Enough for me to feel my people heave.
Heaved they eruptive at volcano-pitch,
Less shamed were earth than by those wallowing rich!
About his Æthiop Highlands Nile is Nile,
Though not the stream of the paternal smile:
And where his tide of nourishment he drives,
An Abyssinian wantonness revives.
Calm as his lotus-leaf to-day he swims;
He is the yellow crops, the rounded limbs,
The Past yet flowing, the fair time that fills;
Breath of all mouths and grist of many mills.
To-morrow, warning none with tempest-showers,
He is the vast Insensate who devours
His golden promise over leagues of seed,
Then sits in a smooth lake upon the deed.
The races which on barbarous force begin,
Inherit onward of their origin,
And cancelled blessings will the current length
Reveal till they know need of shaping strength.
'Tis not in men to recognize the need
Before they clash in hosts, in hosts they bleed.
Then may sharp suffering their nature grind;
Of rabble passions grow the chieftain Mind.
Yet mark where still broad Nile boasts thousands fed.
For tens up the safe mountains at his head.
Few would he feed, not far his course prolong,
Save for the troublous blood which makes him strong.

—That rings of truth! More do your people thrive;
Your Many are more merrily alive
Than erewhile when I gloried in the page
Of radiant singer and anointed sage.
Greece was my lamp: burnt out for lack of oil

Rome, Python Rome, prey of its robber spoil!
All structures built upon a narrow space
Must fall, from having not your hosts for base.
O thrice must one be you, to see them shift
Along their desert flats, here dash, there drift;
With faith, that of privations and spilt blood,
Comes Reason armed to clear or bank the flood!
And thrice must one be you, to wait release
From duress in the swamp of their increase.
At which oppressive scene, beyond arrest,
A darkness not with stars of heaven dressed,
Philosophers behold; desponding view
Your Many nourished, starved my brilliant few;
Then flinging heels, as charioteers the reins,
Dive down the fumy Ætna of their brains.
Belated vessels on a rising sea,
They seem: they pass!

—But not Philosophy!

—Ay, be we faithful to ourselves: despise
Nought but the coward in us! That way lies
The wisdom making passage through our slough.
Am I not heard, my head to Earth shall bow;
Like her, shall wait to see, and seeing wait.
Philosophy is Life's one match for Fate.
'Tis ours to reach, to touch; but is it feigned
Our own—as in our shifty breasts contained—
Surer than drunken helmsman will it wreck!
Soured, on our firmament we spy a fleck!
That photosphere of our high fountain One,
Our spirit's Lord and Reason's fostering sun,
Philosophy, shall light us in the shade,
Warm in the frost, make Good our aim and aid.
Companioned by the sweetest, ay renewed,
Unconquerable, whose aim for aid is Good!
Advantage to the Many: that we name
God's voice; have there the surety in our aim.

This thought unto my sister do I owe,
And irony and satire off me throw.
They crack a childish whip, drive puny herds,
Where numbers crave their sustenance in words.
Now let the perils thicken: clearer seen,
Your Chieftain Mind mounts over them serene!
Who never yet of scattered lamps was born
To speed a world, a marching world to warn,
But sunward from the vivid Many springs,
Counts conquest but a step, and through disaster sings.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

MR. GLADSTONE'S RETIREMENT.

The House of Commons, on the first day of the new Session, missed its two most interesting figures—the two men whose vivid emotions are constantly betraying themselves in physical expression and movement. We all hope that the Speaker may soon be back in the Chair. But for Mr. Gladstone his own friends have pronounced a sentence of perpetual exile. Over him they have uttered a series of funeral orations. They selected his successor with alacrity, and then with apparent enthusiasm they shouted, "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi,*" and have hailed Lord Rosebery as the conquering hero of a new and brighter political era. The *Daily Chronicle*, their most suggestive organ in the Metropolitan Press, has been in the highest spirits. On March the 6th it wrote: "The situation has been given a happy turn. Social reform is in the front, and if it to some extent replaces the old idle partisanship, every sensible man will rejoice, and a great accession of strength, of which Liberalism undoubtedly stands in need, will be given to the Party." And "Lord Rosebery's Premiership has already strengthened his Party. It has put life into elements which wanted expression, and which will now get their full chance"; while, on the 7th of March, it rose to even warmer transports, and exultingly declared, "The Liberal Party to-day is on the crest of a wave of enthusiasm equal perhaps to that which swept over the constituencies in 1880." And again: "The plain fact is that the Liberal Party has received a lift, a kind of spiritual impulse." Such were the pæans chanted by the admirers and the followers of Mr. Gladstone immediately after the announcement of what they took to be his final retirement from political life. Surely they were as ungrateful as they were lightly uttered. In contradiction to them, may it be reserved for a political opponent to express the hope that the funeral orations were premature, and that the House of Commons has not seen or heard the last of Mr. Gladstone; and if in truth his absence from it is to be continuous and permanent, may it be permitted to such an observer to dwell for a short space upon the void that will be thus created?

First, let us think of the change in the House of Commons

in its political aspect. Radical speakers and writers airily assumed that all would go on very much as before, and that all the diverse sections of the Gladstonian majority would obey Sir William Harcourt's every wish as faithfully as they had followed Mr. Gladstone's. The second night of the Session brought its rude awakening, and on Mr. Labouchere's amendment to the Address, found the new Government placed in a minority. It is perfectly true that on this occasion the Ministerial whipping was inexplicably bad. Mr. Thomas Ellis—the heaven-born Whip, who, according to the new Radicalism, was to magnetise all sorts and conditions of members, because he was the son of a yeoman farmer, and could actually speak in a Celtic tongue—nonchalantly aired his dignity on the Treasury Bench until the Division bells rang, while his subordinates in the Lobbies were inactive and apathetic. But the real cause of defeat was the new leadership. Who can doubt that if Mr. Gladstone had been there to answer Mr. Labouchere he would have secured a majority? After all, Anti-Parnellites, Young Welshmen, Labour-men, London Progressives, Liberationists, Temperance Advocates, differing amongst themselves as they do in the prime objects of their political hopes, were all alike Gladstonians, and all, excepting the Anti-Parnellites, owed their elections largely to the magic of his name. But, who amongst them all owed his seat, or even a vote, to the fame or popularity of Sir William Harcourt? And, in the House itself it was not by speech alone that Mr. Gladstone had been able to control his supporters' action. For the moment it was amusing and exciting enough to defeat Sir William Harcourt (though the fun had disappeared by the next morning). But there is hardly more than one mad-cap Radical who would have derived pleasure from the sight of Mr. Gladstone listening to the announcement of a hostile Division on the Address. Compare the two personalities. In the one case an old man of rare personal dignity, and of a lofty courtesy, has adopted a new policy; he has absolutely identified himself with it; for it he has sacrificed friends and repose. He has devoted his old age with passionate earnestness to its prosecution. He has courageously faced defeat on its behalf; and then, again, when he seemed to be carrying it to victory, he has borne himself with a haughty self-control. In the other case there is a boisterous partisan, who has never in his life initiated a policy, and who has not added to the dignity or amenities of political life. Notwithstanding, therefore, the real or assumed indifference of the Radicals, the retirement of Mr. Gladstone from the leadership of the House must profoundly weaken his Party's discipline, and must lead to recurrent difficulties in Divisions. An incident of the next day—the third of the Session—is significant enough of the feeling with

which the Opposition regard the new leader of the House. When Sir William Harcourt rose to move the second Address in answer to the Queen's Speech, his opening sentence was interrupted by Colonel Saunderson's ludicrous question whether the House should not adjourn for twenty minutes "to enable the mover of the Address to adopt the uniform befitting his rank." This interruption would certainly not have been tolerated if it had been levelled against Mr. Gladstone, but now it was in fact greeted with not indignant laughter. Sir William Harcourt resumed his brief speech in his most sententious manner: "I do not think, sir, that either you or I need take any notice of the manner in which gentlemen opposite think fit to treat the speech from the Throne. ("Hear, hear," and Opposition cries of "Oh"!) I shall now proceed (laughter) when gentlemen opposite assume sufficient gravity (renewed laughter), to deal with this matter—(some interruption). When gentlemen opposite are ready to listen—(cries of "Go on" and "Order.") I will go on." This was all very undignified, and incongruous to the occasion. But, it was evidence of the indubitable fact that Sir William Harcourt does not command the respect of the Opposition, and that he excites their sense of the ridiculous most keenly just when he assumes his most pompous and magnificent manner. In the same way, when that morning the new leader had been rebuking the levity with which Mr. Labouchere had approached the question of the House of Lords, the gibes and menaces of his recent platform speech at Portsmouth came back to men's minds, and they could but smile at this new-found seriousness.

So much for the more purely political consequences of Mr. Gladstone's retirement. But many a Conservative Member will be thinking more of the difference this will make to the House of Commons itself, to its human interests, and to its dignity. And, paradoxical though it may seem, this difference will probably be more felt and deplored by Conservatives than by modern Radicals. Mr. Gladstone—the democratic politician of the last few years—excited, no doubt, their political enthusiasm. His unworthy appeals to class prejudices, his grotesque prostration before Irish agitators, his depreciation of the greatness of England, and of the character of Englishmen, struck responsive chords in their breasts. But for us there was the larger charm of the long life given up to the public service by the scholar, the orator, the good Churchman, the accomplished and courteous gentleman. And, despite his later associations and hopes, it was impossible but that the qualities of this record, and of these his old and real tastes, should reveal themselves to and impress themselves upon even this and the last House of Commons. Party spirit has

run abnormally high since the question of Home Rule became one of practical politics, and Mr. Gladstone's has been the figure round which all the hopes and all the fears it has excited, have centred. And yet during these feverish years, he has occasionally been able to divert his mind from the main topics of the hour, and to delight the House with a non-political speech, full of old recollections and personal allusions. One recalls during this period his speech on the Channel Tunnel, another on Bimetallism, which if not a convincing argument on the practical problem of the time, was a most adroit evasion of all its difficulties, and a most delightful summary of fiscal facts, and of the economical views of distinguished contemporaries of the speaker. Then who that was present one Wednesday morning in the last Parliament, can forget the speech in which Mr. Gladstone moved the Second Reading of the Roman Catholic Disabilities Bill? It was said at the time by his intimate friends that this subject had driven all others from his mind, that even Home Rule had receded into the background, and that all his thoughts and hopes were bent in passionate earnestness on a piecemeal and obviously opportunist alteration in the law. Be that as it may, the speech itself was a wonderful exhibition of rhetorical skill, and of intellectual fervour; and when Mr. Gladstone sat down, and Mr. W. H. Smith modestly rose to make a simple common-sense reply, many a listener must for the moment have been almost persuaded that this was a grave question, and that here was indeed a grievous injustice, which ought at once to be removed on the highest grounds of Constitutional expediency, and of religious toleration. And yet, in all probability, it only affected the position and the prospects of one Radical lawyer! Another speech, which lingers in the mind, is that in which he commended the settlement of Royal Grants arrived at in the last Parliament, to the approval of the House, and of his own reluctant followers. He concluded it by a touching allusion to his own long service to the Queen, as well as to the country; and when he sat down, the Unionist Ministers on the Front Bench spontaneously and irresistibly leaned forward, and with honest warmth, seemed to give him personal, and more than Parliamentary, tributes of admiration for his loyal co-operation. Turning to speeches of a more partisan character, I recall in one of the debates on the Coercion Bill in the last Parliament one supreme peroration, when Mr. Gladstone appealed to the consciences of Conservative gentlemen sitting in close lines opposite to him, and with outstretched finger and glowing eye, arraigned those Benches from one end to the other, and with magnetic force adjured each man amongst them to remember that he would have to render an account hereafter of the vote that he was about to give that night. Some of his sudden and unexpected bursts of passion

during the Home Rule debates must be fresh in all members' minds. And that was one of the interesting characteristics of Mr. Gladstone as a speaker: that no one could foretell with certainty, when and at what his ire would be excited: nor could it be predicted when he would make a brilliantly-successful, or when, on the contrary, he would make an involved and ineffective speech. Certainly he has been the most varying in his merits of all great speakers, and this very fact lent the charm of the uncertain to all his efforts. A most notable illustration of these two characteristics was given late in the discussions in Committee on the Home Rule Bill, when Mr. Chamberlain had made a singularly damaging speech on an amendment of an importance which would have justified a debate lasting into the later hours of the evening. Mr. Gladstone's colleagues urged him to go home and dine, and return to speak at ten o'clock. This would have been in accordance with practice; it was what the House universally expected that he would do. But, no, Mr. Gladstone insisted upon an immediate reply in the very depth of the dinner-hour. Who that then saw him—for it was a speech (if one may say so) to look at as much as to listen to, will forget that wonderful performance? It was specially marked by the extraordinary vigour and variety of his gestures. There was one—which observers of Mr. Gladstone had noted, but not often, before, when with chest thrust out, and head thrown back, he raised both his arms and hands to their full height above his head, and then bending towards the offending previous speaker, seemed to call for divine vengeance upon his sentiments, if not upon himself. His last unexpected exhibition of sarcastic indignation was in the Autumn Session, when one day Mr. Goschen incautiously used the phrase "a put-up job," and when immediately Mr. Gladstone, with unbounded vigour and infinite contempt, poured sarcasm after sarcasm upon this unlucky colloquialism.

But apart from and beyond his speeches, there will be missed in the House of Commons the actual moving figure of the man. He was always an interesting and picturesque object. His gestures and mannerisms were always suggestive and unusual. His carriage, his bow, his mode of greeting a friend, all had their distinctive old-fashioned dignity.

We grieve, then, over the great figure which has for the time left the House of Commons, and we hope that Mr. Gladstone may yet revisit the scene of his triumphs. But, as Conservatives, we may indeed rejoice that in our own ranks there is growing up another great Parliamentarian, who, with Mr. Gladstone and the Speaker, has that undefinable charm and that personal distinction, not of intellect alone, which give interest and elevation to the House of Commons. Mr. Arthur Balfour is not a born orator. His dominant tastes

probably lie in other fields than those of Party politics. But, since he became Irish Secretary, he has shown a constant development of all those gifts which go to make a successful leader of the House, and in the last year this growth has been more especially marked. In the few days of this new Session Mr. Balfour has surpassed himself. His reply to the ponderous speech in which Sir William Harcourt announced the intentions of the Government after their defeat on the Address, was an admirable specimen of his debating quickness, and of delicate satire. And, again, when Lord Randolph Churchill, against the wishes of all his friends, insisted upon calling attention to Lord Rosebery's speech at Edinburgh, and had painfully rolled out a most infelicitous indictment, Mr. Balfour came to the rescue, and with an easy happiness, extricated his Party from the false position into which Lord Randolph's indiscretion seemed likely to place them. In fine, while Radicals in the House of Commons will by experience have more and more cause to regret the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, Conservatives are now securely convinced that they have there a leader of consummate ability, in whom they can repose complete confidence.

M.P.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BRITISH BIRDS.

A CRY comes up from many parts of our Islands that many of our native birds are rapidly disappearing from amongst us, and it may be well to consider the causes that conduce to this diminution, and the best means of checking it before it is too late. In my opinion, the existing Acts for the protection of birds would, if duly enforced, afford nearly all the preservation that lovers of these creatures for their own sakes can desire, but unfortunately the general apathy with regard to birds that are not included under the denomination of Game or of Wild-fowl renders the Acts virtually of little effect, and in many cases it has been necessary to form private associations for the protection of birds in certain localities.

In considering the present subject, it must be borne in mind that many species that were formerly more or less common and resident in our country have been driven from their ancient haunts by the reclamation and tillage of marshes, fens, and heath-lands, the use of machinery in agriculture, the increase of human population, and the facilities of travelling. Much as we bird-lovers may lament the absence of the Great Bustard from the open country of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire, the Downs of Sussex and Wilts, and the Wolds of Yorkshire, or deplore the fact that the former homes, *e.g.*, of the Bittern, the Crane, the Wild Goose, the Avocet, and the Ruff, know these denizens no more, it is of no use "crying over spilt milk," and I fear that we must, in the instances that I have specified, be content to sit still and bear the loss as best we may. With regard to the birds of prey, although they have, of course, to a certain extent suffered from the causes to which I have alluded, the case is not quite the same, as the preservation of game is the main factor in their destruction, and here I would most strongly urge and implore for the exercise of some thought and discrimination on the part of game-preservers. As a rule in England gamekeepers are either ordered or tacitly permitted to destroy all birds that they may consider as "vermin," a disastrously comprehensive term, and it is most unfair that these active and painstaking servants should bear the blame that ought

in common justice to attach to their masters. I am only too well aware that the defence of any bird of prey on its merits is about as profitless an undertaking as were the excursions of the "Ingenious gentleman of La Mancha," but, nevertheless, I will run a tilt on behalf of most of them with pen instead of lance, in the firm conviction that my cause is good.

In England we may put the Eagles out of consideration with regard to game, for the few wandering specimens of the Erne or Sea Eagle that visit the Southern Kingdom on their migration, are, though generally slaughtered at once, as a rule guiltless of any greater offence then the capture of a rabbit or two, and for my own part I can only say that, strongly as I object to the legalised filching of my property in these animals as a political party purposes, the Sea Eagles, if they would honour us with occasional visits, should be welcome to all the ground-game that they can take. I fear, however, that even if I could persuade my fellow game-preservers to protect these fine birds to the extent of their power, they would always be more or less in danger from the innumerable gunners that infest our coasts and common-lands, who can always obtain a good price for any uncommon bird from the dealers who minister to the disastrous greed of the British bird-collector; this, however, is a part of the matter under consideration that I intend to treat of later on. In Scotland, as I am glad to hear, not a few enlightened owners and lessees of deer-forests protect the Golden Eagle, in spite of the frequently well-founded complaints of Highland shepherds with regard to its depredations amongst their lambs, and the destruction of Grouse attributed to it by gamekeepers. I have no wish to overstate my case in the defence of this or any other bird, and I will not pretend to deny that the Golden Eagle is not a good neighbour to the sheep, but I can say, from considerable personal experience in the Highlands, that, with a solitary exception in the case of a Ptarmigan, I never saw one of these Eagles in pursuit of any bird, and have the best of reasons for believing that besides an occasional young lamb, and carrion, the diet of those Eagles with whom I was best acquainted consisted entirely of Alpine hares and rabbits. It is true that when, as is often the case, a pair of Golden Eagles are hunting a hillside for hares, the Grouse get up in packs before them, and few are to be found in the particular locality for perhaps a day or two; but this driving off of the Grouse, and destruction of blue hares, are, as every deer-stalker will admit, of infinite benefit to those who take the view pithily expressed to me by an experienced forester on the disturbance of our stalk by a cackling Grouse: "I'm thinking there should be nothing on the hull but just ourselves and the beasts. The Sea Eagle has now become so rare in Scotland, where it was

formerly more common than the Golden, that the amount of damage done by it to game, properly so called, may be left entirely out of present account, and can never have been very extensive. For many years past Highland gamekeepers have found it to their advantage not to destroy the Eagles, having discovered that their eggs are indeed "golden" and will always command at least a guinea a-piece from collectors, who probably would decline to purchase equally fine continental specimens at half-a-crown. I have good reason to believe that with regard to the Sea-Eagle not more than two or three pairs now breed regularly in the United Kingdom, and that beautiful bird the Osprey, never to my knowledge even accused of the capture of anything except fishes, has become nearly as scarce as a nesting bird. In justice to Highland gamekeepers in general, and to the memory of an honest man in particular, I must say that an old Perthshire gamekeeper transferred by me to a wild district in Inverness-shire, and holding the Eagles as "a bad vermin," refused a bribe of ten pounds offered by a well-known collector for a pair of Golden Eagles and their eggs, simply because he knew that I wished to protect them. I merely relate this to show that in this and probably many similar cases the protection of Eagles in Scotland depends upon the wish of the laird or the lessee. At all events there could never be any difficulty about keeping these fine birds down to a reasonable number with due regard to the flocks, and I consider that the Eagles should stand first on the list of protected birds.

As an ardent lover of the "noble art and mystery" of falconry, I confess that I can hardly write without a certain amount of prejudice in favour of the Peregrine Falcon, our chief ally in the ancient sport, but without fear or favour I can assert that in England the amount of damage inflicted by the Peregrine on game-birds is really inconsiderable. I do not, of course, deny that my favourites will, when hungry, knock down and devour game-birds when a good chance offers itself, but as the Falcon almost invariably takes its quarry in the air, and all game-birds seek for concealment on her appearance, either by running for the nearest covert, or by squatting as closely as possible to the ground, these opportunities are comparatively scarce, and generally afforded by human or canine disturbance. From fifty years' experience of the habits of the Peregrines that visit our county (Northamptonshire) in the autumn, and remain in our district more or less till the spring, I am convinced that I should be beyond the mark in putting twelve as the average annual number of Partridges destroyed by them on our shootings, upon which we have a large stock of "birds." The favourite quarry of the Falcon whilst with us consists of Wood-Pigeons, Mallard and Teal, when she can get

a stoop at them, and Peewits. But, even admitting the fact that a pair of breeding Peregrines may commit havoc upon a Grouse-moor, I would urge upon all gentlemen my oft-repeated plea for mercy for this beautiful species, not only out of consideration for the existing lovers of falconry, but also because of the traditions of the days when that noblest of field-sports was the principal recreation of our ancestors. No game-preserver of generous mind would permit the destruction of home-bred foxes in a hunting country, out of consideration for his neighbours, even though he might not be a hunting man; but I not only plead in the interest of falconers, but in that of their mainstay, the Peregrine for its own sake. Only those who have witnessed the stoop of a Falcon at her quarry in an open country can appreciate the delight afforded by this marvellous display of power adapted to a special purpose by Nature. But I shall weary my readers by too lengthy a dissertation on a subject upon which I must plead guilty to devoted enthusiasm, and will conclude my remarks on the Peregrine by reminding owners and lessees of Grouse-shootings in Scotland and Ireland that the living Falcon is the very best "scare-crow" that exists. The Grey Crow, quite the worst enemy to breeding Grouse in Scotland, will often mob the Eagle, but invariably makes itself scarce on the appearance of the Falcon. The claims of the Kestrel to protection are so obvious, and have been so ably urged, that it is perhaps superfluous to mention that it amply compensates for very exceptional raids upon young game, by constant active and efficient service in the destruction of voles and mice, and I think that no one will deny that a Kestrel hovering in mid-air adds greatly to the interest of our ordinary English landscape.

The Hobby is entirely innocuous to game, and is such a beautiful bird in flight and repose that I can hardly write calmly about the persecution to which it is, to my knowledge, subjected in the few districts honoured by its summer visits. The little Merlin is accused of destroying young Grouse, but over the greater part of England is only a traveller, quite incapable of taking fully-grown game-birds. The Kite, the Buzzard, and the Harriers have become so scarce that we need hardly enlarge upon their proclivities from the game-preserver's point of view. I may, however, state, from considerable experience, that in my opinion the Buzzard is entirely harmless to game, properly so called, and although young rabbits occasionally are taken by this bird, its favourite quarry consists of moles, rats, voles, mice, frogs, and earth-worms. I wish that I could reasonably defend the Sparrow-Hawk; but I must admit that, with regard to destruction of young game, I have not a word to urge in defence of this active and rapacious robber: in fact, I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction that this

Hawk is at the present moment the only "bird of prey" in the usual acceptation of that term, whose increase should be checked in the interests of game. Far be it from me to preach the extermination of any bird of this family, and I trust that it may be very long before the Sparrow-Hawk becomes extinct in England; but there is not much fear of this at present, as our British stock of this species is constantly recruited by autumnal migration from the Continent. I have spared many a Sparrow-Hawk that I might have killed, but have always done my best to prevent the rearing of a brood of them on our shootings. We must not forget that this Hawk is a very efficient destroyer of the little pests from which it takes its name. I may sum up my views with regard to our diurnal birds of prey, from the standpoint of a game-preserver, by stating that in my own case I strictly forbid the destruction or molestation of all of them with the exception of the Sparrow-Hawk, and I would most strongly impress upon all those interested in game the advantage of learning and instructing others on the difference in appearance and habits between the latter bird, the Kestrel, the Merlin, and the Hobby.

With regard to the Owls, I can only repeat my already published opinion, that the fittest place for a wilful destroyer of any Owl in this country would be an asylum for idiots. We have no bird so eminently serviceable to man as the Barn-Owl, and the other three British resident species of this family are all more or less useful in the destruction of small rodents and grain-devouring birds. I often have been told that Owls, especially the Tawny, destroy young game; but I can only say that although I have examined bushels of the castings of this bird and the Barn-Owl, I have never detected therein the remains of either Pheasant or Partridge, and very exceptionally in the case of the Tawny Owl only, the fur or bones of leverets or young rabbits. Of the Long-eared Owl I have not had much experience except in captivity, but in West Norfolk, where it is, or was, comparatively common, I never heard any complaint of its destruction of game, and the castings of this bird that I examined in that district were mainly composed of the remains of field-mice, Sparrows, and Greenfinches. So much has lately appeared in the Press with regard to the sudden appearance, the breeding, and the services of the Short-eared Owl in the vole-infested districts of the Scottish Lowlands, that I need not enlarge upon that special subject; indeed, I cannot help feeling that a defence of Owls in general is rather an insult to the intelligence of the readers of this Review. I have good reason to believe that of late years many of our unfortunate land-owners and tenant-farmers have become aware of the egregious folly of destroying Owls, but I know that these birds find a ready sale for making up

as screens, and, horrible to say, the disfigurement of female heads. The living Owl was the traditional symbol and favourite of the Goddess of Wisdom: are not the feathers and fragments of these birds borne on the heads of some of our modern goddesses symbolical of something worse than folly?

The next and, perhaps, the only other class of birds worthy of consideration as more or less detrimental to game, is that of the Crow family, *Corvidæ*, and as most of its members may fairly be called "omnivorous," I can say but little in defence of them from the game-preserver's point of view. The Raven is now so rare in the inland districts of England that I believe I shall be justified in saying that he is virtually unknown to the great majority of English gamekeepers, and in the few localities on our coasts where a pair of Ravens are still permitted to rear their young, I am inclined to think that they confine their attentions, as far as other birds are concerned, principally to the eggs and young of cliff and shore-breeding species. I am, of course, well aware that the Raven is still common, and nests in many inland districts in Scotland, and is with good reason abhorred by shepherds; but from personal experience I do not hold this eminently sagacious bird as by any means a flagrant offender in the matter of game-destruction. I know that he roams far and wide, but I could never discover that he regularly beats the moorlands in search of eggs, as is the daily habit of the Grey Crow during the nesting season. Admitting, however, that he is to a certain extent a poacher, I would earnestly plead against his extermination. According to Cervantes there was a time when a plea for the life of Ravens in England would have been entirely uncalled for; in Chapter 13 of the first part of *Don Quixote*, the valiant knight refers to an ancient and common tradition current throughout the whole kingdom of Great Britain, to the effect that the good King Arthur did not die, but was by enchantment changed into a Raven, and would in the course of time recover his throne and sceptre; for which reasons, continues the knight, "it cannot be proved that any Englishman has ever destroyed any Raven from that time to the present day." I fear that in these democratic times this tradition would not go far in favour of the "Bird of Odin," but I pray for mercy for the Ravens, convinced as I am that their favourite food is carrion, and that they are by far the most intelligent and amusing of British Birds. I have not a doubt that both the Grey Crow and the Black, or Carrion-Crow, were evolved for some special purpose; but I consider them from every point of view as purely detrimental, and as the only British birds that we could all spare without a shade of regret. With regard to the Rook, the case for and against him has been so thoroughly thrashed out that there is but little left to write about

on the subject. In a recent number* of the *Zoologist*, the Editor quotes a statute of 1533, entitled "An Act to destroy Choughs, Crows, and Rooks," enacting that every owner and occupier of land "should do as much as in him lay to kill and utterly destroy all the birds named, abiding, breeding, or hunting on his lands on pain of a grievous amerciament." I need hardly say that the name "Chough," in this and many other instances, was applied to the Jackdaw, and not to the beautiful and harmless bird that is now generally known as the Red-legged or Cornish Chough. In the editorial article to which I have just referred, many other quotations with regard to the destruction of the birds above specified, and the parochial expenditure for the purchase and mending of "Rooks netts," are to be found, and to these I am enabled by the courtesy of a correspondent to add an extract with regard to a parish in Northamptonshire, taken from an old manuscript still in existence: this document is entitled "Ordinances and Statutes made by consent of the inhabitants of the Towne of Kyngesthorpe in the tyme of Robert Coke, Bayly there, anno primo Edwardi sexti (1547)." The passage to which I specially refer runs thus: "45 item, that noe parson shall suffre no kyte, busserd, pye, nor fleshe Crow to brede and their yonge to fly away from the ground uppon payne of losing XIId, and the said XIId so forfayted shall be gethered Whitson weeke by the Baylye, and the money thereof to goe to the mendynge of the bye ways." In the latter half of the seventeenth century it appears that some at least of our country people became aware that the victims of these enactments in some measure compensated for damage to corn by the destruction of noxious insects, and I make no apology for cribbing a passage from the *Zoologist (loc. supra cit.)*, as illustrating this fact. The Editor writes thus: "In his notes for 'A Natural History of Wilts,' written between 1656 and 1691, and edited by John Britton, F.S.A., in 1847, the following paragraph occurs:—'In the peacefull raygne of King James I, the parliament made an Act for provision of Rook-netts and catching Crows to be given in charge of Court Barons, which is by the stewards observed, but I never knew the execution of it. I have heard knowing countrymen affirme that Rook-wormes, which the Crowes and Rooks doe devour at sowing time, do turne to chafers, which I think are our English locusts; and some yeares wee have such fearfull armies of them that they devour all manner of green things; and if the Crowes did not destroye these wormes, it would often times happen. Parliaments are not infallible aud some thinke they were out in this bill.'"—(*op. cit.*, p. 67).

My own view with regard to Rooks is that, in dry seasons es-

* February, 1893, p. 47.

pecially, they have of late years in many localities become extremely adroit egg-stealers, that in spite of considerable damage done by them to corn, they are on the whole beneficial to the farmer, and therefore worthy of protection to a certain extent; but I hold that the increase of these birds should be kept in check by the systematic annual shooting of the young as soon as they leave the nests. I may here say that I utterly abhor and deprecate the use of any sort of poison for the destruction of any vertebrate animal whatever. The old Rooks can, and do, take very good care of themselves, and even with close shooting down of the young in May and June, I find that an ample number escape to carry on the breed from year to year.

The Magpie and Jay are both egg-stealers, but, with regard to these, their beauty and innate "fun" should be urged in their defence; the Jay is more destructive to the eggs of small birds than to those of game, and is one of the chief ornaments of ordinary English woodland scenery, and friend "Mag," where the use of poison is forbidden, can take pretty good care of himself; unfortunately for him, however, he frequently, with the best intentions, causes hideous sores on the backs of cattle in searching for, and extracting, the maggots commonly known as "bots," and in the course of these operations often acquires a taste for beef that leads to the enlargement of these wounds. With regard to the Jackdaw, I much regret that, amusing as he is, I have no valid plea to urge in his defence. I presume that, in common with all the other Crows, he could, if put upon his defence, plead "extenuating circumstances," in the way of occasional service in the destruction of insects; but as long as he places himself and his family, as at present, under ecclesiastical protection, by nesting in the towers and spires of cathedrals and churches, he is at least safe from extermination till the disestablishment of the Church, and inevitable concomitant desecration of the Houses of God, become the law of the land.

Having now treated of all the birds that can fairly be considered as enemies to game, and therefore more or less liable to destruction, I will turn for a brief space to mention the only three British species that are, rightly or wrongly, looked upon as enemies to our fresh-water fishes: these are the Heron, the Water-Ouzel, and the Kingfisher. I cannot deny that the Heron feeds principally, though by no means exclusively, upon fishes; but surely to any liberally-minded angler, this fine bird needs no defence. The *Salmonidæ*, except in the shape of fry, are pretty safe from the Heron, and in our Islands suffer far more from illegal practices on the part of featherless bipeds than from all the Herons in the United Kingdom. To those who can grudge to this patient fisher his tithe of eels and

"coarse fish," I have nothing to say; but, in my opinion, our unique lake and river scenery would lose half its charm by the absence of the Heron. The merry little Dipper is accused of devouring the ova of trout and other fishes; and, although I have examined the stomachs of several of these birds without finding any traces of these ova, I have not sufficient experience to deny the accusation positively. I consider, however, that, even if this delinquency could be established by proof positive against the Dipper, his charming song and interesting actions, and his well-proven and constant destruction of various insects that are detrimental to the produce of fishes, amply entitle him to strict protection. I am not possessed of a trout-stream, but if I were, the Dippers should be held sacred thereon, and most thoroughly welcome to take from water or land whatever their fancy might dictate. The beautiful Kingfisher I consider as virtually entirely harmless to the angler, and only, unfortunately, too rare an ornament to the angler's haunts; but I believe that the brutal persecution and destruction of this bird that prevails in England is not attributable so much to the fish-preserver as to to the bird-stuffer, the feather-seller, and the egg-dealer. I should be delighted to see this lovely bird protected by the enforcement of a special and interminable "close time."

Game-preservation and angling, however, are matters of secondary consideration in comparison with agriculture and gardening in all their branches; and with regard to the former of these two industries, I consider the House-Sparrow and the Wood-Pigeon as the only two birds worthy of consideration except the Rook, of which I have already treated with allusion to its compensatory services. Most of the Finch family, in which I include the Sparrow, are in their degree gleaners of grain, but the Sparrow is a regular harvester, and from its prolificness, its audacity, and its preference for the neighbourhood of man, is the chief feathered enemy with whom the growers of wheat have to contend. I know that during the summer months a vast number of noxious insects are destroyed by Sparrows, but from long and careful personal observation, and information from persons of all classes and occupations, I cannot consider that the damage done by the Sparrow is compensated for by this temporary change of diet. Such vast numbers of Sparrows are bred in our cities, towns, and villages, where they are from circumstance perfectly safe from serious molestation, that I have not the slightest hesitation in upholding a crusade against them in country districts by every legitimate means. Prevention is better than cure, and in the interests of humanity I strongly advocate the pulling down of every accessible Sparrow's nest before the eggs are laid, bearing in mind thatt his process will have to be repeated

weekly at least throughout the months of spring, summer, and early autumn. Not many adult Sparrows are to be destroyed with powder and shot except in severe weather; and although numbers may be netted by experts at certain seasons, this is not the bird that suffers most from the wiles of the bird-catcher. In the English district with which I am best acquainted, the House-Sparrow, although in my opinion far too abundant, does not swarm to the extent of which I am informed from many other localities. I attribute this to strict protection of Owls, comparative toleration of Sparrow-Hawks, and the constant supply required by my large collection of living raptorial birds. Here, again, I do not wish to be considered as preaching in favour of extermination, and far off be the day when the Sparrow shall disappear from our streets, but of this extermination there is little chance as long as the human race exists in its present condition. The London Sparrow has frequently, and with some justice, been compared to the Street Arab; but whilst the latter vagrant may be caught up, partially reclaimed, and sent to school, the former sets the Police and School Boards at defiance, and manages to lead a happy and careless life without "coming upon the rates" for education or any other imaginary necessity. A most accomplished writer and first-class shot has recently recommended the shooting at Sparrows as they fly to and from the cornfields as excellent practice for Partridge-shooting,* and as Sparrows are by no means despicable from a culinary point of view, and each bird killed represents at least a bushel of corn saved, I strongly endorse his recommendation of a humble but useful style of sport—infinitely preferable, in my opinion, to the shooting of Pigeons from traps, if indeed the latter form of gunning can legitimately be classed as "sport."

I presume that anyone that takes an interest in birds, and has had the patience to follow my dissertation to this point, is well aware of the damage inflicted upon the farmers by Wood-Pigeons, and as these birds are in no danger of extermination, and are very properly encouraged and protected by the general public in the London parks and squares, I need say no more about them here. As I consider that the damage to agriculture committed by any wild birds that I have not hitherto mentioned is hardly worthy of attention, I will now turn to the garden and orchard question as regards the destruction or protection of birds. Many gardeners of my early acquaintance used to look upon all birds as enemies, and employ every available means for their indiscriminate destruction, but I hope and believe that the present generation take an entirely different view, and a veteran of eighty years of age, whose whole life has been spent in gardens and orchards with credit and success,

* A. J. Stuart-Wortley, *The Partridge*, p. 109. Longmans, Green & Co. 1893.

has repeatedly assured me that he looks upon most of our common English birds as good friends, and in the case of the few that are mischievous he seems to consider that except with regard to the Sparrow the mischief is to a great extent preventible, or fully compensated for by the destruction of far more noxious animals than the birds in question. He considers that the damage done by Thrushes and Blackbirds to fruit is easily averted by the use of nets, and in any case amply atoned for by the destruction of snails, slugs, and other crawling things innumerable; he is not fond of the Greenfinch, but fully admits the good service rendered by this bird in the way of devouring caterpillars. With grief I say that, rightly or wrongly, he protests against my edict in favour of the Bullfinch, and can hardly be brought to understand that I would willingly sacrifice every gooseberry and currant rather than the life of even one of these most charming and beautiful favourites. The Hawfinch has a disastrous fondness for green peas, as indeed have the Jackdaw and the Jay, but these two last named birds are pretty well looked after in most country districts by gamekeepers, and Hawfinches are so wary and cunning that I do not think that the race is any danger of extermination. I have no doubt that many other of our common birds are looked upon with no friendly eye by fruit growers, but I have now, to the best of my knowledge, treated of every species that I consider as seriously detrimental to human interests in our country.

Personally, I heartily wish that we could adopt and practise the excellent old maxim of "Live and let live," so far as all birds are concerned that are of no value as food; but in our present highly artificial conditions of existence, such a wish is of course Utopian. I now come back to my original text, the general complaint of the disappearance of birds from many parts of England, and in dealing with this subject, I must explain that for several years past my personal observations have been restricted by physical infirmity to the immediate neighbourhood of our home in Northamptonshire. Here, as I have always done my utmost to prevent the destruction or molestation of all birds save game and wild-fowl, Sparrows, and a few other species to which I have already specially referred as more or less noxious, I am not in a position to write authoritatively from personal knowledge with regard to other parts of the country. With regard to our own neighbourhood, I am glad to say that almost all our resident birds, with the exception of such as are considered as detrimental by the average game-preserver, have greatly increased in quantity, in fact, taking into consideration the cutting down of our old-fashioned fences, the number of hedge-nesting birds that still dwell with us is surprising. With regard to migrants, of course the number of our visitors is regulated as else-

where by the variety of the seasons, and with us the only lamentable decrease of this class of birds that I know of is in the popular family of Snipes. On the other hand, a few species that were virtually unknown with us in my boyhood, have now become more or less common summer visitors, notably the Turtle Dove, the Red-backed Shrike, and in lesser degree the Nightjar. Besides these birds of spring, the Hawfinch, that till some twenty years ago we looked upon as a rare and irregular visitor, is now a very common and resident bird. I am informed by some of my neighbours that Goldfinches are becoming very uncommon, but this, if true, is no doubt mainly due to improved cultivation, and the consequent diminution of thistles, and other favourite food-plants. I can only say that for the last six years or more, I have generally known of at least six broods of Goldfinches hatched off within a radius of less than a quarter of a mile from the room in which I am now writing. The main agents in the destruction, or I should perhaps rather say, the disappearance of our Finches of all kinds, are of course the bird-catchers, and they are a difficult set of men to deal with fairly. Those who know, as I do, the intense delight afforded by the possession and care of a caged singing bird to vast numbers of the poorest hard-working men, women, and children in our crowded towns would hardly, I think, grudge them the cheap acquisition of a Goldfinch, a Linnet, or a Chaffinch, and in spite of the opinion of many kind-hearted lovers of birds for their own sweet sakes, I do not believe that these little prisoners when well treated, as they generally are, by their owners very much miss their liberty when they have once overcome their dread of man. At all events the supply of cheap caged birds to those that cannot afford more than a few pence for them, is the only plea that I can put forward in defence of the song-bird catchers. I consider that every bird-catcher who confines his operations strictly to the taking of Sparrows, is a benefactor, and should be subsidized by his parish authorities, but I greatly fear that no such right-minded *auceps* now exists amongst us. I have the strongest dislike to so-called Sparrow Clubs, as they are in most cases entirely indiscriminate in the destruction of small birds, and the shooting of any birds from traps, for prizes, I utterly abhor for more reasons than I care to detail at present. I will merely state that, as regards cruelty, I do not see that it is much more cruel to shoot one bird than another for amusement or money. I can see no valid reason why professional bird-catchers should not be compelled to take out a licence for the use of any sort of long net, still less why the use of bird-lime should not be altogether legally prohibited. But by far the worst offenders in the matter of the destruction of harmless and, in most cases, useful and beautiful birds are the collectors of skins

and eggs, and their agents, the stuffers and egg-dealers. I am free to speak candidly on this branch of the subject, as in my youth I was a collector of British birds; but although I am guilty of the blood of one rare bird in England, I can with a clear conscience say that I never offered a price in this country for the killing of any bird, and I have been brought to see and avoid the evil of giving higher prices for British than for foreign specimens of the same species. I shall perhaps best explain myself by stating that I now confine my collection of skins strictly to such birds as may happen to meet their fate in our own county, or its immediate neighbourhood; but I discourage, and do my best to prevent, the slaughter of any birds, and in the matter of species that are lacking in my local collection, I depend entirely on the chance of capture. I must add that I do not care to complete my collection by the destruction of such birds as may be seen in their season at large in a day's walk in Northamptonshire. I have no right, and certainly no wish, to find fault with amateur bird collectors, except with those who offer and give long prices for what are vaguely termed *rare British birds*. The obvious temptations to dishonesty held out to dealers by collectors of this class need no comment; but I know only too well that there are many who would, *e.g.*, give at least ten shillings for a Hoopoe because it had been murdered at Dover, whilst they would decline to give half-a-crown for an equally good specimen butchered at Calais. As long as this practice exists, so long will it be entirely hopeless to expect strict honesty amongst dealers, or any increase in this country of such birds as the Hoopoe aforesaid, the Golden Oriole, the Avocet, and many other conspicuous and desirable birds that are now rare only because they are not allowed to become common. With regard to collecting birds for public museums, the operation should, in my opinion, be placed under stringent legal restrictions, so far as our Islands are concerned.

I have now to the best of my ability endeavoured to point out the principal agents in the unnecessary destruction of birds, but alas! there are the plumiferous ladies to be dealt with, and as in this case I feel convinced that it is thought and not heart that is lacking, I most earnestly urge upon women of all classes to read the pamphlets and other publications of the Bird Protection Society. This Society originated entirely amongst humane and thoughtful ladies, and is doing incalculable good in showing up and protesting against the horrible barbarities perpetrated in the collecting of feathers for the supposed adornment of feminine costume. There is, of course, no crime in the simple wearing of feathers, but I am certain that few of those who adopt this fashion indiscriminately, can be aware that tens of thousands of beautiful and

perfectly harmless creatures are massacred not only abroad, but at home also, to supply these at least superfluous ornaments. Let our women only resolve to buy no feathers except those that are to be found in their season upon the bodies of game-birds, poultry, and wild-fowl, exposed for sale, and these barbarities would soon cease. In many cases whole districts have been entirely cleared of certain species of birds sold to supply a barbarous fashion, and it is not by any means only the birds' bright plumage that suffer from this cause. I have seen in a country newspaper an advertisement in which a price was offered for six thousand pairs of wings of the Kittiwake, and I know of an instance in which a large number of distorted skins of Robin Red-breast were exhibited for sale as hat ornaments. Far be it from me to attempt to dictate in the matter of fashion, but I do most strongly entreat any ladies who may honour me by reading this article to reflect, and to take the trouble to find out if I have in any way overstated my case in the interests of mercy.

With regard to collections of living birds in aviaries or cages I am aware that there is a great difference of opinion, and to those who are opposed to such collections on account of the supposed misery and pining for liberty of the captives, I beg to offer a cordial welcome to come and inspect mine. No one who cannot afford to do his best to keep living birds well supplied with proper food, and abundance of water, ought to keep them at all; but well-tended collections are, in my opinion, not only a great delight and constant interest to their owners, but also beneficial as adding very legitimate attraction to the charms of a day's holiday in the country to all classes.

The next subject to be considered is the protection of eggs, and how to deal with egg-stealers. I am not inclined to deal harshly with the bird's-nesting boy who merely follows a very natural and very general instinct for discovery and acquisition, but I think that from his earliest years he should be taught that theft is wrong, and that to take eggs wholesale merely for the sake of taking them, is senseless and in certain cases very cruel. But in many cases these bird's-nesters are employed by dealers who offer small sums for eggs of all sorts in the hope of obtaining some comparatively rare eggs, or something sufficiently resembling rare eggs to sell to incautious British egg-collectors. The protection of eggs on commonlands seems to me to be well nigh impossible; on private property there can be no very great difficulty in the matter, the line that I think should be adopted in this matter by land-owners and occupiers is in the first instance to make it known that they positively forbid the taking of eggs except by special permission, and to insist that their gamekeepers and other servants should exercise as much

vigilance in warning off trespassers in search of common birds' eggs as they would in the case of trespass in the pursuit of game. The ashen-plant is the natural and obvious remedy for a second offence in the case of boys, but it is only the youth of our public and private schools, upon whom this wholesome treatment can be brought to bear without risk of an action at law against the operator. On the whole, I am inclined to deprecate legal action in the direction of egg-protection, but I extremely regret that Sir Herbert Maxwell could not see his way to accept the amendments introduced into his Bill on this subject by the House of Lords. Sir Herbert is such an earnest lover of birds for their own sakes, and, as I have the best of reasons to know, such a courteous gentleman, that it is painful to me to differ in opinion from him on a subject in which we both take a very keen interest. I will therefore conclude this lengthy discourse by simply saying that I consider that the legal protection of eggs under specific names is impracticable, if not utterly impossible. Some few of us may identify birds, but I think that I shall meet with the approval of all conscientious ornithologists when I say that not one of them would swear to the specific identity of any British bird's egg without having clearly identified the parent bird as she or he left the nest that contained it.

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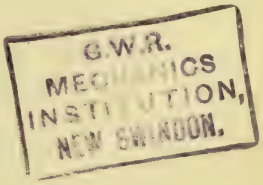

G.W.R.
MECHANICS
INSTITUTION,
NEW SWINDON.

THE REFERENDUM.

THE criticisms passed on my article entitled "An Appeal to the Lords" demand a word or two of answer. Before, however, dealing with my critics in detail I must ask leave to point out that the original paper did not attempt to put forward the arguments in favour of the Referendum, but merely suggested a means by which the House of Lords might successfully meet the charge of being "against the people" and strike back at their opponents. The result was that I had to assume the advantages of the Referendum, and had neither space nor opportunity to deal with what I consider the unanswerable case in favour of correcting the faults of representation by reposing a right of veto in the people. Since, however, my article has called Professor Dicey into the field I need not regret that my treatment of the subject was necessarily superficial. The defence of the Referendum could not be in better hands than in those of our foremost political jurist—a writer and thinker who possesses not a little of Burke's insight and prescience in the field of politics, and a deeper knowledge of the law of the constitution than the author of the *Present Discontents*.

Lord Grey in effect declares that even if the Referendum afforded a reliable means of arriving at the wishes of the people he would not be in favour of it because he is against the will of the majority being regarded as the *ultima ratio* in politics. "The proper object of a Government, and especially of a representative legislature, is not to meet the wishes of a majority of the population, but to adopt the policy and sanction such measures as may be best calculated to promote their welfare." Most Liberals will be inclined to answer this by borrowing a phrase from Sir Thomas Browne and declaring that "it is too late to be aristocratic." But even assuming Lord Grey's proposition it does not necessarily forbid the Referendum. Suppose it proved that the present form of representation does not give us government and laws of the kind that Lord Grey and indeed that all men want,—namely, good laws and good government,—and that there is strong evidence to show that making the will of the people, and not the votes of their representatives, the ultimate authority would produce better

government and better laws, is Lord Grey prepared to reject the chance of improvement merely because he will not admit the theory of popular sovereignty? That is the real question. Are we, in fact, to refuse to apply a remedy to the inconveniences of democracy because to do so would involve the admission that the will of the majority must in the end prevail. Possibly, if Parliament were a Committee of wise, impartial, and resolute men, who considered all questions on their merits and never thought of their seats, it would be a pity to substitute for their beneficent deliberations a poll of the people. But then, Parliament never has been, and never will be, quite so august a body; and therefore I desire that the power of veto on legislation should be placed in the hands of the people. A Referendum will at least insure that no measure of vital importance shall be passed unless it is approved both senatorially and popularly. Surely that is better than a system under which the whole constitution can be changed by any minister who can produce a log-rolling combination among a certain number of interests.

Lord Farrer's long experience in the service of the public, his intimate knowledge of the way in which the great mill of legislation at Westminster does its work, his moderate and statesmanlike views, and the fact that he is a real Liberal and Democrat and not a Jacobin—a man who does not believe in imposing certain abstract views upon the country whether the country likes them or not,—make his criticisms most valuable. His chief objection is the exceeding difficulty of putting complicated measures before the electors. How can you, he asks, ask the people at large, "Will you or will you not have the Irish Home Rule Bill?" But surely it is not more difficult to ask this of the people than to ask it of the House of Commons. When an important Bill like the Home Rule Bill comes to its Third Reading the Members have what is really a complicated issue presented to them in a simple form. The hair-splitting Member may say "How can I vote on the Third Reading in favour of or against the Bill as a whole? I like some of its provisions but I dislike others. I cannot, therefore, when they are all mixed together, express an opinion one way or the other." Yet, as a matter of fact, this difficulty, so strong in theory, so weak in practice, never arises. Men strike a balance. If on the whole the balance inclines in favour of accepting the Bill, they vote for it. If not, they vote against it. I take it that the elector faced by a complicated measure would do the same. He would go the way to which he thought the balance of convenience inclined. After all he has plenty of experience in voting for complicated men. The ordinary candidate's views are far more complicated, and also far more unintelligible, than any Act of Parliament, yet the rural

labourer is not so puzzled by them as to be unable to vote. He manages to make a selection which Lord Farrer at any rate will declare is most judicious. Again, I apprehend no difficulty in explaining to the electors the salient provisions of the measures referred to the people. The provisions of the various measures included in a Party programme are put before the electors at general elections, and at bye-elections it often happens that the details of a particular Bill are minutely and eagerly debated. It is not, however, necessary to elaborate this point. The best answer to Lord Farrer's objection is the fact that the thing is done in Switzerland and in America. In both cases complicated measures are referred (they are generally constitutional amendments, a form of Bill specially likely to be complicated and technical) and in both cases no difficulty is found in getting the people to understand what they are voting on. But who can say that the Swiss and American citizens are so superior to our voters that what they can do is no criterion of what can be done in the United Kingdom?

Admiral Maxse has certainly a right to speak as a Radical and a Democrat, but I cannot agree with him in thinking that the people would not care to take part in a Referendum. That is certainly not the experience in Switzerland. No doubt it would sometimes happen that the friends of a particular measure would be slack in going to the poll to support it, but that is not an argument against the Referendum. Till such apathy had given way to interest it would be no great harm if the Bill in question were rejected. Admiral Maxse objects that it would be impossible to place the right of putting the Referendum in operation in the hands of the Peers. Possibly that is so. I am by no means inclined to argue that the Peers are the only body which could suitably put the Referendum in action, and should be quite prepared to accept reference on petition. The main thing is to get the people installed in the Constitution as the repository of the veto power. Who asks the question "Shall this Bill be passed or be vetoed?" is a comparatively unimportant matter. I suggested that the Peers should become the Sovereign People's Remembrancers, and should say, "What is your pleasure on this Bill?" because I believe that such a plan would at the same time solve the problem of the conflict between the Houses, but it is of course in no sort of way essential to the Referendum. A petition signed by 300,000 persons with the names verified locally would do the necessary work if not quite as well at least quite well enough.

I must not forget to deal shortly with one or two of Mr. Curzon's remarks. Mr. Curzon says that it is "news to him" that the Referendum is, as I had said, "an institution which democracies throughout the world are beginning to find necessary to counteract

the accidents and eccentricities of representation." "Switzerland," adds Mr. Curzon, "is the only country in which the Referendum in Mr. Strachey's sense exists." Again, he observes "where or what the democracies are to whose experiments or experience Mr. Strachey refers I do not know." The fault is entirely mine. Mr. Curzon's remark shows how dangerous it is to get absorbed by an idea, and to assume that one's own interest is a gauge of popular knowledge. I ought to have explained that, though they have not adopted the name Referendum, the *thing* is being adopted throughout the cluster of sovereign democracies that make up the United States of America. It is a natural and perfectly venial error to suppose that the Referendum is confined to Switzerland and its Cantons, for the ordinary books of reference maintain the fiction by not including the American examples of the institution of popular veto under the heading Referendum. Under the circumstances, then, I may as well refer to one or two of the American examples, most of which are collected and referred to in the chapter of Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth* entitled "Direct Legislation by the People." In most of the States of the Union amendments of the State Constitutions have to be referred to the vote of the citizens at the polls, and in many cases ordinary legislation is put into the Constitution to prevent it being repealed without an appeal to the people. The method is exactly that of the Swiss Referendum. The law is first discussed by the representatives and then referred to the voters. In certain States, laws on particular and specified questions have also to be submitted to a Referendum. Wisconsin, for example, "refers it to the voters to decide whether or no banks shall be chartered." Minnesota declares that a poll of the people must be taken on a certain class of railway laws. In Colorado the Constitution of 1876 "provided a special Referendum" on the question of female suffrage. But it is unnecessary to labour the point. Instances of the Referendum are as thick as blackberries, and a whole crop of legal and constitutional literature has grown up on the subject. In case, however, Mr. Curzon should still be incredulous, I may quote the actual words of that portion of the Constitution of California which prescribes a Referendum in cases of amendments to the Constitution. "It shall be the duty of the legislature to submit such proposed amendment or amendments to the people in such manner, and at such time, and after such publication as may be deemed expedient." Further, it may interest Mr. Curzon to know that at the present moment there is a strong movement going on in the State of New York for increasing and strengthening the Referendum powers already in existence there, and that the same thing is taking place in Massachusetts, in California, in Kansas, in Colorado, and in Nebraska. The Americans have

adopted the Referendum, though they call it by a different name. I will end by reminding Mr. Curzon of the fact that in last month's *National Review* Professor Dicey cited a work entirely devoted to this subject, *The Referendum in America*, and that during March was announced the publication of another book dealing with the Referendum in America. This volume was published in Philadelphia by the University of Pennsylvania.

St. Loe Strachey.

THE LABOUR COMMISSION.

THE Labour Commission must have by this time nearly come to the end of its labour, and should be delivered of its Final Report, it may be hoped, not later than the month in which this number of *The National Review* appears. The Commission was appointed in the spring of 1891, and its mandate was "to inquire into the questions affecting the relations between employer and employed, the combinations of employers and employed, and the conditions of labour which have been raised during the recent trade disputes in the United Kingdom." The trade disputes then most recent were the Dock Strikes of 1889 and the fierce conflicts which subsequently took place all over the three kingdoms between the shipowners and the seamen allied with dock-labourers and others, with regard to the employment of non-unionist labour. It was a period—from 1889 to 1891—of a great uprising of unskilled or dispersed, and in any case unorganized labour. It will be remembered that there were about the same time great strikes in Australia by federated seamen, wharf-labourers, shearers and miners. These strikes began by a refusal on the part of the Australian sheep-farmers to employ none but union shearers, and were taken up by the seamen and others in order to assert the general principle at issue. This contest died away both in England and Australia, ending in a victory for the employers as to the question of resisting the claim that none but non-unionists should be employed. The Ship-owners' Federation, which sprang out of these struggles, is powerful and prosperous, while the Seamen's Union, which in the year 1888 had only 8,000 members, and in the year 1890 no less than 130,000 members, in 1891 had but 40,000, and since then has fallen still more completely to pieces. The Dock-labourers' Union, which originated in the strike of 1889, has been somewhat but not much more successful. The strike at Hull was but a pale memory of the days of 1889 when, as a writer has said, "The paralysis not only of trade in general but even of supplies of food from abroad could hardly have been much greater, for the

time being, if a hostile fleet had held triumphant possession of the mouth of the Thames."

Since the Commission was appointed time has moved on, and the great contests of 1892 and 1893 were, with the exception of the purely local strike at Hull, not tumultuous risings of almost unorganized labour, but fights between strong and long-established organizations on either side. Of this kind were the lock-out of the Durham miners in 1892, and the cotton lock-out in Lancashire early in 1893, and the great contest fought by the Miners' Federation in the latter part of that year. These later and perhaps more important struggles make the "recent trade disputes," into which the Labour Commission was instructed to inquire in 1891, seem rather ancient history, and it will probably be found that the Commission has not considered it to be desirable to interpret its "reference" too narrowly.

While these vivid movements have been taking place in the industrial battle-field during 1891, 1892, 1893, what has the Labour Commission been doing? It has sat at intervals for upwards of three years; it has asked witnesses in the Commission Room at Westminster Hall nearly a hundred thousand questions, many of them irrelevant; it has published all these questions and answers verbatim in ten stout blue books, it has printed and laid before Parliament nearly sixty other blue books of various thicknesses on various subjects; it has sent gentlemen into almost every county in the United Kingdom to enquire into the grievances of the agricultural labourer; it has deputed wandering ladies to ascertain the woes of female employées. Not content with examining the conditions of labour at home, the Commission has, not through its own eyes but through those of its very remarkable Secretary, Mr. Drage, surveyed the world at large, and enriched it with many volumes relating to each of the chief European countries, the United States, the Colonies and India. No attempt has been made to ascertain whether China is so unfortunate as to have a Labour Question, but this is apparently almost the sole important exception. The Dutch have for the last five or six years been lethargically holding a Labour Commission of their own; Mr. Drage's Report upon Holland will make it almost unnecessary for them to proceed with it. On one occasion when, in his French Report, Mr. Drage sternly rebuked the current Prime Minister of France for weak trucklings with Socialism, he was thought by some to have shown too much zeal. But then, one has the defects of one's qualities, and without that zeal should we have had the hundred thousand questions, and the seventy blue books?

Beside the oral examination of witnesses, numerous schedules of written enquiries were scattered broadcast over England and the

world. They did not always provoke civil replies. Some manufacturers in India, for instance, seem to have suspected in them either an insidious attempt, like the rest, on the part of Lancashire to cripple them under the guise of philanthropy, or a design to introduce the strike bacillus into a land where a master is still a master. In reply to some questions as to whether he had any experience of strikes and lock-outs, their causes, character, and results, one Bombay Cotton-mill owner replied:

"The questions above propounded are unsuited to the condition of the people and the country, and are extremely mischievous. India is a country that is yet blessed with a large amount of honest simplicity, and still retains an uncorrupted civilization. It is, therefore, hard to understand how it is proposed to benefit this people by the introduction of questions on the relation of capital and labour, strikes, agitations, and combinations. These are the excrescences of an over-hasty civilization, and are as far from a good purpose in this country, or a kindness to its people as the East is from the West."

Long may India retain some, at least, of her youthful innocence! It is even possible to regret that enterprising manufacturers in search of cheap labour and high profits should have raised their hot and ugly factories by the picturesque shores of Bombay and the leisurely banks of the Hooghly.

When the Final Report of the Labour Commission shall appear, an ungrateful public will probably say like the girl in Landor's poem at first sight of the sea:

"Is this the mighty ocean, is this all?"

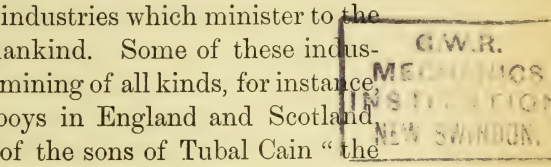
The result of the enquiry will probably seem an inadequate return to the hundred thousand questions, the seventy blue books, the cost, the time and the trouble. The benefit of a great national inquest of this kind is, however, not to be reckoned merely by the amount of positive legislation to which it may lead. To show what can and ought to be done is something, but to show what ought not to be done, and to explode vain bubbles, is yet more. The history of the world shows, especially in economic matters, that too frequently the harm done by bad and ignorant legislation outweighs the good done by suitable and well-informed legislation, except when the latter repeals the former. Apart from legislation altogether, a Commission of this kind has its uses. It brings together in council leaders or representatives of various schools of opinion. The men who have met together under the cool sense and conciliatory good-humour of the Duke of Devonshire have well typified the various great interests of the country. During the last thirty years Mr.

David Dale has done more than most people know to guide the stubborn workmen and employers of north-east England into the ways of peace. This part of the country used to be called the Cockpit of England, the economic Flanders, where battles were fought on every possible question. That this is ceasing to be true is very much due to employers like Mr. Dale and representatives of workmen like Mr. Trow and Mr. Burt, all members of the Labour Commission. Another member, Mr. Mundella, first honourably rose to notice as the Midland employer who invented the first great Board of Conciliation, a fruitful seed. Mr. Mawdsley is a trusted official of the wary cotton operatives of Lancashire. Mr. Tom Mann is a warm-hearted and gallant leader of the "New Unionism," or the more Socialistic side of the Labour Party. Economic Science has been represented on the Commission by Professor Marshall; Law by Sir Frederick Pollock. Political and official experience has been supplied by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Leonard Courtney, Sir John Gorst, Mr. Gerald Balfour, and the late Lord Derby, whose death deprived the Commission of a judgment which would have been most useful in their final labours. Mr. George Livesey, Sir Edward Harland and others contributed the practical experience of the average employer or workman. Men of varied class, opinion and experience, can hardly have worked together for nearly three years without useful learning and unlearning, correction of views, and modification of prejudices.

Few of all the grievances which witnesses have brought before the Commission can, perhaps, be remedied, yet some benefit will have been derived from the public statement and discussion of them. The numerous working men who have appeared before the Commission can hardly fail to see that there is a real desire to do them justice even among those whom they have been accustomed to regard as opponents. Publicity is the best cure for suspicion. In spite of all our hard fighting on the industrial field, and the strong words which we like to use, there is probably no country where people of all classes really have a more fraternal feeling or greater desire to pull together than this England. Our general policy of liberty and self-help, and what a Frenchman has called "the pitiless independence of the Anglo-Saxon race," has involved some evils, no doubt, but in the end it leads to greater possibilities of friendly association and co-operation between all classes upon a basis of equal rights than exist in countries where the State has always been interfering, now on the side of one class, and now on that of another.

If the great historians of the future are no longer to be chroniclers of high matters of War and Policy, but rather of the economic life of nations, they will find in the records of the Labour Commission

material for a full and vivid picture of the industrial life of England in the latter part of the reign of Victoria. In these volumes they will be able to see these masses of human beings, crowded together in a narrow country, spinning, weaving, putting together ships which sail all the seas, and machines destined to labour in every part of the world, tending the potent instruments which forge metal, cultivating the surface of the land or digging in its bowels for coal and iron, building houses, conveying goods and passengers by land and water, printing innumerable books and papers, preparing food and raiment, and carrying on the thousand small industries which minister to the luxury, comfort, or necessities of mankind. Some of these industries are almost entirely masculine; mining of all kinds, for instance, with upwards of 700,000 men and boys in England and Scotland, the building trades, and the labour of the sons of Tubal Cain "the father of every artificer in brass and iron." All those engaged in transport, except some canal-boat Amazons, are men, and so are agricultural labourers mostly. On the other hand the old feminine occupations of weaving and dress-making are still, in spite of all industrial revolutions, carried on by the daughters of Eve. The Census of 1891 points to 628,001 of them, in England and Wales alone, who work in factories where wool and cotton, silk, flax and hemp are spun and woven, and to 691,441 more women who make up dress. Another important distinction is that between the trades which are carried on by settled populations in certain districts like the great staple trades of Lancashire and Yorkshire, or the mining industry of Durham or Northumberland, and those industries which, like agriculture, are dispersed all over the country. Trades, again, are distinguished by every degree of skill, from that of the highly trained engineer artizan who has had to undergo a long and early apprenticeship, down to occupations which anyone can master with a few weeks' practice. Below these come the unskilled occupations, which are not "trades" at all. To carry sacks from a ship to the shore requires just that degree of intelligence which makes the immense gulf between the least educated man and the most intelligent beast of burden, but it requires little more.



All these and many other differences and distinctions must have made it a very difficult task for the Labour Commission to arrive at anything like definite and general conclusions of any kind. It is not wonderful that they have taken more than a year since the close of the evidence to digest their information and to consider their Report. It will have been their duty to consider (1) what are the chief grievances or issues which lead to conflicts between employers and employed, (2) whether any of these grievances or causes of conflict can be removed by legislation; (3) whether any institu-

tions can be invented which may replace by pacific methods of settling questions the present too frequent resort to strikes and lock-outs, in other words, to private industrial war, or ordeal by combat. It is obvious that, putting aside all purely local and special quarrels, much more than half of all trade conflicts are connected with the wage question; strikes to enforce rises in wages, or lock-outs to enforce reductions. Other conflicts, though a much smaller number, have to do with claims for reduction of hours of work. Others, again, arise with regard to the regulation of the proportion of apprentices to workmen in a trade, or are questions of the abolition of piece-work or over-time, or other common points of trade-union policy.

The more ardent reformer, contemplating these dissensions, advocates root and branch methods of changing the face of the industrial world. He despises the mere attempt to devise means by which employers and workmen may settle their differences more pacifically than by strikes and lock-outs. "So long," he says, "as you have, bound up together, two conflicting interests, that of employers who wish to get as high profits as possible out of the general receipts at the expense of wages, and that of workmen who wish to get as high wages as possible at the expense of profits, industrial war is in the nature of things. Instead of employers remunerated by profits, let managers receiving fixed salaries manage industrial enterprise and the problem will be solved. To this end nationalize and municipalize your industries so far as you can and whenever and wherever there is a chance of doing so." It is not likely that the Labour Commission will think itself competent even to take into consideration schemes on this gigantic scale, such as the nationalization of railways, mines, or the land.

After the Socialist comes the reformer who would extend the regulating or controlling power of the State, the semi-Socialist. His remedy is that the State should by intervention on particular points of dispute cut away particular causes of conflict as much as possible. If the State makes rules about the number of apprentices in proportion to journeymen in a trade, or as to the number of hours to be worked, there can be no further dispute upon these matters, at least between employers and workmen. This policy flourished most in the days of Queen Elizabeth, after the destruction of the old independent trade guilds. Then and for a long time afterwards it was thought that it clearly fell within the functions of public authorities to regulate every conceivable industrial relation. Not only were hours of work and apprenticeship fixed by statute; but it was made the duty of the magistrates to settle wage-rates from time to time and, generally, to deal with disputes arising between em-

ployers and workmen. The remains of all this class of legislation were swept away at the opening of the liberal epoch at the beginning of this century, and the returning tide of State socialism has not yet advanced so far that we can expect the Labour Commission to advocate a return to Elizabethan legislation upon a larger scale, or higher plane, if you like to call it so. The Labour Commission will hardly recommend that wages, or minimum wage-rates shall be fixed by the State or any other authority over the heads of the employers and workmen concerned. No practical leader of the workmen has as yet advocated anything like this. Nor will a majority, at all events, of the Commission advise that a maximum of working hours for a day or week shall be imposed upon all trades alike by law. Nor, having regard to the composition of this Commission, does it seem at all probable that they will support the less drastic scheme that each trade shall be allowed to settle by vote its own working day, and that legal sanction shall be given to the hours thus determined. One great difficulty in the way of all schemes of this kind is that they give no voice in the matter to employers; another is, that it is hardly possible to define a trade with accuracy sufficient for the purpose of taking a ballot. The existing rule of policy upon this subject seems to be sound, namely, that it is better for the public and for all parties concerned, that employers and workmen should be left to settle as best they can the hours of work in each trade. An equally sound exception to this general rule is that the State should, in the interests of its own life, and in its ancient character of Protector of the Weak, regulate the hours of women and children and even of adult men who are prevented by circumstances from organizing to protect themselves. The Commission have collected an immense quantity of evidence with regard to hours of labour in various trades. The general result is to show that it is impossible to lay down anything even remotely approaching to a general rule upon the subject. The furthest point to which the majority of the Commission is at all likely to go is to recommend interference in this matter with some special trades in which long hours of work can be shown to be productive of accidents or destructive to the health of the workers. It is on the former ground that the hours of railway servants have been made subject to the control of the Board of Trade; on the latter that the Home Secretary is now seeking to acquire administrative powers to regulate the hours in some chemical and other manufactures. If the Labour Commission take a rather liberal view of this matter and advise that the Home Secretary should be entrusted with a fairly wide discretion as to regulating hours of work in dangerous or unhealthy industries, they will, I think, find

that their advice is in accordance with the central mass of public opinion and sentiment.

The attempt by unionists to exclude non-unionists from work and to prevent employers from employing them has been the cause of some of the most violent modern contests. This is not a matter in which the Commission can properly advise that the State should intervene. If, in any case, trade-unionists can prevent an employer from obtaining labour, the question will be solved in one way; if any employer can obtain sufficient "free labour" it will be solved in another; if an employer should think it best, for the sake of peace and quietness, to agree with the trade-unions to take their men only it will be solved in a third way. In any case it would be an invasion of essential liberties of the subject, as they are now understood, if the State were to say to an employer, "You must only employ men belonging to registered associations," or to a workman, "Unless you belong to a registered association you must not accept work from an employer."

On the whole, therefore, there seems little chance that the State, short of converting all the industry of the country into a gigantic and probably rotten Civil Service, can do much, if anything, to remove by legislation direct causes of industrial conflict. But it may be said—it often has been said—these strikes and lock-outs are really in the industrial world that which private wars were in the old feudal days. Is it not within the most ancient and undoubted sphere of the State to say to the combatants, "Although we cannot prevent your quarrels or remove their causes, we insist that you shall settle them by arbitration or otherwise without violence of this kind?" The State could indeed do this, when it was strong enough, in the case of the feudal private wars. To go out with spear and shield is a positive act which can be prevented and punished by a superior power. But to strike work is a negative act, you can hardly make a man work, any more than a horse drink, against his will. You could certainly not put 50,000 miners in prison for refusing to descend the coal-pits on a given day, however much in the wrong they might happen to be. Nor could you compel an employer to carry on his factory at a loss. When a body of workmen and a body of employers fail to agree as to the terms upon which the workmen will contribute labour and the employers will contribute the use of their buildings, machinery, and other capital to the industrial partnership, it is difficult to see in what way the matter can be settled otherwise than by that trial of comparative endurance of loss of profits or wages, with the characteristics of which we are so well acquainted. Public opinion counts for a good deal in these contests, but it is a vague, unsatisfactory,

and ill-informed arbiter. Some people think that the State, which collects and digests industrial among other statistics, might go so far as to inform and guide public opinion. It might put itself at the head of this vast body of sentiment and thus immaterially and in a spiritual sense march against one combatant or the other, much as a good King of France in the twelfth century might have thrown his material power into the scale of that great noble engaged in a private war whom he found to be in the right. It has been suggested that when an industrial conflict, like the late coal war, seems imminent or has actually broken out, a public inquiry might be held by a court, either permanent or constituted for that special purpose, and armed with powers of summoning witnesses and examining documents. If the combatants would not be reconciled the court would publish its report and, at any rate, the public would know what to think about the merits of the contest. It would be taught by grave and well-qualified judicial officers, and not as now by hysterical preachers, or journalists with party axes to grind. The idea is a taking one in itself, but it is doubtful whether the Trades-Union Congress would accept it. They might well think that on the whole ill-informed sentiment is more to their advantage than well-informed sentiment. From the opposite point of view also it seems to be dangerous to constitute any authority to decide upon questions of vital interest arising between employers and workmen, even if such decisions are not to be legally enforceable.

The fact is, that matters of this kind are hardly capable of judicial settlement. The relations between a great body of workmen and a powerful association of employers resemble those between nations. If a difference arises between two nations, and if neither of them are prepared to fight, or if the difference is of no great interest or importance, and does not deeply touch national pride or sentiment, they will accept arbitration. But if it is a question of contested power or territory, and if they are ready and prepared to fight, nothing can stop them from doing so, short of irresistible armed intervention. France and Germany would not have accepted arbitration in 1870, nor could the whole sentiment of Europe arrayed against either of the Powers have stopped the war. So, in the case of the late coal contest, it was a fight for something corresponding to power and territory, the standard of wages. Between the minimum wages at which men can live, and the minimum profits at which capitalists will work mines, lies a disputed territory. The object of miners is to advance their wage frontier so as to make it cover more of this territory, and to hold what they have won. How could a Government Board of Arbitra-

tion have decided whether the miners were right or wrong in their claim that 30 or 40 per cent. beyond the wage-rates of 1888 should be an irreducible minimum of wages? It was not a question of right or wrong, but of power and strength. How, and upon what principles, could a European Board of Arbitration decide whether Germany had a right to keep Alsace-Lorraine?

Probably the most which can be done in this direction at present is to promote the extension of these Boards of Conciliation, as distinguished from Arbitration, which have spontaneously arisen in many trades and districts. Some of these Boards are composed of representatives of employers and workmen in special great trades. The most famous of this kind are those Boards which long have flourished in the Midland and Northern districts of the iron and steel manufacturing trade. Boards of this kind are based upon the pre-existence of strong and compact organizations on either side. They cannot live or be effectual in the dispersed or unorganized industries. Of late years other Boards have risen, not limited to any special trade. These are the district Boards which have been founded in London and many other centres, usually by the co-operation of the local Chambers of Commerce and Trade Councils. They are designed to contain a fair representation of the various local trades and interests, and by a mediatory process, to bring conflicting parties together. Possibly the Labour Commission will recommend that something of a mild character should be done by legislative or administrative arrangements to assist or promote the formation of these useful institutions, but, probably, the less you interfere with them the better they will grow.

Questions of a minor kind also arise between individual employers and workmen as to trade customs or the right interpretation of express or implied contracts. In France matters of this sort have been successfully dealt with by the Conseils de Prud'hommes, a bit of pre-revolutionary France which Napoleon thought it well to restore. These are petty local courts equally composed of employers and workmen, who have jurisdiction in small cases arising out of contract. In England the same class of case is dealt with in well-organized trades by joint committees, or officials, or otherwise, and workmen in these trades have sufficient means of bringing forward grievances and obtaining adequate remedies. It is not so in unorganized industries; in these the only tribunals before which minor matters of this kind can be brought are County Courts, or those of stipendiary and other magistrates. There seems to be no good reason why the Labour Commission should not recommend the institution, at any rate in a tentative manner and upon the mo-

tive of local authorities, of special industrial tribunals more or less corresponding to the Conseils de Prud'hommes. They would be courts of a simple and patriarchal kind from which the lawyer would be carefully excluded.

If the Labour Commission should take the line which I have indicated as that which seems most probable they will probably have to stand as well as they may an attack upon the charge of reactionary futility. They will have suggested no noble scheme for replacing individual action by that of the State, for interfering with the hours of work of every one, or for settling the fundamental questions of wealth and poverty. On all these matters the opinions of men are widely divided, and a Commission is but a mirror which gathers up and reflects the opinions of its time. But upon one set of questions opinions are much less hopelessly at variance. The Labour Commission will meet with much sympathy if they can see their way to make some strong recommendations in favour of further legislation on the lines of the last Factory and Workshop Act, 1891, for the purpose of rendering more effectual in practice the provisions of the existing law with regard to the sanitary condition of the smaller places in which work is carried on. There is plenty more to be done in this direction at least. Much has been done already, but the evidence shows that many an evil dragon still awaits the sword of an avenging Home Secretary. The object of legislation should be the total extirpation as soon as practicable of the infamous dens in which work is carried on by the most helpless part of the people, not indeed in many trades, but in some which employ a great number of workers altogether. Even in factories and the larger workshops an infinite deal of improvement remains to be secured before the end of the Factory and Workshop Act is attained. Legislation can cure but few real evils in other directions, but in this direction it has done much and yet has much to do. The legislative and administrative labour policy of the State should be to protect the women and children and the weak disorganized classes of workmen, but to exercise as little paternal interference as possible in the affairs of the skilled workmen arrayed in their strong organizations. The true policy with regard to the trade-unions is that they should be invested with a fuller legal corporate character than that which they possess at present, should be enabled to enter into collective agreements, and to sue and be sued in respect of the actions of their agents. It will be interesting to see whether the Labour Commission is bold enough to advocate a reform of this kind. It is the duty of the State, as it is that of a father, to protect and guide its younger and weaker children, but to secure an independent position for its elder and stronger sons. But, if the

Commission should take up this line, they would probably find themselves attacked by the old *laissez faire* and each-man-for-himself economists on the one side, who think that associations are contrary to personal liberty and exercise a baneful "restraint on trade," and on the other side by the Socialists who, on the same principle as that upon which they dislike the creation of peasant proprietors, are opposed to the further strengthening of independent organisations which may enable workmen to dispense with the intervention and control of the State.

OBSERVER.

THE ART OF READING BOOKS.*

THE cities and parishes which have taken advantage of the Public Libraries Act seem to me to have been wise in their generation. They have understood the civilizing and refining power of literature. They have seen in it the antidote, or one of the antidotes, against what is mean and materialistic in modern life. It is related by the historian Diodorus Siculus that over the doors of the great Egyptian Library of Osymandyas—the king who gave his name, as you may remember, to Shelley's sonnet—were inscribed the Greek words ψυχῆς ἰατρεῖον, which mean "the sanatorium of the soul." For the soul may be valetudinarian like the body; and, like the body, it has need of a bracing discipline. You can never cure any human ill by preaching against it; you must supplant it by some wholesome vital influence. The "expulsive power of a new affection," as Cardinal Newman has called it in one of his sermons, is the only means of driving out old affections. No doubt he was thinking of religion, and he meant that one religious faith can be eradicated only by another; it is proof against mere denial. But one taste or habit also yields only to another; it is not destroyed but supplanted. And if you would draw men away from the public-house, or the "bucket-shop," and from such associations as are congenial to these places, you must awaken in them higher tastes and aspirations, and of these the love of reading is the chief. May I commend to you a passage taken from a book which is not so popular nowadays as it was once, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy?* You know he treats first of the causes of melancholy among men, and then of its cure: he says, "So sweet is the delight of study the more learning they have (as he that hath a dropsy, the more he drinks the thirstier he is) the more they covet to learn, and the last day is *prioris discipulus*," and then he relates the following story, which is worth remembering, "Heinsius, the keeper of the library at Leyden in Holland, was mewed up in it all the year long; and that, which to my thinking would have bred a loathing, caused in him a greater liking. 'I no

* An address delivered on January 4th at the opening of the Kilburn Public Library.

sooner (saith he) come into the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose name is idleness, the mother of ignorance and melancholy herself, and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and sweet content that I pity all our great ones and rich ones that know not this happiness.' "

It would be unsafe, perhaps, to predict that many who hear me will use this library in the spirit of Heinsius. But the love of books is one of the greatest blessings in life. Only you cannot love a book all at once; with books, as with men and women, love is the privilege of long intimacy. It is only when books have been read and re-read, and, as it were, clasped to the heart, that they become in Macaulay's words, "the old friends who are never seen with new faces; who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity." To know even one book in this way is to gain a spiritual revelation. It is thus that the study of the Bible, even as literature, has so profoundly affected English life and thought; for it often seems to me that the most sharply drawn of all dividing lines in English history is between reading and non-reading England, or, in other words, between England without the Bible and England with it. Our forefathers were contented with one book; we are sometimes not contented with many. Gibbon says, in his autobiography, that he would not "exchange his early and invincible love of reading for the treasures of India." But modern education has so far equalized the social classes of the community that the pleasure of reading, which at the beginning of this century was enjoyed by a small cultivated minority, has already become, or is fast becoming, the boon of all.

Did it ever occur to you to realize what a change the universality of reading and writing, which has only come to be true since the Education Act of 1870, has made in the English-speaking world? It is not the only change which distinguishes the nineteenth century from all the preceding centuries; for I suppose (to take one example) there is no reflexion more curious than that the means of locomotion should have remained practically the same from the time of the Pharaohs until the reign of King George the Fourth, and then should have been revolutionized in a day. But fifty years ago a girl who left her village in the country for domestic service was cut off from her home, her family, and all the associations of her past life; she could not write to her parents, nor they to her; and if they did write, or get somebody to write for them, it was impossible for her to read their letter; she might be ill, she might be ruined, she might be dead, and the probability was that nobody who felt a natural interest in her story would know anything about her. How different it all is now, when, by the gentle arts of read-

ing and writing, and especially of photography, that beneficent means of keeping the memory of our absent friends and children alive within our hearts, there is not an incident of her life, wherever she may be, but it is familiarly known to all the members of her family! Dreary indeed was the old age of the poor fifty years ago, without books, without newspapers, without any broadening interests. But to-day, even where the parents cannot read, their children are their interpreters of human things, and whatever pain the parents may feel, as is not unnatural, in the consciousness of their own inferiority, is more than compensated by their honest pride in their children's culture.

You, ladies and gentlemen, to whom this library will offer in future the resources of its many thousand volumes will all be readers; and I do not see how I can better utilize the few minutes in which I have the honour of addressing you than by trying to give you such advice as will help you to read wisely. For most of those who employ this library will not be students; they will not have unlimited time for reading books; it is, perhaps, only for a brief hour, when the toil of the day is done, that they will think of getting literary information. Sydney Smith said once: "Live always in the best company when you read. No one in youth thinks on the value of time. Do you ever reflect how you pass your life? If you live to seventy-two, which I hope you may, your life is spent in the following manner: An hour a day is three years; this makes twenty-seven years sleeping, nine years dressing, nine years at table, six years playing with children, nine years walking, drawing, and visiting, six years shopping and three years quarrelling."

It may be permitted me to hope that you will not spend your life—at least, the ladies will not—altogether in this way, partly because you will enjoy the benefits, moral as well as intellectual, of this library. Yet, however economical of your time you may be, it will be a practical difficulty for you or for anyone in the present day to cope with the vast and ever increasing mass of literature. It is perhaps three thousand years since the invention or use of writing, and during that time the writers of many nations and many ages have been pouring out books, until the stream of literature has swollen into a cataract—a very Niagara of books—which sweeps, or threatens to sweep, away the delights of civilization before it. The reader of to-day aspires to know something of the thoughts which the wisest of men in all the periods of history have expressed upon the most vital subjects of human interest. He cannot, therefore, acquiesce in narrow reading. He must read widely, not in English only, but in many languages, or in translations from them. He must cultivate a cosmopolitan literary spirit. But life is short; and alas! art is long,

and is becoming longer; the number of books which a busy man can read in a year can hardly at the most exceed fifty; and, considering what a strain is now put on the most absorbing literary appetite, I am at a loss to see how any man who lives at the end of the twentieth century will deserve to be called educated at all. For books do not become shorter as they become more numerous, it rather seems that they increase in bulk and volume; for Gibbon wrote the history of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, a period of fifteen hundred years, in eight octavo volumes, and a living historian occupies the same number of volumes with the history of less than thirty years in England alone.

In these circumstances, looking to the accumulated mass of ancient literature, and the ever accumulating mass of literature which is new, busy men have hit upon various methods of arriving by a kind of short-cut at literary knowledge. One method has been to choose an arbitrary number of the best books, and to concentrate attention upon them. Sir John Lubbock is, I think, responsible for the original list of The Hundred Books which are most widely approved, and he, if any one, is competent to make the selection; but the number has been found too large, or it has not been always accepted, and so it has been reduced by various authorities until it has come to be supposed that there is no difficulty in determining a number, however small, of the best books in the world, and I remember that a lady wrote to me not long ago asking me to name the *three* best books, exclusive of the Bible. Then, again, it has been thought possible to acquire an insight into literature by selections or extracts from famous books, or by abridgments of them. It sometimes happens that a person reads a review of a book and imagines he has done as much as if he had read the book itself. But upon the whole I would venture to give you a serious warning against all extracts and abridgments, whatever they may be. The author of a book has a right to demand that, if it is read, it should be read as he wrote it; it is not the same book when it is cut up or boiled down. And as to reviews, they are not the book at all; they are no more the book than a man's clothes are the man himself; and, if you have ever written a book and seen it reviewed, it is only too likely that you have experienced a sense of astonishment at observing that, though you may not have possessed a complete knowledge of the subject with which it deals, yet at least you knew more than the reviewer.

There is an Art of Reading, I think, as well as an Art of Writing. It is not enough that people should be told to read; they must be told how they ought to read, and what. For in all life it is not the work which men have to do that makes the difference, it is the way in which they do it. A man may do little or nothing and

be always at work, or he may administer an empire and be at leisure. Let me suppose, then, that you have an hour a day, and no more, to expend upon literature.

There are two perfectly different ways of reading a book. It is curious that we often speak of reading as if it were always the same thing. But nobody, after consideration, will maintain that it is possible or necessary to read *The Proverbs of Solomon* and *King Solomon's Mines* in the same way. Bacon, in his Essay upon Studies, puts the matter clearly: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention." It is fair to say that there will be a great saving of time, if the number of books which require to be "chewed and digested" is made as small as possible.

I do not deny that the habit of concentrating the full power of the mind upon every chapter and page of a book is a discipline of very high value. The study of books written in a foreign language, whether ancient or modern, forms this habit, and is principally valuable as forming it. In fact, it may be doubted if a person ever reads his own language in such a way as to appreciate its full meaning. But the great majority of books in a public library do not require and do not deserve to be so read. In looking at some statistics of the books taken out of one of the public libraries by the working-classes, I notice that the class of books which is in most request is novels, and the class which is in least request is sermons. It is not for me, being a clergyman, to declare with what degree of attention sermons ought to be read. But I confidently say that nearly all novels admit of light and rapid reading. Where the point of a book lies in its narrative rather than in its style or substance, the process of "tearing out its heart," as it has been called, is the secret of alleviating labour. To some extent the same is true of History, and especially of that fascinating form of History—Biography. You do not want to know or remember all the incidents; you want to grasp the general contour of the country (if I may use a geographical expression), not to be able to name every height and valley in it. Nor must it be forgotten that you have made an acquisition of knowledge which is well worth having, if your reading enables you not indeed to produce your facts at an instant's call, but to discover where they are to be found and what they are, when leisure is given you. It appears to me, then, that one book in twenty should be read scrupulously; the rest may be read, so to say, *currente oculo*. But it is more important to read wisely than to read widely. Intellectual health, like physical, depends not upon the amount of food consumed, but upon the digestion. And, if it

be necessary to decide what books are they that should be read not with the eye only but with the soul, they will be such books as, in the German phrase, have been "epoch-making," and have exercised a lasting influence upon the current of human thought. They are not many; but in them is contained the essence of all literature. In Religion, the Bible, and these two books which are most closely founded upon it, the *De Imitatione Christi* and *The Pilgrim's Progress;* in Poetry, the writings, or some at least of the writings, of the four great masters—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe—who guard the portals of human sentiment for all time; in History, Thucydides and Gibbon as respectively illustrating the perfection of historical science in miniature and on a scale of majestic dignity; in Philosophy, Plato's *Republic*, which by the genius of the late Master of Balliol has been made an English Classic, and Pascal's *Pensées;* in Political Science, Aristotle's *Politics*, Montesquieu's *L'Esprit des Lois*, and Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations;* in Science, Bacon's *Novum Organum*, Newton's *Principia* (if it be intelligible to you), and Darwin's *Origin of Species*—these are all or nearly all the books that have been "epoch-making," and to read these will be to enter, however humbly, into the temple of knowledge and truth.

There is an exhilaration in the thorough study of noble literature. It gives tone and courage to the mind. The famous novelist, George Eliot, says it was her wont to seek inspiration for her writings by daily intercourse with the good and great writers of the past. May you learn the satisfaction of living, if but for an hour, each day in the company of the good and the great!

For the last word that I will say in the hope of enabling you to make the best use of the library which is now opened, is that you will do well if you read something that is worth reading every day of your lives. One hour a day amounts to many weeks in a lifetime; and it is not by doing great things now and then, but by doing something continually, that the best and most lasting results are attained. "The modern University," says Mr. Carlyle somewhere, "is a library." It is a University in which you all may graduate. It is a home which stands above the stress and pain of evil days. For literature, like virtue, is its own reward; and none but they to whom that reward has been given know or imagine how unspeakably great it is.

J. E. C. Welldon.

THE POSITION OF LIBERAL UNIONISTS.

I.

THERE appears to be in some quarters a curious idea that Mr. Gladstone's retirement and Lord Rosebery's acceptance of the Premiership materially alter the political situation. Mr. Gladstone was, of course, the Home Rule enthusiast of the Cabinet. Lord Rosebery, on the other hand, never professed—indeed, he carefully disclaimed—anything like enthusiasm for the cause that was so sacred in Mr. Gladstone's eyes. At the most he acquiesced in the Irish work of his colleagues, and both in the House of Lords and on the platform he was at pains to make his position plain. As a result of this it is said that Lord Rosebery's accession to office means a new policy. Home Rule, if not formally dropped, will bulk less and less in the Party programme until it finally takes the shape of an extended Local Government scheme and disappears. Social Reform will, in the meanwhile, grow more and more. The one is to wane. The other is to wax strong. And in this way it is hoped that parties will in due time be reconstituted on the old Party lines. There can be no doubt that the theory I have just sketched has been received with some sort of favour by at least a section of Gladstonians and by individual Liberal Unionists. Let us look the facts in the face and see where we really are.

Lord Rosebery is Prime Minister and leader of his Party in the House of Lords. Sir William Harcourt is the first lieutenant of the Party in the Commons. What do they say on the same day?

"The enemy have flattered themselves that we were going to drop Home Rule. Well, I think that the language of Lord Rosebery and the presence of Mr. John Morley have settled that question. No: we have dropped nothing and we mean to drop nothing. We will go on to the end fighting for the principles which guide us and for the measures to which we are pledged."—*Sir William Harcourt at the Foreign Office, March 12, 1894.*

"It has been thought possible that I and my colleagues might take the opportunity of making some declaration of policy. In my opinion there is no necessity for any such declaration. We stand where we did. There is no change in measures. There is only a most disastrous change in men. And when you remember that what has happened is only this, that in a week we have lost our leader, but that the other sixteen of his colleagues still remain all pledged to the policy that he laid down, I think that you will agree with me that any details on the subject to-day would rather be an accusation against ourselves than a gratification to you."—*Lord Rosebery at the Foreign Office, March 12, 1894.*

Now, if we had only to consider the situation by the light of the proceedings at the Foreign Office all would be plain sailing. Nor would the absence of all mention of Home Rule in the Queen's Speech raise any complications. Mr. Morley has explained with great candour that every vote given for Social Reform in Great Britain meant two votes for Home Rule in Ireland. So that the apparent slight to Irish Nationalism in the Speech counts for very little. But this is not all we have to consider. Speaking on the same day in the House of Lords, and fresh from the Foreign Office, Lord Rosebery made a momentous announcement. During the debate on the Address two most significant passages occur. In order that their significance may not be lost I place them in juxtaposition.

"Nobody believes that so long as England refuses Home Rule, Home Rule can be established in Ireland. On the other hand, everybody is aware that if England is willing to accept Home Rule, the resistance of its antagonists will not prevail."—*Lord Salisbury in House of Lords, March 12, 1894.*

"The noble Marquis made one remark on the subject of Irish Home Rule with which I confess myself in entire accord. He said that before Home Rule is conceded by the Imperial Parliament, England, as the predominant member of the partnership of the three kingdoms, will have to be convinced of its justice. That may seem a considerable admission to make." —*Lord Rosebery in House of Lords, March 12, 1894.*

In face of a pronouncement so clear and so grave it is idle for Lord Rosebery to say that "nothing is changed"—that "we stand where we did." When did Mr. Gladstone admit the sovereign rights of the chief partner in the firm? The claim never was made without provoking the most passionate protest. But the overwhelming advantage of Lord Rosebery's pronouncement lies in this —it clears the air. We now, indeed, know exactly where we are. The English elector must be won. But he is not to be approached openly and above-board. He is to be chloroformed, and then the great constitutional operation is to be performed. The priests are to keep the Irish people quiet, Lord Rosebery is to get an English majority on the Newcastle Programme, or on the question of the reform of the House of Lords, and then—Home Rule will reappear on the scene. But, until this English majority has been secured, Irishmen must be content to wait.

All, therefore, is plain sailing. The Gladstonian Party have not dropped Home Rule. They could not afford to take a step of this kind. It meant the loss of eighty Irish votes in the House, and of at least forty seats in the country. As a mere question of profit and loss Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt could not go this road. With them it is a case of "needs must when the devil drives." They are wholly at the mercy of their Irish allies. No reunion with the Liberal Unionists, even were such a thing

possible, could balance the loss in votes which the throwing over of Home Rule must necessarily involve. What the change in the Government means is simply this: Mr. Gladstone has retired probably because he could not get his way on the Home Rule question—*i.e.*, because he was not allowed to reintroduce his Bill a second time; Lord Rosebery and, presumably, his colleagues have come to realize that the Bill cannot be forced through regardless of English opinion—which means that they believe the House of Lords was right in rejecting it. And they now propose to play a waiting game—to push forward other measures, and to force the House of Lords more and more into a policy of antagonism to the House of Commons. And that the Irish Nationalist Party will assent to this policy does not permit of doubt. What can they do? The Government may, no doubt, be at their mercy, but they are equally in the power of the Government. No other Party in the House desires to purchase their votes. No other Party is prepared to do business with them on Home Rule lines. The Parnellites, it is true, may splutter and kick. Even this, however, is doubtful. But in any case they don't count. All told they number nine. If Mr. Redmond could have brought nineteen into any lobby with him, his position would have been extremely interesting.

Such being the situation, what is the clear duty of the Liberal Unionists throughout the country? There can only be one answer to such a question. They must stand firm. They must be as resolute as ever. They must perfect their organization in every constituency, and be ready to bear a share in the work of making Home Rule impossible by means of the British vote. And they need be under no illusions. Lord Rosebery will be as amenable to the Irish vote as ever Mr. Gladstone was. It has now resolved itself into a mere question of tactics and of strategy. Let us then close up our ranks once more. The situation if changed at all from the Unionist standpoint is changed for the better. Before, it was Mr. Gladstone *plus* Lord Rosebery. It is now Lord Rosebery *minus* Mr. Gladstone. This is, indeed, a great change. What it means will only be seen after many days. But our duty as Liberal Unionists is clear. So long as Home Rule is part of the Gladstonian policy we must oppose it. The position of the question on the Party programme really does not matter. It may be in the front, or it may be concealed for tactical purposes. To give either the Gladstonian policy or the Gladstonian Party the slightest countenance is treason to the Union.

T. W. Russell.

II.

I AM asked, as a humble member of the Liberal Unionist Party, to contribute an opinion as to what is or ought to be the position of the Liberal Unionist Party in view of the recent changes in the Government. My answer to that question is brief and emphatic; the position of the Liberal Unionist Party, as far as I understand it, remains exactly what it was. Why should there be a change? What has occurred to justify or even to suggest a relaxation of effort on our part? But it is said "Lord Rosebery has become Prime Minister, and Lord Rosebery is a very clever man, very popular, and a Unionist at heart. Why should not Liberal Unionists desert and go over to so gallant a leader?" The answer is simple and requires no elaborating—We are fighting for a cause, and not for a man. Lord Rosebery has chosen to come forward as the bitter enemy of our cause, as the friend of our enemies, and the enemy of our friends; what option have we, therefore, in this matter?

If any of us were in danger of making a mistake, the events of the last few days would be enough to cure the most critical case, to strengthen the most feeble knees.

We have always said that the Gladstonian Party was specially dangerous and unworthy of confidence, because its movements were entirely controlled and directed by its tail. In other words, that its policy, its morality, its tone, were all dictated by some sixty gentlemen who, if they are to be judged by their own declarations, have a very slight interest in the welfare of England; who are for the most part nominated to their posts by a caucus of Roman Catholic Priests; and who have avowedly come to Parliament with the object of making all legislation unprofitable unless they get exactly what they want. We have felt that a Party which acted under inspiration of this kind was not one which deserved support, or which offered many attractions to those who did not regard Mr. Healy and Mr. Dillon as the fittest persons to direct and dictate the policy of this country. If Lord Rosebery's accession had promised a deliverance from this bondage, some of us might perhaps have felt that the time had come for a readjustment of Party boundaries. But has there been any such deliverance? Far from it. Under Mr. Gladstone the gentlemen from Bantry chastised us with whips, under Lord Rosebery they chastise us with scorpions. The change is not an improvement.

A fortnight ago I heard the Prime Minister of England, in the presence of a full House, with great emphasis, with admirable clearness, with a directness and force which impressed every listener, make a statement which was true, which was unmistakable and which was unqualified. Everyone knows what that statement was. The words lie before me, but I need not quote them. The

Prime Minister, conscious of the gravity of the declaration, was careful to stamp its value upon every mind. He "knew the importance of the admission," and knowing its importance, he deliberately made it.

Why Lord Rosebery should go out of his way to pretend that the tempest which followed this expression of his own real opinion was owing to *The Times* newspaper, I cannot understand. On the very evening on which his speech was delivered every Gladstonian paper was full of the disastrous consequences which must result from his declaration of policy. The declaration required no exposition: it spoke for itself, and Lord Rosebery's sneers at *The Times* seem to me rather an expression of temper than of good sense.

But it is to what followed the declaration that I wish to direct attention in order to show how little there is in the new situation to attract Liberal Unionists. From the very instant the Prime Minister spoke it became obvious that if the words stood, Lord Rosebery had "sold the Pass." On one side were the gentlemen from Bantry, on the other side was the Prime Minister. One or the other had to "climb down." That was the situation put in the simplest words. It is somewhat humiliating to reflect that it never seems to have crossed the mind of one single Gladstonian, it was never suggested by any one of them, either in public or private that there could by any possibility be a doubt as to the issue. It scarcely required to be said, it was simply *assumed* as self-evident that within a week the Prime Minister of England would have swallowed his words, withdrawn, apologised, or produced some conventional "explanation" which would conclusively prove that when he said "black" he really meant "white," that "if he didn't he ought to have done," "and that he was really very sorry, and that it shouldn't happen again." One individual, and one only could I find who ventured to express a different opinion; he was a Unionist; but he was also a Scotsman; he said: "No, I don't believe it, Lord Rosebery is a Scotsman; he has put his foot down, and he won't go back." The confidence displayed was patriotic, but it was premature. The gentlemen from Bantry wisely kept quiet, strong in their little property of sixty votes. The Gladstonian papers with one accord said "wait till Saturday, he who climbs up can climb down; sixty votes on one side, and the plain words of the Prime Minister of England on the other, we are safe enough." "And lo, it was even so." The fine language used at Edinburgh occupies many lines; it contains some very grand phrases, but the whole meaning of it might be put in a much shorter and simpler form. "Don't shoot, and I will come down."

Certainly the spectacle is not one which is so attractive to Liberal

Unionists, that they need desert their colours in order to show their admiration of it.

Being a Scotsman, and speaking in Scotland, I suppose Lord Rosebery was bound to say what he thought would please his audience, but it seems to me that it is about time that England should bestir herself and make some sharp and effective protest against this everlasting glorification of everything that is not English, merely because it is not English. "The second session of this Parliament," says Lord Rosebery, "was an English session." Yes; it was an English session which was devoted to passing an exclusively English Bill, every contentious point in which was carried against the will of the majority of Englishmen.

Wales is to be attended to, Scotland is to be attended to, Ireland is to be attended to, but one part of the United Kingdom is to be under the same condemnation as England, namely Protestant Ulster. Ulster has dared to show its love for England, Ulster audiences cheer the name of England, Ulster and England have stood together, *therefore* let England and Ulster beware. Let us make haste, says our Scottish Prime Minister, to desert Ulster, and if we can deal a double blow at England and Ulster let us rejoice. As an Englishman, and as an Ulster member I am moved by these declarations of hostility, but, like Æsop's traveller under the blast of the tempest, I am moved to draw my cloak closer, not to unloose it. And I think I speak for every Unionist in Belfast when I say that such will be the effect of Lord Rosebery's speech in Ulster. We shall strengthen our defences, not weaken them. To submit to the "domination of the majority in Ireland" is precisely what Ulster is not prepared to do. Ulster Unionists have not given up "ascendancy" in order to accept "domination." Lord Rosebery could not have hit upon a less conciliatory and more irritating phrase than that which he thought fit to use with regard to Ulster.

Lord Rosebery is apparently about to attack the Church of Scotland. The case for and against disestablishment seems to me most arguable. But in favour of Lord Rosebery's motive for commencing the attack, there appears to me no argument whatever. The Established Church is "endowed with the graces of earnestness and religion," so says the Prime Minister. "Every Scotsman entertains the profoundest attachment for it," so says the Prime Minister. "It is part of our Scottish history, it is part of our character," so says the Prime Minister, and being all these things, being "earnest, full of grace, entitled to our affection, and part of our history, let us—hasten to destroy it, let us take away its patronage, annex its endowments, and root its name out of the land." And why? What is the explanation of this glorious *non sequitur?* Surely it is

one fitter for Mr. Schnadhorst than for the First Minister of the Empire. But it is a simple explanation stated with brutal frankness. The ministers of this ancient church, the upholders of this honourable and beloved institution, rich in earnestness and grace" are political opponents of Lord Rosebery—"at last the conviction has been forced upon the Liberal Party that every manse, or nearly every manse of the Established Church in Scotland is an agency for the Tory Party." Was there ever such a declaration? "Support me and my Party and you are safe; sign the roll of the New Covenant, repeat the new 'Longer Catechism.' Believe in the Gladstonian Party and you may remain established *in sæcula sæculorum*, but refuse, hold to your own opinions as free citizens in a free State, decline to work for the Radical caucus—and in the name of Party expediency I will destroy you." An elevating doctrine indeed, but scarcely one to set Liberal Unionists scampering off to throw themselves at the feet of its author and exponent.

G.W.R.
MECHANICS
INSTITUTION
NEW SWINDON.

As far as I am concerned, I trust, hope, and believe, that we Liberal Unionists will follow the advice of our leaders, and budge not one foot from the position in which we stand. There are many Liberal Unionists, I believe there are many Conservatives, who, if Lord Rosebery had given them the slightest chance would have been proud to follow him. He has said things in the past which have made many of us feel that we might some day have in him a Minister who would move the hearts and touch the imagination of tens of millions of English-speaking people. We have believed that a time might come when we should have considered it a privilege to serve him. His work on the County Council, his work at the Foreign Office, his determination to reform and strengthen the second Chamber, his expressions of genuine love for the greatness and honour of our Empire have, I venture to believe, won him the unfeigned admiration of many Unionists besides myself.

But for the present we see no hope nor promise of these things: on the contrary we see a continuation of the sordid *régime* of the past. England governed by Scotland, and Scotland governed by the least admirable section of a section of Roman Catholic Ireland. We hear the old catch-words, we mark the old alliances, we see nothing, hear nothing of that happier, more honourable policy which some of us had been led to hope for. Our duty seems to me therefore perfectly plain before us; with us there should be no shadow of turning; no thought of laying down our arms while the old enemy holds the field.

H. O. Arnold-Forster.

III.

It has long been a subject of speculation what would follow upon the retirement of Mr. Gladstone. To me it always appeared that the game would be in the hands of Lord Rosebery. Sundry disqualifications attached to all his possible rivals, and it was no surprise that when the occasion arose he was recognized as the necessary leader. But what could not be foreseen was the manner of Mr. Gladstone's disappearance from active life. A defeat of the Government, or the death of Mr. Gladstone while Prime Minister, would have made a dissolution inevitable, and so set the hands of Lord Rosebery comparatively free. In that case the formation of a Centre Party might have been a tempting scheme.

In Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour, Lord Rosebery's imperial tastes would have found far more congenial allies than in Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Sexton, or even Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. If overtures of that kind had been made, a coalition would have been tempting, however unnatural. I cannot help conjecturing that the great unwillingness to accept the Premiership which has been repeatedly avowed by Lord Rosebery arises, not from any excess of modesty, but from the sense that he would be thereby committed to the Gladstonian ticket as he had never been before. Taking over the business as a going-concern, he was obliged to accept all liabilities and engagements. If he had been free to dictate the platform in a fresh appeal to the country, or, better still, if the Party had been constrained after a defeat to come to him as the necessary leader, he would have been in a position to name his own terms. The desire for such a position is quite sufficient to explain any hesitancy of Lord Rosebery to accept the Premiership. The dread of being forced into such a position would be quite sufficient to justify the Party in overcoming that hesitancy by making it clear that they would regard the man who played such a game as a traitor.

All this, however, is conjecture. What is certain is that Lord Rosebery has now swallowed whatever difficulties he had, and is prepared to play the game thoroughly and with a cynical frankness, whose effects will be curious to watch. Mr. Gladstone could, and did, persuade himself of anything. For many years, for example, we have been watching the gradual development of his position in regard to Scottish disestablishment. Lord Rosebery cuts the Gordian knot. "Every manse is a Tory stronghold. The continuance of the Liberal Party and of the Established Church are inconsistent. Therefore, though the State has as good a right to maintain an established Church as a standing army, the Church must go." Such rank Erastianism shocks all conscientious Voluntaries, even the faithful *Dundee Advertiser*.

It remains to be seen whether utilitarian principles of this kind can cement a Party, as did the vague enunciation of principles with which Mr. Gladstone aroused moral enthusiasm.

Lord Rosebery's speech at Edinburgh has shaken faith in his powers as Commander-in-chief. There is in it a lack of sense of proportion. As a dashing general of division, it was quite right that he should on every occasion magnify Scotland. As a Scotsman I am bound to approve; but as Prime Minister, and in his first manifesto to the country, he should not have given Scotland so disproportionate a preponderance over England. It was ungracious and unfortunate that the Prime Minister of these islands, of which about four-fifths of the population is English, should at his first public appearance be exalting over the defeat of England, though only in football or in rifle-shooting.

But, however this may be, the situation for Unionists is simple and easy. We have to watch events develop. We will give the Government fair-play, but will stand no nonsense. We will not be driven into blind opposition of useful schemes, but we will view with the utmost caution and suspicion the legislative and administrative proposals of a Government whose principles are so avowedly those of self-preservation in its simplest form.

J. Parker Smith.

IV.

If Mr. Gladstone had disappeared from the political scene by death it would not have been becoming to express the national satisfaction, but he has only been compelled to retire by the natural infirmities of age, and as we are glad to know that, in his retirement, he will be surrounded by every comfort and care, as well as soothed by the incense of praise, we can unreservedly express the feeling of relief which pervades all classes of intelligent and patriotic Englishmen at his retirement. It is necessary to combine these qualifying adjectives; for there are numbers of intelligent Englishmen who admire and trust Mr. Gladstone. But then they are not "patriotic," and lest this term should be damaged by the perversion of Party malice, and misinterpreted as Jingoism or *Chauvinism*, I will explain that I mean by patriotism "sense of race attachment and zeal on behalf of country." It finds expression in that spirit of enterprise and adventure which has led Englishmen or (having the fear of Mr. Waddie on my mind) I will say, Britisher to toil, to suffer, and to die in all parts of the world, in order to maintain and extend British dominion. There is no sin in domination. This is what little Bethel, which provides the morality of the Glad-

stonian Party, cannot understand. The history of the universe tells us that superior races are bound to dominate the inferior. No pulpit harangue can alter this cosmic fact. Let the superiority and higher law be imposed as humanely as possible. England is for doing it humanely; but when visionaries arise, who have been developed in the hot-house of a civilization which has been wrested out of barbaric Nature by the very physical force which they deride, and say "Let us abjure dominion and national greatness," it is time for the common sense of the country to intervene and cast these degenerate Englishmen out of the councils of the nation. The great Arch Apostle of national surrender has gone!—and the country breathes.

I unhesitatingly assert that throughout the length and breadth of the Empire the great bulk of intelligent and patriotic Britishers gave a sigh of intense relief when they heard that the affairs of the nation had passed out of the control of Mr. Gladstone. Wheresoever Englishmen have met outside the political ring, whether in distant colonial cities, upon the decks of the countless steamers which cover our ocean highways, or at the bivouac of pioneer expeditions in the bush, it is safe to say that the predominating sentiment wherever the news arrived was one of profound satisfaction. Could the news of Mr. Gladstone's resignation have been communicated at the watchfire of Major Wilson's heroic band on the eve of its martyrdom, who can doubt that it would have been welcomed? The note of satisfaction would have been deep; it would have cheered the heroes in their desperate venture, and mingled a consoling reflection in their dying agony on the following day, when these typical Englishmen fell for their country, which they and their like have made, and which he and his like give up.

Yet to read some of our newspapers published at home, one would imagine that the country had suffered a stupendous loss in Mr. Gladstone's retirement. Even *The Times*, which has combated his evil influence with such ability and perseverance, finds itself under the conventional necessity of pouring its panegyric upon the departing statesman, and it tells us of his "high aims and lofty ambitions, passionate earnestness of conviction," &c. What were the "high aims and lofty ambitions"? During recent years his highest aim seemed to be to encourage Irish separatism, and to humiliate England—which indeed he renounced. What were his lofty ambitions? They were certainly not patriotic ones, neither were they identified with schemes for the improvement of the welfare of the people. He was a master of fiscal expedients, but, as far as I am aware, he did not initiate a single measure of popular benefit. The great Education Act of 1871 was passed while he was

in power, but almost in spite of him. He could hardly conceal his dislike to every important principle it embodied. Of his "antique courtesy," absorbing and indefatigable industry and brilliant powers of exposition, who can doubt? but none of these gifts were steadfastly yoked to a profitable cause: he could unfortunately be harnessed at will by any adroit driver to a sufficiently plausible enterprise, and this was particularly the case during his later years; once harnessed, there was no mistake about the "passionate earnestness of conviction" with which he took the collar.

The position of the Liberal Unionists is not much affected by the resignation of Mr. Gladstone and the accession of Lord Rosebery. There can be no reconciliation between them and the advocates of a separate Parliament in Ireland. Lord Rosebery's position does not allow him to take the bold course of attempting an approach to the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain. He would probably prefer himself a form of local government Home Rule such as would also satisfy Liberal Unionists. But there is Mr. Gladstone's fatal heritage of a separate Parliament which must hang like a mill-stone round the necks of his successors. Any proposal less than this would involve a quarrel with the Irish Brigade and the English renegades represented by Mr. Labouchere. That quarrel has, no doubt, to come off some time or another, and it would be a cheap price to pay for reconciliation with the Liberal Unionists. The real difficulty and, indeed, impossibility of any attempt at reconciliation on the part of Lord Rosebery arises from the position of his colleagues in the House of Commons. Sir William Harcourt would be dead against any negotiation which would have the effect of restoring so formidable a competitor for leadership as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. His chances for Premiership would in such a case be extinguished. Not only does Mr. Chamberlain far surpass Sir William Harcourt as a speaker and debater, but the genuine nature of Mr. Chamberlain's political principles would give him that moral hold on the Liberal Party in which Sir William has always been so lamentably deficient. Then there is Mr. John Morley. His mistake on the Irish Question is probably irreparable. It has disqualified him as a statesman, and disenchanted him as a visionary. He said at Cork that he had nailed his flag—the green flag—to the mast. The expression is rather unlucky, for in naval battles we only hear of flags being nailed to the mast when a ship is in desperate plight and expected to sink. No doubt Mr. Morley's bark of Home Rule is foundering, and, let it be said, it is gallant of him to stick to it. In sticking to it, however, he compromises Lord Rosebery, who cannot abandon his Chief Secretary. The situation is a curious one altogether. Liberal Unionists can survey it with complacency.

They have the supreme satisfaction of knowing that they have saved their country from dismemberment. If Lord Rosebery had been free to make advances to the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain, frankly removing the original cause of their secession, he would have placed them in an awkward position: the *raison d'être* of the Liberal Unionist Party would have disappeared, or would seem to have disappeared. It is difficult, however, after all the bitter feud, to imagine a reunited Liberal Party. Who can imagine Mr. Chamberlain, as the militant Radical, engaged in single combat again with Lord Salisbury. It is obvious, and it is proper, that his outlook has been modified by association in a common danger with his ancient opponent.

Party Government is trying to those who undertake to lead it. They are held responsible on the one side for bigotry and on the other for flightiness; but the bigotry on the Tory side is quiescent, and it submits doggedly to enlightened leadership. Manageable stolidity has its value. On the Liberal side, the enlightenment claims to reside in a turbulent tail which writhes, insurges, and frequently forces the lead. It is the nursery of sucking politicians, and the refuge of unrecognized ability. If an ideal politician were to appear suddenly on the scene, say from another planet, with the single idea of progress and the promotion of the welfare of the people, he might well hesitate as to which Party he would join. On one side he would be crippled by prejudice, but he would lead. On the other side he would be disabled by impatience—

"Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay,"

and might have to follow his ambitious tail. A cautious leader could probably do more with the Conservative Party as an instrument of progress than with the Liberal Party constituted as it now is, and encumbered by the attachment of Irish reactionaries. Except to the bigot of phrases, to whom underlying vital principles must always remain invisible, there is no reason why, after the next General Election, supposing it to be favourable to the Unionists, a strong National Government should not be formed to include the Conservative and Liberal Unionist Parties. The differences between them are insignificant compared to the object of their alliance. Burke's definition of Party was "A body of men united for promoting, by their joint endeavour, the National interest upon some principle upon which they are all agreed." The principle which stands supreme above all other principles is that of National integrity. Treason to this is treason to the democracy, whose sacred inheritance is National solidarity. The democracy of the United States understood this when it faced a civil war in order to resist secession. The danger is greater here, because secession is not

proclaimed, but it takes the insidious form of "Home Rule"; this, when stripped of its specious disguise, means a separate Parliament, executive power, and the means of military organization; or, in other words, "the plant of an armed revolution." And while "Home Rule" is demanded in England, the American pay-masters of the movement openly avow the ultimate object to be Irish independence. And yet such was the incantation cast by the term "Party" that honourable and intelligent Englishmen felt constrained to follow an aged Chief who, in the intellectual decline of senility, repudiated all the principles of a lifetime: and his followers now stand, vacillating in the morass of Party, committed with their new and shifty Chief, to the scheme of dismemberment which they were weak enough to accept. For the Liberal Unionists there is but one course open, and that is to co-operate steadfastly with the Conservative Party in resisting it.

FREDK. A. MAXSE.

WHEN LIFE STIRS.

Life is stirring in the air; only those who are about betimes on the hills and in the woods, miles away from the town, or village, can fully enter into the full meaning of the brisk life of the early part of the year. The great tits feel it, and in gayest plumage they are in pairs in the old pollarded willows; you hear pincher! pincher! pincher! as it sounds only at this time of the year, when things are moving. Gales have passed over, making the branches of the trees creak and snap off, but all is quiet again. The woods are looking peaked up; by that I mean that though the buds are showing, none are open yet; but they are ready to burst when the sun helps with his warm rays.

Great birds, with large wings and strange cries come and go, now, as they have ever done within the memory of those who have for generations lived near the hills and the moors below them, by night or day, passing over on their way to their nesting haunts in the far North. These are wild geese; whether they be birds of good or evil omen opinions differ. At one time they were not regarded very favourably; their cries sounded weird and uncanny to the woodlanders as they passed over.

When the evening closed in, before fastening the door for the night—bedtime in those days was at eight o'clock—the master of the house would have a final look round at the signs of the coming weather.

"The firs is all of a hum, Mother; 'twill be louder afore long. An' hark! them 'ere cries is in the air again. I'll put up the shutter an' fasten the door."

Cuckoo pints, or as they are called in some districts, lords and ladies, the poisonous arums of the hedgerows, show now under the hollow banks. These cuckoo pints and the stormcock are two features which when life stirs are noticed by all; the green sheath of the one and the loud bold song of the other attract ear and eye quickly. The mistle thrush is the earliest member of his family whose song welcomes the turn of the year. His relatives the song thrush and the blackbird are early nesters, frequently having eggs laid before those other thrushes, the redwing and the field-fare,

have made up their minds to leave us; but they can hardly be said to sing yet. Now and then they do make a start, but not before the furrows reek with the warm April showers will they be in full song. The first to rejoice in the new life is that undaunted woodland singer the stormcock; and his song is a welcome one, fitting in with the rush of gales, and the tossing of tree branches, when all life is stirring.

The green woodpecker and his mate are busy now, prospecting round; for the grubs, that have burrowed deep down in their tunnels, now draw up as near as they can to the bark, warmth being necessary for their perfect development. It is wonderful what a wealth of insect life old trees hold.

It takes these woodpeckers some time to fix on a site for a nest, if the hole made in the tree by the bill of the birds can be called one. If we examine the old nesting tunnel and the new one, in the same tree, we find circular holes, just large enough for the body of the bird, gouged out under a projecting limb. When the old nest gets foul, they set to work to make a fresh one. This matter is not settled in a hurry; for weeks the pair will look round in a general way, playing antics with each other, making the wood or copse ring with their yikeing laughs. As the ordinary woodland songsters have not yet tried their voices beyond half-hearted twiddles and pipings, the green woodpeckers have it pretty much to themselves, and they make the part of the wood or the timber trees they have selected ring again. It is a difficult matter to find out the exact tree they are at work on when they are fairly at their carpentering, for the birds take turn and turn about at the tunnelling business, and when one is at work the other is on the watch, looking down on you as you creep through the under stuff. As a rule some lucky accident enables you to determine on the exact spot; to your great astonishment you find that you had been searching in quite the wrong direction. The last tunnel that I examined had young in it; the oak in which it was stood out by itself on the sward.

That full twit, twit, twit! like the lower notes of a fife, comes from the nimble nuthatch that is busily travelling over the trunks and limbs of the nearest trees. This rich full twit! must be heard to be fully appreciated, for like the laugh of the green woodpecker it is not to be described by the pen. On the top twigs just swaying to and fro in the soft air, are the greenfinches, calling now as they will call at times in the heat of summer, Breeze, breeze-e-e, Breeze!

As the time follows on, more decided evidence is daily given that the heart of mighty nature is throbbing with the fulness which shall soon gladden all her children; the music of the winds, soft

winds, that wave and bend without breaking, can be heard on the wide open commons of the uplands.

Linnets gather and twitter to each other; the cock birds are very handsome now, for they are in full nesting, or we should have said, in full breeding plumage. One near us perched on the tips of some golden furze bloom, has a breast like a rose; he is no longer the "grey lintie," he is now the rose-breasted linnet of the commoners children.

"No rose without a thorn," says the proverb, and as the little fellow is contentedly singing whilst he eyes the little flick of wool the sheep have left on the thorns as they passed, with which his mate will line her nest, a bird not larger than a ring ouzel shoots up the rough track, about a foot from the ground; it rises like a flash, and the linnet is captured by a male sparrow-hawk. If the hawk had shown itself above, all the birds would have dropped in the bushes. The hawk knew this and made his capture in the way described.

"My brother what's just come home from foreign parts, said as how he felt as if he could bust out cryin' for joy when he leant on the gate o' our medder, an' heard the blackbirds sing in the old elms at the bottom on it. The birds is most hansom', an' cur'ous, where he's bin, he says, and some on 'em sings. But he said not one on 'em could iver make him feel like that couple o' cock blackbirds a-singin' in our old elms." So spake a young friend of mine as we stood by the cottage gate together. For the time has come, noticed by ancient lovers of the woods and all that pertains to woodland lore, when the merle and the mavis are singing.

Flitting and piping, first on one side of the hedgerows, then on the other, are the bullfinches, making for the gardens.

On a bit of greensward by the edge of the woodland road a doe rabbit has brought her litter of young ones from her stop in a ploughed field the other side of the hedge. As they sit crouched round about her, the old doe looks as if she was sitting among some scattered potatoes; for only the arch of the youngsters' backs show, and they are close to the hedge, ready for a bolt if required. And well they may be, for the dusk of a spring evening is drawing on, and before we cleared the last timbered copse we heard very cat-like mewings from some young owls of the long-eared kind. In fact, for half-an-hour I had been amusing myself by getting in one of the hollow ash pollards and calling one of the "branchers" to me. He was not able to fly, but he could flutter and jump from bough to bough. It was a most ludicrous performance to see the young owl hump his back up, flutter his weak wings, and turn his head from side to side, for he could hear the call of his parents, but could not see me.

Pheasants crow and partridges call over ridge and furrow, and the hares course about in merry fashion; but as the fox and his vixen have a family to provide for, some of their frolics may be stopped prematurely.

The daffy-down-dillies have been gathered in the moist woodland meadows by the children, to their hearty content; and nice bunches of snowdrops had been gathered from the same places, but these are gone now. Daisies and the golden butter-cups now spangle the meadows.

"One swallow does not make a summer," says the old adage; the first originator of that saying must, I think, have been a little cantankerous; but the swallow, whenever he is seen, surely tells that brighter days are in store for us.

So far as the cuckoo is concerned, he has of late years been a little unfortunate. Snow storms do not suit his constitution; for all that he pulls through. Very curious notions exist about this bird in some localities.

"Now look here, I don't care what you says, if you jabbered on fur a week. Cuckoos turn into hawks. An' I can tell ye summat else as will make yer open yer eyes a bit,—swallers in the winter goes under the mud like eels. I'd sooner believe my father's old book what tells ye about the swaller stone an' the swaller herb than I would what you says on it. Why, that ere book was writ afore my grandfather's time. It come down to us in the fambley. An' I've heerd my old granny say as all critters an' herbs—an' us as well—was all under the power o' the planets."

Jack was only proving in his own rough way what our forefathers in their own limited and peculiar fashion had noticed of the resting time of nature, and the time when life stirs.

A Son of the Marshes.

THE DISCONTENT IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

For forty years the Civil Service of this country has been in the crucible of reform. The changes of this period have produced a considerable net increase of efficiency, but the balance of good result has been sadly reduced by the strange forgetfulness of one important fact—that the success of any system of organisation depends upon the cohesion of the *personnel* which has to work it. Class after class has been created, and grafted upon the unlike body which it was intended to supersede; the new theory has driven out the old, but the former workers with their ancient ideas and customs have been retained; and the result is a patch-work Service full of dissension and discontent.

This dissatisfaction is rapidly forcing itself into notice, and before long some redress for the existing grievances will undoubtedly be afforded. But there is grave danger that the matter will again be dealt with piecemeal, and by spending public money to quiet, for a time, the outcries of particular classes, rather than by removing once for all the reasons for their occurrence. It is the purpose of this article to show how the evils now found in the Civil Service have arisen from a spasmodic succession of tentative and partial reforms, and how only a firm and complete re-organisation can effect a remedy.

The first attempt to treat the Civil Service* as a whole began about the year 1848. Each public department was then independent of the others, and recruited separately by patronage. No test was applied to ascertain the fitness of the nominee for employment, nor was there any consistent division of superior and inferior work; whilst interest and seniority were the two great qualifications for promotion. As a natural consequence, most Departments were extremely inefficient and extravagant. No work was done that could possibly be avoided, no difficulty solved that could be post-

* The term "Civil Service" is, throughout this article, used in its narrower and more usual sense, to indicate the 6,000 to 7,000 Civil Officials concerned, directly or indirectly, in the Administrative work of the Government Departments. In a wider sense it includes all persons filling appointments which require a certificate from the Civil Service Commissioners, or registration by them.

poned, and no question answered that could be evaded. The revolutions of 1848, followed by the terrible disclosures of mismanagement during the Crimean war, caused a general demand for reform in public administration; and in 1855 Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan, who had been deputed to enquire into the internal economy of the various offices, made a report which may fitly be described as the Magna Charta of Civil Service Organisation.

This report recommended the adoption, *inter alia*, of two cardinal principles:—(1) the selection of all candidates by open competitive literary examination; (2) the separation of intellectual from mechanical labour. Nearly all the improvements which have since occurred have been due to the gradual application of these principles. The first is now firmly established as the best means of testing the *primâ facie* suitability of candidates for public employment, and it will not here be called in question. The second is fully admitted as a general principle, but the difficulty of equitably applying it in practice will be found the crucial point in many of the succeeding changes.

From 1855 to 1870 various attempts were made by the different Departments, mostly acting independently, partially to apply the above recommendations, but with very slight success. The large number of officials entered during this period mainly came in by patronage, subject only to a simple "qualifying" examination, or one limited to nominees. They were, as a body, vastly inferior to the subsequent entrants by open competition, and the considerable number who yet remain in the service furnish the great obstacle to its reorganization.

In 1870 an Order in Council definitely and finally established the principle of open competition, and two schemes of examination were fixed for regulating admission to the Service in general—"Scheme I." for clerks who were required to fill the higher posts, and "Scheme II." for those destined to occupy the less important positions. The various Departments were scheduled according as they were considered to require recruiting under Scheme I. and Scheme II. combined, or under Scheme II. entirely—the majority falling into the latter category. Uniformity in the mode of entering the Service was thus secured, but no endeavour was made to equalize the pay and prospects of those coming in under the same examination; whilst the attempt to classify the work and relative importance of the various Departments in this rough-and-ready manner was calculated to cause—and did cause—serious confusion and inconvenience. Hence the Government was again compelled to enter upon the whole question of Civil Service Reform, and in 1874 a very able Royal Commission was appointed, with Dr. Lyon

Playfair as president. The report of this Commission, in the following year, virtually brings the constitutional history of the Service up to date, for the bulk of the recommendations were adopted by the Government, and recent changes have altered the details rather than the general outline. The main features of the important scheme which was propounded, may, for the purpose in hand, be summarized as follows :—

(1). In every office the work was to be divided into "Administrative" and "Routine."

(2). The staff was to be divided into "Higher" and "Lower" Divisions to perform these respective classes of duties.

(3). Each division was to be recruited from outside by a separate scheme of examination, in the subjects respectively of a liberal, and of an ordinary commercial education. Candidates for the Higher Division were to be between eighteen and twenty-four years of age; for the Lower between seventeen and twenty years.

(4). Promotion from the Lower to the Higher Division was to be of very rare occurrence, and never until after ten years' service in the lower grade.

(5). The rates of ordinary pay were to be uniform throughout the service—the Higher Division rising from £100 to £400 a year by triennial increments of £37 10s.; the Lower Division from £95 to £250* by triennial increments of £15.

(6). "Duty Pay" not exceeding £200 and £100 a year was to be given to men of the respective divisions selected to perform specially difficult or responsible work.

(7). The high staff posts of all offices would usually be filled from the Higher Division clerks.

(8). Clerks were to be transferred from office to office when necessary to meet the needs of the Service, or to equalize promotion.

(9). The changes were to be effected gradually, and only as vacancies arose in the ordinary course.

It will be seen that the whole scheme was based upon the assumption that, in the Civil Service, both work and workers could be sharply divided into superior and inferior, and that, with the touchstone of open competition, two distinct types of individuals could be obtained who would exactly harmonize with the two hypothetically distinct kinds of work. The Playfair Commissioners themselves entertained the gravest doubts as to the soundness of their own assumption. They pointed out that "the work cannot be divided in the manner proposed"; that "in the different Departments of State, and even in different branches of the same Department,

* These were the rates ultimately adopted for seven-hour offices.

there is the utmost variety of work"; and that "the method of choosing and determining the superior officers of an important Department for the whole of their official career by the test of passing a literary examination at the age of leaving school or college is an extremely doubtful one." Nevertheless, they deemed it advisable to make the experiment, their proposals as to duty pay and transfers being intended to give some elasticity to what they saw would otherwise be a stiff and unworkable scheme. These very proposals were, however, among those which were either disregarded or very imperfectly applied; while it soon became apparent that the fundamental assumption required considerable modification, and that there were inherent defects in the scheme itself.

In the first place, although the Commissioners recommended a uniform scale of pay for each Division, applicable to all offices, the Order in Council which followed was confined to the pay of the Lower Division. In regard to the Higher Division it was left to each Department, at its pleasure, to accept the proposed scale or to reject it; and the acceptance was far from universal, as will be seen from the following examples of the pay given to junior Higher Division clerks in certain offices:—

	Minimum.	Maximum.	Increment.
	£.	£.	£.
Treasury and Colonial Office ...	250	600	20 annually.
Offices adopting Playfair scale ...	100	400	37½ triennially.
Admiralty and War Office ... ... 1st year	100	400	37½ triennially.
Admiralty and War Office ... ... 2nd ,,	150		
Local Government Board, Ireland	100	300	10 or 15 annually.

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Hence widely different rates of pay and prospects were secured by success at the same examination. So, too, in the Lower Division, men were posted arbitrarily to various Departments where the quality and variety of the work upon which they were engaged, and, therefore, their chances of securing duty pay and ultimate promotion, differed greatly.

Secondly, no serious attempt was made to meet the resultant difficulties, or to treat the service as a whole, by the transfer of men from office to office.

Thirdly, while the Playfair scheme contemplated a small but able Higher Division, the Commissioners at the same time deprecated any drastic measure of immediate reorganization. But the two positions were really inconsistent. The maintenance of a marked distinction between the classes was not compatible with a long period of transition, during which the redundant clerks of the old establishment worked side by side with the new clerks of the Lower Division upon the same work. Nor did the large body of old clerks contain sufficient competent men to form the

necessary number of superior officials. In the Admiralty and War Office these facts were recognized, and endeavours were made to weed out the offices by offering, not only an increased pension, but also a substantial bonus (in many cases £1,000) to induce men to go. But the reductions fell far short of what was necessary, while the extravagant terms offered appealed to the able and energetic men who had prospects of an outside career, more than to the dullards who had no value in the open market, so that the proportion of competent officials was rather diminished than increased.

Fourthly, the scheme overlooked the difficulties arising from the existence in most offices of a number of "Supplemental" Clerks, the forerunners of the Lower Division proper, entered in previous attempts at a gradation of work. These men clamoured at their lack of prospects, and the duty pay intended as an incentive and reward for the Lower Division was, accordingly, largely diverted to them—one office giving them about 68 per cent. of such duty pay, while doling it out to a numerous Lower Division staff in a few small pittances of £15 a year.

Lastly, the Commissioners underestimated the amount of superior ability which would be found in the Lower Division rank and file, and overlooked the necessity of employing it during the period of transition.

The Playfair plan, consequently, soon became exposed to violent attacks, both in Parliament and out of it. Many attempts were made to induce the Government of the day to take action, and, upon the 21st June, 1886, the point was strongly pressed upon the Secretary to the Treasury in the House of Commons. Sir Lyon Playfair himself supported the demand, saying that:—

"He would be entirely in favour of an examination by the next Parliament into the working of the scheme. . . . He thought that full enquiry should be made, not only into the working of the scheme as adopted by the Government, but also into the more important parts of the scheme which had not been adopted by the Government."

The result was the appointment of a Royal Commission under the presidency of Sir Matthew White Ridley, instructed to enquire into the organization of the Civil Service, with especial reference to the working of the Playfair scheme. This Commission conducted its enquiry with every advantage. The chaos of the old Civil Service had been reduced to comparative order through the labours of successive able Commissions and Committees. A definite and comprehensive plan had been under trial, and the results of this trial were placed before the Commission in evidence of extreme lucidity and ability. But the scale upon which it started its

labours was too large. Much valuable time was wasted upon unprofitable details in a long perambulation round the Admiralty and War Office, and finally the broad principles involved seem to have been overlooked, and the investigation into the general plan of Civil Service organization virtually degenerated to an enquiry into the grievances of particular classes. The consequence was that the Ridley Commissioners made little attempt to alter the broad outlines of the Playfair scheme. They accepted, with slight reservations, the dogma of the necessity and practicability of a sharp division both of work and workers; they left untouched the important question of the establishment of a comprehensive scheme of promotion and transfer; they followed the Playfair Commissioners in affirming the existence of a large redundant higher establishment, and in denying the propriety of immediately reducing it. Leaving thus unsolved all the essential problems, they contented themselves with such modifications of the details of the Playfair plan as were calculated to allay temporarily the existing discontent. They recommended:—

(1.) That the rigid line between higher and lower work should be drawn in a different place, some of the duties performed by the First (higher) Division being considered such as should be entrusted to lower staff officers selected from the Second (lower) Division.

(2.) A gradation of the work and *personnel* of the Second Division.

(3.) The substitution in both Divisions of a modified scale of pay, an improved maximum and increment being granted, and the system of duty pay being discontinued. The old and new scales of pay compare as follows:—

First Division.

Playfair scale.—£100 to £400 a year, rising by triennial increments of £37 10s. 0d., with a prospect of "duty pay" in addition up to £200 a year.

Ridley scale.—Annual increments instead of triennial, and an upper class paid at from £400 to £600 a year in lieu of "duty pay."

Second Division.

Playfair scale.—£95 to £250 a year, by triennial increments of £15, with a prospect of "duty pay" up to £100 a year in addition.

Ridley scale.—

(*a*) £70 to £100 a year by annual increments of £5.
(*b*) £100 to £190 „ „ „ „ £7½.
(*c*) £190 to £250 „ „ „ „ £10.
(*d*) £250 to £350 „ „ „ „ £10.

A somewhat rigid barrier is to be drawn before (*d*), into which only fully competent men are to enter.

(4.) The establishment of a "Consultative Committee," composed of certain high officials of the great public Departments, to advise the Government upon questions relating to the organization of the Civil Service.

The above recommendations were adopted, and the Civil Service is now governed by the Playfair scheme as thus amended.

In tracing the history of reform in the Civil Service it has become apparent that every experiment so far made has been wanting in completeness, and that an otherwise excellent framework has been spoiled by the absence of any plan for welding the several grades together in one harmonious whole. Before considering the reforms which are still needed, it will be worth while briefly to show the actual effect of past measures upon the present condition of the Service.

According to the established theory, the permanent clerical staff of a Government Office should be divided as follows :—

Nature of Duties.	Description of Staff.	Mode of Selection.
Administrative	I. Higher Staff Officers ...	Promotion from II.
	II. First Division Clerks :	
	1. Principals	Promotion from 2.
	2. Seniors	,, ,, 3.
	3. Juniors	Open competitive examination of high University standard, and, very rarely, by promotion from III. and IV.
Routine	III. Lower Staff Officers...	Promotion from IV.
	IV. Second Division Clerks :	
	Section (1)	Promotion from (2).
	,, (2)	Length of service in lower
	,, (3)	sections.
	,, (4)	Open competitive examination in subjects of a commercial education, and by promotion occasionally from V. (*a*).
Digesting and Copying.	V. (*a*) Abstractors, &c. ...	Open competitive examination in elementary subjects.
	(*b*) Boy Clerks	

Owing, however, to the absence of any attempt to effect a complete reorganization by means of the enforced retirement of redundant men of the old Higher Division who are below par in industry or ability, the theoretical division of work—difficult to carry out in the most favourable circumstances—is not actually made to anything like the extent contemplated. It is necessary,

not only to employ many of the old redundant men upon work of an inferior kind, but also to give some work of a distinctly superior character to men of a lower grade. The following figures illustrate how this takes place, and are fairly typical of several offices :—

Description of Clerks, &c.	Actual Numbers.	Normal Numbers.
First Division—Competent for administrative work... ...	20	30
,, ,, *routine work only*	*10**	
Practically non-effective	*20*	
Second Division—*Employed on administrative work* ...	*7*	
,, ,, routine work	123	145
Abstractors, &c.— ,, ,, *Second Division work* ...	*5*	
,, ,, mechanical work	25	25
Totals	210	200

* The italics indicate where practice does not agree with theory.

The net result is that the office is over-manned in total numbers and under-manned in effective strength in each grade, the first fact preventing a remedy of the second. The heads of the staff feel keenly the dearth of good men in the higher posts of their branches. The more able members of the old establishment fret under the nominal authority of useless chiefs. Junior First Division clerks are doing the work of seniors and principals. Supplemental and Second Division clerks perform First Division duties, and those which were intended for the lower staff officers. To crown all, and as if the whole object of the present system were to deaden zeal and discourage merit, new First Division men continue to be brought in from the outside, passing over the heads of even the most capable Supplemental and Second Division clerks, whose claims to advancement, founded upon the long and satisfactory performance of First Division duties, are completely ignored. Meanwhile, the redundant members of the old establishment placidly vegetate in sleepy security, absorbing each from £500 to £800 or £900 per annum, stopping promotion by their presence, preventing the proper training of new men by their laziness and incapacity, and subverting by their example the discipline and *morale* of the rising generation of officials. This condition of things exists to a greater or less extent in nearly every office in the Service, and the universal discontent thereby generated is aggravated by the absence of any proper system of general promotion. Vacancies in the numerous First Division establishments of some of the more important Departments, which might with great advantage to those Departments, and to the Service at large, be filled by the transfer of picked men from other offices, are conse-

quently thrown open to outside public competition. And this waste of opportunities for rewarding merit throughout the Service becomes more keenly resented as the congestion in the various Departments becomes increasingly felt.

The final result is a Civil Service in which the active officials are handicapped by having to carry a dead weight of incompetent senility; in which the refusal to weed out the idle and the worthless, the persistent adherence to an unsound theory, and the lack of effective general management combine to prevent justice being done to the deserving, to crush the hopes and energies of the ambitious, and to demoralize and lower the reputation of the whole body. If any illustration of the strength of the existing discontent be needed, it will be found in the recent correspondence in *The Times* on the position of affairs at the War Office, and in the indignation meeting of some 3,500 members of the junior establishments in all Offices, which has just been held to protest against a further continuance of the present policy.

To remedy this unsatisfactory state of things, strong and vigorous action should be taken, and further reforms should be based on the following principles :—

(1.) That the work of the Service, though capable of being graded, cannot be sharply separated into "Administrative" and "Routine" —with a residuum of mechanical copying.

(2.) That the capacities of officials cannot be finally determined by the type of examination which they pass on entry.

(3.) That men entering under the same examination should, as far as possible, have equal opportunities of securing promotion according to their merits.

(4.) That every official should be encouraged to fit himself for advancement, and should have a clearly defined prospect of securing it.

(5.) That inefficient officials, in any grade, should be promptly retired or dismissed, according to the circumstances of the case.

In these modern days, when belief in the "continuity of nature"—never making a leap, but passing by gradual and almost imperceptible changes from stage to stage—is nearly an article of faith, it may well seem strange to find a doctrine of "natural kinds" surviving in our governmental organization. Nor indeed is the Civil Service exempt from the operation of the principle of continuity, as has been recognized by many of those who, from their long experience of the Service, are best qualified to judge of the matter. In regard to the work, the very gradation of each class into subdivisions and the appointment of high staff officers above the ordinary body of clerks, and of "mechanical" workers below them emphasize the fact. Even the last Commission, maintaining the

existence of a sundering line, proposed to shift it, and made further grades within grades. Still less is there any single or rigid division between the capacities of the workers. It must be admitted that the lower character of the entrance examination and of the work upon which the entrants are employed furnishes a presumption against the competence of the Second Division *employé* for the higher duties of administrative control, and even against the ready discovery of his abilities. But by whatever test a large number of men may be selected, some persons of natural talent are sure to be included, and there is hardly any work under the sun upon which such men cannot succeed in showing their parts. The testimony of leading Civil Servants upon this point is ample, and is easily accessible in the reports of the Northcote, Playfair, and Ridley Commissions; and it must be remembered that such merits as have been shown by the clerks of the Second Division have been a mere fraction of those which would have been in evidence had the natural abilities of its members been trained or even encouraged.

The same remarks apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to the case of the abstractors, &c., who are for years employed upon the duties of Second Division clerks, without being given the position or pay.

Could a more fatal system be devised, even for the work of the merest routine, than one which rigidly limits the qualifications that the members of a large class are expected or desired to possess, which looks with eyes closed or askance upon superior parts when forcing themselves into view, and which bases the treatment of the *employés* upon their attainments when they left school, rather than upon the qualities which they are showing in their lifelong occupation? Twenty years' experience has shown conclusively that the grave doubts of the Playfair Commissioners as to the accuracy of the assumption on which they based their scheme were well founded. The time has come for the authorities to admit this, and so to take the first great step towards the final reform of the Service.

When once it has been granted that neither the work nor the capacities of the workers can be sharply divided into superior and inferior, and that the large number of men entered under the lower examination does furnish a certain number qualified to fill the higher posts in the Service, the task of further reform becomes a comparatively simple one. It is generally understood that the Civil Service will consist ultimately of about 400 First Division and 6,000 Second Division clerks. If a system can be devised under which the 400 First Division posts will be filled from the Second Division, so far as there are men in that body fully qualified for the superior work, whilst only the remaining vacancies are offered

to outside competition, there is every reason to suppose that an efficient and contented Service will be secured. Two sets of circumstances have to be provided for:—

(*a*) The present abnormal state; and

(*b*) The future normal state.

(*a*) Owing to the slow entry of First Division men (due to the retention of the old redundant clerks), and to the fact that the present higher officials are mostly advanced in age, and must all quit the Service within a few years—when the present limited number of First Division clerks will form the ruling bodies of all the great offices—it is absolutely imperative that this Division should be recruited at once by men of experience, as well as of ability. Owing also to the lack of promotion as yet from the Second Division, that body (already some 3,500 strong) offers a very large field for choice. The vacancies occurring during the next two or three years could, therefore, be filled with great advantage exclusively from that Division.

(*b*) After this short period, the plan of dividing the vacancies equally between outside competitors and Second Division clerks might be tried; and there is much reason to suppose that this distribution would approximately meet the requirements of the case. From careful enquiries which have been made in various offices, the proportion of Second Division clerks reaching the high standard justifying promotion to the First Division appears to be about one in from twenty-five to thirty. It will be seen that this is about the proportion which exists between half the total number of First Division clerks and the total number of Second Division clerks; so that the arrangement suggested would have a fair chance of working satisfactorily. Such a simple definition of the "right" of the Second Division clerks to promotion to the First Division would have an excellent and immediate effect upon the *morale* of the former. They would be encouraged to put forth their best energies, and to qualify themselves in every way for the performance of the higher duties, knowing that the chief prizes of the Service were open to them. So great an improvement might be anticipated, especially if Heads of Departments performed more fully than they do now their obvious duty of looking after the thorough training of their men, that it would probably be necessary from time to time to increase the proportion of promotions permissible from the Second Division. The arrangement might, therefore, be brought forward for revision, if necessary, every five years; and, as it would be distinctly understood that the raising or lowering of the ratio would depend entirely upon the number of fully qualified men whom the Second Division had produced in the preceding five years, the best results might be ex-

pected. It might always be desirable to reserve the power of introducing new blood by open competition, but if the Second Division were, in future, recruited by a somewhat superior examination, it would probably rarely be necessary to exercise it.

Of course, in applying such a scheme of promotion—whether temporarily under (*a*) or permanently under (*b*)—it would have to be remembered that the proportion of the two Divisions varies widely in different offices, so that the vacancies would be fewest just where the claims were most numerous. To obviate any difficulties from this cause, promotion to the First Division should not be limited to the particular office in which merit had been proved (promotions within the Divisions themselves must, of course, take place departmentally). The selected clerk should, unless specially applied for by his original Department, be placed upon a list of men suitable for First Division employment anywhere—as in the case of men successful in open competition—and should take his choice according to the estimate placed upon him in recommending him for promotion.

Nor should the scheme of promotion from office to office be limited to the Second Division. Different offices offer vastly different prospects to the members of the First Division. The more valuable posts should be open to all, and the Treasury, Foreign Office, Colonial Office and other leading Departments would greatly benefit by the transfer to them of such able men as could not find suitable openings in their own office. A similar promotion list should, therefore, be kept for the First Division.

Finally, the recently appointed Consultative Committee already referred to might well be entrusted with the administration of the scheme, and become for this purpose a Promotion Board for the whole Service. It would be for them to receive nominations from the various Departments, to take such steps as might be necessary to ascertain for themselves the qualifications of the nominees, and to determine their relative merit. Their wide experience would ensure a sound selection, and their high position should be a complete safeguard against jobbery.

Much of the success of such measures for the thorough reform of the Service will depend upon the time and manner of their application. The impracticability of making any permanent reforms piecemeal has already been explained. It remains to emphasize the justice and necessity, in the interests both of individuals and of the public, of making them not only at one stroke but *now*—by the compulsory retirement of the idle and incompetent in every grade.

The direct advantage of getting rid of such men is sufficiently obvious; the less evident indirect gain, by the stimulus given to

the men in the junior grades, is probably still greater. To those who are familiar with the ways of the public services—naval, military, or civil—it is well-known that their élan and efficiency depend upon a properly regulated and constant flow of promotion. An eminent public official has placed upon record his deliberate opinion that, no matter under what conditions men were entered, given a full power of promotion, he would get any work required from them. In the Army and Navy, competent officers have to retire at certain ages in the various ranks in order to prevent a lack of opening for the junior members. In the Civil Service, on the contrary, clerks are kept on until they reach the age of sixty or sixty-five, even though they are incompetent, and even when the very duties for which they draw pay are performed by younger but capable men! It seems the merest truism to say that an end should now be put to this.

Such a demand is currently met by the objection that any measure enforcing retirement would greatly swell the pension list; though why this should matter so long as there is no net loss upon salaries and pensions together does not appear. It is generally held that the men in question have gained a prescriptive right either to go on drawing pay for work which they cannot perform, or to receive special pensions for "abolition of office." Such a view seems quite indefensible; but, even granting that these men must be given their pound of flesh, it would pay the public to bear any cost rather than to continue discouraging its active and efficient men by taxing them for the support of its inefficients.

As a matter of fact, however, there need not be any net money loss at all. The men concerned are already, in the vast majority of cases, entitled to nearly the full pension which they can "earn" (two-thirds salary); and the remaining one-third of their pay would be enough to cover both the additional pay of the men promoted into their places, and the remuneration of the small number of new entrants required in their stead. At the same time, the young First Division could be supplied with enough recruits (it has been shown how these should be obtained) to give it a fair chance of "carrying on" when the competent older officials—the loss of whose long experience must anyhow be felt—retire in a batch, as in a few years they certainly will. Any hardship involved in the proposed compulsory retirements would be slight, and it would be felt only where it was deserved.

If the purpose of this article has been realized, it is now abundantly clear that the Civil Service stands in urgent need of thorough and immediate reform. Much of this reform lies in the power of the Heads of the separate Departments, and it should be their bounden duty to effect it of their own free-will, instead of

yielding slowly, partially, and ungraciously to the pressure of class agitation—which usually expresses some truth, and rarely the whole truth. But mostly these Heads are old, prejudiced against the new order of clerks, and inclined to let the difficulties stand over for their successors—whose hands will, at the best, be very full.

A new and strong Commission is, therefore, required, composed of men capable of taking a broad and liberal view of the matter, anxious to act fairly by all classes, and determined to introduce some finality into the Service after a "period of transition" which has already lasted through the official lifetime of forty years.

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THE CAUSE AND EFFECT OF THE MATABELE WAR.*

Now, I have given the foregoing account of the history of the Matabele nation, not that I want to prejudice opinion against this cruel people: after all they are not any worse than any other tribe of warlike savages, or any worse than our own savage ancestors a few centuries ago. All I want people to know is, that they are not a gentle Arcadian race of idyllic savages such as the enemies of the British in South Africa would wish to represent them, but a fierce, overbearing, cruel, and bloodthirsty people who were as certain sooner or later to come into conflict with the advancing wave of European civilization in South Africa as gunpowder is to explode when brought in contact with fire. That they themselves forced the colonists in Mashonaland to make war upon them I shall presently show. That that war was most successfully prosecuted by a very small British force; and that Matabeleland is now in the hands of our countrymen, instead of being annexed by the Transvaal, as it would have been in all probability but for Cecil John Rhodes, ought not, I thing, to be a source of regret to anyone in this country.

I will now pass on to the occupation of Mashonaland by the expedition of the British South Africa Company in 1890. That occupation wronged no human being, black or white. A vast extent of table-land, lying at an altitude of from 4,000 to 6,000 feet about sea-level, that prior to 1840 had supported a large aboriginal population, had been almost absolutely depopulated by the Matabele. For years the Boers of the north-eastern Transvaal had coveted this country, and would have taken possession of it some years previous to 1890 had they been able to collect a sufficient number of frontiersmen to overpower the opposition which they thought they would be sure to meet with from the Matabele in carrying out their scheme of colonization.

* A paper read at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute on March 13th. It appears in these pages owing to the courteous co-operation of the Institute and the author. The first part consisted of a history of the Matabele in which their innate and untamable ferocity was abundantly shown by copious incidents taken from their history since the opening of the present century.—ED. *National Review.*

Early in 1890 the Boers had almost matured their plans, 1,500 men having given in their names as volunteers to the leaders of the trek movement, all of the latter being substantial farmers and influential men in the district of Zoutpansberg. However, 2,000 men were required, and so agents were sent to the Orange Free State and to the Paarl, a purely Dutch district of the Cape Colony, to collect another 500 recruits. In the meantime Mr. Rhodes had matured his plans, and with little noise and no waste of time brought to a successful issue, with 500 men of British birth, an enterprise which the hardy Boers of Zoutpansberg had not dared to attempt with less than 2,000 men. At the same time that Mr. Rhodes's expedition advanced towards Mashonaland Sir Henry Loch called upon Paul Kruger, the President of the Transvaal, to carry out his treaty obligations, and forbid his burghers from trekking into the country beyond the Limpopo. This President Kruger most loyally did, and thus the British advance into Mashonaland was not interfered with in any way by the Transvaal Boers in 1890.

Now, although I am one of those who took part in the expedition, I cannot help saying that the cutting of the road from Macloutsie camp to Salisbury, through 460 miles of pathless wilderness, the first 250 of which were covered with thick forest, the whole undertaking being carried out without a mistake, by a very small force of men in the teeth of the very unequivocal threats of so numerous and warlike a race of savages as the Matabele, was an enterprize which the countrymen of Clive and Warren Hastings need not be ashamed of; and I would ask all those who may be inclined to believe in the calumnies which are being cast week by week by Mr. Labouchere upon the British in Mashonaland—calumnies which insult thousands of British-born men and women in all parts of the world where the English language is spoken—to remember that this expedition to and occupation of Mashonaland was effected without bloodshed. Not a shot was fired in anger during the whole expedition, nor was one single native, man, woman, or child, out of the many hundreds that were encountered before the plateau was reached, robbed or molested in any way by any member of the British pioneers; and yet these are the very men whom Mr. Labouchere has called "border ruffians," "the riffraff of South Africa," "murderers," "marauders," &c. May England at her need never want a finer force of men than the pioneers of Mashonaland.

Now, the occupation of Mashonaland may be looked upon as the first cause of the Matabele war. That occupation, as I have said before, wronged no human being, and it added a valuable province to British South Africa and to the British Empire; but it was a very bitter pill for the Matabele to swallow, as it curtailed their

raiding-grounds and diminished their prestige. It did something more; it relieved large numbers of the aboriginal tribes of eastern Mashonaland from the ever-present fear of invasion and massacre by the Matabele, under the shadow of which they had lived for two generations, and owing to which they had become an abjectly mean and cowardly race. Now, Mr. Labouchere talks about the "canting hypocrisy" of the officers of the British South Africa Company, who, he asserts, wish the British public to believe that they took Mashonaland out of pure philanthropy and for the sole benefit of the "poor Mashonas." I must say that I never heard such a proposition advanced in Mashonaland. It is, however, a case of *le médecin malgré lui.* The pioneers went to Mashonaland in the first place to benefit themselves, but by going there at all they placed a barrier between the aborigines in the eastern parts of the country and their Matabele oppressors, which has been of incalculable benefit to the Mashonas, a benefit which they were ready enough to acknowledge during the first two years after the occupation of the country. The fact that a few disturbances have taken place, and that a certain number of Mashonas, including two women and one child, have been killed by the white settlers during the last four years, does not affect the general result of the occupation of Mashonaland by Englishmen. More disturbances may, nay, probably will, arise in the country; more Mashonas may be killed. But even so, and given that the Mashonas are unjustly governed and cruelly treated by the white men (though with Dr. Jameson as administrator of the country, and English gentlemen of known character and antecedents as magistrates in the different districts, I fail to see why they should be)—well, even then, no misgovernment, no cruelty they are ever likely to suffer from at the hands of Englishmen can ever approach in barbarity to the hideous massacres and dreadful cruelties which they and their forefathers have been constantly suffering during the last fifty years at the hands of the Matabele—massacres which have depopulated immense areas of country once thickly peopled.

After the occupation of Mashonaland by the British, the Matabele seemed to be cowed by the boldness of the enterprise, and I think they had at first an exaggerated idea of the numbers and strength of the white men. At any rate, for more than a year, though we know from Mr. James Dawson that for a long time they always referred to the colonists in Mashonaland as "abāfo," *i.e.* enemies, they abstained entirely from giving any offence to the settlers, and when, on the retirement of Mr. Colquhoun, Dr. Jameson became administrator of the country in the autumn of 1891, the relations of the British colonists in Mashonaland with the Matabele seemed on a friendly footing. A few months later, however, a feeling of uneasi-

ness was caused amongst the white men scattered through the northern districts of Mashonaland by the murder, by a party of Matabele, of an old Mashona chief named Lo Magondi, whose kraals were situated about fifty miles north-west of Salisbury.

Being in the district at the time, I went over to the scene of the raid to see what had happened, and at Lo Magondi's kraal met Major Forbes, who had been sent by Dr. Jameson with a small party of police to make an official investigation into the circumstances of the raid. We found that Lo Magondi had been murdered, and about seventy women and children carried off as slaves by a small force of Matabele, the reason given for the raid being that it was a punishment inflicted on Lo Magondi and his people by Lo Bengula, because they had been helping the white men, by working for them, and showing them old gold-workings. As Lo Magondi and his people had many years previously submitted to Lo Bengula, and had ever since that time paid him an annual tribute, the Matabele chief had acted within his rights by killing him and enslaving a number of his people; but it was felt at Salisbury that, as there was no particular reason for this punishment, Lo Bengula might have refrained from raiding on natives living so near to the chief settlement of the whites, especially as there was a mining commissioner resident in Lo Magondi's district. When remonstrated with by Dr. Jameson concerning this murder, Lo Bengula denied having sent the men to kill Lo Magondi. Of course no one believed him, for had his statement been true, he would have killed the men by whom the murder was committed, which he never did. Altogether this incident was looked upon by the white settlers in Mashonaland as the first attempt made by Lo Bengula to feel the white man's temper, and there was a strong suspicion that, having taken their inch unchecked, the Matabele would, sooner or later, take the proverbial ell.

During the following year, 1892, the King of the Matabele made a journey with a large armed following in the direction of the white settlements in Mashonaland, and established several large military kraals some seventy miles farther eastwards than any district in which military kraals had previously existed. At the same time he established outposts and cattle stations farther eastwards still, thus very materially abridging the extent of the uninhabited country, which had separated his people from the white settlers in Mashonaland on the first occupation of that country. Now, I do not say that Lo Bengula exceeded his rights in any way either by killing Lo Magondi or establishing military kraals on the borders of Mashonaland; but if he was anxious to live at peace with the whites in Mashonaland these actions were injudicious, to say the least of it. He was bringing a lighted match nearer and nearer to

a barrel of gunpowder. To meet these demonstrations on the part of the Matabele, volunteer forces were raised in Salisbury, Victoria, and Umbali, which were regularly drilled by competent officers. The forts at Salisbury and Victoria were also strengthened, and prepared for the reception of the women and children in the country. In fact, everything was done to defend Mashonaland against attack; but at this time the thought of an aggressive war was absolutely absent from the minds either of the officials of the Chartered Company or the settlers under their charge. The power and fighting capabilities of the Matabele were not thought lightly of, and there were but a very small number of horses in the country, and without horses it was obvious that a mere handful of white men could do nothing more than defend themselves against hordes of savages. At this period Dr. Jameson exerted himself to the utmost to maintain friendly relations with Lo Bengula and the Matabele, not, I take it, because he loved those people, but because he deemed that he was not strong enough to defy them. The strictest orders were given to all the officials of the Company to prevent any prospectors from crossing the line towards Matabeleland, beyond which he had promised Lo Bengula that he would not allow white men to pass. This line was the Umniati river in the north and the Shashi river (about thirty miles from Victoria) in the south. These orders were very efficiently carried out, and, with the exception of two traders who crossed the border without the knowledge of the Chartered Company's officials, and who were robbed by Lo Bengula's people early in 1893, no prospecting whatever was done on the Matabeleland side of the border during 1892 or 1893. Lo Bengula's contention that he knew of no border line was simply a diplomatic expression. Through Mr. Colenbrander he had distinctly promised that he would not allow his people to cross the Umniati and the Shashi rivers. However, although the cloud of the Matabele terror had commenced to darken the western horizon of Mashonaland in 1892, that year passed off without any serious complications. Some robberies of post-carts and waggons were committed by armed bands of Matabele along the main road between Tuli and Victoria, and the people who had been robbed were indemnified for their losses by the Chartered Company; but Lo Bengula disclaimed all knowledge of these robberies, and professed himself willing to punish the offenders if he could discover them. In this, I think, he was sincere, as his policy was to abstain entirely from actual aggression against the whites themselves, but to strike at them through the natives, on whose work the development of the country depended, thus making it impossible for white men to live in Mashonaland. By carrying out this policy more and more boldly, I think Lo Bengula thought he would get rid of his white

neighbours, who would soon be driven to abandon the country in disgust. He ought to have remembered a passage in a letter he once received from General Joubert, shortly after the Transvaal War, a letter which I myself translated into English, and which the Rev. Mr. Thomas then interpreted to Lo Bengula. The passage I refer to ran thus: "When an Englishman once has your property in his hand, then is he like an ape with its hand full of pumpkin seeds; you may beat him to death, but he will never let go." The Englishman had got hold of Mashonaland (to all the eastern portion of which I deny, however, that the Matabele could advance any just claim), and he wasn't going to let go of it, as Lo Bengula was to find out later on. I give for what it is worth this idea of Lo Bengula's policy of driving the whites out of Mashonaland without actually injuring a white man, and afterwards appealing to the British Government for protection when he found that rather than abandon that country they were determined to break his power, and possess themselves of Matabeleland as well, or die in the attempt. I will now enter upon the fateful year of 1893. It was during this year that Mr. Labouchere told his readers, in the number of *Truth* for November 16, 1893, that "the Mashonaland bubble having burst, a war was forced by the Company on Lo Bengula in order to get hold of Matabeleland."

What exactly Mr. Labouchere means to convey by the expression the "Mashonaland bubble having burst" I don't know; but if he means that Mashonaland had been proved by this time to be worthless as a field for British enterprise, then I say that Mr. Labouchere states what is absolutely untrue, for what are the facts? In July, 1893, when the Victoria district was devastated by the Matabele and the settlers' servants were killed within sight of the houses, when their cattle were driven off and their farmsteads destroyed, there were only thirty-eight horses in the whole of the Victoria district, and less than 150 in the whole of Mashonaland. At this time the first half of the dry season had already passed, and I ask you, as fair-minded men, if, given this absolute state of unpreparedness so late in the dry season, it is possible to suppose that at this time—the time of the Matabele invasion of the Victoria district of Mashonaland—an aggressive war against the Matabele could have been in contemplation by Dr. Jameson and the officials of the Chartered Company. Now for the assertion that the "Mashonaland bubble had burst."

In this connection I have been authorized by Mr. Philip Wrey, the mining engineer of the Mashonaland Agency, a gentleman who has spent nearly three years in Mashonaland, and who is one of the best authorities upon mining work in that country, to state that the working capital represented by the different companies floated in

London early in 1893 for the purpose of fully developing Mashonaland amounted to between £300,000 and £400,000. Now, as the people who subscribed this large sum of money must have been more or less in the confidence of the directors of the British South Africa Company in London, is it to be supposed that they would have subscribed this amount of capital if a war with so powerful a nation as the Matabele—a war which at that time must have seemed of very doubtful issue—had been in contemplation? Owing to the breaking out of the war, the greater part of this capital has never been utilized. At the very time when the raid took place in the Victoria district in July, 1893, there were 120 natives working at Long's reef in the employ of the Mashonaland Agency, all of whom had been brought at a great expense from the east coast, and 100 more were actually on their way to Victoria from Inhambane. At the same time something like 300 men were at work on the "Cotopaxi," one of the properties belonging to the "Gold Fields of Mashonaland," whilst other large gangs were working on reefs belonging to Willoughby's Syndicate, the Zambesia Exploring Company, and many other mining syndicates in Mashonaland Indeed, in July, 1893, so far from the "Mashonaland bubble having burst," as Mr. Labouchere has so often asserted, I fail to see in what way the men who were interested in the development of the country could possibly have shown their belief in its value in a more tangible form than by undertaking the works of development upon which they were engaged in all the mining districts.

And what, I would ask you, is occurring now that the Matabele power has been crushed, and Matabeleland lies open to European enterprise? Have the mining operations in Mashonaland been abandoned? Have the men whom Mr. Labouchere calls "*greedy adventurers, border ruffians, riffraff, marauders, and murderers*" abandoned the burst bubble of Mashonaland *en masse*, and "flocked," to use another of Mr. Labouchere's choice similes, "like vultures to the fresh-killed carcase of Matabeleland"? Not at all. In every district of Mashonaland mining development work and every other enterprise has now been resumed, and that fact is, I think, the best refutation of the false assertion that war was made on the Matabele without just cause in order to raise money because "the Mashonaland bubble had burst."

I now come to the actual circumstances which led to the war.

Mr. Labouchere has described these circumstances in various ways, but always with such palpable perversion of the truth that I am glad to find he has entirely defeated his own object, and only succeeded in evoking a feeling of indignant contempt in the minds of all fair-minded men. In the number of *Truth* for November 16 he says:

"Then as to the cause of the war. Lo Bengula, we are told, raided in Mashonaland, and the war was caused by his refusing to discontinue this practice. . . . Lo Bengula sent an impi there [to Mashonaland] to punish his subjects for stealing telegraph wires, at the express request of the Company. Both Sir Henry Loch and the Company were notified of its departure. This impi was ordered by Dr. Jameson to withdraw from Mashonaland in one hour. It was withdrawing when, one or two hours later, Dr. Jameson sent an armed force to fire on it under the command of the very Captain Lendy whom Mr. Buxton had stigmatised as a murderer on account of his former ruffianism. The impi could not cover thirty miles (the distance to Matabeleland) in two or three hours. And because it was impossible, this Lendy and his border ruffians fired on it, and killed about thirty men," etc., etc.

In his oracle for December 14 Mr. Labouchere is more brief, but equally untruthful. He says: "The war was forced on these people by the Company in order to rob them."

In the number of *Truth* for February 8 I read: "A crew of border ruffians were collected together by promises of loot and land. They invaded Matabeleland;" etc.

In the number of the same paper for February 22, again, it is stated: "The touts maltreated the Mashonas and then called on Lo Bengula to punish them. He sent his troops, ordering them to respect the whites. This they did. But as the touts wanted a pretext to seize on Matabeleland, they slew Lo Bengula's troops, and then made war on him, alleging that he intended to make war on them. The war was conducted with hideous barbarity," etc.

Now when Mr. Labouchere states that Lo Bengula was requested by the Company to punish the Mashonas for cutting the telegraph wire, he again says what is not true, as Dr. Jameson most distinctly told Lo Bengula that he would himself punish the offenders. Here is the letter on this subject from the Secretary, British South Africa Company, Cape Town, to the Imperial Secretary, Cape Town, which I have copied from the blue-book on Matabeleland and Mashonaland for September, 1893:—

Cape Town, May 20, 1893.

Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst., and in reply beg to state that I am now in possession of Dr. Jameson's telegram, which embodies his answer to Lo Bengula, and can therefore give the report his Excellency the High Commissioner asks for.

Some two weeks ago 500 yards of wire were cut and taken away from the telegraph line, and no trace of it could be found. Dr. Jameson, after investigating at various different kraals, ascertained that "Gomalla's" people, allied to "Setoutsie's" people, were the culprits. He sent a police officer to them, requesting them to give up the culprits, or pay a fine of cattle. They preferred to pay the fine, and the cattle were taken to Victoria. These natives then proceeded to Bulawayo, and informed Lo Bengula that the Company had taken his cattle as a punishment for wire cutting. Lo Bengula then, through Mr. Colenbrander, sent runners to Tuli, asking why he had taken his cattle, did he cut the wire; adding that although his people wanted to fetch back the cattle he would not let them, but preferred to settle the matter amicably by referring to the Company. I add now

Dr. Jameson's reply to the King's message, which left Tuli some time yesterday with the return runners :—

"Please inform the King that I have just received his telegram with regard to Setoutsie's people. Have already informed the King what a serious crime the cutting of telegraph wire is regarded by white people. The fact of the cut wire being taken away makes it certain that the crime was committed by natives; white men would have no use for it once cut away from the telegraph line. From the report of my officer of police I am quite sure that Gomalla's people were guilty of the crime as they admitted, but handed over the fine of cattle rather than give up the culprits. As the King tells me the cattle belong to him, I now understand why Gomalla willingly gave up the cattle rather than hand over the culprits. Gomalla informed my police officer that all the cattle and the country around belonged to him ; now that I find that they belong to the King of course they shall be returned to him, as keeping them would be no punishment to the culprits. I am now ordering them to be sent to Tuli, where they will be handed over to any people sent by the King to receive them ; at the same time I cannot allow this crime to go unpunished, and shall at once send my police to take Gomalla back to his kraal, there find the actual culprits, and chastise them, or failing that, as I look upon the chief as responsible for his people, will punish Gomalla as I think fit."

As Mr. Labouchere is so fond of referring to the blue-books on Mashonaland, it seems a pity that he should have omitted to read this letter. Nor was he more fortunate in accepting a certain Mr. Douglas Pelly as an authority upon the event which led to the war with the Matabele. In the number of *Truth* for February 8 we are told: "In the meanwhile Mr. Douglas Pelly, who has just returned from the seat of war, and is entrusted by the Bishop of Mashonaland with the task of obtaining funds for the spread of Christianity in his diocese, confirms every word that I have said in regard to the war having been forced on the Matabele." Now, as the war was caused directly by the events which took place during the raid on the Victoria district in July 1893, it is surely a reasonable proposition that those men who were actually at Victoria during this time, and who saw what actually took place during the raid, are more competent to express an opinion on the justice of the war than men who were not there. Now, so far from Mr. Douglas Pelly having "returned from the seat of war," that good Christian was never much nearer than two hundred miles from the seat of war, having been at Salisbury when the disturbances occurred at Victoria. It was therefore, I am afraid, want of ordinary charity that led him, all ignorant as he was of the merits of the case, to vilify his countrymen, and deceive the sympathetic Editor of *Truth*.

The Rev. Mr. Sylvester, who has acted as Church of England clergyman at Fort Victoria during the last eighteen months, and who was present during all the troubles there last July, tells rather a different story. This gentleman, who was interviewed by Mr. Weinthal of the *Pretoria Press*, in January last, "said most emphatically that the war was justified in every way. The last thing in the world I would advocate would be bloodshed. But in this

instance there was *no* other method. Reasoning with the Matabele was out of the question." Concerning the occurrences which led him to this opinion, the Rev. Mr. Sylvester relates how

"On the afternoon of Sunday, July 9, I was in my church, catechising the children, of whom there were about twenty in the township. Suddenly I heard a confused noise outside in the garden, where my servants were standing, the one a Mashona, the other a Zambesi boy. The latter was racing for life towards the fort, the former towards the kraal. I came out after the boys, and found myself in the middle of a great body of natives, who were driving a lot of the Company's cattle before them. Not till I was in the middle of them did I notice their war shields, assegais, axes, and peculiar head-dresses, which denote the Matabele on the war-path. Meanwhile this body of Matabele drove the cattle off in a westerly direction, whilst others hurried after my unfortunate Mashona boy, struck him with a battle-axe on the back of his neck, and drove an assegai into his rightside. I was naturally horrified. I do not know how many Mashonas were murdered that afternoon, during the whole of which the Matabele 'impi' hovered round Fort Victoria. Afterwards I went out, and saw a great horde of them driving Mashonas before them like sheep."

Asked as to what measures were taken by the authorities, Mr. Sylvester replied:

Well, Captain Lendy called for volunteers, including myself, who went with him and his police after the Matabele, who squatted in a square. Whilst waiting here we received information that other Matabele were then engaged in smoking out Mashona women and children in some adjacent caves. The Matabele then left the vicinity of the Fort by order of Captain Lendy, and then a large number of Mashona women and children and old men fled into the shelter of the camp. I shall not forget that Sunday so easily. When darkness came on, and it was a *very* dark night, the hills and kopjes surrounding Victoria were far and wide lit up by the lurid, ruddy blaze of Mashona kraals, a most substantial evidence of Matabele atrocity, and a sight not easily forgotten. During the next day, Captain Lendy and fifty men rode to a kraal about twelve miles off, which was supposed to be the centre from which the raids were organised. We were just in sight of this kraal, when Captain Lendy accompanied by Lieutenant Reid rode alone towards it to interview the Indunas. Whilst waiting, an impi of about three hundred Matabele, fresh from a recent raid, passed in gory procession, carrying loot and the bodies of their own dead and wounded men. Captain Lendy meanwhile found that the chief Induna was on the road to the Fort with a letter from the great Lo Bengula himself. We returned, and on arrival at Victoria found the Induna waiting with the letter. It was to the effect that the king had authorised the impi to raid the Mashona tribes near Victoria. Whilst in the Fort the Induna saw the Mashona women, old men and children mentioned before, and immediately demanded their being given up, as he said, "to be assegaied forthwith." The only consideration which could be made by him was that the wholesale extinguishing process need not necessarily take place in the sight of the whites. This tender proposal could not be complied with in any way, and being informed by the authorities to that end, Lo Ben's Induna mounted his horse and left in high dudgeon.

Events now assumed a threatening and critical attitude. On the following Wednesday, Dr. Jameson arrived post haste from Salisbury and sent a message to the Matabele Indunas, inviting them to an immediate parley, which subsequently came off just outside the gate of the Fort. I was observing everything closely. Dr. Jameson sat on a chair to the right, his interpreter Mr. Napier being with him, and was surrounded by all his officials and the prominent settlers. The Administrator told the Matabele plainly that the Mashonas would not be given up to slaughter, neither would the Company allow the raiding, as it dis-

turbed the peace of the white settlers and destroyed the progress of the country. This he told them very earnestly and coolly, and, in response, the behaviour of the Indunas was what can only be called insulting. One Induna replied that if this was the answer, they would do to the whites what they had done to Mashonas hitherto. On this being interpreted, the Doctor said, "I give you one hour to clear, or you will be driven out."

On being asked whether one hour was given to cover the 30 miles to the border, the Rev. Mr. Sylvester replied, "As far as I know nothing was said about the border, and without committing myself to a minute, I think that nearly three hours elapsed before the mounted patrol went out, or ere the Doctor's orders had been obeyed. I may state that Dr. Jameson was most calm and collected throughout, and at *that* time not a dissentient voice was heard in Victoria against the measures he took at this crisis." On being further questioned, the Rev. Mr. Sylvester said:

"Two days after the raid on that Sunday, I went out and recognised the remains of my boy, whatever few bones the vultures had left, by the missing teeth in his lower jaw, which I showed to Dr. Jameson. Some of the Mashonas were driven into the river, and on bobbing up were mercilessly assegaied, some in the old township were battle-axed, others had their hands chopped off and were most terribly mutilated. Wherever possible, the bodies of the murdered were interred by order of Captain Lendy. When Captain Lendy returned with his patrol, he was enthusiastically cheered. No one could have done their work better or more efficiently than the officers, men, and officials, of the British South African Company at the time. The action taken was absolutely necessary for the safety of the whole white population. Had Captain Lendy not executed Dr. Jameson's orders so promptly, all of us might have never seen the light of another day."

The Rev. Mr. Sylvester pays a just tribute to the memory of poor Captain Lendy, who has been so shamefully slandered and calumniated by men who find it impossible to realize the difficulties attending the administration of savage countries on the borders of our Empire—countries in which, for the safety of the first settlers it is imperatively necessary to establish the absolute supremacy of the numerically small white race over the aboriginal blacks. Savages do not understand leniency; they take it for fear, and at once take advantage of it. Therefore, in a new country where there is a very small white population amongst a large number of aboriginal blacks, the absolute supremacy of the white and the authority of the white man's government must be firmly established, and until this authority is fully recognized, the savages cannot be treated with abstract justice. It may be wrong to occupy the waste places of the earth, to extend the British Empire, and to come in contact with savage races at all. On that point I will not offer an opinion; but right or wrong, it is a British characteristic to take possession of any country we think is worth having, and this piratical or Viking instinct is, I suppose, a hereditary virtue that has come down to us in the blood of our

northern ancestors. All other nations would like to do the same, and do so when they can; but we have been more enterprising than they, and, so far, have had the lion's share. Luckily, too, as in the last century we had our Clives and Warren Hastings, so at the present day we have our Rhodes and Jamesons and Lendys, and so the work of annexing and administering new countries goes on. Had poor Lendy's slanderers and calumniators been placed in the position of Dr. Jameson and Captain Lendy, they would either have acted as they did, or their excess of humanity would have been so prejudicial to the interests of the white settlers in Mashonaland, that no Europeans could have remained in the country.

There is not an Englishman in Mashonaland who does not deprecate the cruel aspersions which have been cast upon the character of Captain Lendy—aspersions which, in spite of all the testimony as to the honourable career of that unfortunate young officer, his detractors have not sufficient generosity of character to withdraw, but still allow to blacken his memory. All who knew him will echo the sentiments of Mr. Sylvester, who in speaking of the deceased officer, says,—

"Alas! he also was one who could ill be spared. Lendy was my intimate friend, as well as chairman of my Church committee. He was born at Sunbury-on-Thames, in Middlesex, where he has left his sorrowing widowed mother. His late father was a retired military officer. Captain Lendy was one of the finest officers the British South Africa Company ever had. He was most brave, and at all times ready to help any movement for the advantage of the community of Victoria. His kindly, humane and jovial disposition endeared him to us all, and his untimely end at Bulawayo, is all the more shocking, as his health was always so very robust."

I have given the evidence of the Rev. Mr. Sylvester concerning the raid on Victoria, the killing of the white men's personal servants, and the subsequent attack by the settlers on those Matabele who refused to withdraw from the immediate vicinity of Victoria, because, from the nature of his profession, Mr. Sylvester is less likely than anyone else of being accused of making untrue statements because he held interests in the Chartered Company. The difference between the value of the testimony given by Mr. Douglas Pelly and Mr. Sylvester as to the justice or injustice of the Matabele War is this: Mr. Sylvester was an actual eye-witness to the actual circumstances which led to the war; whilst Mr. Pelly was living in comfort and security at Salisbury, 200 miles away from Victoria, when the troubles which led to the war took place, and not only was absolutely ignorant of all that took place there, but never even heard an account of it from an eye-witness at second hand.

In support of the testimony of Mr. Sylvester, I am authorized by Mr. Philip Wrey, the consulting engineer of the Mashonaland Agency, to state that after the massacre of Sunday, July 9, Dr.

Jameson was at once telegraphed for. Mr. Wrey met him with a cart and fresh horses at the Makori kori post station, forty miles north of Victoria. On hearing what had occurred, Dr. Jameson said: "This is the most unfortunate complication that could possibly have occurred—just at a time, too, when the prospects of the country were so promising, and proper development work was being undertaken. However, taking into consideration the serious aspect of affairs, the protection of the colonists must be considered before the development of the country; therefore, things having gone as far as they have, I shall now put my foot down, and drive the Matabele across the border at all costs." Dr. Jameson then asked how many mounted men could be mustered, and being told thirty to forty, said that, small as the number was, the supremacy of the white race would now have to be vindicated, or it would be entirely lost. Mr. Wrey stood close to Dr. Jameson during the interview with the Indunas, and took down everything that passed during the interview in writing. These notes are still in his possession, and from them I take the following: "Dr. Jameson, after telling the head Induna that, if he could not control his young men, the best thing he could do was to leave them to him, and he would soon put them to rights, then said to Manyou: 'Go back to those amongst your people whom you can influence, and start home as soon as you can. Within two hours I shall send my men to see if you have started; if I find you have not, I shall drive you over the border.' The 'within two hours' was explained to the Indunas by Captain Napier the interpreter, in this way: pointing skywards with his index finger, he said: 'wa bona ilanga' (do you see the sun?); then bringing his hand a little forwards, and pointing a little lower towards the horizon, he said: 'when the sun is there, lapa wena ai ga suka' (if you haven't cleared) you'll be driven away. The words used by Captain Napier 'suka' (to clear out) and 'cocha' to drive away). No words were spoken that could possibly bear the interpretation that a certain boundary was to be reached in a certain time. What Dr. Jameson required was an immediate withdrawal by the Matabele from the vicinity of Victoria. When, about two hours after the interview, Captain Lendy rode out with thirty-eight men to see if the Matabele had withdrawn, he found the young Induna of Ingna, whom Mr. Wrey describes as having shown every sign of suppressed rage during the interview, in the very act of besieging a small Mashona village only three and a-half miles from Victoria township. Manyyu and Majan, the two old Indunas, had already withdrawn with all the older men; but the young Induna of Ingna with about three hundred had remained behind in defiance of Dr. Jameson, and had not the slightest intention of withdrawing. Lendy and his men at once attacked them,

in pursuance of their orders,and shot about twenty-five of them, and I for my part cannot understand how any Englishmen can sympathize with these savages, or brand as murderers and ruffians the men to whose lot it fell on that day to maintain the supremacy of their race, and who taught these insolent braves that what an Englishman says he will do he does.

As soon as the Matabele saw the horsemen advancing upon them they scattered and fled, after firing a few shots from a hill on which some of them were posted, evidently as look outs, to see what the white men were going to do. I hope and trust that Captain Lendy's men shot as many of these murdering scoundrels as they could, for every one that was killed most richly deserved his fate. The dead bodies of natives who had been personal servants of the settlers were lying within sight of the houses of Victoria. Mr. Sylvester saw his servant killed. Mr. Richmond, a prospector, having been summoned by Captain Lendy, was coming in to Victoria with all his worldly goods packed on the back of a donkey. This donkey was being led by a Mashona lad, Mr. Richmond walking behind A party of Matabele being encountered, the Mashona boy let go of the donkey, and ran and clasped Richmond round the legs. The Matabele dragged him shrieking away and assegaied him to pieces before the eyes of his master. Richmond, although I believe he had a rifle with him, was afraid to use it; but speaking the language, he remonstrated with the murderers of his servant, when one of them, placing his hand on his arm, said, "you keep quiet, white man; we have been ordered not to kill a white man now, but *your day is coming.*" This same threat was made to other white men. Concerning the murder of his boy, Mr. Richmond made a sworn statement before Dr. Jameson, and Mr. H. B. Harris saw his boy lying dead in the road.

Mr. Arnold, who was living at the time in a hut on the old township, some miles from the present site of Victoria, was aroused on the Sunday afternoon, when the first raid took place, by hearing some shouting, and seizing his rifle sprang to the doorway; when, just as he reached it, his two servants rushed past him into the hut, closely pursued by some Matabele, who, on seeing Arnold, stopped, and insolently demanded that the slaves should be given up. Putting his rifle to his shoulder, Arnold said: "You ——, before you kill my boys you've got to kill me;" and seeing that he meant what he said, after a little blustering the Matabele left him, and he got his boys safely into Victoria.

On the same Sunday afternoon, seven Mashonas bringing in grass for thatching from the other side of the Umchege river, were seen and pursued by a party of Matabele, by whom three were murdered in the river in plain view of the white inhabitants of

Victoria. Two other Mashonas were also murdered on the brickfield on the banks of the Umshagashi river and within a few hundred yards of the township. The murder of these two men was seen by Dr. Lichfield and several other Europeans. They were not assegaied, but their heads were smashed with knob-kerries, and they were then dragged to the bank of the river, and held under water until they were dead. Their bodies were afterwards left on the brickfield, and on the third day smelt so offensively that the white men had to bury them. A party of Matabele also visited Mr. Napier's farm near Victoria, and completely wrecked his homestead, destroying everything in the house. The throats of all his fowls were cut and the dead birds left lying on the ground. All his goats were killed and skinned and the carcases left, whilst all his cattle were driven off and three of his cattle herds murdered. Altogether, between three and four hundred head of cattle belonging to white men were driven off by Matabele in the course of this raid. As may well be imagined, the murders of servants in the employment of white men by the Matabele on Sunday, July 9, excited a feeling of such bitter resentment in the breasts of the inhabitants of Victoria that it was with the greatest difficulty that Captain Lendy restrained many of the men from at once attacking the invaders. Indeed, the only argument that some would listen to, was the very cogent one that a fight with the Matabele at that time might cause the murder of many individual white men who were scattered over the country, either prospecting or in mining camps. The situation will, perhaps, be better understood when I say that, after the incursion of the Matabele, the first muster-roll of volunteers and burghers only produced one hundred and twenty men; whilst a few days later, after all the men had come into Victoria from the outlying districts, the number rose to four hundred and fifty.

Yet although Captain Lendy managed to keep the colonists so well in hand in the first instance, there was not a man in the Victoria district who had not made up his mind that, white men's servants having been killed before their masters' eyes, white men's property having been destroyed, and their cattle driven off, there could be no further safety for white men in Mashonaland until the power of the Matabele was broken. How is it possible to think that Englishmen were going to submit tamely to the bitter insults that had been offered to their race by Lo Bengula's insolent braves? Much stress has been laid on the fact that Lo Bengula warned Dr. Jameson that he was going to send out this impi against the Mashonas. How that affects the question I cannot quite see, as I do not suppose anyone would resent being kicked any the less because his chastiser had first warned him that he was going to kick him. However, at Victoria the raid came first, the letter after-

wards; and though the letter said that the white men were not to be alarmed, as they would not be interfered with, their servants were killed and their cattle driven off. What further justification for the war with the Matabele was requisite than the action of the Matabele themselves in the Victoria district in July, 1893, I fail to see. "Who kicks my dog, kicks me," is an English axiom, and were a couple of thousand Frenchmen to come over to Dover and act as the Matabele did in the Victoria district, the incident would undoubtedly lead to a war between France and England, in spite of the best efforts of the diplomatists.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTIO NEW SWINDON

Thus the raid at Victoria was the direct cause of the war with the Matabele, but that that war was forced on the Matabele by the Chartered Company I absolutely deny.

It was the colonists of Mashonaland who, having been provoked beyond all endurance by the savage insolence of the Matabele, and thoroughly recognizing that, until the Matabele power was broken, it was impossible to proceed with the development of the country, called upon Dr. Jameson and Mr. Rhodes to at once organize a force to protect the interests of the settlers in Mashonaland, in the only way in which those interests could be permanently protected, namely by marching to Bulawayo and conquering the Matabele. A memorial signed by every inhabitant of Victoria was presented to Dr. Jameson, pointing out that, after what had taken place, no mining development or any other kind of enterprise could be undertaken in the country as long as it was overshadowed by the terror of the Matabele; and that no further settlers and no more money would come into the country until the power of these savages was broken; and, finally, calling upon him to conquer Matabeleland for the safety of the settler in Mashonaland, unless he wished to see the white men abandon the country altogether.

Luckily for the sake of the preservation of the results of four years of British enterprise in Mashonaland, there were at this juncture two such men in South Africa as Cecil John Rhodes at Cape Town and Dr. Jameson in Mashonaland. When Mr. Rhodes learned from Dr. Jameson that either Matabeleland must be conquered or Mashonaland abandoned, he fully recognized that a policy of scuttle would not only be disgraceful but would endanger the prestige of the British race in every part of South Africa, and therefore at once made up his mind to devote all his energies to the task of conquering the Matabele.

Into the conduct of the war I shall not enter. It was a bold enterprize, boldly and successfully carried out. The last of the powerful native military organizations in South Africa has been broken, and Matabeleland is now, like Mashonaland, in the hands of British settlers, under the government of the Chartered Com-

pany. That in this struggle of a small force of British subjects against hordes of ruthless barbarians the British have been successful, that they have killed a good many of the barbarians, instead of being annihilated by the barbarians, has been a source of such poignant regret, such bitter, rankling disappointment to a certain journalist in this country, that, forgetting all moderation of expression, and the ordinary decency which forbids the slandering of dead men, he has, week after week, exhausted the vocabulary of abuse in finding epithets sufficiently vile to express his animus against that small body of Englishmen who first successfully carried out the occupation of Mashonaland, and who have now subjugated the Matabele. Well! let him rave on, until his absurd accusations and dishonest special pleadings have alienated the sympathy of every honest man; for I cannot think that there are many men in this country who will believe, without the strongest proof, in the infamies attributed to a large body of their fellow-countrymen in South Africa, nor listen too credulously to the screechings of the dirty bird that has fouled its own nest.

I will now, having occupied so much space in describing the sequence of events that led to the Matabele War, describe as shortly as possible, some of the most obvious effects of that war, both upon the native races of Central South Africa, and the British settlers in Mashonaland, and shall also show that the establishment of British colonies in the plateau lands of Mashonaland, Matabeleland, and Manica, has, in all human probability, assured the eventual supremacy of the British race and the English language in the eventual confederation of all the states of South Africa south of the Zambesi. The first and broadest general effect of the conquest of Matabeleland is that a large tract of plateau land, well watered and fertile, lying at an altitude of 5,000 feet above sea-level, and with a climate that compares favourably to that of Southern Europe, is now in the hands of Englishmen, for thousands of whom there is plenty of room, as well as for the natives, instead of being exclusively occupied by a savage and barbarous race. Savages are doubtless more picturesque than British settlers, but, looking at the question of the conflict between savage and civilized races, which has been continually going on in the world from time immemorial, from the broadest point of view, recognizing it as a law that, when savages come into contact with an advancing civilization, causes of friction must arise, which always end in the subjugation of the inferior people, and knowing, moreover, that in this particular case the military organization of the Matabele was certain to be broken either by the Dutch or the British in South Africa, I think it is a matter for congratulation and not for sorrow that it is the British and not the Dutch who have secured Matabeleland. It has been

said, and it will be said again, that neither Matabeleland nor Mashonaland are worth having; that there is no gold in these countries; that nothing will grow there; and that no one can live there, &c., &c. Let it be remembered that forty-five years ago the British Government was induced to give up the Orange Free State, then the Orange River Sovereignty, very much against the will of the bulk of its inhabitants, by the expression of exactly the same sort of pessimistic opinions as are now from time to time published by ignorant and prejudiced people concerning Mashonaland. The same kind of things were said, too, of the Transvaal many years ago; yet both the Transvaal and the Orange Free State are now rich and prosperous territories; and so will Matabeleland and Mashonaland become during the first decade of the next century. The power of the Matabele having been broken, the development of the gold industry in Mashonaland can now be carried on without any further fear of interruption. In all the different districts of the country where payable reefs are found, a European population will be established and a township will be formed; and these centres of population will afford markets for the farmers who will take up the land in the neighbourhood of the gold-producing districts.

The resumption of enterprise, and the successful and continuous development of both Mashonaland and Matabeleland, will be the direct effect of the Matabele War; for all enterprise had been paralysed by the direct action of the Matabele just previous to the war. In time, townships will arise in Matabeleland as they have done in Mashonaland; the telegraph wire, which has been already advanced to Tati, will be carried on to Bulawayo, and from there to Victoria or Charter; railway lines will, too, creep gradually into the country. The Beira Railway will be carried on to Umtali and to Salisbury, and from thence along the watershed past Charter to Bulawayo, with a branch line to Victoria. The Silati line, too, will be carried on to the latter place, and the Mafeking extension will also eventually reach Bulawayo by way of Palapye and Tati. All this enterprise will not be undertaken and completed in a day, or a month, or a year, or five years. But it will infallibly come to pass within the next twenty years.

There may be, and there will be, checks and hesitations in the future, as there have been in the past; but the tide of civilization will advance steadily northwards in South Africa, as it has travelled westwards in America. All this enterprise which I may live to see on the plateaux of Central South Africa will have been called into vigorous life by the effect of the Matabele War. Nor can I see cause to grieve at the change which is about to come over the country. As an unbroken military power, the Matabele were an insolent,

cruel, and overbearing people, undeserving of the sympathy of the most quixotic of philanthropists. Their power having been broken, the countries over which they ruled, directly and indirectly, have been opened up to British enterprise, and in these countries there will be a field for the exercise of the energy and intelligence of many young Englishmen. And such fields are required; for this country is full of young men, full of energy, intelligence and integrity, whose best qualities are dwarfed and stunted in the struggle for existence in the overcrowded towns of England. There is no opening just yet for young Englishmen in large numbers in Matabeleland or Mashonaland; but, just as in the Transvaal the gold industry supports something like 40,000 men of European birth, so, as the goldfields of the interior are opened up, their development, and the industries consequent upon their development, will give employment to an ever-increasing number of young men from this country.

As to the effect of the Matabele War upon the native races of Central South Africa, it will, I maintain, be an absolutely beneficent one. All those subject tribes such as the Makalaka and Banyai, who were living in constant terror of, and subject to the caprice of, the Matabele king, have already testified in the strongest way as to their delight in being able to exchange the harsh and cruel rule of the Matabele for the milder and juster government (I say this without fear of intelligent contradiction) of the British South Africa Company. I myself interviewed the messengers from the different Makalaka chiefs, who were sent to Colonel Goold Adams to offer their submission to the white men as soon as ever Gambo had withdrawn from Mangwe Pass. One of these men, on my asking him why his people had so readily deserted their former masters, said, "Do you think, white man, that my people loved the Matabele? We have been their slaves through fear." And when I asked him if he was not afraid that the white men might treat his people badly, too, said, "I have travelled far, and seen much of the white men. I have worked at Johannesburg, and been as far as Durban. The white men are much the same as black; some are good, and some are bad. But the bad white men are kept in order by the 'Hoovermente' (the Government); and if we are under the Government we are not afraid of being unjustly treated. Under the Matabele no Makalaka could grow rich; if he did, he was killed for a witch, and his wives and children with him very often, and his property confiscated. But under the government of the white men we shall not be afraid to acquire property, and we shall work and earn money, and buy horses and waggons like Khama's people."

Nobody, I take it, less ignorant and prejudiced than the Editor

of *Truth* would commit himself to the statement, that Makalakas and Mashonas, or any other subject tribe living under the government of the Matabele, were better off under that severe and capricious rule than they will be under the administration of Dr. Jameson and the magistrates appointed by the British South Africa Company.

But I will go further than this, and say that the effect of the Matabele War and the breaking up of the Matabele military power has not only been directly conducive to the increased happiness of a large proportion of the inhabitants of Matabeleland itself, but that they themselves are very ready to acknowledge it. The Matabele nation was composed of two fundamentally different elements: namely, that section of the tribe who called themselves "Abenzantzi" (we who come from the south), who were the descendants of the Zulus, who originally left Zululand with Umziligazi; and the "Amaholi," or people of slave descent, whose forefathers were captured as children, taken as slaves in Matabeleland and afterwards incorporated into the tribe, though never on a footing of equality with the men of Zulu blood. Besides these two classes there was a small section of the tribe called "Abenthla," who were the descendants of people captured as slaves amongst the Basuto clans first encountered on the northern slopes of the Drakensberg Mountains. The Abenthla have, I believe, of late years been admitted to the full privileges of the Abenzantzi, and the latter, I think, have been allowed to take wives from amongst the Abenthla women; but with this exception, there has never been any intermarriage between the Zulu element amongst the Matabele and the descendants of the despised Makalakas, Banyai, Balotzi, or other Mashona tribes; and as when Umziligazi left Zululand, he went off with his whole tribe, men, women, and children, a certain proportion of the Matabele are still of pure Zulu blood. It is probably because the haughty descendants of the men who fought in the ranks of Tshaka's armies have ever disdained to mix their blood with that of slaves that the Matabele nation so soon fell to pieces during the recent campaign. They were not a united people, and the "Amaholi," or descendants of the conquered tribes, who numbered probably two-thirds of the entire Matabele nation, having no pride of race to support them, at once left off fighting as soon as they found that trying to kill white men wasn't quite so easy and pleasant as murdering Mashonas. Now, I will not hazard an opinion as to the effect of the war upon the happiness of the proud, warlike, and brave Zulu element in Matabeleland. These people have many fine qualities, and they may accept their defeat, and like their cousins in Zululand, after the Zulu war, settle down quietly under European magistrates, and give no further trouble. Should they adopt this course, they will be a most useful

population, and will supply most excellent native labour for the development of the mines. But it is always possible that, should a leader arise amongst them, they may revolt against the white man's rule, or leave Matabeleland and endeavour to conquer a new country for themselves beyond the Zambesi. Whatever they do, they will do without the concurrence and assistance of the Amaholi. The effect of the Matabele War will be distinctly beneficial to the well-being of this large section of the population of Matabeleland; for under the white man's rule they will be more justly governed than they were under the severe and despotic sway of Lo Bengula, and individuals will be able to acquire property and amass wealth by their own industry. They will be able to listen to the teachings of the missionaries if they should wish to do so; and they will learn to plough as Khama's people do; and thus the very arduous work of hoeing up the fields by hand, preparatory to sowing their crops, which up to now has been almost entirely done by the women, will be accomplished by the men, with but comparatively little labour. Under the rule of Lo Bengula, none of these things were possible. No Maholi dared to acquire property, or grow rich. None dared to listen to the missionaries, and, acting on their teachings, refuse to slaughter women and children at the King's order. None dared attempt any innovation such as ploughing, or riding on a horse of his own. And why? Because the fear of being denounced for witchcraft, and forthwith murdered, overshadowed the whole life of the people. Let me here give one of many instances of men being accused of witchcraft and killed, because they had by their industry acquired wealth enough to buy a few head of cattle, or some other property.

Early in May, 1886, I was stopping for a few days with the Rev. Mr. Carnegie and his wife at Hope Fountain, one of the mission stations in the Matabele country. The Rev. Mr. Helm and his wife were at the time absent on a visit to England, having left a Matabele slave man in charge of their premises during their absence. The man had been left in charge, I must say, with the King's knowledge and permission. One morning about eight o'clock two Matabele men came up to the Rev. Mr. Carnegie's house and commenced shouting out "Come out and give us the witch; we want to kill the witch," &c. &c. On going out with Mr. Carnegie, they informed us that they wanted to kill the man that had been left in charge of Mr. Helm's house, that he was a witch, and had bewitched five head of cattle at Bulawayo, &c. On Mr. Carnegie asking where the man then was, they said they had tied him up and taken him across the valley to the huts where his wives and children lived, and where his cattle were, and that they intended to take him to his mother, and kill both of them together, as she

was a witch too. Thereupon Mr. Carnegie and I walked across the valley to see what they were doing with the man. Arrived at the kraal we found six or seven more Matabele, all sitting down, laughing and talking, and eating sweet reed. "Where is Mr. Helm's man?" said Mr. Carnegie to the nearest ruffian, who replied in an offhand way, and whilst spitting out a mouthful of sweet reed, "Oh! we've killed him, he's a witch, we've thrown him outside." One of the poor fellow's wives was sitting there, and I asked her if it was true. "Yes," she said, "he's dead, they've killed him." There was a recess in the fence of the kraal, where had stood a corn bin, and looking into it I saw the man lying dead on his face, his hands tied behind his back, and his head like Banquo's when he took his seat at Macbeth's feast. Mr. Carnegie now asked the executioners by whose orders they had killed the man, and they all at once replied that the deed had been done by the King's orders, and asked if we thought they would dare to kill a man without the King's orders. Mr. Carnegie at once rode over to the King, and told him of the affair, but Lo Bengula disclaimed all knowledge of the matter, and said that his heart was very sore. That night the hyenas howled and screamed, and held high carnival over the murdered man's remains, but to this day no one has ever been punished for the deed, which to me is proof positive that the execution really did take place by the King's orders.

One of the effects of the Matabele War will at any rate be to put a stop to the great loss of human life that was continually taking place in Matabeleland, as the result of accusations of witchcraft.

I will conclude my paper by saying that the political effect of the conquest of Matabeleland will tend to assure the eventual supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon in South Africa, for the Dutch states are now completely surrounded by British territory, except to the east of the Transvaal, on which side there is no outlet for immigration. In the Transvaal itself, every year the power and influence of the European element (which is chiefly British) is increasing, and it cannot be many years before this British element will have a fair share in the legislation of the country; whereas the Dutch settlers who will probably trek into the British South Africa Company's territories in considerable numbers during the next few years, now that the military power of the Matabele has been broken, will gradually lose the hatred of British rule which their forefathers carried with them from the Cape Colony into the northern Transvaal, and their children will live as happily under the British flag as do the Dutch of Cape Colony and Natal. Had Cecil Rhodes not secured Mashonaland and Matabeleland for the British, these countries would infallibly have fallen to the Dutch, and British enterprise would have been hampered in those territories, as it has

been in the Transvaal during the last few years. Thus the effect of the Matabele War, though it may have been prejudicial to the happiness of the military caste in Matabeleland, has been directly beneficial to every other native race in Central South Africa, whilst, what is of far more importance, it has regained for Englishmen the prestige that was lost amongst whites and blacks when Sir Evelyn Wood was ordered to make peace with the Boers after the defeat at Majuba Hill, has insured the peace and security of Mashonaland, and reduced to a certainty the eventual supremacy of the British race as the dominant people in South Africa.

F. C. Selous.

A CAPITALIST.

Among the men whom I saw occasionally at the little club in Mortimer Street,—and nowhere else,—was one who drew my attention before I had learnt his name or knew anything about him. Of middle age, in the fulness of health and vigour, but slenderly built; his face rather shrewd than intellectual, interesting rather than pleasing; always dressed as the season's mode dictated, but without dandyism; assuredly he belonged to the money-spending, and probably to the money-getting, world. At first sight of him I remember resenting his cap-a-pie perfection; it struck me as bad form—here in Mortimer Street, among fellows of the pen and the palette.

"Oh," said Harvey Munden, "he's afraid of being taken for one of us. He buys pictures. Not a bad sort, I believe, if it weren't for his snobbishness."

"His name?"

"Ireton. Has a house in Fitzjohn Avenue, and a high-trotting wife."

Six months later I recalled this description of Mrs. Ireton. She was the talk of the town, the heroine of the newest divorce case. By that time I had got to know her husband; perhaps once a fortnight we chatted at the club, and I found him an agreeable acquaintance. Before the Divorce Court flashed a light of scandal upon his home, I felt that there was more in him than could be discovered in casual gossip; I wished to know him better. Something of shyness marked his manner, and like all shy men he sometimes appeared arrogant. He had a habit of twisting his moustache nervously and of throwing quick glances in every direction as he talked; if he found someone's eye upon him, he pulled himself together and sat for a moment as if before a photographer. One easily perceived that he was not a man of liberal education; he had rather too much of the "society" accent; his pronunciation of foreign names told a tale. But I thought him good-hearted, and when the penny-a-liners began to busy themselves with his affairs, I felt sorry for him.

Nothing to his dishonour came out in the trial. He and his

interesting spouse had evidently lived a cat-and-dog life throughout the three years of their marriage, but the countercharges brought against him broke down completely. It was abundantly proved that he had *not* kept a harem somewhere near Leicester Square; that he had *not* thrown a decanter at Mrs. Ireton. She, on the other hand, left the court with tattered reputation. Ireton got his release, and the weekly papers applauded.

But in Mortimer Street we saw him no more. Someone said that he had gone to live in Paris; someone else reported that he had purchased an estate in Bucks. Presently he was forgotten.

Some three years went by, and I was spending the autumn at a village by the New Forest. One day I came upon a man kneeling under a hedge, examining some object on the ground,—fern or flower, or perhaps insect. His costume showed that he was no native of the locality; I took him for a stray townsman, probably a naturalist. He wore a straw hat and a rough summer suit; a wallet hung from his shoulder. The sound of my steps on crackling wood caused him to turn and look at me. After a moment's hesitation, I recognized Ireton.

And he knew me; he smiled, as I had often seen him smile, with a sort of embarrassment. We greeted each other.

"Look here," he said at once, when the handshaking was over, "can you tell me what this little flower is?"

I stooped, but was unable to give him the information he desired.

"You don't go in for that kind of thing?"

"Well, no."

"I'm having a turn at it. I want to know the flowers and ferns. I have a book at my lodgings, and I look the things up when I get home."

His wallet contained a number of specimens; he plucked up the little plant by the root, and stowed it away. I watched him with curiosity. Perhaps I had seen only his public side; perhaps even then he was capable of dressing roughly, and of rambling for his pleasure among fields and wood. But such a possibility had never occurred to me. I wondered whether his brilliant wife had given him a disgust for the ways of town. If so, he was a more interesting man than I had supposed.

"Where are you staying?" he asked, after a glance this way and that.

I named the village, two miles away.

"Working?"

"Idling merely."

In a few minutes he overcame his reserve and began to talk of the things which he knew interested me. We discussed the books

of the past season, the exhibitions, the new men in letters and art. Ireton said that he had been living at a wayside inn for about a week; he thought of moving on, and, as I had nothing to do, suppose he came over for a few days to the village where I was camped? I welcomed the proposal.

"There's an inn, I dare say? I like the little inns in this part of the country. Dirty, of course, and the cooking hideous; but it's pleasant for a change. I like to be awoke by the cock crowing, and to see the grubby little window when I open my eyes."

I began to suspect that he had come down in the world. Could his prosperity have been due to Mrs. Ireton? Had she carried off the money? He might affect a liking for simple things when grandeur was no longer in his reach. Yet I remembered that he had undoubtedly been botanizing before he knew of my approach, and such a form of pastime seemed to prove him sincere.

By chance I witnessed his arrival the next morning. He drove up in a farmer's trap, his luggage a couple of large Gladstone-bags. That day and the next we spent many hours together. His vanity, though not outgrown, was in abeyance; he talked with easy frankness, yet never of what I much desired to know, his own history and present position. It was his intellect that he revealed to me. I gathered that he had given much time to study during the past three years, and incidentally it came out that he had been living abroad; his improved pronunciation of the names of French artists was very noticeable. At his age—not less than forty-five—this advance argued no common mental resources. Whether he had suffered much, I could not determine; at present he seemed light-hearted enough.

Certainly there was no affectation in his pursuit of botany; again and again I saw him glow with genuine delight when he had identified a plant. After all, this might be in keeping with his character, for even in the old days he had never exhibited—at all events to me—a taste for the ignobler luxuries, and he had seemed to me a very clean-minded man. I never knew anyone who refrained so absolutely from allusion, good or bad, to his friends or acquaintances. He might have stood utterly alone in the world, a simple spectator of civilization.

At length I ventured upon a question.

"You never see any of the Mortimer Street men?"

"No," he answered carelessly, "I haven't come in their way lately, somehow."

That evening our ramble led us into an enclosure where game was preserved. We had lost our way, and Ireton, scornful of objections, struck across country, making for a small plantation which he thought he remembered. Here, among the trees, we

were suddenly face to face with an old gentleman of distinguished bearing, who regarded us sternly.

"Is it necessary," he said, "to tell you that you are trespassing?"

The tone was severe, but not offensive. I saw my companion draw himself to his full height.

"Not at all necessary," he answered, in a voice that surprised me, it was so nearly insolent. "We are making our way to the road as quickly as possible."

"Then be so good as to take the turning to the right when you reach the field," said our admonisher, coldly. And he turned his back upon us.

I looked at Ireton. To my astonishment he was pallid, the lines of his countenance indicating fiercest wrath. He marched on in silence till we had reached the field.

"The fellow took us for cheap-trippers, I suppose," then burst from his lips.

"Not very likely."

"Then why the devil did he speak like that?"

The grave reproof had exasperated him; he was flushed and his hands trembled. I observed him with the utmost interest, and it became clear from the angry words he poured forth that he could not endure to be supposed anything but a gentleman at large. Here was the old characteristic; it had merely been dormant. I tried to laugh him out of his irritation, but soon saw that the attempt was dangerous. On the way home he talked very little; the encounter in the wood had thoroughly upset him.

Next morning he came into my room with a laugh that I did not like; he seated himself stiffly, looked at me from beneath his knitted brows, and said in an aggressive tone:

"I have got to know all about that impudent old fellow."

"Indeed? Who is he?"

"A poverty-stricken squire, with an old house and a few acres—the remnants of a large estate gambled away by his father. I know him by name, and I'm quite sure that he knows me. If I had offered him my card, as I thought of doing, I daresay his tone would have changed."

This pettishness amused me so much that I pretended to be a little sore myself.

"His poverty, I suppose, has spoilt his temper."

"No doubt,—I can understand that," he added, with a smile. "But I don't allow people to treat me like a tramp. I shall go up and see him this afternoon."

"And insist on an apology?"

"Oh, there'll be no need of insisting. The fellow has several unmarried daughters."

It seemed to me that my companion was bent on showing his worst side. I returned to my old thoughts of him; he was snobbish, insolent, generally detestable; but a man to be studied, and I let him talk as he would.

The reduced squire was Mr. Humphrey Armitage, of Brackley Hall. For my own part, the demeanour of this gentleman had seemed perfectly adapted to the occasion; we were strangers plunging through his preserves, and his tone to us had nothing improper; it was we who owed an apology. In point of breeding, I felt sure that Ireton could not compare with Mr. Armitage for a moment, and it seemed to me vastly improbable that the invader of Brackley Hall would meet with the kind of reception he anticipated.

I saw Ireton when he set out to pay his call. His Gladstone bags had provided him with the costume of Piccadilly; from shining hat to patent-leather shoes, he was immaculate. Seeing that he had to walk more than a mile, that the month was September, and that he could not pretend to have come straight from town, this apparel struck me as not a little inappropriate; I could only suppose that the man had no social tact.

At seven in the evening he again sought me. His urban glories were exchanged for the ordinary attire, but I at once read in his face that he had suffered no humiliation.

"Come and dine with me at the inn," he exclaimed cordially; "if one may use such a word as *dine* under the circumstances."

"With pleasure."

"To-morrow I dine with the Armitages."

He regarded me with an air of infinite satisfaction. Surprised, I held my peace. "It was as I foresaw. The old fellow welcomed me with open arms. His daughters gave me tea. I had really a very pleasant time."

I mused and wondered.

"You didn't expect it; I can see that."

"You told me that Mr. Armitage would recognize your name," I answered evasively.

"Precisely. Not long ago I gave him, through an agent, a very handsome price for some pictures he had to sell."

Again he looked at me, watching the effect of his words.

"Of course," he continued, "there were ample apologies for his treatment of us yesterday. By-the-bye, I take it for granted you don't carry a dress suit in your bag?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"To be sure—pray don't misunderstand me. I meant that you had expressly told me of your avoidance of all such formalities. Therefore you will be glad that I excused you from dining at the Hall."

For a moment I felt uncomfortable, but after all I *was* glad not to have the trouble of refusing on my own account.

"Thanks," I said, "you did the right thing."

We walked over to the inn, and sat down at a rude but not unsatisfying table. After dinner, Ireton proposed that we should smoke in the garden. "It's quiet, and we can talk." The sun had just set; the sky was magnificent with afterglow. Ireton's hint about privacy led me to hope that he was going to talk more confidentially than hitherto, and I soon found that I was not mistaken.

"Do you know," he began, calling me by my name, "I fancy you have been criticising me—yes, I know you have. You think I made an ass of myself about that affair in the wood. Well, I have no doubt I did. Now that it has turned out pleasantly, I can see and admit that there was nothing to make a fuss about."

I smiled.

"Very well. Now, you're a writer. You like to get at the souls of men. Suppose I show you a bit of mine."

He had drunk freely of the potent ale, and was now sipping a strong tumbler of hot whisky. Possibly this accounted in some measure for his communicativeness.

"Up to the age of five-and-twenty I was clerk in a drug warehouse. To this day even the faintest smell of drugs makes my heart sink. If I can help it, I never go into a chemist's shop. I was getting a pound a week, and I not only lived on it, but kept up a decent appearance. I always had a good suit of clothes for Sundays and holidays—made at a tailor's in Holborn. Since he disappeared I've never been able to find anyone who fitted me so well. I paid six and six a week for a top bedroom in a street near Gray's Inn Road. Did you suppose I had gone through the mill?"

I made no answer, and, after looking at me for a moment, Ireton resumed:

"Those were damned days! It wasn't the want of good food and good lodging that troubled me most,—but the feeling that I was everybody's inferior. There's no need to tell you how I was brought up; I was led to expect better things, that's enough. I never got used to being ordered about. When I was told to do this or that, I answered with a silent curse,—and I wonder it didn't come out sometimes. That's my nature. If I had been born the son of a duke, I couldn't have resented a subordinate position more fiercely than I did. And I used to rack my brain with schemes for getting out of it. Many a night I have lain awake for hours, trying to hit on some way of earning my living independently. I planned elaborate forgeries. I read criminal cases

in the newspapers to get a hint that I might work upon. Well, that only means that I had exhausted all the honest attempts, and found them all no good. I was in despair, that's all."

He finished his whiskey and shouted to the landlord, who presently brought him another glass.

"What's that bird making the strange noise?"

"A night-jar, I think."

"Nice to be sitting here, isn't it? I had rather be here than in the swellest London club. Well, I was going to tell you how I got out of that beastly life. You know, I'm really a very quiet fellow. I like simple things; but all my life, till just lately, I never had a chance of enjoying them; of living as I chose. The one thing I can't stand is to feel that I am looked down upon. That makes a madman of me."

He drank, and struck a match to relight his pipe.

"One Saturday afternoon I went to an exhibition in Coventry Street. The pictures were for sale, and admission was free. I have always been fond of water colours; at that time it was one of my ambitions to possess a really good bit of landscape in water-colour, but, of course, I knew that the prices were beyond me. Well, I walked thro' the gallery, and there was one thing that caught my fancy; I kept going back to it again and again. It was a bit of sea-coast by Ewart Merry,—do you know him? He died years ago; his pictures fetch a fairly good price now. As I was looking at it, the fellow who managed the show came up with a man and woman to talk about another picture near me; he tried his hardest to persuade them to buy, but they wouldn't, and I daresay it disturbed his temper. Seeing him stand there alone, I stepped up to him, and asked the price of the watercolour. He just gave a look at me, and said—'Too much money for you.'

"Now, you must remember that I was in my best clothes, and I certainly didn't look like a penniless clerk. If the fellow had struck a blow at me, I couldn't have been more astonished than I was by that answer. Astonishment was the first feeling, and it lasted about a second; then my heart gave a great leap, and began to beat violently, and for a moment I couldn't see anything, and I felt hot and cold by turns. I can remember this as well as if it happened yesterday; I must have gone through it in memory many thousands of times."

I observed his face, and saw that even now he suffered from the recollection.

"When he had spoken, the blackguard turned away. I couldn't move, and the wonder is that I didn't swallow his insult, and sneak out of the place,—I was so accustomed, you see, to repress myself. But of a sudden something took hold of me, and pushed me for-

ward,—it really didn't seem to be my own will. I said, 'Wait a minute'; and the man turned round. Then I stood looking him in the eyes. 'Are you here,' I said, 'to sell pictures, or to insult people who come to buy?' I must have spoken in a voice he didn't expect; he couldn't answer, and stared at me 'I asked you the price of that water-colour, and you will be good enough to answer me civilly.' Those were my very words. They came without thinking, and afterwards I felt satisfied with myself when I remembered them. It wouldn't have been unnatural if I had sworn at him, but this was the turning point of my life, and I behaved in a way that surprised myself. At last he replied, 'The price is forty guineas,' and he was going off again, but I stopped him. 'I will buy it. Take my name and address.' 'When will it be paid for?' he asked. 'On Monday.'

"I followed him to the table, and he entered my name and address in a book. Then I looked straight at him again. 'Now, you understand,' I said, 'that that picture is mine, and I shall either come or send for it about one o'clock on Monday. If I hadn't wanted it specially, you would have lost a sale by your impertinence.' And I marched out of the room.

"But I was in a fearful state. I didn't know where I was going,—I walked straight on, street after street, and just missed being run over half-a-dozen times. Perspiration dripped from me. The only thing I knew was that I had triumphed over a damned brute who had insulted me. I had stopped his mouth; he believed he had made a stupid mistake; he could never have imagined that a fellow without a sovereign in the world was speaking to him like that. If I had knocked him down, the satisfaction would have been very slight in comparison."

The gloom of nightfall had come upon us, and I could no longer see his face distinctly, but his voice told me that he still savoured that triumph. He spoke with exultant passion. I was beginning to understand Ireton.

"Isn't the story interesting?" he asked, after a pause.

"Very. Pray go on."

"Well, you mustn't suppose that it was a mere bit of crazy bravado. I knew how I was going to get the money—the forty guineas. And as soon as I could command myself, I went to do the business.

"A fellow clerk in the drug warehouse had been badly in want of money not long before that, and I knew he had borrowed twenty pounds from a loan office, paying it back week by week, with heavy interest, out of his screw, poor devil. I could do the same. I went straight off to the lender. It was a fellow called Crowther; he lived in Dean Street, Soho; in a window on the ground floor there was a card with 'Sums from One pound to a Hundred

lent at short notice.' I was lucky enough to find him at home; we did our business in a little back room, where there was a desk and a couple of chairs, and nothing else but dirt. I expected to find an oldish man, but he seemed about my own age, and on the whole I didn't dislike the look of him,—a rather handsome young fellow, fairly well dressed, with a taking sort of smile. I began by telling him where I was employed, and mentioned my fellow clerk, whom he knew. That made him quite cheerful; he offered me a drink, and we got on very well. But he thought forty guineas a big sum; would I tell him what I wanted it for? No, I wouldn't do that. Well, how long would it take me to pay it back? Could I pay a pound a week? No, I couldn't. He began to shake his head and to look at me thoughtfully. Then he asked no end of questions, to find out who I was and what people I had belonging to me, and what my chances were. Then he made me have another drink, and at last I was persuaded into telling him the whole story. First of all he stared, and then he laughed; I never saw a man laugh more heartily. At last he said, 'Why didn't you tell me you had value in hand? See here, I'll look at that picture on Monday morning, and I shouldn't wonder if we can do business.' This alarmed me,—I was afraid he might get talking to the picture dealer. But he promised not to say a word about me.

"On Sunday I sent a note to the warehouse, saying that I should not be able to come to business till Monday afternoon. It was the first time I had ever done such a thing, and I knew I could invent some story to excuse myself. Most of that day I spent in bed; I didn't feel myself, yet it was still a great satisfaction to me that I had got the better of that brute. On Monday at twelve I kept the appointment in Dean Street. Crowther hadn't come in, and I sat for a few minutes quaking. When he turned up, he was quite cheerful. 'Look here!' he said, 'will you sell me that picture for thirty pounds?'—'What then?' I asked.—'Why then you can pay me another thirty pounds, and I'll give you twelve months to do it in. You shall have your forty guineas at once.'—I tried to reflect, but I was too agitated. However, I saw that to pay thirty pounds in a year meant that I must live on about eight shillings a week. 'I don't know how I'm to do it,' I said. He looked at me. 'Well, I won't be hard on you. Look here, you shall pay me six bob a week till the thirty quid's made up. Now you can do *that?*' Yes, I could do that, and I agreed. In another ten minutes our business was settled,—my signature was so shaky that I might safely have disowned it afterwards. Then we had a drink at a neighbouring pub, and we walked together towards Coventry Street. Crowther was to wait for me near the picture dealer's.

"I entered with a bold step, promising myself pleasure in a new triumph over the brute. But he wasn't there. I saw only an under-strapper. I had no time to lose, for I must be at business by two o'clock. I paid the money—notes and gold—and took away the picture under my arm. Of course, it had been removed from the frame in which I first saw it, and the assistant wrapped it up for me in brown paper. At the street corner I surrendered it to Crowther. 'Come and see me after business to-morrow,' he said. 'I should like to have a bit more talk with you.'

"So I had come out of it gloriously. I cared nothing about losing the picture, and I didn't grieve over the six shillings a week that I should have to pay for the next two years. If I went into that gallery again, I should be treated respectfully—that was sufficient."

He laughed, and for a minute or two we sat silent. From the inn sounded rustic voices; the village worthies were gathered for their evening conversation.

"That's the best part of my story," said Ireton at length. "What followed is commonplace. Still, you might like to hear how I bridged the gulf, from fourteen shillings a week to the position I now hold. Well, I got very intimate with Crowther, and found him really a very decent fellow. He had a good many irons in the fire. Besides his loan office, which payed much better than you would imagine, he had a turf commission agency, which brought him in a good deal of money, and shortly after I met him he became part proprietor of a club in Soho. He very soon talked to me in the frankest way of all his doings; I think he was glad to be on friendly terms with me simply because I was better educated and could behave decently. I don't think he ever did anything illegal, and he had plenty of good feeling,—but that didn't prevent him from squeezing eighty per cent. or so out of many a poor devil who had borrowed to save himself or his family from starvation. That was all business; he drew the sharpest distinctions between business and private relations, and was very ignorant. I never knew a man so superstitious. Every day he consulted signs and omens. For instance, to decide whether the day was to be lucky for him—in betting and so on—he would stand at a street corner and count the number of white horses that passed in five minutes; if he had made up his mind on an even number, and an even number passed, then he felt safe in following his impulses for the day; if the number were odd, he would do little or no speculation. When he was going to play cards for money, he would find a beggar and give him something, even if he had to walk a great distance to do it. He often used to visit an Italian who kept fortune-telling canaries and he always followed the advice he got. It put him

out desperately if he saw the new moon through glass, or over his left shoulder. There was no end to his superstitions, and, whether by reason of them or in spite of them, he certainly prospered. When he died, ten or twelve years ago, he left fifteen thousand pounds.

"I have to thank him for my own good luck. 'Look here,' he said to me, 'it's only duffers that goes on quill-driving at a quid a week. A fellow like you ought to be doing better.'—'Show me the way,' I said. And I was ready to do whatever he told me. I had a furious hunger for money; the adventure in Coventry Street had thoroughly unsettled me, and I would have turned burglar rather than go on much longer as a wretched slave, looked down upon by everybody and exposed to insult at every corner. I dreamed of money-making, and woke up feverish with determination. At last Crowther gave me a few jobs to do for him in my off-time. They weren't very nice jobs, and I shouldn't like to explain them to you; but they brought me in half-a-sovereign now and then. I began to get an insight into the baser modes of filling one's pocket. Then something happened; my mother died, and I became the owner of a house at Notting Hill of fifty pounds rental. I talked over my situation with Crowther, and he advised me, as it turned out, thoroughly well. I was to raise money on this house,—not to sell it,—and take shares in a new Music Hall which Crowther was connected with. There's no reason why I shouldn't tell you; it was the Marlborough. I did take shares, and at the end of the second twelve months I was drawing a dividend of sixty per cent. I have never drawn less than thirty, and the year before last we touched seventy-five. At present I am a shareholder in three other Halls,—and they don't do badly.

"I suppose it isn't only good luck; no doubt I have a sort of talent for money-making, but I never knew it before I met Crowther. By just opening my eyes to the fact that money could be earned in other ways than at the regular kinds of employment, he gave me a start, and I went ahead. There isn't a man in the world has suffered more than I have for want of money, and no one ever worked with a fiercer resolve to get out of the hell of contemptible poverty. It would fill a book, the history of my money-making. The first big sum I ever was possessed of came to me at the age of two and thirty, when I sold a proprietary club (the one Crowther had a share in and which I had ultimately got into my own hands) for nine thousand pounds; but I owed about half of this. I went on and on, and I got into society; *that* came through the Marlborough,—a good story, but I mustn't tell it. At last I married—a rich woman."

He paused, and I thought, but was not quite sure, that I heard him sigh.

"We won't talk about that either. I shall not marry a rich woman again, that's all. In fact, I don't care for such people; my best friends, real friends, are all more or less strugglers, and perhaps there's no harm in saying that it gives me pleasure to help them when I've a chance. I like to buy a picture of a poor devil artist. I like to smoke my pipe with good fellows who never go out of their way for money's sake. All the same, it's a good thing to be well off. But for that, now, I couldn't make the acquaintance of such people as these at Brackley Hall. I more than half like them. Old Armitage is a gentleman, and looks back upon generations of gentlemen, his ancestors. Ah! you can't buy that! And his daughters are devilish nice girls, with sweet soft voices. I'm glad the old fellow met us yesterday."

It was now dark; I looked up and saw the stars brightening. We sat for another quarter of an hour, each busy with his own thoughts, then rose and parted for the night.

A week later, when I returned to London, Ireton was still living at the little inn, and a letter I received from him at the beginning of October told me he had just left. "The country was exquisite that last week," he wrote;—and it struck me that "exquisite" was a word he must have caught from someone else's lips.

I heard from him again in the following January. He wrote from the Isle of Wight, and informed me that in the spring he was to be married to Miss Ethel Armitage, second daughter of Humphrey Armitage, Esq., of Brackley Hall.

GEORGE GISSING.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"A Family Budget."

From a Woman's Point of View.

To the Editor of "The National Review."

Mr. Editor,

Is life worth living on £700 a year—in, say, West Kensington, with three children, and a bad cook? As a matter of fact, however, the problem set by your contributor last month was, Is life worth living on £584 a year. Your "Family Man" is like the old millionaire who refused to subscribe to local charities on the ground that, unlike his nephew and heir, "he had no expectations." This has obliged him to pay a premium of £84 in life insurance, while interest on a mysterious debt "to" education comes to £32 odd, leaving a yearly spending total of £584. Why on such a sum income tax is only paid on £550, is one of the problems on which the feminine mind refuses to bite; but this involves a further expenditure, at sevenpence in the £ (pace, Sir William Harcourt), of £15 12s. 6d., an expenditure which no amount of adjusting of the income can in any way affect, and we must bear this item in mind as an inevitable evil, if we try to frame any scheme by which life on such a sum, with such a family, could be rendered tolerable. Yes, *tolerable*; for I maintain that from the point of view of the average woman a life such as that sketched would be tiresome to the last degree. And here as a parenthesis, Mr. Editor, let me point out to you that the article from beginning to end is written entirely from a man's point of view. Notice the first page: this is a budget for the working *gentleman*. We are told what such a *man* desires; what amount of refinement and luxury he expects in his surroundings; the appearance he wishes his wife to present, and what is the future he desires for his children. Nay, the "Family Man" has even the audacity to talk about *his* food budget, and truly I think he has had a hand in its framing, for under this head the weekly house expenses are included, and 8s. a week is all that is provided for laundry! How is this done? The sum dedicated by immemorial custom as a minimum for each maid's washing is 1s. 6d. a week. Three times 1s. 6d. is 4s. 6d.; and this confronts us with the astonishing problem of five persons being "washed" for 3s. 6d. a week, without talking of that long list of articles headed in a washing-book "Household." Here is indeed a mystery. Do ghostly effigies of M., Mdme., *et les trois bébés*, flap white and inflated in the dusk in the little back garden, where the children play innocently in the day? Are these things done in West Kensington?

Let me now emulate the selfishness of man, and consider the problem of whether life could be made worth living in London for a woman, with three children, on £700 a year. That is, is a woman wise who deliberately marries on such an income? For she will not have the distraction of her husband's club, of his daily journey into town, she will have to do the saving, a much less entertaining task than the earning; in short, she will have to *live* in the home in which her husband only dines and sleeps. For the fortunate women who find their happiness in a real absorption in domesticity, "the Family Budget" may answer the question, though there is no sufficient provision in it for emergencies and education. But it will not meet the case of the average girl brought up in upper middle class circles, who does not want to give up her friends, and who is not in the least of the opinion of the "Family Man," that life would be tolerable but for its amusements. She does not want to give up her friends: very well, then, she must give up something else. Now, there are two luxuries which Londoners enjoy as a matter of course, which really ought at once to take their proper place among the indulgences reserved for the rich only. These are Cubic Space and its necessary accompaniment, an excessive Labour Bill. One is very often told of the extreme good sense and economy displayed by the young So-and-Sos, who have established themselves in some unpronounceable and ungetatable terrace,—"and you know, my dear, they get such a nice large house at *such* a low rent—*so* sensible of them." So extravagant of them would be a juster comment—for a large house at a low rent is the most expensive luxury that can be indulged in. We will reduce the cheap large house to its elements: These consist of rooms, stairs, and passages. Every room has one or two windows, all ready to have their panes and their sash-lines broken and in need of repair. Every room has at least one door; and doors, according to the "Family Man," have an expensive habit of collapsing into their original planks. Every room has a chimney, which has to be swept. Every room must have a carpet, which wears out. Every room must have furniture, and every stick of furniture in one's house contains the potentiality of expense in the way of repairs and renewal. All this, besides the necessary heating, lighting and service which every extra room entails. Again, the larger the house, the greater will be the length of water-pipe which will be required to connect the kitchen boiler with the upstairs taps—and every extra inch of water-pipe is a vexation to the soul of the householder. Then we come to the great question of service. Even the necessary brushes, brooms, flannels, soap for a ten-roomed house cost an appreciable something, to say nothing of the wielders of these implements. Somewhere I once read a pregnant sentence, reported to have been uttered by a Frenchwoman, which we English should do well to lay to heart. "You English people," said this wise woman, "are so charitable; the moment you get a little money, you spend it all on your servants!" And here we have the real crux of the whole matter. An income of £700 will maintain five people—but if you add three healthy young women, whom you have to board, lodge, and *pay*, it becomes a very different story. Does anyone imagine that if the "Family Man" were a Frenchman living on an equivalent income

in Paris, three bonnes would be found stuffed into his little apartment? Of course not; there would be no room for them. And if there were no room for them, there would be no necessity for them. What we really want in London are small cheap flats. We shall not get them; for even the speculative builder, though an idiot and a villain of the deepest dye, is not quite so silly as to build dwellings for which there is not a large demand, and at present the upper middle-class idea of matrimony on £700 a year is a ten-roomed house and three maids. What a much better time the harassed housewife would have if she had a neat compact little flat of five rooms, a bath-room, and a kitchen, a nurse to look after the children, and a good maid to do the rest of the work, which, with a little help from Madame herself, would be by no means excessive. In a household of this stamp every one ought to lend a hand—even the baby must contribute its mite by learning to count its own pink toes, or otherwise entertain itself whilst its elders are busy. Later on, when the tiny lessons begin, the mother teaching the little ones will set the nurse free to help in the housework. And see how much this arrangement of life would save. The apartment would consist of two really nice-sized sitting-rooms, two good bedrooms, a bedroom for the maid, a good kitchen, and a large bath-room, to be used as a dressing-room by the "Family Man." The children would use the dining-room in the daytime—this would save a fire and a room, and as they would all be warmly tucked up in bed an hour before the time for late dinner, they would be in no one's way, and would not even interfere with the giving of modest little dinner parties. Their mother, when not sitting with them for the purpose of seeing them, could of course sit in her drawing-room—for why should it be considered necessary for one woman to have a morning-room? With the dining-room "done" before breakfast, and the nurse doing the night nursery, it is obvious that the rest of the housework is not a bit more than one maid could easily manage, especially with a little help from her mistress. This help, by the way, if she shares the profound distrust of the "Family Man" for the cooking of the British maid, had better take the form of help with the finer parts of the cooking, for with a very little contrivance a large part even of the late dinner could be prepared in the morning. As a parenthesis though, may I be allowed to say that I really think the British cook is too much abused? If in England the mistresses of houses knew as much about cooking as do their French sisters, the cuisine would be very different. I for one have very seldom eaten a bad dinner in the house of any woman who really took an interest in her kitchen, and knew how to look after her cook. But to return to our subject. Let us consider, taking the "Family Man's" own figures, how much we could save on his budget, by a scheme of living such as I have faintly sketched above. First, Rent. We know that at the other end of no-where, that is in the wilds near Olympia, at Hampstead, and other places of that kind, *eight*-roomed flats can be had for about £70 to £80 a year. It ought, therefore, to be possible in the regions which, though not the "hub" of the universe, are probably the places where many of the friends of our "working gentleman" live, to get a *six*-roomed flat for £80 a year. As the repairs on a ten-

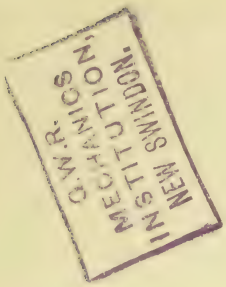
roomed house with a staircase and passages, are calculated at £4 13s. 7d., our repairs should certainly not come to more than £2 15s.; add 5s. for furniture insurance, and you get a total of £83, as against £93, saving £10. House Budget: Here we shall save on having our flat within a reasonable distance of things, for the husband instead of paying 5s. a week, or £13 a year for 'bus and train can get a second season on the underground to the City or Temple for *about* £7 per annum. On the weekly bills the saving on one servant would come to a further £22 a year. Personally, I think £20 too large a sum to be spent on wine on such an income, but then I do not consider 8s. a week at all enough for laundry expenses, so let the two accounts balance each other. Saving on Budget: £6 on husband's expenses, £22 on servant, = £28, giving us a reduced total for our House-Budget of (£254—£28) £226 a year. Wages: It will be found well worth while to get a good class of servant by giving the one maid £24 a year; this, with £20 for the nurse, makes £44; so on this item, in spite of putting down one maid, we only save £10 a year. Lights and warmth: We may calculate on saving £10 a year by halving our house, giving us a total of £14 as against £24. The £2 expense for garden we also save, making a total saving on the "Family Man's" budget of £60 a year. Supposing the income of £700 were unencumbered by debt, this would give us as a complete budget:—

	£	s.	d.
Insurance or other form of saving ...	84	0	0
Income Tax	15	12	6
Rent	83	0	0
House Budget	226	0	0
Coals, etc., ...	14	0	0
Wages	44	0	0
Clothing	50	0	0
Doctor and Dentist	10	0	0
Subscriptions	16	0	0
Books and Newspapers	3	0	0
Holiday	30	0	0
Christmas presents...	3	0	0
Sundries	29	7	6
	£608	0	0

which would give the family the respectable sum of £92 per annum over. Of this £50 should be saved as an "education" fund. The remaining £42 would provide for the necessary extras of dress, little dinner-parties and cabs at night, which are necessities to people who wish not to give up their friends and their own particular portion of "Society." Of course, I am not advocating this scheme as "luxurious"; it is not, and it cannot be luxurious to live on £700 a year, but it is possible so to arrange one's life on that sum in London, that one need not seek a savage hermitage in Maida Vale. Neither is it necessary for a woman administering that income, so to absorb herself in her domestic affairs that when she emerges from her solitude, her friends cannot help wishing that she had remained there.

I am, yours obediently,

AMY STRACHEY.



THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 135.—MAY, 1894.

EPISODES OF THE MONTH.

THE BYE-ELECTIONS.

The miniature General Election produced by the withdrawal of Mr. Gladstone, the consequent promotions, and some accidental vacancies, left things very much as they were—the Unionists hoped to gain at least one seat; but in this they were disappointed. It is becoming clear that constituencies appreciate the appointment of their Member to any office, and hesitate to stand in his way by refusing the requisite re-election. When, however, the honour consists of a peerage to a Radical Member who has presumably talked the current claptrap against the House of Lords, the electors seem inclined to resent his want of austerity by reducing the succeeding Radical's majority. The bye-elections at Hawick, Leith, and Wisbech were due to the promotion of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Munro Ferguson, and Mr. A. G. Brand respectively—Mr. Shaw having succeeded Mr. Asher as Solicitor-General for Scotland, Mr. Ferguson having become a Junior Lord of the Treasury, and Mr. Brand having received a Court appointment. At Hawick the sitting Member kept his seat by an increased majority of 300. Mr. Brand increased his majority by fourteen, and though Mr. Munro Ferguson's active opponent, Mr. W. A. Bell, improved his position, the Junior Lord of the Treasury triumphed by 1,100 votes. In Montgomery, where

Mr. Stuart Rendel had forsaken his constituents for a seat in the Hereditary Chamber, the Government received a severe shaking. the majority being reduced from 815 to 235. Contests also occurred in Berwickshire (where Mr. Marjoribank's seat had become vacant, owing to his succession to his father's peerage), Mid-Lanark (where Mr. Philipps had retired), and Romford, owing to the sad death of Mr. Theobald, the late Conservative Member. In every case the representation remained unchanged, the Conservative majority at Romford was reduced, on a greatly increased poll, from 1,182 to 683; in Berwickshire, Mr. H. J. Tennant, the Gladstonian candidate, did better than was expected—probably owing to the active intervention of Mr. Asquith—as the majority was only reduced some 200 by a first-rate Unionist candidate, Mr. C. B. Balfour. In Mid-Lanark the interest was increased by the nomination of a Labour candidate, Mr. Smellie, who polled 1,221 votes, Mr. Caldwell (Gladstonian) receiving 3,965, and Colonel Harrington Stuart (Conservative) 3,635. At the bye-election of 1888 the polling was as follows: Mr. Keir Hardie (Labour), 617; Mr. J. W. Philipps (Gladstonian), 3,847; and Mr. W. R. Bousfield (Conservative), 2,917; in other words the Conservative poll has increased 718, to a Gladstonian increment of 118 during the same period. At the General Election of 1892, in the absence of a Labour candidate, Mr. Philipps polled 4,611, to Colonel Harrington Stuart's 3,489—majority 1,122.

THE MORAL. An analysis of the figures shows that at the General Election of 1892 these seven constituencies contained 29,572 Gladstonian voters, and 25,939 Unionists, whereas in 1894 the Gladstonian vote has increased to 30,406, and the Unionists number 28,055, the augmentation being 2,116-834 in favour of the latter. No doubt a skilful political meteorologist such as Mr. Gladstone or the editor of *The Westminster Gazette*, if they happened to be Unionists, could build an overwhelming majority for their Party on these figures, but we are constrained to confess that we should prefer to have won a couple of seats. The luck which attended the Home Rulers when in opposition—and bye-elections occurred exactly when and where they were wanted—seems to accompany them in office: conspicuously few shaky Ministerial seats have been open to Unionist attack. One aspect of the case, however, is entirely satisfactory, we hear no more of that magic formula "as in 1885," which became rather wearisome during Lord Salisbury's tenure of office. The fact is that their entanglement with Home Rule has destroyed all prospect of a big Gladstonian majority, and the Party is nowadays delighted if it can manage to keep its nose in front of the enemy—"as in 1892," being the

present modest request. In 1885, these same seven constituencies—allowance being made for Hawick, where Sir G. Trevelyan was returned unopposed—polled 29,734 Liberals, and 19,080 Conservatives, or a Liberal majority of nearly 10,000 as against a Home Rule majority in 1894 of 2,500. This can hardly be a cheering record to those who regard themselves as ranged with the "masses" against the "classes"; the former appear to be suffering from an alarming decline of strength relatively to the adversary.

POLITICAL CENTRIFUGALISM.

"Political Centrifugalism, as far as it tells in favour of the Gladstonian Party," which appears to be the guiding principle of the present Administration, is growing apace. During the past month it has taken the following notable developments. The Government, through Sir George Trevelyan, have let it be known that they are in favour of the principle of Scotch Home Rule. Next they have been straining every effort to force the House of Commons to consent to the adoption, not of "National Grand Committees all round," but of "National Grand Committees, where it will pay a Gladstonian Government to adopt them." Lastly, they have introduced a Parliamentary Reform Bill, which deliberately avoids reforming those electoral anomalies and injustices which are unfair to England, and places her at a disadvantage as compared with the other portions of the United Kingdom. That is, the Government palter with the minutiæ of registration, and leave Ireland twenty-five Members and Wales five Members more than their fair share, *i.e.*, than the proportion of representation allowed, to what "one of their poets" (Mr. T. D. Sullivan) has called "Selfish Little England."

NO ENGLISH NEED APPLY.

To "Particularism all round" we have plenty of objections to offer, from the points of view of patriotism and of convenience, but at any rate it is a fair and intelligible principle. "Particularism for Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and government by a bare Celtic majority for England," is, however, a mere infamy, and one which we do not believe that England will stand for a moment. John Bull is politically hard of hearing, and has not yet caught the fact that "No English need apply" has become the general order of the present Government. When, however, he awakens to the fact, we do not doubt that he will "do the needful," to use the expressive if hideous phrase of our young commercial barbarians. National Grand Committees, plus the maintenance of the intolerable over-representation of Ireland, is a little too much even for the poor long-suffering, "predominant" partner.

PACKING THE JURY.

The Cabinet have been prodigally displaying their big measures during the last month at the rate of two and three a week. No one supposes for a moment that any serious effort will be made to turn even a tithe of them into statutes. The bulk of them are mere election placards to plaster the hoardings with; they need not concern us, though, no doubt, they will loom great in provincial oratory as the victims of Unionist obstruction. The one Bill with a possible career in the House of Commons is the Registration Bill introduced by Mr. Morley on April 13th. Its chief provisions are (1) the reduction of the period of residence to three months; (2) revision of the register twice a year; (3) abolition of the disqualification for non-payment of rates; (4) all elections to be held on the second or third Saturday after the proclamation; (5) abolition of plural voting by restricting every elector to the exercise of only one vote at a General Election, leaving him the option of selecting his constituency, but compelling him to tell the presiding officer, if asked, whether he has voted before. If this Bill passed in its present shape it would disfranchise about half a million ownership voters, most of whom are surmised to be Unionists, and enfranchise six or seven hundred thousand occupiers who are reckoned as Gladstonians; at the same time it makes no reduction in the representation of Wales or Ireland, who return thirty more Members than their population entitles them to. It is curious that Mr. Morley, whose soul seems to have been stirred by various electoral anomalies, should be able to tolerate this, the most glaring of all —for instance, 17,000 Englishmen living in Romford return one Member, while the same number of Irish electors in Galway, Kilkenny, Newry, Waterford, Kerry, and Cork county are represented by six members! He excused himself for not giving effect to "one vote, one value" on the ground that it would involve general redistribution, which is a very big subject and quite beyond the scope of a modest Registration Bill.

ONE VOTE ONE VALUE.

Mr. Henry F. Bernard, writing to *The Times*, in their issue of April 13th, with reference to the Registration Bill, draws attention to some of the glaring anomalies which make "One Vote one Value" more urgently required than "One Man one Vote." Mr. Bernard says that he has ascertained from the Registrar Generals for each country what the estimated population this year is. His figures are as follows:—

England	28,501,517
Ireland	4,596,874
Scotland	4,124,691
Wales	1,559,246
Total population	38,782,328

Excluding nine University Members the number of representatives in the House of Commons is	661
This on population gives one Member for each	58,672
But as a matter of fact each Irish Member at present only represents an average of	45,513
Whereas each English Member represents	61,959
This is grossly unfair to England, which has at present only 460 Members, but should have	486
Wales should have instead of 30 only	27
Scotland has just its proper number, *i.e.*	70
While Ireland, instead of having 101 as at present, is really only entitled to	78
In other words, if as the necessary sequel to "One Man one Vote" we make each vote as nearly as possible of equal influence and value, we shall have to give England more Members by	26
Ireland must lose	23
Wales must lose	3
And London, with a larger population than Ireland, must have its representation increased by	16

A BETTER WAY.

These figures are important, but there is a better way in which to put the Unionist case. The Gladstonians meet our demand for carrying out the principle of "one vote one value" by declaring that it would be impossible to find time for the necessary redistribution. Let us then meet them by saying that we will not ask for redistribution in England or Scotland, but only in Ireland and Wales. Let us, that is, accept the number of Members already possessed by England, and give the other parts of the United Kingdom a proportionate number of Members. If we do this we need only take away the extra Members possessed by Ireland and Wales, reducing the total number of Members of the House thereby, and need not redistribute in Ireland. England has at present 460 Members. If the other parts of the United Kingdom are to have the same Members in the same proportion, then (leaving out fractions) Scotland will remain as she is, but Ireland will have 78 Members instead of 103, and Wales 25 Members instead of 30. That is, 25 Members will have to be taken away from Ireland and 5 away from Wales. Here, then, is a very much smaller demand than one for a general redistribution. Logically it is one which this Government cannot possibly refuse on the ground that it is "too big a job." And for this reason: They last year proposed to do all that was necessary in a schedule to the Home Rule Bill, and a schedule which they thought so much a matter of course that they did not allow it to be discussed, but passed it without debate. The second schedule of the Home Rule Bill reduced the Irish representation in the House of Commons by 23. But if that can be done in the schedule of the Home Rule Bill, it can be done in the schedule to a Registration Bill. If then we make a demand narrowed down

in this way, and are refused by the Government, we shall have it in black and white that Lord Rosebery and his colleagues mean to gerrymander the Constitution. In that case we can accept the gauge of battle with a clear conscience. We shall have tried to meet our opponents with fairness and moderation, and a clear and unmistakable issue will be before the country.

THE EVICTED TENANTS BILL.

On April 19th, Mr. Morley introduced the Evicted Tenants Bill. He proposes to create a Board of three arbitrators, whose office is to last for three years. In cases of land which has not been relet, the evicted tenant may, within one year of the passing of the Act, petition the Board to reinstate him. If in the arbitrators' opinion he has made out a *primâ-facie* case, they will issue a conditional order for reinstatement, which, if the landlord does not object, will later on be made absolute. If he does object, then the arbitrators will hear the parties and decide according to whether the landlord or tenant has in their opinion acted unreasonably. On getting back the evicted tenant will have to pay two years' arrears of rent, but half this sum will be advanced by the arbitrators. When the land is not vacant but occupied by another tenant, the evicted tenant may petition as before, but if the sitting tenant objects, that objection is to be a bar to the petition. If he does not object, the arbitrators are to act as if the land were in the occupation of the landlord, but are to pay the sitting tenant what they may think fit in the way of compensation. The money required for arrears and compensation is to be provided by a charge of £100,000 on the Church funds, but the arbitration and other official expenses are to come out of the taxes.

THE SITTING TENANTS.

We have no great objection to make to the Bill as far as it relates to the land in the occupation of the landlord, though it is a strong measure to give public money to men who broke their contracts, not because they were too poor to keep them, but, as they boasted, in order to further certain political aims. Still the getting rid of the evicted tenants question is a very important matter, and that may pass. The part of the Bill which deals with land which is occupied by a sitting tenant must not, however, receive even this qualified approval. It is, in our opinion, one of the most cruel, oppressive, and cold-blooded proposals ever made in Parliament. Think what it means. It means that the unfortunate men who have taken derelict farms are to be expelled from them by Act of Parliament unless they will publicly go to the office of the arbitrators and bar the claim of the evicted tenant. But this, in plain language, means that the

sitting tenant will have to publicly put himself against the whole country-side and defy them to punish him for not giving up his holding. If the wretched man who determines to bar the claim of the evicted tenant escapes being shot from behind the hedge as he goes to put his objection "on the file," he will have to endure all the horrors of a boycott. His house will be shot into at night, his cows and horses houghed, his ricks burnt, his wife insulted, his children persecuted, and he himself be refused the right to buy or to sell. To say that the sitting tenant is given his choice to go or to stop by the Act is an absurdity. The Bill, as it stands, is a Bill for his eviction and destruction. If it passes in its present form it will be little short of a national disgrace.

PRICE OF IRISH LAND.

Here is a curious example of the prices fetched by Irish land. *The Daily Express* of 2nd April states that the other day the tenant's interest in sixty acres of the lands of Paddock and Shandrum, near the village of Drinagh, county Cork, held under the judicial rent of £32 a year, was put up for sale. After a spirited competition Mr. Jeremiah Connolly, the Club House, was declared the purchaser at £750. That is, some one was willing to pay £750 for the right to pay £32 a year!!!

THE BUDGET.

The first impression derived from Sir William Harcourt's Budget was rather one of relief. This was perhaps because there had been ominous talk of an additional twopence on the Income Tax, whereas it turned out that the addition was to be one penny. The estimated deficit amounted to £4,502,000.

This deficit is met by:—

Appropriation of New Sinking Fund	£2,123,000	
Graduated Death Duties	1,000,000	
Extra penny on Income Tax, less abatements ...	330,000	
Additional Duty of 6d. per gallon on Spirits ...	760,000	
Additional Duty of 6d. per barrel on Beer ...	580,000	
		4,793,000
Estimated surplus		£291,000

Half this deficit Sir William Harcourt wipes off by appropriating the New Sinking Fund. The only immoral feature of this proceeding is Sir William Harcourt's professions to the contrary, which of course he violates; it is a question of expediency, and of paying off one debt before another. Then £1,340,000 are obtained by increasing the Beer and Spirit Duties. Dilution of beer may be the effect of this tax, but otherwise not much harm will be done if it is carried. In raising the Income Tax one penny the Chancellor of the Exchequer takes steps to relieve some of the smaller

incomes. Those under £160 instead of £150, as heretofore, are to be exempt. An abatement of £160 is to be allowed on incomes between £161 and £400, and of £100 on incomes between £400 and £500. This represents a loss of £840,000. An abatement on the assessment of real estate for the Income Tax involves a further loss of £700,000. The actual return of the additional penny is therefore only £330,000 instead of £1,780,000. As these abatements are intended to be permanent, the yield of the additional penny Income Tax becomes but a fraction of what it has hitherto been, and future Chancellors of the Exchequer are deprived of a fruitful source of revenue in times of emergency. Nothing less than an addition of fivepence to the Income Tax will henceforth secure the amount hitherto yielded by the penny. Still we are not saying that either of the abatements made are objectionable: perhaps £200,000 might have been saved by postponing the abatement on incomes between £400 and £500 until the increased yield from the Death Duties enabled a removal of the extra penny on the Income Tax. Sir William Harcourt most heartily endorses the principle of graduation: but he has the sense to perceive that any attempt to graduate the Income Tax above very small incomes, would be a lamentable failure, and this for the reason that no system could be devised under which it could be carried out. Three-fourths of the Income Tax is tapped at the source: the collection is automatic. The most important feature in the Budget is the reform and graduation of the Death Duties, and their equalization upon realty and personalty. The reform of the Death Duties is no doubt advisable, and graduation has always seemed to us a perfectly defensible principle, where it means the taxation of wealth in proportion to its ability.

THE MILLIONAIRES' MONOPOLY.

The objectionable part of the Budget is in the proposed "equalization" of duties upon realty (land and tenements) and personalty. It sounds very democratic to enact that land shall contribute equally with personalty, but nothing of the sort is really intended. What is intended is that an exaggerated fictitious value labelled "market value" shall be put on land and tenements, and that the assessment shall be made on this. Sir William Harcourt talks glibly of "market value" as if it were some fixed standard, but where there are no buyers there is no market value, and the great mass of landed property in England is now unmarketable, and it is a monstrous injustice to make owners pay as if it were realized capital. Sir William Harcourt imagines that he assists himself by quoting a passage from a paper in the *Statistical Society's Journal* which draws a distinction between "conventional" value (explained

as the value "obtained by multiplying the income of a given quantity") and actual value: but these terms are absolutely misleading. Sir William Harcourt and his ally set up another "conventional" value which they treat as "realizable" and "actual" when it is not so in the least. It is to be hoped that a stout resistance will be made to this sham equalization, which will only make it more and more impossible for poor men or men of moderate means to remain landowners. It is very curious that the whole tendency of democratic legislation is to make landownership the monopoly of millionaires. They alone will be able to support the rates, taxes, and succession duty which are piled on landed property. As will be seen from the table above, the Death Duties are expected to bring in one million this year, but in future years the yield is expected to be between three and four millions.

MR. MATHER'S EXPERIMENT.

The thanks of the industrial world are due to Mr. W. Mather, M.P. (Gladstonian), for a most interesting and fruitful experiment, conducted by the great engineering firm of which he is a principal, Mather & Platt, Salford. The experiment extended over a full year, and consisted of a reduction of working hours in his business from fifty-three to forty-eight per week without any lowering of wages. The men breakfasted before beginning their work, and overtime was lessened as much as possible. An exhaustive report on the year's results, issued at the end of March for the benefit of those engaged in the trade, is most encouraging to the view, that under certain conditions, hours may be materially reduced without any corresponding reduction of wages or output, by mutual arrangement between employers and employed. During the trial-year the loss on the wages bill, in ratio to the turnover, was precisely balanced by a saving on the fixed charges—wear and tear of machinery, fuel, lighting, &c. Mr. Mather points out that the experiment was made during a year of signal commercial depression, and that a slightly diminished turnover—the result of lower prices—was accomplished by an increased output. This means that the hands produced more in forty-eight hours than they had previously effected in fifty-three, which hardly supports the opinion that an eight-hours day would solve the unemployed problem. The Amalgamated Engineers, a body of "Old Unionists," kept the peace during the trial-year by discouraging all agitation until its completion, and frankly recognized Mr. Mather's right to recur to the old arrangement in the event of failure. The following passage from the report is rather awkward for the Ministry, which in Mr. Asquith's words "set an example to the employers of the country":

"Even after a few months of its working, I felt so assured of the mutual benefits accruing both to employers and employed from our trial, that I felt it to be a matter of public duty to apprise the heads of the chief Government departments—the War Office, the Admiralty, and the Post Office—of the advantages that would be derived by the adoption in them of the forty-eight hours week. The Secretary of State for War, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Earl Spencer, and the Postmaster-General, Mr. Arnold Morley, respectively invited me to meet the chiefs of their construction departments from the Woolwich Arsenal works, the dockyards, and the Post Office, to give the results of the trial at the Salford Iron Works, and to state my reasons for advising the immediate adoption of the forty-eight hours week in their departments. These responsible chiefs of important Government departments, in which many thousands of men are employed in the mechanical trades, naturally required convincing proofs that they would be justified in adopting the forty-eight hours week on economic grounds, and on those grounds alone. They approached the subject at our interview with open minds, but with serious doubts as to the possibility of accepting the advice I ventured to offer, that they should at once adopt the new system. After the conferences only a few weeks elapsed before the Woolwich authorities heartily adopted the forty-eight hours week, and since then the dockyard authorities have announced their determination to do the same."

It is apparently a private employer who "set an example" to the Government.

AN EIGHT HOURS BILL.

As it is actually sought to use Mr. Mather's experiment in furtherance of a statutory eight-hours day—in other words a Coercion Act—it may be as well to quote his own opinion on this subject:

"The cry for legislation to settle the conflict between the natural and laudable aspirations of working men and the fears and doubts of employers, is a danger to the whole field of industry. Mutual responsibility and mutual benefits can only be secured by mutual arrangements. A rigid law passed by members of an Imperial Legislature, whose votes are often given hap-hazard, or for party reasons, or for 'a safe seat,' can never provide a remedy for such conflicts as those which arise in the industrial world in connection with the complex questions of wages and hours of labour. There are, of course, simple questions of protecting some workpeople in dangerous employments or unhealthy occupations, which may require the State to assume the responsibility of prescribing the limit of hours per day during which adult men may be exposed to such conditions. But the great manufacturing industries of the country as a whole, if they are to become secure and prosperous, must be conducted by arrangements mutually planned and carried out by the trade unions and the employers, and any legislation which would promote and strengthen such arrangements would be wise and may be necessary. The workpeople of the great engineering and machine-making trades have a splendid organization. I feel sure its prudence and sagacity will be shown in dealing with the aspirations of its members to bring about a universal forty-eight hours week in such a manner as to avoid friction with the employers. We have now an opportunity of showing the workpeople and employers in other industries how beneficial changes may be made by mutual arrangement instead of by rigid legal enactments."

MR. BALFOUR, M.P. FOR SOUTH DONEGAL.

The following extract is taken from an abviously *bonâ-fide* letter which appeared in *The Spectator* of April 21st, signed H. B. P.

"In the autumn of 1892, I went on foot from Dunfanaghy to Stranorlar, *viâ* Gweedore, Derryheg, Bunbeg, Dungloe, Fineton, &c., and amidst all the terrible

squalor and misery with which those parts of County Donegal unfortunately abound, the one bright spot was the unfeigned and voluntary praise bestowed by the peasantry and even gombeen-men on Mr. Balfour. I happened to arrive at a village just as Mr. Morley's proclamation had been posted—the paste was not even dry. In that same village I came across a copy of Mr. T. D. Sullivan's Poems of the "Dirty Little England" series, distributed with the author's compliments, and at that spot (precise particulars of which I omit for obvious reasons), I was told on authority I could not doubt, that Mr. A. J. Balfour was the most popular man in those parts, that if he would only "put up" for South Donegal no one else would have a chance, and it was with unmistakable pride that those who thus expressed themselves, referred to Mr. Balfour's having driven through that part of the country at night and refused the protection of a police escort."

Why should not Mr. Balfour allow himself to be nominated for South Donegal, it could do no harm, and might inaugurate a new era in our relations with our unfortunate neighbours?

Obituary.

The deaths of Lord Hannen and Lord Bowen have deprived England of two of her greatest Judges. Lord Hannen's management of the Parnell Commission was beyond all praise; but yet, great as was his achievement here, it was not his chief claim for public reverence. It is in the daily, hourly work of the Bench, in cases of which the public hears nothing, that a judge really wins his right to be regarded as a benefactor to the State. Lord Hannen was such a judge, and his success in presiding over the Special Commission or in acting as Arbitrator in Paris was but the decoration to the solid benefits which he conferred upon the public by his administration of justice in the Probate and Divorce Division. Lord Bowen's memory claims as high honour as does Lord Hannen's. Lord Bowen was one of the profoundest and subtlest lawyers who ever sat on the English Bench, and many of his judgments are monuments alike of legal learning and literary skill. As an example of his judgments we may cite that delivered in the Mogul Steamship Case. It would be impossible to find an abler or more adequate disquisition on the attitude of the English law in regard to acts which lie on the borderland between extreme competition and commercial boycotting.

Le Caron.

Another death which we have to chronicle this month is that of Major Le Caron, the secret agent who divulged so many of the secrets of the Fenians. On the vexed question of Le Caron's moral position we have ourselves no doubt. If Le Caron never acted as an *agent provocateur*, never, that is, decoyed men into criminal acts, but merely did what every detective does—*i. e.*, pretended that he was a friend of criminals in order to bring them to justice,—then Le Caron had as good a right to consider himself an honest man as any plain-clothes constable

in the force: and who has a better? And we believe that Le Caron never acted as an *agent provocateur*. His Irish enemies certainly entirely failed to prove that he had so acted, although they had full possession of the facts, and every possible inducement to elicit such a fact. The truth, we believe, is that Major Le Caron was a sincerely patriotic Englishman, and that he merely acted the perfectly honourable part that is acted in war by an officer detailed on special intelligence work.

THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

We cannot quote all the good things in Lord Salisbury's speech, of April 19th, for if we did we should republish it in extenso, but we must find room for the following condensed account of the passage dealing with the duties of the Primrose League. Lord Salisbury, after declaring that in his opinion the country need never be confronted with "the disastrous and sinister arrangement upon which their opponents seemed to count, of the classes of education and of capital ranged on one side, and those of labour on the other," continued:—

"He had no belief in such a division, for he thought both classes knew that the prosperity and existence of each was bound up in the prosperity and existence of the other. It was one of the most painful features of modern politics, that those who desired change in this country used their power for nothing else but to discover new questions by which one class might be set against the other. All the controversies were drifting to that line, and that tendency seemed to show where the duty of the Primrose League lay, and where its power might be exercised with wonderful effect. Its mission was one of reconciliation among the classes separated by political manœuvres. What we needed above all in this country now was peace, and a close attention to the terrible social problems which beset us."

It should be noted that the facts quoted at the meeting show that the Primrose League is making the most astonishing strides in popularity. Every week there are, it is stated, an average of some 2,000 members enrolled. That is a good answer to the Gladstonian plan of treating England as the place of no account.

CANADIAN TARIFF REFORM.

A very important measure, designed to modify the Canadian tariff, has been introduced into the Dominion Parliament by Sir John Thompson's Cabinet. As we on this side of the Atlantic are well aware, it is not every Government Bill that becomes an Act: but this particular proposal is hardly in the category of mere election placards. The reductions proposed are of special interest to this country, as they for the most part concern commodities forming the staple of our trade with Canada, the most sweeping alterations being in the cotton and woollen duties. The suggested reductions are generally from 10 to 5 per cent., and *ad valorem* duties are

to replace the present mixed specific and *ad valorem* duties. Canada has intrenched herself, however, behind such a rampart of tariffs, that even if the Bill is carried in its integrity, she will be a very long way from realising our conception of Free Trade, while the interests that have learnt to lean on Protection will probably fight savagely against its abatement. It is, none the less, an enlightened move on the part of the Government, and Englishmen will follow the fortunes of the Bill with sympathetic interest—some of us still dream of a distant future when a common Custom House for the whole Empire is an admissible subject of discussion.

THE EGYPTIAN CRISIS.

Perhaps what has been passing in Egypt hardly deserves to be called a crisis. There has been a change of administration which marks an advance in the education of the youthful Khedive. Riaz Pasha, who represented the inveterate Turk and resistance to the English rule, has retired, and Nubar Pasha, who represents the modern spirit of Western Europe, and who perceives the advantage of an English Protectorate, has come to power, and so we continue to mark time in Egypt. We have undertaken a duty there which we cannot relinquish. Even Boutros Pasha, who was a colleague of Riaz Pasha, and who belonged to an Anti-English Cabinet, is reported to have said that "there were not ten sane men in Egypt who would not be aghast if the English left the country." It is imperative that the Egyptian Ministry should be friendly in spirit. Nubar Pasha has had his differences with Lord Cromer, but he recognizes the value of the British occupation. This is because he knows perfectly well that Egypt will enjoy a wider measure of freedom under the mild authority of the British than she would obtain under the alternatives of French or Turkish control. From the British point of view, there are reasons for and against our continued occupation of Egypt. In the event of a European war, we might find ourselves in a trap. On the other hand, we have joined Europe in the campaign of civilization throughout Africa, and it is possible that the Suakim-Berber route may be of supreme importance, and may indeed be the most advantageous one for trade to the regions around Victoria Nyanza. The highway of the Nile already exists and indicates a natural route.

UGANDA.

Sir Gerald Portal's report on Uganda was presented during the early part of the month. It is inexpressibly sad to reflect on the death of this able British Commissioner, who escaped the dangerous fevers of Africa only to come home and be poisoned by an ill-fitting drain-trap near Grosvenor Square. Sir Gerald Portal has come to the conclusion that we are

already pledged, by all that has passed between ourselves and the natives, to remain in Uganda. The treaties which have been entered into by the kings and chiefs have always been regarded as treaties with the British Government, and if we repudiate them "the trust of these people in English promises and English credit would be completely broken, and any future extension of British private enterprise or trade in these regions would be impossible." The only question is as to the form of Administration. The one recommended is that of a Protectorate on the principle of an Indian State: the native king being retained as the head of the government. Everyone who has read Captain Lugard's book will remember the superstitious veneration in which Mwanga, the negro king of Uganda, was held, and the contest there was between the French and English factions to secure his presence. Mwanga under the guidance of an English administrator becomes a useful agent for the promotion of civilization. Left to himself he reverts to tyranny and cruelty. The Debate in the House of Commons has been postponed. There will probably be some foolish talk by Parish Councillors. The "Progressists" will oppose the cause of progress in Africa, and Mr. Labouchere may be depended on to vilify his countrymen and to discredit their motives. There is, however, sufficient patriotism and common-sense among the Government Party to prevent any recreant desertion from the splendid work we have already commenced in East Africa. £70,000 will, it appears, be sufficient to maintain the Protectorate. It is almost a pity that some of the £100,000 devoted to Bechuanaland cannot be diverted to this purpose. The Cape Government might very well be called on to relieve the Imperial Government of this charge.

NEWFOUNDLAND. An interesting crisis has occurred in Newfoundland. The Ministry in power representing a majority of the Legislative Assembly has asked the Governor to grant an immediate dissolution. The apparent reason for this is that no less then seventeen supporters of the Government, which in a House of thirty-six members is a considerable block, are accused of having obtained their seats by bribery and corruption, and petitions have been lodged against them. It is not impossible, therefore, that the Government majority will be gradually destroyed by the process of unseating. Two seats have been already rendered vacant. One of those threatened is that of the Premier himself—Sir William Whiteway. There is a further danger than that of merely losing his majority. An adverse decision on the petitions will disqualify the seventeen members from holding seats at all. Sir William Whiteway sought an escape from his dilemma

by obtaining a dissolution of the Chamber: but Mr. Goodridge, leader of the Opposition, protested against this, and consequently Sir Terence O'Brien, the Governor, refused to dissolve Parliament, whereupon the Government resigned. Mr. Goodridge was called upon to form a Government. He has done this, but being in a minority the Assembly has passed a vote of want of confidence. We have thus a pretty constitutional dilemma. The sacred right of the majority is obviously violated, and the Governor seems to have taken sides with the minority. This is, however, not a case for pedantry, and it is one which puts the value of a Governor to the test. The real question at stake is: Does Sir William Whiteway command a legitimate majority? The Law Courts have been appealed to for decision. Sir Terence O'Brien seems to have acted with firmness and prudence in refusing a dissolution until the decision is given.

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL.

The English public have learnt with real pleasure the intelligence that the heir to the Russian throne has been betrothed to Princess Alix of Hesse—the granddaughter of the Queen, and the daughter of Princess Alice. The event is of good augury for Europe, for the Princess is a German, and if the Czar meant war (at any rate in the immediate future) he would hardly have made a German alliance for his son. But it is of good augury for England that the future Czarina should have been brought up by an English mother. That is a circumstance that may some day help Russia and England to understand each other better. Meantime, there is another pleasant fact about the engagement. The Princess and the Czarewitch have wanted to marry each other for some time, and their union will be a victory for love over state-craft.

THE PROPOSAL FOR DISARMAMENT.

The Emperor of Germany is said to have approached the Czar with proposals for a general disarmament. If it be true that the Czar replied by saying that "gigantic armies are not a cause but an effect," he answered wisely and in the only possible manner. Russia has probably no great grievance against Germany except in so far as she may consider the Triple Alliance a grievance, but she has not the motive to preserve the *status quo* which Germany has. The whole explanation of the armed and apprehensive condition of Europe is that Germany, at the conclusion of her victorious war with France in 1871, committed the fatal blunder of annexing two French provinces: it matters not that a portion of the population were German in affinity; the two provinces were contented French provinces, had been so for a hundred and fifty years, and were

anxious so to remain. Germany annexed them when France was prostrate, lonely, and defenceless. Being in possession of another nation's territory and people, and aware that she has to defend her spoil, she had to form a league in defence of the *status quo:* the league has become burthensome, and she would gladly procure a disarmament based on the same principle. But France? Would a recuperated England consent to a disarmament based upon *status quo,* if the Isle of Wight had been annexed by France after a victorious war with England? France cannot resign all hope of recovering her fellow-countrymen still held in bondage; and there can be no disarmament or prospect of permanent peace for Europe until either the provinces have been restored, or—as a compromise—a European league has been formed to guarantee their neutralization. This would be a huge task, and the prospect of undertaking it may seem remote; but circumstances often develop unforeseen possibilities, and the moods of men, as well as of generations, change. The German Emperor is quite capable of displaying the needful nobility of impulse to bring such a project into consideration.

THE HOME RULE CAMPAIGN.

All who have studied the contemporary accounts of any great war—those of the Peninsular Campaign, for instance—will often have been struck by the incorrect and premature judgments formed by the public on the passing course of events, and by the ignorant rashness of the predictions indulged in from time to time by casual observers and critics. It is with a political as with a military campaign. Those who watch its frequent vicissitudes are too apt to magnify insignificant incidents—to exult in a victorious skirmish as though it were a final triumph, and to be unduly depressed whenever a defeat is sustained or an advance is checked. It is difficult in the actual stages of the conflict to regard the proceedings as a whole and to appreciate rightly during its evolution the probable result of a prolonged movement. It is well, therefore, from time to time to look backward as well as forward in the history of a political agitation, and the object of the present paper is to make such a survey in regard to the Home Rule Question.

The occasion is opportune, since the recent retirement of Mr. Gladstone from public life undoubtedly marks a stage, and perhaps a critical one, in the progress of the movement. Home Rule, as we now understand it, and as presented to us in the Bills of 1886 and 1892, is the sole creation of Mr. Gladstone's mind, and it is at least uncertain whether those who have succeeded him, and who boast that they are under his inspiration, regard this child of his old age with the absorbing affection of its parent, and are willing to make equal sacrifices on its behalf. They are not responsible for its introduction to the world of politics—most of them admitted it to the Liberal programme with unconcealed reluctance,—and it is uncertain how far they have satisfied themselves since of its necessity and urgency. For the moment, Home Rule is in abeyance, and the interval offers a convenient opportunity for reviewing the whole campaign, for considering its past history, and estimating its future prospects.

Home Rule broke out with the suddenness of the Franco-German War in the latter part of 1885. It is not too much to say that, with the possible exception of Mr. Gladstone himself, there was not a single politician in the United Kingdom who in 1884

believed that it was within the range of immediate practical politics. The Irish Nationalists had so little idea of Mr. Gladstone's intentions that they used every influence they possessed to secure the defeat of the Liberal Party at the General Election, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor—then, as now, the Thersites of the Irish Party—denounced his present allies as "perfidious, treacherous, and incompetent"—"a servile, and cowardly, and unprincipled herd that would break every pledge and violate every principle." No single English or Scottish Member supported Home Rule in his address—many of them emphatically repudiated all sympathy with the idea.

The question has frequently been asked, When did Mr. Gladstone himself first seriously contemplate the establishment of that separate Irish Parliament which he had declared in 1871 would make us ridiculous in the sight of all mankind? It is probable that no complete answer will ever be given until the private correspondence and papers of the end of the nineteenth century are given to the world: meanwhile, it can only be noted that there was no hint of such a violent change of policy in the address to the electors of Midlothian, and that none of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues at that time appear to have received the slightest previous intimation of the conversion of their leader. Surely it is more respectful to Mr. Gladstone to assume that conviction came to him suddenly after the General Election, than to attribute to him a long course of concealment by which all his followers and all his friends were deceived on a question of national policy of the highest possible importance.

One observation, which has an important bearing on the future, naturally suggests itself at this point. If this policy which, as we know, has been repudiated by every other statesmen of eminence during the last eighty years, only presented itself as practicable and beneficial to Mr, Gladstone himself after he had been for more than half a century in public life, there must be the strongest and most obvious objections to it. It cannot be a self-evident proposition which not to receive is to be worthy of the greater excommunication. More than that—inasmuch as its acceptance involves not only the condemnation of every Liberal who held high office before Mr. Gladstone, but also of Mr. Gladstone in his prime—of Mr. Gladstone when he was twice Prime Minister and directed the policy of his Party,—it may well be open to question whether the probability that Mr. Gladstone was wrong in 1886 is not at least as great as that he was wrong in 1868, wrong again in 1880, and that his error was shared by every prominent member of his Party, including Liberals and Radicals as staunch as Russell and Cobden, Bright and Mill, Forster and Fawcett.

There is absolutely no evidence of such a change in the situation

between 1880, for instance, and 1886 as would justify a complete reversal of the policy previously pursued. The reasons given by Mr. Gladstone may indeed be accepted on his own authority as satisfactory to his own mind, but it is impossible to believe that they carry conviction to anybody else. The return of eighty-six Nationalist Members was the natural and anticipated result of the extension of the franchise; and although it emphasized the state of feeling in Ireland it did not create it. There is no reason whatever to suppose that if the whole Irish population had been polled in 1880, the expression of their opinion on the subject would have been different from what it was six years later, when, for the first time, they had the opportunity of making it known through their representatives in Parliament. Neither is there any weight to be attached to the alleged moderation of Mr. Parnell in 1886. On the contrary, it is certain that much more satisfactory pledges might have been obtained from Mr. Butt in 1874 or Mr. Shaw in 1880 if Mr. Gladstone had then been willing to negotiate for a Home Rule measure. Whatever may have been the cause of the sudden change by which the Liberal Party was startled and divided, it is certain that it is not to be looked for either in a change of Irish opinion or in the increased moderation of Irish demands.

The cause must have been personal to Mr. Gladstone, recognized as sufficient by him alone, and accepted by him on the spur of the moment without time for reflection and without consultation with others. Is it not possible, under these circumstances, that a policy which came upon us like a thief in the night may depart as quickly? May not the flame which caught so quickly, and burned so fiercely, have been only after all a *feu de paille?*

The zealots of the Gladstonian Party repudiate with indignation any such inference, and even Lord Rosebery, who is not a zealot, insisted in the House of Lords, as a reason for passing the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill, on the hopelessness of permanent resistance to a principle now firmly embodied in the Liberal programme and finally accepted by the Liberal Party. This is indeed a favourite syllogism of Gladstonian orators. No reform, they say, has ever been adopted by the Liberal Party which has not ultimately been carried. Home Rule has been adopted by the Liberal Party, therefore the success of Home Rule is only a question of time. To these propositions it might be replied: First, that Home Rule was forced upon the Gladstonian Party, and not adopted by them in the sense in which, in other cases, a growing conviction has gradually asserted itself with almost universal concurrence, so that when the leaders have declared themselves, they have seemed only to be giving expression to a general and spontaneous sentiment. Secondly, the Separatists may be reminded that they are not now,

and never have been, the Liberal Party. They represent, no doubt, in Parliament and the country a numerical majority of Liberals, but the minority is so important, both in numbers and influence, that success can no longer be predicted for the Home Rule section on the ground that it always waited on the standard of the united forces.

It would be indeed a dangerous thing for this country if Lord Rosebery's axiom were indisputable. If it were true, we should have to admit that our very existence as a nation might be at the mercy of a sudden freak of a popular leader. We have seen that Party feeling is so strong a force that it will over-ride the declared opinions and personal convictions of the majority of Liberal politicians. Whenever, therefore, any Liberal leader can obtain even temporary control of the Party machinery, he may commit the majority of his followers, without consulting them, and without reference to their individual sentiments, to any policy, however wild or dangerous it may have previously seemed to be, and however sudden may have been his own conversion to it. And then, according to the theory of the irresistible force of Liberal programmes, this policy must inevitably be sooner or later imposed upon the country. "Necessity," said Lord Chatham, "is the argument of tyrants and the creed of slaves"; and, whatever the future may have in store for us, the course of the campaign, thus unexpectedly opened by Mr. Gladstone after the General Election of 1885, has done nothing up to the present time to justify the superstitious belief professed by the new Liberals in the virtue of a Party ticket.

The Campaign was opened by a determined effort to carry the position by a *coup-de-main*. This was shrewd strategy, since it was desirable at once to commit the bulk of the Liberal Party to the new enterprise, and there was also a possibility that the defenders of the citadel might be taken unawares. Mr. Gladstone had, with the Irish Members, a majority of nearly 160, and he probably thought that he knew his men well enough to be able to count on their obsequious acceptance of any measure to which he gave the weight of his vast personal popularity. If his forecast had proved correct the Bill might have gone to the House of Lords with all the authority of an overwhelming majority of the representatives of the people; and the hereditary legislators might once more have been scared into acceptance, under the threat of popular agitation, of a policy to which they were personally hostile. Fortunately, the Liberal Unionists stood in the breach and held the fort until the people of England could come to the rescue. Few persons probably know all the difficulties and dangers of the situation. Pressure, intimidation, and even bribery, in the shape at any rate of offered honours, were brought to bear. The machinery of the Caucus was

set in motion and Members were openly threatened with the loss of their seats if they voted according to their past pledges and real convictions. In spite of all that could be done by the most zealous of whips, and the most active of wire-pullers, ninety-three men stood firm, and Mr. Gladstone's majority of 156 was converted into a minority of 30.

In the country, when the subsequent appeal was made to it, the Home Rule defeat became a rout. The old Party lines disappeared, or were ignored, under the pressure of a great national danger; and Lord Salisbury returned to office, with the support of many of his most strenuous opponents, avowedly to maintain the integrity of the Empire.

It is to be noted that this Election was fought everywhere on the new issue that had just been raised. It was, and it remains, the only plebiscite or national vote as yet taken on the distinct and separate question of Home Rule. The growth of public agitation in favour of disintegration—so boldly claimed by Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery—is a mere delusion. The Party majority has fluctuated in proportion as Home Rule has seemed nearer or more distant. The bye Elections from 1886 to 1891 were contested on local questions or purely domestic politics, and on the whole were favourable to the Gladstonians. The General Election of 1892 turned mainly on the Newcastle Programme, but as it recalled to some extent the controversy on Home Rule the results were much less favourable than the bye Elections. There is no good reason to suppose that if this danger were once more pressing, and the issue once more distinct, the verdict would differ greatly from that of 1886.

The attempt by surprise having thus been completely foiled, the strategy of the campaign entered upon a new phase. For some time attention was still concentrated upon the Irish Question. There were signs that the Gladstonians were inclined to abate somewhat of their pretensions. The preposterous Land Bill with its tremendous pledging of British credit was finally abandoned —the Home Rule Bill was declared to be dead—and advances were made in the direction of a compromise which should largely extend the scope of Irish self-government, while safeguarding effectually the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament and the interests of the minority. The conferences which took place with this object have given rise to conflicting statements on the part of those who shared in them. Without entering here into controversial matters, it may well be doubted whether a real *modus vivendi* ever existed, and whether it was prudent to undertake negotiations which were likely to give rise to misunderstanding. At one time, however, both parties were sanguine of success and honestly desirous of reunion. The immediate advantage of an

arrangement to the Gladstonians was obvious, while the Liberal Unionists, who sincerely deplored the disruption of the Liberal Party—"that potent instrument of progress," as Mr. Bright called it,—were ready to make almost any personal sacrifice to secure reunion with the friends and fellow-workers by whom they had stood shoulder to shoulder in many a hard fought field. But the difficulties in the way of agreement proved too great, and the well-meant efforts at compromise came to nought and have never been resumed.

The next important incident was the introduction of the Criminal Law and Procedure Bill by the Conservative Government. Mr. Gladstone had always relied on the antipathy of the British people to any exceptional or coercive measure in Ireland as a counterpoise to the unpopularity of Home Rule. In his speeches on the Bill, and subsequently in the country, he laid great stress on what he described as the only two alternatives, and he was much disappointed when, on taking office in 1886, Lord Salisbury announced the intention of the Government to endeavour to rule Ireland by the ordinary law. Unfortunately, it did not suit the policy of the Irish Separatists that Ireland should be contented and peaceful, and accordingly they deliberately set themselves to force the hands of the Unionists, and to make the Government of Ireland impossible without some addition to the powers of the law.

This is not the inference of an opponent—it is the historical account of what happened given by Mr. John Redmond, M.P.

"When," he says, "Mr. Gladstone was defeated in England last year, and when the Tories came into power, they boasted they could govern Ireland by means of the ordinary law. Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, told the people of England that they had to choose between Coercion on the one side and Home Rule on the other. Home Rule was defeated at the last Election in Great Britain, and I say advisedly that if in the face of that defeat the Tories had been able to rule Ireland with the ordinary law, the result would have been, in England, and Scotland, to throw back our cause, perhaps for a generation, and to give the lie direct to the prophecy of Mr. Gladstone. We have been able to force the Government to give up the ordinary law and to fall back once more on coercion."

This avowed policy of promoting disorder so as to make coercion necessary was assisted by the Plan of Campaign started in 1886, and then described by *The Daily News* as "vitiated with dishonesty." The natural consequences followed—crime and outrage increased, and the Government were reluctantly compelled to introduce their measure for the maintenance of law and order.

For this the Gladstonians had been waiting, and they instantly seized the opportunity manufactured for them by their allies. Here was the alternative which they had denounced, and at once the country rang with declamations against the arbitrary tyranny which secured the conviction of murderers and punished violence and crime.

Great things were expected from this agitation, and the hopes of the Gladstonian Party were raised to the utmost. It was said that the Government would have to appeal to the country, and that they would then be condemned as having broken their pledges. The outlook for a short time was distinctly unfavourable for the Unionist Party, and it is most probable that these considerations tended to lessen the willingness of the Gladstonian leaders to make concessions or to continue negotiations for reunion.

This was one of those occasions referred to at the opening of this article when superficial observers were led astray and were tempted to mistake the fluctuating result of partial engagements or petty skirmishes for the decisive indications of a final encounter. But the despondent phase passed away. The denunciation of coercion lost its novelty, and even at Gladstonian meetings the speakers failed to get a cheer when they simulated the fiercest indignation at the mild change of criminal procedure which had done wrong to no honest or law-abiding man in Ireland, but had secured the punishment of some especially cruel and cowardly infractions of the sixth and eighth Commandments.

Of the same character were two other incidents which assumed at the time an overweening importance—viz., the Parnell Commission and the repudiation of Mr. Parnell by Mr. Gladstone. The former has had no permanent effect, and the issues raised by it seem now to have been unduly magnified by both sides. Even if Mr. Parnell had written the incriminating letter which was attributed to him, it is difficult to see what bearing the fact could have had on the merits of Home Rule. He would have been convicted of an act which certainly would not have been evidence of great courage or of a high morality. Under fear for his own safety, he would have been proved to have written a letter palliating the murder of Mr. Burke while condemning that of Lord Frederick Cavendish, but it would only have been an *obiter dictum*, written after the event on which it could not have had the slightest influence. There is no doubt, however, that at the moment, the exposure of the Pigott forgeries produced some reaction in favour of Mr. Parnell personally, and temporarily injured the Unionist cause.

The split in the Parnellite ranks, caused by the refusal of Mr. Gladstone to treat further with Mr. Parnell after the verdict in the divorce case in which the Irish leader was concerned, was a more

important event, since it brought to light, and impressed on the public mind, the true character of the men who had been dignified by Mr. Gladstone as national heroes. The leader who had been received upstanding by the whole of the Gladstonian Party in the House of Commons—who had been presented with the freedom of Edinburgh—and had been welcomed as an honorary member of the National Liberal Club—was discredited, "and none so poor to do him reverence." His lieutenants and followers displayed every variety of mean ambition and sordid jealousy while quarrelling for his mantle, and the public learned to their amusement, if not to their surprise, on the freely offered testimony of their own confederates, that these high-souled patriots were "melancholy humbugs," "drivelling idiots," "gutter sparrows," or "foul-mouthed slanderers."

The leaders of the conspiracy that had kept Ireland disturbed for so many years were unmasked and shown in their true colours. The great national movement was seen to be worked in their own interest by a clique of selfish schemers who hated each other even more cordially than they hated the Saxon. Whatever might be thought of the cause in future, there could be no two opinions among impartial men as to the persons who had placed themselves at the head of it. But even this exposure, damaging as it was, has had only a slight effect on the general fortunes of the contest. The Gladstonian Party have shown themselves not less ready to profit by Nationalist votes than they were before the scenes in Committee Room No. 15, and political partizanship has proved a stronger force than personal repugnance.

The strategy, however, was now changed once more. There was no longer any expectation of carrying Home Rule on its merits; the only chance—as the leaders of the Party were told by a clerical supporter since rewarded with a benefice for his advice—was to sandwich it between Parish Councils and Allotments. Or, to take a more military comparison, the scheme of the assailants was now to introduce the Newcastle Programme like the Trojan Horse into the citadel with Home Rule concealed inside it.

Very little, therefore, was heard of Ireland during the last years of the Unionist Administration. It is true that the Irish Members earned their salaries by occasional assaults upon the Crimes Act, interspersed with denunciations of Mr. Balfour as at one time a brutal and bloody tyrant, and at another as an effeminate and ridiculous weakling. It is true also that Mr. Shaw-Lefevre went to Ireland to promise restoration to the Plan of Campaign tenants; while Mr. Morley preached amnesty for the dynamiters confined in British dungeons. But all these demonstrations were partial and local in their character, and the real strength of the Gladstonian

Party was directed to win over the British democracy by lavish promises of domestic and social reform.

Their tactics were successful so far, at least, as to secure for the Home Rule Party another lease of office—not, however, because they were a Home Rule Party, but because they had skilfully kept Home Rule in the background, hidden under the magnificent promises of the Newcastle Programme.

It is likely enough that, having secured their object, they would gladly have escaped from their Irish obligations, and have devoted themselves to the more congenial and profitable task of fulfilling some at least of the expectations which they had excited among the British electorate. But they had to deal with Mr. Gladstone and with the eighty Nationalist Members. Mr. Gladstone, who remained in politics to solve the Irish question—to whom the new Radicalism was, to say the least, distasteful and uninteresting,—could not well undertake the championship of new causes nor brook delay in the prosecution of the old one to which he had devoted his latter days.

The Irish Nationalists—whose treasury was already running low—who were competing one with another for popular favour—would not tolerate any postponement of the discussion which advertised their zeal and enabled them to parade their respective enthusiasms for the sacred cause.

The Gladstonian Party had therefore no choice. They were compelled again to affront "the imminent deadly breach." Stratagem and secresy were no longer of avail—they must come into the open and fight in the light of day. It is not necessary to dwell on the incidents of that protracted struggle. Victory was on the side of the *gros bataillons*, and night after night the supporters of the Government bravely outvoted or closured the Opposition whom they did not attempt to answer. The House of Commons at last by a small majority accepted and passed a Bill the greater part of which it had not been permitted to discuss.

One word may be said here as to the character of the forces arrayed on either side on this occasion, which perhaps will hereafter be found to have marked the high tide of the Home Rule agitation. On the one hand, by the admission of Mr. Gladstone himself, were the representatives of most of the official experience, the learning, the education, and the wealth of the United Kingdom. These were supported by the majority of the representatives of the great centres of population, and by the whole of the Members returned by the most energetic, the most loyal, and the most prosperous portion of the Irish people themselves. Against them, and counting for a majority of votes, were the delegates of the Irish priesthood, the nominees of the National League, the official

supporters of the Government, and in addition the advocates and representatives of all the separate sections to whose special claims the Government had lent a gracious ear. The dissenters of Wales, the supporters of Local Veto, the Progressives of the London County Council, and the so-called representatives of Labour, marched with the Home Rulers in the hope of further advantage. Without the pretence of enthusiasm for the immediate object of the war, they looked forward to the time when the assistance they were giving would be returned to them by their allies, and when the spoils of victory would be all their own.

Under such circumstances, it is not possible to regard the decision of the House of Commons as anything else than the successful conclusion of the most gigantic log-rolling operation ever attempted in any Legislature.

That it was this, and nothing else, is proved by what followed. The Bill was rejected by the House of Lords—by the hereditary chamber whose influence has been continually declining, and whose authority cannot stand for a moment against the settled will and expressed decision of the people. Yet the action of the Lords was received with every sign of gratification. The attempt to manufacture an agitation on the old lines was a ludicrous and contemptible failure. The great heart of the people was not to be stirred even by the inflammatory eloquence of Mr. Schnadhorst. The universal feeling was one of relief, and the almost unanimous sentiment was that of the working-man who said, "Thank heaven! we've done with Home Rule; now let's get to business."

Two conclusions may be safely drawn from a consideration of all the circumstances attending the second grand assault of the Home Rule Party.

First: That Home Rule will never commend itself on its own merits to the British people. They may possibly submit to it from apathy or ignorance, but they will never suffer it gladly. To the fear, with which they regarded it at first, has succeeded a steady and insurmountable distaste for it. This is a bad sign for the Home Rulers. The man who at first sight of a new dish refuses to touch it may be brought in time to change his mind; but, if after long experience and patient endeavour to overcome his repugnance, he still loathes the taste of it, his case is hopeless, and no cook, however skilful, will remove his prejudice.

Second: That the debate in Committee in the House of Commons has at least proved to every intelligent man that Home Rule as conceived by Mr. Gladstone is an impractible delusion. Separation is possible, and as a last expedient might be resorted to without fatal results to the rest of the Empire. On the other

hand, an extension of local government might conceivably be granted to Ireland without danger, and even with advantage to both countries; but the establishment of a second Parliament in the United Kingdom, based on the full recognition of the separate nationality of Ireland, is absolutely inconsistent with the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, is destructive of the integrity of the kingdom, and cannot possibly be reconciled with the interests and rights of the minority in Ireland.

After the rejection of the second Home Rule Bill, the Gladstonian Party seem to have fully recognized the impossibility of bringing conviction to the mind of the predominant partner in the United Kingdom. They fell back, therefore, on their old tactics, and with the more or less reluctant and grudging assent of the Nationalist Members have devoted their whole attention to the items of the Newcastle Programme.

How far the contented acquiescence of the majority of his followers in a course that must have been personally distasteful to him is accountable for Mr. Gladstone's sudden retirement, it is of course useless to speculate. We are told by Mr. Frederic Harrison, who claims to be a Home Ruler of thirty years' standing, that the change is one of permanent importance, and is on the whole favourable to the prospects of Home Rule, which has suffered by being generally looked on as a sudden enthusiasm of Mr. Gladstone's declining years. Now, however, that it is accepted by a younger man "as a political necessity, by conviction more than by sympathy," it seems that its chances will be greatly improved, especially as Lord Rosebery has given the most formal pledges that man can give of fidelity to the policy of Mr. Gladstone.

It is singular to note how eager Home Rulers of thirty years' standing like Mr. Harrison, and even Home Rulers like Mr. Morley, who have found salvation much later, are to emphasize the pledges of Lord Rosebery, and to assure him, and the world at large, that his honour is absolutely committed to the prosecution of a hopeless cause. To the ordinary observer it seems that these gentlemen "do protest too much" on Lord Rosebery's behalf, and are somewhat fussily anxious about his personal honour. The position which they mark out for him is not an enviable one. He is to carry out a policy with which he has no sympathy, because he is convinced that if he does not do so somebody else will. Where the honour comes in, in such a conception of duty, it is not easy to see.

We have not, however, to enquire too closely into the interpretation of the workings of Lord Rosebery's mind which is being offered to the world by those who, at any rate, have more

qualifications for the task than are possessed by political opponents: we have only to deal with the public strategy of his Government, and that, as has been pointed out already, is to continue to overlay the cardinal issue of Home Rule by multifarious questions of British and national policy. If it succeeds, we shall be treading the old weary round of British promises, made to secure British votes at the Election, and put aside afterwards to secure Irish votes in the House of Commons. This may be what Mr. Frederic Harrison means when he speaks of "a wide, deliberate, and calculated strategical plan"; but to many plain persons it is likely to appear as only an unworthy attempt to deceive and mislead the people.

Will it succeed? Is it possible that by these, or by any other means, the Gladstonians will secure a majority so large as to be able to overawe the Peers, and finally to pass Home Rule by pretending to forget it? And if not, how long will the British Members of the Home Rule Party consent to go on dragging after them the dead weight of a policy for which Lord Rosebery has very little sympathy, and his followers only indifference or dislike?

In any attempt to forecast the future there is one most important element in the situation which must not be overlooked. Granting that British Liberals are willing to make all the sacrifices which will be entailed upon them by a contest which all of them must now see may be indefinitely prolonged, will they not require to be satisfied that they will at least receive the warm and unfaltering gratitude of those in whose interests chiefly this great struggle has been undertaken? Surely it is only reasonable to ask that the majority of the Irish people should make it clear not only that they want Home Rule, but also that, when they get it, they will be contented, and will show their sense of the magnitude of the boon conferred. There is, however, no certainty whatever of any of these things. The Home Rule Bill of 1886 was afterwards denounced by Mr. Parnell as a trumpery measure accepted at the time only as an instrument wherewith to secure further concessions. The Bill of 1892 was received in a spirit which offered even less chance of finality. The financial provisions were universally condemned—its restrictions were stigmatized as insulting—the word "provisional," we were told, was written on every line—and this time at any rate we had full warning that if it passed it would only be the starting-point of further agitation. It has been made abundantly clear that Irish agitators will never rest till they have severed the last link that binds Ireland to Great Britain. At the same time, evidence has been accumulating which throws doubt on the alleged deep-seated desire of any considerable section of the Irish people for a separate Parliament at all. While

the debate on the Bill was proceeding, and its fate hung in the balance, not a single meeting of the least importance was held in Ireland in its favour. When it was rejected the multitudinous voice of the Irish people was nowhere raised in indignation at the disappointment of their hopes. The Irish loyalists, indeed, protested against it by a demonstration more important than any held in the memory of this generation, but the Irish majority were as apathetic and as silent as if the Bill had been for the establishment of a Local Board instead of for the restoration of a National Parliament.

The Irish peasant is said to be a shrewd observer, and it is possible that he was less anxious to commit his interest to the authors of the Plan of Campaign, or to the members of the "Bantry gang," than Mr. Gladstone supposed. It has been constantly said that the real strength of the Home Rule movement lay in the land agitation, and that Mr. Parnell's success was wholly due to the skill with which he persuaded the tenants that the possession of the land would be given to them by an Irish Parliament. It may well be that when they saw the Bill they thought that this prospect was remote, and that they concluded that it would be better for them to pay moderate rents to the landlords rather than such taxes to the National Government as the financial administration of the Directors of the *Freeman's Journal* and the builders of New Tipperary, might make necessary. Be this as it may, one thing is certain, and that is that for some time past there have been absolutely no visible signs of interest in Home Rule on the part of the Irish people themselves.

This indifference preceded the recent disclosures of the further disorganization of the Irish Parliamentary Party, but these must have gone far to confirm and to justify it. The Parnell split was a heavy blow and discouragement to the Party, but its disastrous results have been far surpassed by the intestine feuds and personal squabbles that have since torn in pieces what is itself only a section of the army which Mr. Parnell formerly commanded. Anything more unlike the patriotism, the wisdom, and the unselfish devotion, that a nation has a right to expect in the leaders of a great constitutional struggle, has never been witnessed than the squalid controversy between Mr. Healy on the one hand and Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien on the other. No wonder that it has disgusted every Irishman of common honesty and common-sense. No wonder that a Chairman of a meeting of the National League said that they were "humiliated by the conduct of their Parliamentary representatives," or that *The Cork Herald* should confess that "the Irish cause seems to be on the point of collapsing." It will not be the first time that, in a critical stage of Irish agitation, the self-elected leaders have shown

themselves altogether unworthy of the position they have arrogated to themselves.

This, then, is the situation in which Lord Rosebery finds himself on taking over the chief command from Mr. Gladstone. The trumpets have acclaimed the new Cæsar—his gladiators have saluted him. The Legions have forgotten their old general almost before the echo of his valedictory speech has died away—they look eagerly to his successor for pay and booty.

But the omens are not favourable. The past history of the Campaign affords no presage of victory, and the prospect of the future is already darkened by portents of evil.

With a leader who is half hearted, and whose lieutenants are envious of his promotion,—with soldiers who are indifferent, and allies who are mutinous,—the operations are to be carried on in a hostile country for an ungrateful people.

Is it wonderful that the soothsayers shake their heads, and that the augurs are despondent?

J. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE DUTIES OF AUTHORS.*

I PROPOSE to speak to you to-day upon a subject which, though I may perhaps be tempted to exaggerate its importance, possesses some real importance. I have undertaken to speak upon the duties of the class to which I belong. I make, however, no claims to the position of censor. I have no such claim, except, indeed, the claim of possessing some experience. There are two ways, I may observe, in which a man may acquire a sense of the importance of any moral law. One is by keeping the law and the other is by breaking it. In some ways, perhaps, the systematic offender has acquired the most valuable experience. No one can speak more feelingly about the evils of intemperance than the reformed drunkard, unless it be the drunkard who has not reformed. The sober gentleman who has never exceeded can realize neither the force of the temptation nor the severity of the penalty. On the other hand, I must admit that some writers upon ethical questions have been men of fair moral character. I only make the statement by way of explaining that, in speaking of the duties of authors, I do not assert, even by the most indirect implication, that I personally have either observed or disregarded the principles which I shall discuss. Whether I am a model for imitation or an example of the evils to be avoided matters nothing to this discourse; though the question to which of these classes I belong has a certain interest for myself.

There is one other matter with which I can deal with very briefly. I have said that the subject has a certain importance. Upon that it is needless to dilate; for, in the first place, authors have been engaged for generations, and never more industriously than in this generation, in preaching the vast importance of authors to mankind. I could not hope to add anything to their eloquence upon a topic with which they are so familiar. We may, however, assume that the enormous mass of literature which is daily produced, whether its abundance be a matter of regret or exaltation, is at least a proof that a vast number of people read something and are, we may suppose, more or less affected by what

* Address to the London Ethical Society, Feb. 25, 1894.

they read. It cannot be indifferent to enquire what are the duties of those who undertake to provide for this ever-growing demand.

One matter has been lately discussed which may serve as a starting-point for what I have to say. A French author who came the other day to observe our manners and customs, was impressed by the fact that so much of our writing is anonymous. The public, that is, reads without knowing who are its instructors, and the instructors write without incurring any definite personal responsibility. The problem was naturally suggested whether such a system is not morally objectionable? Ought not a man who undertakes to speak as an authority let us know who he is, and therefore with what authority he speaks? The question could hardly be answered satisfactorily without some study of the facts; and especially of the way in which the system has grown up. I can only notice one or two obvious reflections. A century ago we boasted—and we had reason to boast—that the English Press was the freest in Europe. It was already a very important factor in political life. But at that period the profession of letters was still regarded as more or less disreputable. The great author—the poet, divine, or historian—was indeed fully as much respected as he is now; but to write for money or to write in periodicals was held to be not quite worthy of a gentleman. Byron, for example, refused to take money for his poetry, and taunted others for taking money, until so much money was offered to him that he swallowed his scruples. Burns, though so much in need of money, had shortly before refused to write for money; and Wordsworth held that his high calling imposed upon him the duty of rather repelling than seeking the popularity by which money is to be won. We have changed all this, and the greatest modern authors are less apt to disavow a desire for pay than to complain that their pay is insufficient. Periodical writing, again—the only kind of writing which could make literature a source of a regular income, —was regarded as a kind of poor relation of the respectable or so-called learned professions, clerical, legal, and medical. Jeffrey, whose fame now rests upon his position as the editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, was for a long time anxious to conceal his employment as not exactly creditable. In the year 1809 the benchers of Lincoln's Inn passed a resolution that no one should be called to the Bar who had written for money in a newspaper. Writers in newspapers since that time have frequently risen to the Bench, and have been not the least honoured of Cabinet Ministers. Yet the sentiment which involved a certain stigma has only disappeared in this generation. And the historical cause seems to be obvious. The newspaper press had gradually grown up in spite of authority. It had first been persecuted, and writers had escaped

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persecution by consenting to be spies or dependents upon great men. Half the hack-authors aspired to subsidies from secret-service money, and the other half were looking for a reward when their patrons should have a turn in the distribution of good things. The Press was freer than elsewhere, for the English system of government gave importance to public discussion. Both Ministers and Opposition wished to influence voters through the Press. But the authors were in the position of dependent auxiliaries, prosecuted for libel if they went too far, and recompensed by pensions for the risks they had to run; they were despised, even by those who used them, as a set of mercenary guerillas, employed to do dirty work and insinuate charges which could not be made by responsible people, and ready, as was supposed, to serve on whichever side would pay them best. According to a well-known anecdote, two writers of the eighteenth century decided by the toss of a halfpenny which should write for Walpole and which should write for his adversary Pulteney; but the choice was generally decided by less reputable motives. Now, so long as the Press meant such a class it was of course natural that the trade should be regarded as discreditable; and should be carried on by men who had less care for their character than for their pockets. In England, where our development has been continuous and traditions linger long, the sentiment long survived; and the practice which corresponded to it—the practice, that is, of anonymity—has itself survived the sentiment which gave it birth.

I do not, indeed, mean to insinuate that the practice may not have better reasons than that which led to its first adoption. The mask was formerly worn by men who were ashamed of their employment; who had the same reasons for wearing it as a thief or an anarchist may have for a disguise. It may now be worn even by men who are proud of their profession, because the mask has a different significance. When a journalist calls himself "we" instead of "I" the word really represents a fact: the fact that he speaks not simply as an individual but as the mouthpiece of a corporation, which itself claims to be the organ of a party. The plural covers whatever additional weight may be due to this representative character. To consider the value of this justification would take me too far. I have spoken of this historical fact because I think that it illustrates a more general problem.

For, in the first place, I think that there were some elements in the older sentiment which deserved respect. When an author was as anxious to disavow the charge of writing for money as an author at the present day is to claim his reward, I cannot, for my part, simply set him down as silly. "My songs," said Burns, "are either above price or below price, and, therefore, I will accept

nothing." I respect his feelings. He may not have been quite logical; but he was surely right in the belief that the poet whose inspiration should come from his breeches-pocket would never write true songs or embody the very spirit of a nation. I do not doubt that authors ought to be paid; but I certainly agree that a money reward never ought to be the sole aim of their writing. And I confess that some utterances about copyrights in these days have jarred upon me, because they seem to imply that the doctrine is not disavowed so unequivocally as it should be by our leaders. I am, indeed, happy to believe, as I fully believe, that there has never been a time at which more good work has been done for pure love of the work independently, and even in defiance, of pecuniary considerations. But I cannot help thinking that in their desire to establish a right to the profits of their work, authors have condescended at moments to speak as if that reward constituted their sole motive to work, instead of being desired—as it may most properly be desired—simply as the means of enabling them to work. The old contempt was aristocratic, and in these days we have come to use aristocratic as a term of abuse. My own impression is that we ought to be just even to aristocrats; and in that contempt for all such work, I think that there was a genuine element of self-respect. The noble despised the poor scribe who had to get his living by his pen. We, my Lords, as Chesterfield put it, may thank providence that we do not depend upon our brains. It is wrong, no doubt, to despise anybody; and especially mean to despise a man for poverty. But the sentiment also included the belief—surely not so wrong—that the adventurer who joined the ranks of a party for the sake of the pay was so far contemptible, and likely to join the party which paid best. The misfortune, no doubt, was that the political state involved such dependence; and the desirable solution that everyone should become independent. Till that solution was more or less reached, the corresponding sentiment was inevitable, and not without meaning.

Well, the literary class has had its declaration of independence. An author has long ceased to need a patron, and he is in little danger of the law of libel. The question occurs: What are the qualities by which we should justify our independence? Have we not still a certain stoop of the shoulders, a kind of traditional shamefacedness, an awkwardness of manner, and a tendency to blush and stammer, which shows that we are not quite at ease in our new position? Or have we not—it is a more serious question—exchanged dependence upon the great for dependence upon the public rather than learnt to stand upon our own feet? Have we made ourselves, and, if we have not, how can we

make ourselves, worthy of our position as free men? We boast that the Press does part of what used to be done by the Priesthood, that we enlighten, and encourage, and purify public opinion. There is a whole class which depends upon us for intellectual culture: which reads nothing that is not in newspapers and magazines. Do we give them a wholesome training, provide them with sound knowledge, and stimulate them to real thought? Are we such a priesthood as is really raising the standard of human life; or such a priesthood as is clinging to power by echoing the superstitions of its congregations? Nature is ruled by obeying her; and what is called ruling public opinion is too often servilely following its dictates. There is an old story which tells how a certain newspaper used to send out an emissary to discover what was the common remark that everyone was making in omnibuses and club smoking-rooms, and to fashion it into next morning's article for the instruction of mankind. The echo affected to set the tune which it really repeated. Now there is nothing more flattering than an echo. "This must be an inspired teacher, for he says exactly what I thought myself," is a very common and effective argument. To reproduce the opinions of the average reader; to dress them so skilfully that he will be pleased to see what keen intelligence is implied in holding such opinions; to say just what everybody wishes to have said, a little more neatly than everybody could say it, or, at the outside, to say to-day what everyone will be saying to-morrow, is one path to success in journalism. There is, I am afraid, much so-called education which tends to nothing better than a development of this art.

I refrain from discussing this question: the rather because it is obvious that such changes must work themselves out gradually, and that we may assume for the present that the position will not be materially changed. I am, therefore, content to infer that the journalist should at least bear in mind one obvious criterion. He should never say anything anonymously to which he would be ashamed to sign his name. I do not mean merely that he should not be libellous or spiteful—I hope and believe that the underhand assassin of reputations, who at one period was common enough, has almost ceased to exist,—but rather that he should refrain from that pompous assumption of omniscience which would be ludicrous in a simple individual. He should say nothing when he speaks in the plural which would make him look silly if he used the first person singular. Now, this modest requirement involves, I think, a good deal. I will try to say what it involves by an example of which I frequently think. I remember a young gentleman who, in my hearing, confessed, in answer to a question from Carlyle, that he did a certain amount of journalistic work. The great man there-

upon said with his usual candour, and, I must add, without any personal discourtesy, that, in his opinion, the journalism of the period was just so much ditchwater. What should be a well of English undefiled, poured forth streams little better than a public sewer. The phrase, like some other prophetic utterances, sounded a trifle harsh, but was all the more calculated to set me thinking. My thinking naturally led me to reflect upon Carlyle's own example. I was invited some time afterwards to sign a little testimonial presented to him upon his eightieth birthday, in imitation of the gift which he had himself forwarded to Goethe. In this it was said, and said, I think, most truly, that Carlyle was himself an example of the heroic life in literature. And why? A good many epigrams have been levelled at Carlyle, and he has more than once been ridiculed as the philosopher who preached the virtues of silence in thirty volumes. Now, Carlyle's utterances about silence may not have been unimpeachable, but I think that, stated in a commonplace way, they substantially come to this: that idle talk, a mere spinning of phrases, is a very demoralizing habit and one great mischief of the present day; but that the serious and careful utterance of real thought and genuine knowledge must be considered rather as a mode of action than of talk, and deserves the cordial welcome of all men. A Goethe affects action as much as a Napoleon. Carlyle did not really mean to draw the line between an active and a literary life, for he knew as well as any man that literature may at once require the most strenuous activity, and be the source of life and vigour in active men, but between frivolity and earnestness, between the mere waste and dissipation of energy and its concentration upon some worthy purpose. Judged by such a standard, Carlyle's words were also deeds. He wrote a good deal for he lived a long time, and had for many years to live by his pen. I could, I think, mention several professional authors who habitually provide as much copy in a month as Carlyle ever achieved in a year. But, luckily for them, their works are not collected. Carlyle appears to be voluminous because he never wrote anything which was not worth preservation, and this was because he never wrote an essay without making it as good as his abilities permitted. He did so, although he was till middle life hard pressed for money and helping to support his family out of his narrow earnings. He stuck indomitably to his own ideal of what was best, though he had slowly to form a public which could appreciate him. And through long years of struggle and hardship he never condescended to make easy gains at the price of inferior workmanship, or to lower his standard of excellence in order to meet the immediate demands of editors. In that sense, if in no other, I call

Carlyle a worthy hero of literature, and I reverence his example a great deal more, I fear, than I have imitated it.

Perhaps, indeed, a man must have an unusually, even unreasonably, strong conviction of the truth and importance of his mission before he can make such sacrifices in order to discharge it worthily. To most of us the question occurs whether it can possibly be worth while to do so. Perhaps, if I devoted myself exclusively to delivering my message to mankind as forcibly as I could, and to make all necessary preparations, it might be rather more effective than the second-hand twaddle which I actually produce. But would the game be worth the candle? I have, it may be, a family to support. Should I not, as an honest man, think first of my butcher and my baker and of paying the collector of rates before I undertake to become an immortal author. Probably, at the best, my immortality would be a very short one, for there is not one author in a thousand who can make his voice audible at the distance of a generation. Is it not better and wiser to earn an honest living by innocent small talk than to aim at a great success and let my children go barefoot and lose their schooling? That low man, says Browning's grammarian:

> "That low man goes on adding one to one
> His hundred's soon hit:
> This high man, aiming at a million
> Misses an unit."

Is it not better to hit your hundred than to aim at your million and miss it? That is a problem which I do not think it possible to answer by a general rule. We rightly honour the Carlyle or the Wordsworth who has forced the public to admire him in spite of critical gibes and long obscurity; but we must not forget that even success does not necessarily justify the audacity which has won it, and that a good many people who fancied themselves to be capable of enlightening the world have been empty-headed impostors who would have done better to take the critics' advice: drop their pens and mind their gallipots. Devotion to an ideal, like other high qualities, may be misplaced and counterfeited by mere personal vanity. But leaving each man to decide by the concrete circumstances of his own case, I still hold that at least we should try in this respect to act in Carlyle's spirit. I cannot blame the author who under certain conditions feels that his first duty is to pay his weekly bills, so long, of course, as he does not earn the money by pandering to the bad passions of his readers; for there are modes of making a livelihood by the pen to which starvation or the workhouse would be preferred by any high-minded man. But we will not judge harshly of the author who lives by supplying innocent, if rather insipid, food for,

public amusement. He might be capable of better things; but, then, he might certainly be doing much worse. Yet in any case, I say that, to have a tolerably comfortable conscience, an author should try to look a little farther than this. The great mass of mankind has to devote most of its energies to employments which require nothing more than honest work; and yet even the humblest can do something to maintain and elevate the moral standard of their surroundings. The author, so far as he is simply a journeyman, a reporter of ordinary events and speeches, for example, does his duty so far as he reports them honestly, and we have no more to say to him. But the author who takes part in political and social or religious discussions has a responsibility which involves something more. Probably he feels, I am sure enough that I feel, that his performance makes remarkably little difference to mankind in general; and that he is playing only an infinitesimal part in the great processes by which the huge world blunders along, struggling into some approximation to a more tolerable order. He may compare himself to one of the myriads of insects building up one square yard on the coral reef which stretches for hundreds of leagues. Yet even the coral reef depends on the units, and if the insect's powers are small it concerns him to make the best of them. Now, to make the best of them implies some genuine interest in his work; something that makes the reader perceive that he is being addressed by a human being, not a mere machine for vamping up old materials. I have been struck in reading newspaper articles, even my own, by the curious loss of individuality which a man seems to suffer as a writer. Unconsciously the author takes the colour of his organ, he adopts not only its sentiment but its style, and seems to become a mere transmitter of messages, with whose substance he has no more to do than the wires of the electric telegraph which carries them. But, now and then, we suddenly come across something fresh and original; we know by instinct that we are being addressed by another man, and are in a living relation to a separate human being, not to a mere drilled characterless unit of a disciplined army; we find actually thoughts, convictions, arguments, which, though all arguments are old, have evidently struck the writer's mind and not merely been transmitted into his pen; and then we may know that we are in the presence of a real force and meeting with a man who is doing his duty. I refrain from mentioning, though I easily could mention, living modern instances. But on looking to the history of the past, it is curious to notice how rare the phenomenon is, and how important it is when it occurs. Think for a moment, for example, of old Cobbett, agricultural labourer and soldier, with nothing to help him but

his shrewd mother-wit and his burly English strength. He wrote much that was poor and clumsy enough; much, too, that was pure claptrap, and much that was dictated by personal motives and desire for notoriety. But, in spite of this, the untaught peasant became one of the great political forces, more effective than the ninety and nine elegant *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* reviewers who had all the advantages which he lacked. Why? Partly, no doubt, because he was a really strong man; but also because he had at least one genuine and deeply-rooted conviction, springing out of his profound desire for the welfare of the class which was both the largest and the most helpless of the England of his day. He is, therefore, one example, and there are many others, of the singular power which is exercised in journalism by a man, under whatever disadvantages, who possesses, or rather who is possessed by, some master-thought, and utters it in season and out of season with perhaps disproportionate intensity, but with perfect sincerity. Now, though Cobbett would be in some respects a bad model, I only refer to him in this sense. When my young friends consult me as to the conditions of successful journalism, my first bit of advice comes to this: know something really; at any rate try to know something; be the slaves of some genuine idea, or you will be the slaves of a newspaper—a bit of mechanism instead of a man. You can carry on the business with self-respect—whatever your success—if it is also something more than a business; if, for example, you can honestly feel that you are helping on the propaganda of sound principle, denouncing real grievances, and speaking from genuine belief. No man has a right to lay down the law to statesmen as though he were in possession of absolute knowledge, or as though he were a man of science talking to a class of ignorant schoolboys. But every man ought to believe that truth is attainable, and to endeavour with all his power to attain it. He should study the great problems of the day historically: for he must know how they have arisen; what previous attempts have been made to solve them; how far recent suggestions are mere reproductions of exploded fallacies; and so qualify himself to see things in their true relations as facts of a great process of evolution. He should endeavour to be philosophical in spirit, so far, at least, as to seek to base his opinions upon general principles and to look at the events of the day from a higher point of view than that of personal or party expediency. And he must, though upon this it is hardly necessary to insist, be familiar with the affairs of the day: for no one can apply principles to politics effectively without a genuine first-hand knowledge of the actual elements of political life. Unless a man can take up his calling in some spirit, he can be but a mere retailer

of popular commonplaces and must live from hand to mouth or upon the chance utterances of people as thoughtless as himself, increasing the volume of mere noise which threatens to drown sense. But if he seriously cultivates his powers, and enriches his mind, he may feel sure that even in journalism he may be discharging one of the most important functions which a man can undertake. He may be right or wrong in the particular doctrines which he supports. Indeed, the first and most obvious result of any attempt to take wider views of politics is the admission that wisdom (and as certainly, nonsense) is not the exclusive possession of any party in politics, literature, or philosophy. But something is done whenever a man of trained intellect and genuine conviction lifts popular discussion to a higher plane. When it gets above the region of personal invective or pure platitude, and involves a conscious reference to great principles and to the remote conditions of the little bit of history which we are actually transacting. When John Stuart Mill became a Member of the House of Commons, and was accepted as a philospher coming among practical men, he said much that displeased his hearers, but it was observed by competent judges at the time that the tone of parliamentary debates was perceptibly raised. Members of Parliament were forced to reflect for the moment not only how their speeches would tell in next day's reports and what traps they were setting for opponents, but also for a brief instant, how their arguments would stand the test of impartial logic. Mill tells a significant story in his autobiography, which perhaps indicates one source of his influence. When he appeared upon the hustings he was asked whether he had not said that the English working-classes were generally liars? He replied simply "I did," and the reply was, he says, received with "vehement applause." The incident, he says, convinced him that the working-classes valued nothing more than thorough straightforwardness, and honoured a man for daring to tell them of their faults. I hope that it is so: I believe, in point of fact, that no quality is more heartily honoured than unflinching political honesty. And I confess that I have often wondered why it is that where the reward is so clear so few people take the plain road which leads to it. It seems equally clear that moral courage pays better than any other quality in politics and that it is the rarest of all qualities even to be simulated. We are all anxious to show how profound is our affection for the masses; but how many candidates for their favour dare to give Mr. Mill's proof of genuine respect? No doubt you must make it clea that you possess some other qualities before you can hope to co liate the respect of a class by accusing it openly of habitual ly Indeed, this might be taken as a test of genuine independenc ill you can tell men

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of their faults without being suspected of spite or bad temper —till you can praise them without being suspected of unworthy flattery—you are not really in a position worthy to be called independent. How many journalists—I say nothing of statesmen—stand firmly enough on their own legs to speak out without giving offence? We are often told of a great revolution of opinion and especially of the abandonment of the old prejudice against government interference. That a great change has taken place in the opinions which men profess is undeniable; though how far that change has been due to unbiassed scientific reflection and how far to a change in the conditions of popularity is a very different question. I see, for example, a statement by an honourable gentleman that he approves of the Eight Hours Bill because the principle of non-interference with adult labour is obsolete. It is too late to avow it. If the honourable gentleman means to say that experience has proved the principle to be erroneous, he is of course justified in abandoning it. But, if his meaning be simply that the principle has gone out of fashion, what is this but to admit that you will abandon any doctrine as soon as it ceases to be popular? Do we really mean to assert that a fallacious doctrine can never get the upper hand; that the beliefs of to-day are always better than the beliefs of yesterday; that every man who has dared to stick to an opinion condemned by a majority must necessarily be a fool for his pains. That really seems to be a common opinion. We hear a great deal at the present day about "mandates," and mandate seems to be regarded not simply as a declaration of the will of a majority which must, in point of fact, be obeyed, but as the official utterance of an infallible church which cannot in point of logic be erroneous. Now, I confess that I have always had a weakness for the faithful Abdiel. I believe that a man is often doing invaluable services who resists the dominant current of opinion, who denounces fallacies when they are growing and flourishing, and points out that a revolution in belief, even though it be inevitable for the time, and even though it contain an element of right reason, may yet contain errors and hasty judgments and deviations from the true line of progress, which require exposure the more unsparing in proportion to their temporary popularity. Is not the ordinary journalist's frame of mind singularly unfavourable to his discharge of this function? and is it not inevitable that it should be so as long as the journalist's only aim is to gain a hearing somehow? It matters not which side he takes. He denounces some new doctrine, but only in the name of the current prejudices which it happens to shock. He advocates it, but only because it is the last new fashion of society. In either case, he falls into the

ordinary party vice of imagining that his opponents must be fools or knaves, that their opinions are directly inspired by the devil or a judicial blindness inflicted by Providence, simply because he will not take the trouble to understand them. The man who would try to raise himself above the position of the mere pander to passing antipathies, must widen his intellectual horizon. He must qualify himself to take broad views; he must learn that his little list of commonplaces do not represent real thought, but is often the embodiment of mere prejudice, or perhaps the deposit of words left by thinkers of past generations; he must learn to do more than merely dish them up with a new sauce; he must concentrate his abilities upon definite problems, consider how they have arisen and what is their relation to the past and the future. To do so requires some disinterestedness: some love of truth for its own sake: and a capacity for answering your opponent by explaining him instead of a mere quickness for taunting him personally. It requires, no doubt, serious and prolonged application. Even such a training will not enable a man to unlock all the puzzles of the day, but it may help towards the desirable consummation in which a solution is at least sought in connection with established principles and with a constant reference to the organized experience which also can be a safe guide to more reasonable conclusions. Even the attempt to do so may strengthen a man against the temptation to take short cuts to notoriety and seek a momentary sensation at the sacrifice of permanent effect. We owe gratitude to all who have acted upon such principles and won the influence which comes at last, though it comes slowly, to honest work bestowed even upon such shifting materials as political and moral philosophy.

I have dwelt so far chiefly upon political journalism, because it is so characteristic a part of modern literature and illustrates so clearly some obvious tendencies of the time. I must say something, however, of another department of literature, which is sometimes said to have nothing at all to do with morality. The poet or the novelist, it is suggested, has no duties except that duty which Scheherazade discharged at the risk of her neck, the duty of keeping her master amused. If, instead of telling him stories about genii, she had read him every morning an orthodox sermon or an ethical discourse, the one thousand and one nights would have been diminished by one thousand. Am I to tell our modern Scheherazades to forget the *Arabian Nights* and adopt for our use passages from the homilies or Tillotson's sermons? Some religious persons have taken that horn of the dilemma, perhaps with some plausibility. When the world is heaving with the throes of a social earthquake, what right have we to be lounging on

sofas, telling silly stories about young ladies' and gentlemen's billings and cooings? Perhaps the condemnation should be extended to recreations less obviously frivolous. Your philosopher who tries to distinguish or to identify "is" and "is not," and to draw the true line between object and subject, has a very fascinating plaything, but is perhaps as far from influencing the world. Judging from the history of past philosophical cobwebs, he might as well be forming conundrums or learning how to throw grain through the eye of a needle.

I only refer to this to say that I am not in favour of suppressing either art or philosophy. I have a kind of hankering after them in some forms myself. I assume without further argument that Shakespeare, and Milton, and Wordsworth, and Fielding, and Scott, and Dickens, did well in devoting themselves to literature, and probably did more to make the world happier and better than if they had composed sermons or systems of philosophy. I must, as I said, refrain from pronouncing any set eulogy upon the services rendered by authors. This only I take for granted. No one, I think, of any intellectual capacity can remember the early days when his faculties were ripening, when he wandered, for the pure delight of wandering, in the enchanted world of the great imaginative writers, saw through their eyes and unconsciously caught the contagion of their sympathies, without feeling a deep gratitude to the men who not only gave him so much innocent pleasure, but who incidentally refined his taste and roused his enthusiasm, and quickened his perception of whatever is beautiful, or heroic, or pathetic, in the moral or the natural world. The highest literature embodies the instincts by which a cultivated people differs from the barbarous, and the classes which are in a true sense civilized, which enjoy and appreciate the ennobling as distinguished from the coarser pleasures, and rise above the merely brutal life. One who aspires to be a leader, or to follow the steps of the leaders, in this band of crusaders against barbarism must surely have some corresponding duties. I am here upon the edge of certain troublesome controversies which I shall refrain from discussing at length. This only I need say. Some great authors explicitly accept this function. Milton, and, in later days, Wordsworth, identified the offices of the prophet and the poet, and set themselves deliberately to expound an ideal of life and justify the ways of God to man. And Milton gave the principle in his famous saying that he who would write well hereafter of laudable things must be himself a true poem. Yet men equally great have impressed readers by their apparent indifference to such considerations. They accept the new com-

mandment which, as Emerson tells us, the Muse gave to her darling son, "Thou shalt not preach." Shakespeare and Scott did not consciously and deliberately write to set forth any ideal; they even wrote, more or less, to make money; they were magnificent opulent geniuses who poured out their imaginative wealth liberally and spontaneously, without a thought of any particular moral, simply because their minds were full to overflowing of great thoughts and vivid images, which they diffused as liberally as the rose gives its scent. Are we to say that they were wrong or morally inferior, even if artistically superior, to those who wrote, like Milton or Dante, with a more definite aim? Must I condemn Scott because he did not write, like the excellent Miss Edgeworth, or even like Dickens in some of his stories, to preach consciously that honesty is the best policy, or that selfishness is a vice; and, if so, must I not condemn a man from whom I have not only received an incalculable amount of innocent enjoyment, but imbibed—it is my own fault if I have not imbibed—many thoughts that have strengthened and stimulated the best elements of my nature. If I insist upon the moral influences am I not confounding the poet and the preacher, and falling under the lash of I know not how many critical connoisseurs? If I renounce the preachers, I am renouncing some of the greatest artists and indirectly sanctioning even such art as is worthy only of Holywell Street, which panders to the worst passions.

I will say what I think. Great writers, it seems to me, may be great in two ways; and the greatest is he who combines them most thoroughly. The first-rate writer, in the first place, must—to use a frequently misapplied word—be a thorough realist. He is great in proportion to the width and depth of the truths which he grasps and to which he gives the most perfect expression. When we read Shakespeare at his best, what strikes us is that he has expressed once for all some home-truth about human nature and the world round which all inferior writers seem to have been blundering without ever achieving a complete utterance. More generally, every great period of our literature has been marked in one shape or other by a fresh realism, or what is called the desire to return to Nature: to get rid of the phrases which have become conventional and unreal, and express the real living ultimate truth. Shakespeare and the great men of his time were all inspired by a passion for Nature; they were animated by the desire to "hold the mirror up to Nature": to portray real vivid human passion, for they had burst through the old mediæval chains of theological dogma, and were aroused to a sudden fresh perception of the beauties which had been unrecognized and misconceived by ascetic monks. The men of Pope's

time, again, believed in what they, too, called the "religion of Nature," and tried to hasten the day when enlightened reason should finally crush what Berkeley called the "pedantry of courts and schools." Wordsworth and his followers inaugurated a new era by proposing a return to "Nature," because the language, which with Pope expressed a real meaning, had again become the conventional language of a narrow class of critics and the town. It is in all ages one great function of the imaginative writers to get rid of mere survivals; to forgo the spectacles used by their ancestors as helps which have now become encumbrances; to destroy the formulas employed only to save the trouble of thinking, and make us see facts directly instead of being befooled by words. In that sense, it is their great service that they break up the old frost of dreary commonplace, and give life and power in place of an acceptance of mere ossified or fossilized remnants of what once was thought. Briefly, they teach us to see what is before us. So far the function of the poet resembles that of the scientific and philosophic observer. He differs radically in method, because he proceeds by intuition instead of analysis; shows us the type instead of classifying the attributes of a class; and gives us a real living man, a Falstaff or a Hamlet, instead of propounding a psychological theory as to the relations of the will, the intellect, and the emotions.

I take it, therefore, that realism in this sense is one essential characteristic of great imaginative power. I hold it to be more than ever necessary; more necessary because scientific methods of thought are more developed. It is less possible for a serious writer to make use of the merely fanciful symbols which were perfectly legitimate as long as they represented real beliefs, but are now fitter for only the lighter moods. The greatest writers have to dispense with fairies and fighting gods and goddesses, and the muses, and to show us a direct portraiture of the forces by which society is actually moved. But the functions of the great writer, though they involve a perception of truth, are not adequately defined by the simple condition of truthfulness. He has to be—may I say it?—a preacher; he cannot help it; and, so far as he cannot help it, his preaching will be elevating in proportion as it is truthful. He does not preach in the sense in which a moralist preaches, by arguing in favour of this or that doctrine or expounding the consequences of opinions. It is not his business to prove but to see, and to make you see. But, in another sense, he cannot help preaching, because his power over you is founded upon sympathy, upon the personal claims, upon the clearness with which he sees and the vividness with

which he portrays the real nature of the instincts which make men loveable or hateful. What are really the most fascinating books in the language? I was impressed the other day by discovering that perhaps the most popular of all English books, judging by the number of editions, is Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. To what does it owe its popularity? Obviously to the exquisite keenness of Goldsmith's perception of the moral beauty of a simple character, which is always saved from the charge of being unctuous or sentimental by the constant play of gentle and yet penetrative humour. Do we not love Charles Lamb for a similiar reason? Why, again, do we love Scott, as all men ought to love him? Is it not because his Jeanie Deans and his Dandie Dinmont, and a hundred more characters, show the geniality, the manliness as well as the shrewd common-sense of their creation, and his vivid perception of the elements which ennoble the national character which he loved so well. Why does the British public love Dickens so well? For his incomparable fun, no doubt; but also because the fun is always associated with a keen perception of certain moral qualities which they regard with, it may be, even excessive admiration. But to give no more examples, I am content to say that the enduring power of every great writer depends not merely on his intellectual forces, but upon the charm of his character—the clear recognition of what it really is that makes life beautiful and desirable, and of what are the baser elements that fight against the elevating forces. We are under intellectual obligations to the man of science who will tell us, for example, how mountain chains have been raised and carved into their present shape. But we are grateful to the great poets and prose-writers, to Wordsworth and Mr. Ruskin, for interpreting and stimulating the emotions which make the vision of the great peaks a source of pure delight. We may, in the same way, thank the psychologist who can make more intelligible the principle of association of ideas or trace the development of the moral sense or the social affections. But we love the man who, like Goldsmith, and Lamb, and Scott, and Wordsworth, has revealed to us by actual portraits of typical characters the sweetness and tenderness and truthfulness which may be embodied in humble characters. Love, says Wordsworth of his shepherd lord:

> "Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
> His daily teachers had been woods and rills;
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

The power of discovering and of making us discover such thoughts in the huts of poor men and in natural scenery is the true pre-

rogative of the poet, and it is to that power that he owes his enduring place in our hearts.

I have said this much because I think that it is in a perversion of these principles that we shall find some of the temptations to which the author is in these days most liable. I can only glance at them briefly. One perversion, for example, is indicated by the common use of the phrase "realism." This word has various meanings; but the commonest, perhaps, would not be misrepresented by saying that it involves a confusion between the functions of the man of science and the poet. In a scientific sense, it is a sufficient reason for setting forth any theory that you believe it to be true. The facts which you describe may be hideous and revolting: it is not the less desirable that they should be accurately known. The poet and novelist may be equally justified in taking hideous and revolting facts into account. That, for example, is the duty of a satirist; and I am not at all concerned to say that satire is illegitimate—I think it perfectly legitimate. I should be the last to assert that a writer should confine himself to such facts as can be discussed with decency in presence of a young ladies' school. On the contrary, I think that, if not the most enviable privilege, it is sometimes a duty of the novelist to set forth vice and crime, and even, it may be, to set them forth in impressive and startling shapes. It is his duty to represent them truly and to make them intelligible; to show how they may be natural, and not to misrepresent even a villain. All I say is that he should also recognize the fact that they are hideous and revolting. And, therefore, this is no excuse for the man who really dwells upon such facts not because they are facts, but because he knows that such descriptions are the easiest way of attracting morbid tastes; and that he can get a readier market by being irreverent and indecent than by any other expedients. To defend such work on the excuse of realism is simply to indulge in a bit of contemptible humbug, too transparent to need exposure. The purpose of an artist, you say, is to give pleasure not to preach. That is perfectly true; but to give pleasure to whom? If it is to give pleasure to the prurient, to the cynical, to the debauchee, to give the kind of pleasure which to a pure-minded man is pain, and of which even the blackguard is ashamed, then I will not quarrel over words, and ask whether it can be truly artistic, but I will simply reply that I should have a greater respect for a man who lived by picking pockets. But, you reply, it requires a great deal of skill. So does picking pockets, and so do some other kinds of human energy which I need not particularize. If the ethical judgment be really irrelevant æsthetically, the æsthetic judgment must be irrelevant ethically. If

that doctrine be true, however, we are therefore quite at liberty to say that however beautiful the thing may be it is blackguardly and beastly. I will, however, express my own conviction that what is disgusting to a right-minded man cannot be really beautiful, and that the sentiments which it offends cannot be put out of court simply because they are called moral. They have as good a right to be considered as any others.

There is a temptation of the opposite kind: the temptation to what I may briefly call sentimentalism. The virtue of idealism is as necessary as the virtue of realism; and every great writer shows his greatness by combining the two. The contradictory of the real is not properly the ideal, but the unreal—which is a very different thing. For idealism means properly, as I take it, that quality in virtue of which a poem or a fiction does not represent merely the scientific or photographic reproduction of matters of fact, but incarnates an idea and expresses a sentiment. A great work imparts to us the impression made upon a mind of unusual power, reflectiveness, and emotional sensibility by some aspect of the world in which we all live but which he can see more vividly. To be really impressive, therefore, it must correspond to truth and be the genuine product of experience. The erroneous idealism is that which perverts the truth in order to gain apparent emphasis; which deals in the impossible, the absurd and the exaggerated; and supposes a world which cannot even be better than the actual because it cannot exist; it has the defect of being arbitrary and inconceivable. So political utopias are interesting in proportion as they suggest a legitimate construction based upon actual facts and observed laws of human nature. So soon as we see that they presuppose a world of monstrosities, of impossible combinations of incompatible qualities, they become mere playthings. And the same is true of every work of imagination; as soon as it ceases to have a foundation in truth—to be other than realistic—it loses its real hold upon our sympathies. You solve no problem when you call in a god to cut the knot. This is the tendency of the sentimentalist, who refuses to be bound by the actual conditions. His creations are ephemeral because only plausible even to the imagination; while the illusions to which they are congenial survive. And he probably falls into the further error that the emotion which he utters becomes as fictitious as the laws which he invents. The man who weeps because he is melted at the sight of misery touches us; but when he weeps because he finds it pleasant, or because he wishes to make a public exhibition of his tenderness of heart, we find him out by degrees and call him a humbug and a sentimentalist. Sham feelings and moral facts are the staple of the sentimentalist and the cause of his inevitable decay.

These remarks may serve to suggest the temptations which must beset the author in our days, though peculiar to our day only in the degree in which authorship has become more professional. For the ideal author is the man who, having discovered truth, desires to reveal it to his fellows, or being full of perceptions of beauty cannot resist the impulse to embody them in words or outward symbols. But when he desires also to live by his powers, he is at once in a position of which all authors know the peril. He becomes self-conscious; for he has a perpetual poultice of public favour or enmity applied to soften his fibres, and to make him feel, even in his study, that an eye is upon him and that he must so act as always to preserve attention; he is tempted to produce sensation at any cost—to shock and startle by horrors if he cannot move the sympathies by gentle arts: for a man who cannot command the pathetic can, at least, always be disgusting. He can turn our stomachs if he cannot move our hearts. He is tempted, at least, to caricature—to show how keen is his perception by crude and glaring colours and to indulge in the grotesque as an easy substitute for the really graphic; he can affect a facile cynicism to show how profound is his penetration, and show that marvellous knowledge of the world and the human heart, and that power of discovering the emptiness of all apparent virtues which is so common an endowment of young gentlemen upon their first initiation into real experience of life.

Some such danger is, indeed, shared by others than the author. It is the misfortune of his calling that success with him is intrinsically associated with notoriety. A man may do good work in many departments of life, of which no one will ever hear beyond a narrow circle. I hold, for my part, that the greatest part of the good work which is done in the world is actually of that kind, and that the best is done for the pure love of work. The world knows nothing of its greatest men, and as little, perhaps, of its best. But what would be the good of writing a *Hamlet* or a divine comedy if nobody was to read it? Some great writers, I know, have prided themselves on finding fit audience and few; and I fully agree that a man who could really influence a few seminal minds might be well content with such a result of his labours. But, after all, the genuine aim of a great author must be directly or indirectly to affect the world in which he lives, whether by changing its beliefs or stimulating its emotions. And, as a rule, he cannot do so without becoming known, and even known to vast numbers of readers. Some religious writers, the author, for example, of the *Imitation of Christ*, have influenced many generations, while absolutely concealing their identity. Even they must, at least, have desired that their works should be known; and the case is

a rare one. For the author generally, success of the worthiest kind, success in enlightening, encouraging, and stimulating his fellow-men, is inextricably connected with success of a lower kind, the success measured by fame and popularity. That, of course, is equally the case with statesmanship: a statesman has to appeal to crowds and is too apt to be fascinated by thunders of applause; public oratory, even in the pulpit, is a terrible stimulant to unworthy vanity. The author only differs in this, that his very function presupposes a temperament of more than average sensibility; that he does not get that case-hardening which is administered to the statesman by the opposition orator; and that publicity has a specially intoxicating effect upon the man whose proper home is in his study, and who, perhaps, leaves it only to mix with a circle of reverent admirers.

I have tried to indicate some of the obvious temptations of authors, especially so far as they are strengthened by the practice of authorship as a profession. They may be summed up by saying that they tend to degrade the profession into a trade, and a trade which has as many tricks as the least elevating kind of business. It would be, perhaps, desirable to end by deducing some definite moral. But, in the first place, I think that any such moral as I could give is sufficiently indicated by the statement of the dangers. And, in the second place, I do not think that there is any moral that can be regarded as peculiar to authors. For an author, after all, is a man and, as all men ought to be, a workman. His power comes to this, that he is a man with a special capacity for exciting sympathy. That he should be a good workman, therefore, goes without saying; and it follows that he should have a sense of responsibility in whatever department he undertakes; that he should not bestow his advice upon us without qualifying himself to be a competent adviser; nor write philosophical speculation without serious study of philosophy; nor, if possible, produce poetry or even fiction without filling his mind by observation or training it by sympathy with the great movements of thought which are shaping the world in which we live. It is a sort of paradox which cannot be avoided, that we must warn a man that one condition of all good work is that it should be spontaneous and yet tell him that it should be directed to make men better and happier. It seems to be saying that the conscious pursuit of a given end would be inconsistent with the attainment of the end. Yet I believe that this is a paradox which can be achieved in practice, on the simple condition of a reasonable modesty. The author, that is, should not listen to those who would exaggerate the importance of his work. The world can get on very well without it; and even the greatest men are far

more the product than the producers of the intellectual surroundings. The acceptance of that truth—I hold it to be a truth—will help to keep in check the exaggerated estimate of the importance of making a noise in the world which is our besetting sin, and help to make a regulating principle of what is a theoretical belief, that a man who is doing honestly good work in any department, whether under the eyes of a multitude or of a few, will be happiest if he can learn to take pleasure in doing it thoroughly rather than in advertising it widely. And, finally, with that conviction we shall be less liable to the common error of an author who grumbles at his want of success, and becomes morbid and irritable and inclined to lower his standard, when in reality he ought to remember that he is as unreasonable as a marksman who should complain of the target for keeping out of the line of fire. "It is my own fault" is often a bitter reflection, but a bitter may be a very wholesome tonic.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

HERESIES IN SALMON FISHING.

I MUST bow my head and meekly assent to Mr. Earl Hodgson's definition of certain conclusions concerning the psychology of salmon to which the experience of many seasons on various rivers has led me, and admit the general charge of heresy. Yet is there encouragement to be drawn from the real etymology of the term "heresy." The earlier lexicographers, it is true, overlooking its radical signification of "choice" (*αἵρεσις*), imported ecclesiastical acrimony into their interpretation thereof as "obstinate or wicked error," and I am not without suspicion that Mr. Earl Hodgson has been employing it in that sense; but in the dictionaries of a later and more tolerant age it will be found glossed as "the choice of an opinion contrary to that usually received." Be that as it may, I am not going to evade responsibility by straw-splitting, and am fully conscious that I am charged by Mr. Earl Hodgson and by other defenders of the faith, in *The Saturday Review*, and other journals, with entertaining and promulgating unsound doctrine. If heresy be resistance to dogma, then I am indeed a heretic in the matter of salmon-flies.

But, in branding me, my inquisitor has imputed to me the paternity of a doctrine which is none of my offspring. He refers, on page 60 of *The National Review* for March, to "Sir Herbert Maxwell's postulate that salmon do not feed in fresh water," and then devotes a couple of pages to demonstrating that this cannot be granted. It would be strange if anyone with even the slenderest acquaintance with the habits of salmon could be found to assent to this imaginary postulate. Certainly I have never said anything that could be construed into such an absurd proposition. There can be little doubt that the salmon, being a predaceous fish, will at times eat all that he meets of edible in our rivers; although, as I observed, he will find precious little to grow fat on in some of them. Being thus in jeopardy of *auto da fé*, perhaps I may be pardoned for quoting from the article in *Blackwood* the exact words which have been so sorely maltreated by the counsel for the prosecution.

"'While it may be admitted that salmon sometimes take the fly for food, it seems not unlikely that just as often they seize or strike at it from curiosity or irritation. . . . They frequent rivers wherein there is not more than enough food to sustain a few starving trout. . . . The clear conclusion is that although salmon will occasionally feed in fresh water, they suffer from no ardent appetite, and are fitted to endure months of total abstinence, supported by the good store of fatty and nitrogenous matter laid up in their tissues during their submarine surfeits."

Now, although knowledge of the life history of the salmon might be supposed essential to reasonable theory about the best patterns of salmon-flies, it is, as has been proved by the indignation of Mr. Earl Hodgson and my other critics, difficult to convince people that *à priori* dogma, which no scientific observer would dream of applying to the first, must be equally futile in regard to the second.

Pisciculture, which has been so greatly advanced and extended of late years, enlightened by embryology, has gone far to demonstrate the probability that all the *salmonidæ* trace their descent from a single species. Some members of this species became roving in their habits, and, dissatisfied with the jejune fare of fresh water, got into the habit of dropping down to the estuaries for more plentiful supplies, and, gradually acquiring the faculty of existing in salt water, sought farther and farther seawards.* But just as all migratory birds in the northern hemisphere move to the most northerly limit of their migration at nesting time, prompted by the hereditary instinct which impels them to breed as near as possible to what was their home before advancing cold made them shift their winter quarters, so migratory *salmonidæ* return year by year, after glutting themselves in the sea, to propagate their species in their hereditary home.

It is well known that in most rivers there is a winter run of fish, generally of large size, which, unlike the spring and summer run, go back to the sea long before their ovaries approach seasonal maturity, and probably ascend the streams a second time in autumn to deposit their spawn. Their motive in the first ascent is not sexual; it can hardly be hunger, for they leave the waters of plenty to harbour in those of barrenness; it is not taxing the imagination unduly to surmise that their object is shelter from innumerable enemies—porpoises, seals, dog-fish, and irritating parasites, not one of which can follow them into the fresh water.

If this outcome of observation and speculation be sound, then the conclusion is that salmon leave the fresh water to seek food in the sea, that they resort to the rivers for the double purpose

* Some species of char resort regularly to the salt water, and are caught at the mouth of rivers in Scandinavia; and in our own country, if there is a big trout anywhere in a Scottish burn it is in a pool at the mouth, wherein the tide flows twice a day.

of propagation and shelter from their enemies, and that they are so constituted as to part very slowly with the nutriment stored up in their tissues during their sojourn on the marine feeding grounds.

Anglers have reason to know, at the cost of many a tantalizing day, that salmon which have been longest in the fresh water are least disposed to take the fly; from which it is not unreasonable to argue that they are less keenly on the outlook for food than when they had just left the sea. A spring fish rises at the fly far more boldly than an autumn one: often he will return again and again, even after being touched by the hook. The first fish I killed in the Thurso this year, in February, was one of these. He rose three times just under the point of the rod and I felt him each time; the fourth time, the steel went home, and I had him. He was a small fish of 8 lb., fresh from the tide; the fly was one of huge proportions, such as it is necessary to use in the cold snow water, between three and four inches long, and the fish probably had difficulty in getting such a big hook into his mouth; but the predaceous habits of the sea were strong in him, and he was not to be daunted.

How different are the manners of autumn fish! On certain days they may be seen rolling and plunging about in the pools; flies of every shape and hue may be plied among them with every device of jerking, jiggering, sinking, slow and fast motion, yet not a fish of them all may be induced to take hold. Such a thing is seldom or never witnessed among spring fish, yet one would say the others were the hungrier, for they have been longer away from plenty.

Some may suppose this happens because the autumn fish have seen too many flies and become wary. If that be granted, it is to give away the case of those who argue that salmon take artificial flies because of their resemblance to some creature familiar to them. Trout are more shy than salmon, especially large trout, yet once you can persuade the craftiest trout to mistake your fraud for a living insect, hunger or greed prevails over all his cunning. Moreover, these salmon show no dread of the fly. They go on with their antics in close proximity to it, and after it has passed over them many times. They simply disregard it. Your trout would behave very differently if he were convinced of the fraudulent nature of your lures. He would sink to the bottom and remain still, or dart off to the security of some rock or bed of weeds.

The probable explanation is this: that from the time the salmon, crammed with sea-fare, enters the fresh water his predatory instinct begins to lull; it returns at intervals, or else a mild break in bitter weather or a cool spell in heat may inspire him with mis-

chief, and at such times the fish are said to come "on the feed," but heaven help them if for food they have to depend on all that can be found in some of the barren torrents they frequent. There must be little to glean in many of the best Highland rivers, rushing along stony channels, with a spring temperature very little above freezing point. The fish, having entered such rivers either to escape from their enemies or to propagate their species, attend to business and are wholly independent of regular meals.

A very short sojourn in fresh water seems to suffice to break the regularity of the predatory habit. It is, as has been said, still strong in the fish just up from the sea: but the difference is well marked between the spring fish angled for in February and March and the heavier winter fish which have run up in December and January. The latter are known to be much less prone to take the fly, yet, of the two classes of fish, that might be expected to be more ravenous which had been longer in the river. If hunger alone, and never curiosity or irritation, were the motive of the salmon in seizing the fly, that fish should take most readily which had endured the most prolonged fast.

This is seen to be the case as soon as the spawn has been shed, that supreme effort having exhausted the stored up vitality of the fish, he becomes a voracious kelt, a very different animal from the wanton, sometimes wary, kipper or baggit of the autumn months. The periodical fast undergone by salmon in fresh water is more clearly marked in the habits of salmon on the western sea-board of North America, though of these I can only speak of hearsay. They ascend the rivers in prodigious shoals, yet it is well known that they cannot be induced to take what British anglers fondly designate "the fly."

Mr. Earl Hodgson's remarks on page 61 of the article quoted next demand attention.—

> "If Sir Herbert Maxwell is right in holding that all we have got to do in order to get a rise from a salmon is to present an object which is likely to whet his curiosity or to stir his temper, why do we restrict our battery to flies, minnows, parr-tails, and mother-of-pearl eels? Why do we not fish with finger-rings, brooches, pen-knives, and cigarette-tubes."

Mr. Hodgson answers this question for himself. He says that our tackle-cases are stored with things that appear edible, and that no sane salmon would think of eating a pen-knife or a finger-ring.*

* In the arms of the City of Glasgow there is represented a salmon with a ring in its mouth, commemorating a legend hardly more exacting on our credulity, methinks, than the marvellous powers, which, according to Mr. Hodgson, enable the salmon to discriminate between a Black Doctor and a Black Dose, or between a Dusty Miller and a Silver Grey. The Queen of Strathclyde, runs the story, gave a ring which she had received from her husband, to a certain soldier who was her

The disputation seems rather childish. What attracts the salmon is not so much the shape or colour of the object as the motion that is given to it by the angler, and if a lifelike motion were given to a pen-knife or cigarette-tube, no doubt it might occasionally deceive salmon. Seeing that it is the avowed object of the strict school of salmon fishers to fabricate as close an imitation as possible of some animal on which the salmon is accustomed to feed in salt water, we lend ourselves to a strange illusion in calling these baits "flies." They might as aptly be termed pianofortes, because a fly is perhaps the object which the salmon is least likely to encounter in the ocean. Yet we discourse as solemnly of the wings, body, legs, and tail of a Butcher, as if we had a concrete notion of the creature we proposed to simulate. My contention is that our minute and fidgety solicitude about the exact shade of a hackle, the composition of a wing, and the preference of silver or gold tinsel is harmless, but futile, superfluity. We don't know what it is we are striving to imitate; we lay down certain arbitrary rules as to what combinations of colour will kill and what will not, and the whole evidence goes to show that the man who fishes independently of these rules, catches just as many fish, *cæteris paribus*, as he who is bound by them hand and foot. Moreover, he is exempt from all the misgiving and worry arising from uncertainty whether he is exhibiting the "right fly." To establish a rational basis for such rules one has to assume three postulates.

1. That a salmon has the power of distinguishing colours.
2. That a close imitation of some object unknown to the angler must be presented to him.
3. That the salmon is in the habit of feeding on that unknown object.

1. Of the first there is no evidence whatever, and therefore it is unsafe to assume what, for all we know, has no existence. If it *be* assumed, then this strange corollary follows, that salmon, say in the Tweed, have changed their taste in colour within the last forty years, for whereas in the fifties, sober hues were universally prescribed, and the modest Toppy or Whitewing were the utmost mea-

lover. One day the soldier happened to lose this ring in the Clyde. After a while, the King, having suspicion of his consort's fidelity, asked her why she never wore his ring, and dissatisfied with her excuse, insisted on the jewel being produced on an approaching fête day. The Queen, in extremity of terror, sought out Kentigern, better known in after ages as St. Mungo, the patron saint of Glasgow, confessed to him her sin, and implored his succour. He sympathized with the penitent, and directed her to have a certain pool in the river drawn and to cut open the first salmon that should be caught. His instructions were carried out to the letter; the salmon was found to contain the lost ring, which was duly displayed at the appointed time, and her Majesty's rickety reputation was repaired.

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sure of brilliancy permitted, at the present time the ingenuity of tackle-makers is taxed to produce the most startling combinations. Witness the wealth of tinsel and of jungle-fowl, wood-duck, gold-pheasant, and blue chatterer plumes lavished on such flies as the Dandy, the Wilkinson, the Durham Ranger and the Jock Scott. It is sometimes said that it is unwise to fish with yellow flies when autumn leaves are floating down, but there are standard patterns in which yellow greatly predominates, which kill —*probatum est*—as surely as blues or purples at that season. Of such are the Childers, the Stevenson, and the Jock Scott. Does not this tend to prove that the fish are indifferent to colour, but are attracted by motion? A motionless artificial fly will capture no fish, but, rightly worked, flies of any or every hue in the prism will bring fish to the hook.

2. The second postulate is really so preposterous that it should hardly seem to require consideration. How can we imitate what we have never seen?—we know not what? It is less tangible than the *chimæra bombinans in vacuo*, more elusive than the philosopher's stone, farther from human comprehension than the problem as to how many angels can simultaneously stand on the point of a needle.

3. And the third postulate goes with the second, for if, as is admitted, the habitual and staple diet of the salmon is unknown to us, how shall there be prepared a fraudulent simulacrum thereof.

Surely the object in view of all anglers is to present to a fish of predaceous habits something which he may be deceived into believing to be a living creature and rely on his hunger, curiosity, or irritability to prompt him to seize or attack it without dogmatizing as to which of these motives is uppermost. "A tight line" is the consummation to be desired, and that will come as surely to him who sticks to dun turkeys and brown mallards as to one who displays confections of all the plumage of the tropics.

I will return for a moment to the Thurso, the last river in which it was my privilege to cast angle, from whose sombre bosom my reluctant fly was withdrawn not a week ago. This fly was a lure almost wholly yellow, a prodigious structure nearly four inches long, of pig's wool and mohair wrapped round a thing like a meat hook, and with a so-called "wing" of cock's hackles and jungle-fowl. Experience has shown those who know this river best that less bulky baits elicit no attention from fish in these wintry waters, and it is alleged that yellow is the only colour that will kill now at that season, though twenty years ago a favourite fly was the Butcher, which displays no yellow. But in proportion as the weather gets warmer the size of the fly diminishes

in far greater ratio than the volume of the river, till, in summer, small grilse and even sea-trout flies are in vogue, of various hues. Now, if the yellow monsters used in February and March deceive the fish by their resemblance to some moving living creature, what do the same fish recognize in the small blue, black, and red lures used in June and July, and why will they not in these months follow the large flies with which in spring it was necessary to rouse their attention? Does it not seem as if curiosity or irritation have some part in attracting salmon to follow the hook, and that the large flies which seem so edible in spring would retain their fascination if hunger were the salmon's *only* motive in attacking them? Whereas at a season when the faculties of the fish have been quickened by warmth, a much smaller bait serves to arrest their interest; and the larger one stirs, not their curiosity, but their suspicion.

Mr. Hodgson turns naturally to the analogy which undoubtedly may be taken to exist between trout and salmon. He assumes that trout have the faculty of discerning colour, and argues therefrom that there is no reason to suspect its absence in salmon. But we know as little about the colour faculty of trout as about that of salmon: if we had established the certainty of the first, we might safely assume the existence of the second: failing that, the assumption is, I submit, a baseless one. We take infinite pains to match the hues of *ephemeræ*, we succeed in deluding trout into taking our make-believes, but there is room for shrewd suspicion that the nicety of colour is wasted on the objects of our pursuit.

"If the fish," argues Mr. Hodgson, "want a black gnat, they will have a black one or none at all. They will not look at a red or a grey."

That is often the case, no doubt; but a colour-blind person can easily distinguish between black and red, and black and grey, because these tints reflect a different amount of light. The retina which is blind to colour, but keenly sensible of light, is just like a sensitized photographic plate, on which the distinction between black and red, and black and grey, will be found clearly marked. Black absorbs all the rays and reflects none; scarlet absorbs the green and violet rays and reflects the red rays, which represent to the colour-blind observer a tint indistinguishable from grey. If there is one trout-fly which I have used more constantly than another in Scottish streams it is the Red Spinner, tied with a body of scarlet wool and steel-grey wings. I know of no fly frequenting northern waters exhibiting this particular contrast, yet the trout take this lure most greedily. Who shall say whether the rays reflected from the woollen body convey to the trout's eye the sensation of red or neutral tint?

There are three modes in which bodies become visible to the eyes of fish or men, and three only: (1) by reflecting light rays, when the illumination is behind or on one side of the spectator; (2) by obstructing light rays, when the object is between the illumination and the spectator; and (3) by transmitting rays, when the object is wholly or partly transparent and between the illumination and the spectator.

In nine cases out of ten the fly passes between the fish and the illumination; if the fly is opaque as, say, a silk-bodied fly with a black or grouse hackle, no colour can be visible on the side opposite the point of illumination, for the position of the fly forbids reflected colour rays, and its opacity forbids transmitted ones. If the fly is composed of translucent material like mohair, pig's wool, stained cock's hackles and such like, then, undoubtedly, any eye capable of discerning colour will receive colour sensations by means of the transmitted rays. But seeing that we have no means at present of knowing whether salmon are sensible of variety in colour, it is absolutely impossible to predicate the hues they may prefer; all dogmatism on this subject must be *à priori*, and consequently unsound. All that we need care for is to present a lifelike object—an object like *something* alive—not so large as to arouse suspicion or fear, not so small as to escape notice or fail to excite appetite, curiosity, or irritation, and to make that object move in a lifelike way.

The shrimp theory—no improbable one—is actually strengthened by doubts as to the discernment of colour by salmon; for the shrimp is a neutral tinted, semi-translucent object, precisely what a Blue Doctor or a Durham Ranger would appear to a colour-blind person.

Vox clamantis in deserto! I have no vials to pour on the heads of those who differ from me. There is, after all, no harm in this fetish worship, and a great deal of innocent amusement. Bright flies catch salmon quite as readily as grey ones, and the discussion only affects those who are concerned with the discovery of physical truth. Perhaps ere long we shall have learnt to fish by night with an electric fly, illumined by a current supplied from accumulators stored in the hollow butt of the rod.

It is natural, in discussing the visual powers of fish to be led to the consideration of their powers of hearing, and it is strange indeed, how completely fishermen generally overlook the fact that most fish possess well-developed and sensitive acoustic organs, which undoubtedly serve to warn them of the presence of enemies. Can fish hear? is a question which as many anglers will answer in the negative as in the affirmative. Now, I am able to adduce two instances in personal experience which convinced me long ago that

fish not only hear, but hear very distinctly. The first of these concerned marine fish.

At Logan, near the Mull of Galloway, there is a most interesting tidal fish-pond. A rent in the cliffs facing the Irish Channel admits the salt water through a narrow fissure, protected by a grating, into a circular rock basin some thirty feet in diameter and twenty feet deep. The cliffs rise high all round; stone steps descend on one side to a ledge levelled into a pathway at the water-edge. No sooner does the visitor's footfall resound on the stair, than the green water, hitherto motionless and apparently lifeless, becomes peopled with large brown fish rising from the depths, gliding and dashing about in a great state of excitement. These are cod, lythe, and saithe, which, caught on lines in the sea, have been transferred to this pond to be fattened for the table. They are fed daily by the keeper, and experience has taught them to connect the sound of footsteps with their meal-times. Formerly, a clapper used to be rung to summon them, but this was no more than a trick of the stage; the footfall on the stones is quite enough to waken them to activity. Most of the cod, being deep-water fish, became totally blind in captivity from excess of light; but they become so tame and accustomed to their keeper as not only to feed out of his hand, but some of them allow themselves to be lifted out of the water. One may witness the strange sight of a huge cod, more than an ell long, dandled on the knee like a baby, his mouth stuffed with mussels and limpets, after which he is returned to the water with a mighty splash. On the table these fish, thus tended and fed, prove much better than fish brought straight from the open sea.

The other instance concerned the hearing of fresh-water fish, and was not less suggestive to the angler. I was sitting painting by the side of a large loch one still day in October. The shallow water at the margin was full of small fry of some sort, probably young perch. About two o'clock in the afternoon, a shooting-party made their appearance on a hillside distant about three-quarters of a mile. Their shots were infrequent; I could see the flash and smoke, and several seconds later the sound of the discharge came through the quiet air. At each report the fry in the shallows darted off into the deep water, then drew gradually back towards the edge, to be startled again to flight by the next shot. This occurred seven or eight times in the course of half an hour, and there could be no doubt whatever that, whether these fish heard the reports as clearly as I did, or less clearly, they heard them so distinctly as to be alarmed.

Now, how many anglers ever bestow a thought upon precautions against alarming fish by sounds? You may hear one, who is scrupulously careful not to show himself to the fish, clattering along the

shingle on his way to the cast. Or perhaps when you are working your fly skilfully over a glassy run where a pull may be expected at any moment, a friend comes to the opposite bank and roars an enquiry across the river what luck you have had. You are obliged to roar back a reply. Again, how often it happens that your boatman, standing waist deep by the gunwale, will knock out the ashes from his pipe with a prolonged tap-tap-tap, which must echo a significant warning to every denizen of the quiet pool you are fishing. Sound will not travel so far through the grosser medium of water as it does through the atmosphere ; still, the ears of fish, being constructed to receive sensation from the vibration of water, are probably capable of far more distinct impressions than human tympana would be under similar circumstances.

Here is the conclusion of the whole matter. It greatly profiteth the angler to adapt his art to the faculties known to be possessed by the objects of his pursuit. Among these may certainly be reckoned acute vision, sensitive hearing, and the power of discriminating odours. To the last named, little attention has been devoted, although the preference shown by salmon and trout to real minnows over artificial ones is certainly suggestive of its importance. If, in addition to these, we choose to credit fish with a nice taste in colour, the worst that can be said, is that the complexity of the art is increased without aught being detracted from its charm.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

KOSSUTH AND THE HUNGARIAN WAR OF LIBERATION.

The death of Louis Kossuth recalls to the minds of the newspaper-readers of this generation a blurred and dim, if not forgotten, page of contemporary history. Forty years ago there was no name more familiar than that of the Hungarian Dictator. When he came to England he met with such a reception as scarcely any foreigner has received before or since; it is a doubtful point whether the crowd that thronged the streets of London to see him pass was not equal to that which gathered to look at Garibaldi, and perhaps nearly equal to that tremendous multitude which welcomed the Princess of Wales. When he made his magnificent orations on English and American platforms people fought for tickets, and the newspapers paid as much attention to him as if he had been a Prime Minister on an electioneering campaign. But all that was long ago. The world of '48 is a vanished world. Between us and the events that made Kossuth famous lie such things as the Napoleonic *coup d'état*, the rise and fall of the Second Empire, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the American Civil War, the Making of Germany, the Franco-German War, the era of Bismarck, the English in Egypt. No wonder we cannot quite clearly discern what lies behind that *selva selvaggia*, and that we find it an effort to recall the time when Italy—not yet united and not yet bankrupt—was biting the heel of the *Tedeschi*, and when Austria, still unchastened by Solferino and Sadowa, was the ruthless oppressor of struggling nationalities.

How commonly this Austro-Hungarian War is misunderstood has been shown pretty frequently during the Home Rule discussions of the past few years. Even now it is probable that Radical orators, in search of historical analogies, are to be found who will tell a sympathetic crowd, amid cheers, that "Home Rule" gave peace to Hungary, and healed the wounds of the Austrian monarchy; and Mr. Gladstone has frequently drawn a parallel between the state of Hungary and the state of Ireland. In reality the analogy is absolutely false and misleading. There is no similarity between the two cases. Hungary, before the war of 1848, was not what Glad-

stonian speakers appear to imagine—an oppressed province, which rose to extort by force of arms the grant of self-government from its oppressor. It was, what Ireland is not and never has been since the days of Brian Boroimhe, if then: a nation. It did not ask Austria to give it "Home Rule"; it merely demanded that the Vienna Court and Government should leave it the national autonomy it possessed before Austria, as a State, existed. The Magyars have enjoyed constitutional and parliamentary government, and local representative institutions, quite as long as the English; and they were an independent and organized nation before Rudolph of Hapsburg had begun the curious dynastic and political process out of which the Austrian "Empire" eventually emerged. In the sixteenth century the Hungarians elected as their king, Ferdinand of Hapsburg, the inheritor of the Austrian dominions; but Hungary was no more subject to Austria than England was subject to Hanover after the accession of George I., or Scotland subject to England after James VI. had been crowned at Westminster. This was the theory; for some centuries it corresponded more or less to the facts. But in the era of strong autocratic monarchy in the last century the sovereigns of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine gradually deprived the Magyars of many of their local rights, and undermined the constitutional system guaranteed by the "Golden Bull" of Andreas II., the Magna Charta of Hungary. In the period of absolutist reaction and military despotism which followed the Peace of 1815 the process was almost completed. The system of Metternich had full scope in Hungary. The Vienna Court and Ministry, under the Emperors Francis and Ferdinand, suppressed the liberties of the Hungarians by force, proscribed free speech, muzzled the newspapers, forced the German language on the Diet, and aimed deadly blows even at the local county representative assemblies, which had survived through the Middle Ages, and the religious conflicts of the seventeenth century, and the terrific onslaughts of Turkish barbarism.

When Kossuth arrived at manhood Hungary was fermenting with the leaven of resistance to the encroachments of Austria. But it was fermenting also with another leaven. The national polity was constitutional and representative; but the constitution was that of a feudal aristocracy. The peasantry were almost in the condition of the mediæval villeins *ascripti glebæ*. They had no place in the constitution and no political rights. The franchise, the right of sitting in the county councils, and that of electing representatives to the Diet, were limited to the "nobles," who corresponded to the military tenants and freeholders under the Western feudal system. The nobles were simply a privileged caste, who had all the benefits and none of the burdens of citizenship.

The peasant held his land on a semi-servile tenure and paid practically all the taxes: his class constituted the *misera plebs contribuenda* of old Hungarian legal documents. The Liberal movement of the two decades before '48 was largely directed towards the abolition of the unjust monopoly of the aristocratic class, the alleviation of the condition of the peasantry, and the destruction of the surviving relics of feudalism. The movement for reform went hand in hand with the movement for the restoration of the old constitutional rights. Both were strenuously opposed by Metternich and the Austrian Court; both were passionately supported by the group of enlightened nobles, and ardent young Liberals, chiefly of the professional classes, who did their best to rouse public feeling as much against the selfish Conservatism of the aristocracy as against the denationalizing policy of Vienna.

To Englishmen, Kossuth became known only as the leader in the armed "insurrection," the dauntless and versatile dictator who organized resistance, the fiery orator who poured enthusiasm like new wine into the veins of a people outnumbered and surrounded, the resolute and resourceful administrator who beat back the legions of Windischgrätz. But in reality his most valuable work was done before the war of '48, in keeping alive the spirit of the nation during the long constitutional struggle, and in giving shape and definiteness to the movement. The champion of democratic rights was himself a member of the aristocratic order by birth; that is to say, he was the son of one of those small country gentlemen who were ranked among the "nobles," like the *vavassores* in mediæval England. Trained as a lawyer, he entered politics as the representative in the Upper House of the Pressburg Diet, of one of those landed lady Magnates who, by the usage of the Hungarian Constitution, were permitted to send proxies to the Chamber, though they might not sit there themselves. In the Diet Kossuth became conspicuous as one of the boldest and most eloquent of the reformers. But his real celebrity and popularity came about through the Press. The Government forbade the publication of the debates in the newspapers; Kossuth evaded the prohibition by circulating a manuscript report which passed from hand to hand, and was widely copied. The Vienna authorities did him the good service to make him a martyr. They arbitrarily and illegally ordered his arrest in 1837, and for four years he was imprisoned at Pesth. His sufferings were not very severe. He was allowed to see his friends, to conduct his correspondence, and to read as many books as he pleased. This period of easy durance was not without its advantages for him. It gave him time to study Shakspeare and Burke, and the Authorized Version of the Bible; which he did to such good purpose that he afterwards

showed himself to be one of the greatest masters of the English language—native or foreign—who ever used that language on a public platform. It stamped him indisputably as one of the chief leaders of the national agitation against Austria. And it procured him the close acquaintance of Count Wesselenyi, a patriotic magnate whose daughter Kossuth subsequently married. Wesselenyi, with Count Stephen Szechenyi, and other Liberal leaders, shared the punishment inflicted on Kossuth. The agitation produced by the confinement of their popular politicians was so menacing that Metternich at length thought it advisable to yield. In 1841 Kossuth was liberated, and at once renewed his journalism by starting a Liberal paper called the *Pesti Hirlap*. From a business point of view the speculation was not very successful, and Kossuth attempted to retrieve his pecuniary position by plunging into various agrarian enterprises of a semi-philanthropic nature. In 1847 he was elected to the Diet, as representative of the County of Pesth, and proceeded to develop a more "advanced" programme of domestic reform than was quite congenial to some of the other popular leaders, like Francis Deàk, who were Conservative and Constitutional in their tendencies. The nobles, who were at the head of the movement, were much more anxious to throw off the encroachments of Austria than to promote the extension of political rights among all classes of the population, or to change the servile condition of the peasantry into the status of free peasant proprietors. In fact, they regarded Kossuth's cosmopolitan Radicalism and semi-Republicanism with aversion and alarm. It is the most striking testimony to Kossuth's extraordinary energy of mind and power over men that he was able to whirl the half-reluctant Diet and his unwilling allies and colleagues along the road his own impetuous steps were treading.

The crisis broke in the spring of 1848. It had been ripening for years in Hungary when suddenly came the uprising in Paris which passed like an electric spark through the storm-charged air of the Continent and brought down the clouds in thunder. Nothing more astonishing than the epidemic of revolution which burst over Europe in those weeks has been witnessed this century. Within a fortnight of the Great Three Days at the Parisian barricades the Emperor Ferdinand was petitioned to appoint a native Hungarian Ministry which was to include Count Louis Batthyányi as Minister President, Deàk as Minister of Justice, Count Szechenyi as Minister of the Interior, and Kossuth as Minister of Finance. The Vienna Government hesitated; but in less than another fortnight the students and the inhabitants of the workmen's suburbs had risen in Vienna itself, Metternich fled for his life, and the *Camarilla* was too terrified to defy the Magyars openly. Kossuth went to

Vienna, his appointment and that of the other Ministers was confirmed, and the partial recognition of Hungarian autonomy was supposed to be secured by the restoration of the old dignity of Palatine or Viceroy in the person of the Archduke Stephen. In the Diet the new Ministers, dominated by the magnetic personality of Kossuth, embarked on the full flood of reforming legislation. The magnates were induced by the great orator to lay aside their fears; and in a few weeks, and almost without opposition, feudalism was swept away, amid a tempest of national enthusiasm. The caste privileges of the "nobles" were abolished; the franchise was extended so as to cover the mass of the middle and trading classes; the peasants were completely emancipated; and, to crown all, they were declared free proprietors of the lands they tilled, the State undertaking to compensate the landholders for the loss of their feudal and seignorial rights. With a suddenness more than Japanese, Hungary sprang, at a bound, out of the Middle Ages and seemed launched well on the tide of modern progress.

But other interests speedily distracted the attention of the Ministers. The Croats and Serbs—the wild, semi-barbarous Slavonic population of the southern frontier-lands—were included in the dominions of the Hungarian Crown, and were subject to the authority of the Hungarian Ministry; but they cherished an hereditary hatred to the Magyars and were easily persuaded that the new powers granted to Hungary menaced their existence and equal rights. The intriguing little junta of officials and ladies who managed matters at Vienna after the departure of Metternich made haste to foment this movement. Jellachich, the Croat leader, an able, unscrupulous, and determined Slav partisan, animated by a fanatical hostility to the Magyars, was created "Ban," or Warden of the Marches, and with secret encouragement from Vienna he enlisted a large force of Croat highlanders and borderers, and broke into Hungary. Technically this was rebellion, and the Emperor could not refuse to the Hungarian Ministry permission to deal with it by force of arms. Batthyányi and Kossuth called out the "Honved," or national militia of Hungary, and Ferdinand was compelled to declare Jellachich a rebel and an outlaw. This latter move was a mere pretence. While the Hungarians were attacking the Ban in the name of the "King," the King was supplying him with assistance in money, arms, and presently, as it appeared, in troops. Almost before they knew it, the Hungarian Ministry had drifted into war; and though nominally they were not at war with the House of Hapsburg but, on the contrary, were fighting to vindicate its authority over its revolted subjects, the turn of affairs frightened those of Kossuth's colleagues whose sympathies were monarchical and Conservative. Batthyányi and Deàk resigned, and a Council of National Defence

was constituted (still nominally with the Emperor's sanction), with Kossuth as President. From that date, until the collapse of the Hungarian cause before the Russians a year later, Kossuth was the life and soul of the Hungarian "insurrection." His first task was to suppress the Croats, now well on their way to the capital. A desperate battle was fought at Vallencze, and Jellachich was beaten. After this victory the Imperial Government threw off the disguise and openly sent assistance to the Ban. But this roused the Viennese to fury. A conflict in the streets was precipitated by the attempt of the Government to send away five regiments to the assistance of Jellachich who was now falling back towards the Austrian frontier. The people prevented the soldiers from leaving the capital; the Emperor fled; and the War Minister, Latour, the most active member of the *Camarilla*, was murdered. The city was in the hands of the insurgents, who closed the gates, manned the fortifications, and held out against the Imperialist besieging army under Windischgrätz. Kossuth, somewhat unwisely, sent several battalions of his still raw and untrained troops to the relief of the Viennese. But his route was barred by Jellachich, who had effected a junction with Windischgrätz, and a battle was fought at Schewchat, outside Vienna. The Viennese made a desperate attempt at a sortie, which was ineffective; and the Hungarians were defeated and compelled to re-cross the Leitha. The war between Hungary and Austria had now fairly set in, and Kossuth, recognizing that Buda-Pesth was far too near the Austrian frontier to be safe, withdrew the seat of Government to the town of Debreczin, far away to the eastward, and in the heart of the great Hungarian plain. The war began in earnest at the end of 1848, with the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand, the accession of his nephew the present Emperor Francis Joseph (who—such is the irony of events—is now pretty nearly as popular in all parts of his dominions as any sovereign in Europe), and the invasion of Hungary simultaneously by three Austrian armies numbering more than 100,000 men.

The eight months' campaign that followed is one of the most extraordinary of modern times. That the Hungarians would be able to make even a decent show of resistance to the whole power of Austria now exerted against them seemed at first sight incredible. The Imperialists had the whole resources and population of the hereditary States to fall back upon; they had a large trained army, a regular military organization, officers and generals, of whom many had seen service in the Napoleonic wars thirty years before, and a sufficient, if not particularly flourishing, credit. Nothing, at first sight, could seem more forlorn than the situation of the Hungarians. On three sides Austria stretched an arm round

their little island of steppe and plain and mountain-slope; on the fourth they were confronted by the angry and jealous neutrality of Russia. Western Europe sympathized with them, but had not the least intention of doing anything effective to help. Against the armies of their foes they had nothing to oppose but an open country with few fortresses and few natural facilities for defence, and a population not much exceeding five millions, for the Serbs, Wallachians and other non-Magyar inhabitants were actively or passively hostile. The situation seemed desperate enough; but five centuries of a struggle for existence against the Turks had taught the Hungarians to accept desperate situations without flinching. The warlike energies of the nation were roused; the Honved battalions were swelled by thousands of eager recruits; and Kossuth's measures to provide war material and maintain the financial equilibrium by means of a great issue of paper currency were vigorously supported by the people. The Austrian generals, who had counted on a sort of military parade through the country, found themselves face to face with armies, inferior, it is true, in numbers and equipment to their own, but in most cases admirably led, and animated by a dauntless spirit of patriotism, and a natural military aptitude, which compensated to some extent for their deficiency in drill, discipline, and training. To the intense surprise of the civilized world—which contented itself with applause—the armies of Francis Joseph, properly supplied with generals, staff, cannon, and the other accessories, were again and again beaten by numerically inferior forces, largely composed of hasty levies of volunteers, badly armed, and in some cases almost destitute of artillery, and *corps de genie*. The common opinion of modern scientific officers is that the bravest troops in the world, if untrained and loosely disciplined, cannot hold their own against regular regiments. Gambetta's attempt to prolong the Franco-German War, after the collapse of the armies of the Rhine, by throwing hordes of National Guards and Mobiles upon the well-organized invaders, is generally held to have been a magnificent absurdity, absolutely unjustifiable from the military point of view, though perhaps defensible on political and other grounds. The immense civilian armies which Grant and Lee handled in the American War of Secession were formidable enough to one another; but Lord Wolseley has placed on record his opinion that thirty thousand European regular troops, thrown on one side or the other, could have decided the conflict at any period of the campaign. And—to come down to a subject of more living interest to every reader of this paper—there is no officer of any real authority who believes that our 200,000 "efficient" volunteers, in their present state of military nudity and rawness, could

hold their own—albeit, man for man, as good fighting material as can be found in most countries—could hold their own against two or three French or German *corps d'armée*, well led, well equipped, and well trained, and properly supplied with the staff, guns, and appliances without which an army is an armed mob.

The Hungarian War of 1849 seems almost to contradict these conclusions. But there are some other considerations to be taken into account. For one thing, and in spite of the strategists and the military theorists, it is always to be recollected that war is a game in which much, very much, depends on the character of the players. You cannot get rid of the personal element, especially in the matter of leadership; and that, with due respect to the scientific soldiers, makes war too often deplorably unscientific. You may get a Hannibal, a Charles the Twelfth, a Turenne, or a Clive on one hand, or a Varro, a Count Daun, a Villeneuve, or a Marshal Benedek on the other, and things happen quite otherwise than they should according to all the rules of war. Now, that element counted very strongly indeed in the campaign of 1849. Probably no great nation has been more consistently and uniformly unlucky in its commanders than Austria; and Windischgrätz was conspicuously incompetent even for an Austrian general. On the other hand, the Magyars were remarkably fortunate in their military leaders. Görgey, Klapka, Bem, Aulich, and Damjanich were excellent officers, who handled their raw and heterogeneous levies on the battlefield and the march with a skill as remarkable as the inefficiency of their opponents. Nor must it be forgotten that while these and the other superior officers of the Magyar armies were professional soldiers, there was also a strong corps of regular troops to stiffen the half-trained militia. Görgey's army of the Upper Danube, the force which did the best and hardest fighting of the war, was largely composed of the Hungarian troops which had come over from the Imperial service; and the hussars, who won the chief honours in the campaign, were the very pick of the Austrian cavalry. With all this the contest, at first, seemed ridiculously unequal. The Hungarian armies found themselves compelled to fall back on all sides before the invaders; and if these latter had been led by commanders of ordinary ability, and directed with common intelligence, the scattered and disorganized defending contingents should have been struck and broken before they could have acquired cohesion and solidity.

But Windischgrätz hesitated and delayed; and the early spring of 1849 was brilliantly used by the Magyar leaders. Bem, the Polish general who had offered his sword to the patriots, plunged into Transylvania, stamped out the insurrection of the Wallachians, and drove the Imperialists from the province.

Görgey, after a rapid and masterly march through the Northern Carpathians, appeared on the Theiss, and by the end of March the united Hungarian armies, under Dembinski, Görgey, and Klapka, were concentrated in front of Debreczin and ready for a forward offensive movement. Kossuth had insisted on giving the supreme command to the Pole, Dembinski—a very unfortunate selection, for Dembinski, besides being a far inferior commander to some of his subordinates, roused the furious jealousy of Görgey. The latter was probably the ablest of all the Hungarian officers as a tactician. A major in the Austrian service, he offered his sword to the Pressburg Ministry at the outbreak of hostilities with the Croats, and was appointed by Kossuth to the command of the defeated army on the battlefield of Schewchat. His character and conduct have formed the subject of a bitter and unsettled controversy, through which perhaps the best guide is to be found in the two volumes of Memoirs* published by him three years after the war, when Aulich, Damjanich, and other heroes of the Revolution had been sent to a bloody grave, when Kossuth was in exile, and Görgey himself was living at Klagenfurt under the contemptuous protection of the Viennese Government. It is clear enough that a deep difference of aims and objects divided Kossuth from Görgey, and from many other of the military men who had formerly been in the Austrian service. These officers protested, and probably with sincerity, that they had no wish to make war upon the "King," still less to bring about the separation of Hungary from the Austrian Crown. They were seeking only to vindicate their Constitutional liberties, suppressed under the Metternich *régime*, and to put down the revolt of the non-Magyar races within the kingdom. Like most of the colleagues of Kossuth in his first Ministry, they were Constitutionalists and Conservatives, and had no sympathy with the republican and democratic aims they accused Kossuth of cherishing. Added to this there was the natural impatience of the professional soldier against civilian dictation. The Committee of Public Defence at Debreczin constantly interfered with the conduct of the military men; and Görgey (and to some extent he is borne out by Klapka,† a witness much more friendly to Kossuth) constantly sneers at the fussy activity of the excited orators who attempted to control the tactics of generals on the battlefield, and arranged paper campaigns with the aid of lawyers and ladies. There is probably some truth in these accusations. War after all is a soldier's business, and Kossuth might have done better to leave the actual conduct of the campaign

* *My Life and Acts in Hungary.* By Arthur Görgey.

† *Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary.* By General Klapka. London, 1850.

in the hands of some one general of sufficient authority and reputation to secure and enforce the obedience of the rest. As it was, divided aims and distracted councils went far to neutralize the splendid valour of the Magyar troops and the brilliant leading of their officers.

Before, however, the rift had widened irretrievably, the Hungarians had a wonderful month of victory. In April, 1849, the armies of the Theiss, advancing under Görgey, Klapka, and Aulich, won victory after victory against the main Austrian army on the Danube, relieved the great fortress of Komaron, drove the enemy across the Danube, cleared them out of Pesth, and forced them back upon the frontier. In the midst of these victories Kossuth took an unfortunate step. He induced the Diet at Debreczin to decree the independence of Hungary and the deposition of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine. The Committee of Public Defence was dissolved and Kossuth proclaimed Dictator. These proceedings were regarded with the greatest disfavour and suspicion by Görgey and a good many of his officers. It is probably too much to say, as some of Kossuth's partisans did, that Görgey resolved from that moment to betray the patriotic cause; it is certain that he deliberately sacrificed the opportunity of striking the decisive blow in its favour. The road to Vienna lay open before the united and victorious Hungarian army; it could probably have broken through the shattered and disorganized force on the frontier, have possessed itself of the Imperial capital, and dictated terms to the Emperor, long before the Russians could reach them. For the legions of the Emperor Nicholas had crossed the frontier, and while Transylvania had long been filling with Russian irregulars and volunteers, a Muscovite army of 150,000 men was pouring into Hungary from Poland. "Europe" looked on at this colossal piece of despotic aggression with dismay, and did nothing; a piece of weakness for which eventually the Western Powers had to pay by the half-hearted and mismanaged attempt to check Russia in the Crimea. Görgey protests in his "Memoirs" that the struggle, to every military eye, was absolutely hopeless from the moment that the Russian intervention became a certainty, and the only thing left for the Magyar insurgents was to sell their lives and the liberties of their country dearly by a desperate resistance. Kossuth and the Ministry seem, however, to have thought that even to the last there was some hope for freedom and victory "in native swords and native ranks." Carried away by the brilliant successes of the April campaign, they refused to regard the Hungarian cause as lost, even when nearly 300,000 Austrian and Russian regular troops were closing in upon the contracting circle of the Magyar armies, amounting to less than a third of the number. Kossuth's plan was that the

army should retire behind the Theiss, and endeavour to wear out the Russians (whose force he greatly under-estimated) in a campaign on the Hungarian plain, where tropical heat in summer worked great havoc among the northern troops; but Görgey frustrated this by marching against the Austrians on the Upper Danube. The dissensions between the Government and the military men continued during the summer of 1849; and meanwhile the Russian and Austrian advance became irresistible. In July another great defeat was inflicted on Jellachich. But the Hungarian armies were gradually forced back into the south-eastern corner of the country. The Government fled from Debreczin, and took refuge within the walls of Arad. Bem's small army in Transylvania had melted away, and the gallant Polish general appeared almost alone at the seat of Government Görgey, after several hard-fought engagements, was falling back on the same place. The decisive battle was fought at Temesvar, where the Magyars were totally defeated. By the beginning of August even Kossuth was convinced that the position was hopeless. He resigned his Dictatorship into the hands of Görgey, who on the 11th of August, at Vilagos, the Sedan of the Hungarian War, surrendered with the remnants of his army to the Russians. The other Hungarian generals had no choice but to follow his example; though Klapka still held out in Komaron, and only capitulated seven weeks later under a capitulation which allowed him to march out with the honours of war, and secured the lives and liberties of all his troops. They were guaranteed against the Bloody Assize which Haynau instituted; but the brutal vengeance of Austria descended on their comrades. Görgey, amidst a howl of not wholly deserved execration, was spared; Kossuth, with Bem, escaped into Turkey; but Count Louis Batthyányi, the late Prime Minister of Hungary, the gallant Generals Aulich, Damjanich, and Nagy-Sandor, and many other heroes of the War of Independence, were less fortunate, and died by the axe, the bullet, or the rope. Haynau went about the country shooting, hanging, and flogging; and so ended, with this atrocious outburst of vindictive savagery, the most striking and brilliant struggle against absolutism which the century has witnessed.

Of Kossuth's later career not much is to be said. Thanks to the courage of the Turks, and the tardy and belated intervention of the British Government, Kossuth was not surrendered to the Austrians, who would undoubtedly have sent him to the scaffold. He came to England and made a sort of triumphal progress in this country and America, thrilling all hearts by his magnificent oratory. But neither Englishmen nor Americans, though they sympathized with the Magyars, and were delighted to listen to the marvellous

eloquence of their great advocate, were able, or particularly willing, to help them in any effectual manner. Kossuth wore himself out for some years in fruitless intrigues, and made himself rather ridiculous by joining Ledru-Rollin and Mazzini in issuing swaggering manifestoes in which, from the dignified seclusion of London lodgings, they called upon the Republicans of Europe to "rise" and throw off the yoke of the despots. He entered into fruitless negotiations with Louis Napoleon, and tried to persuade the Emperor, as he had persuaded himself, that his influence with the English Liberals was sufficient to force the English Government to intervene actively on behalf of Hungary, if the French would take the first steps. Finally, mortified and disappointed, he withdrew to Italy, where he passed the later years of his life, amusing himself with scientific and literary studies, and surveying with gloomy eyes the gradual reconciliation of Hungary with her old oppressor. It was characteristic of Kossuth, and, indeed, of the school to which he belonged, that he would never accept the "compromise" of 1867, arranged by the Conservative statesman Deàk, whereby Hungary finally achieved by peaceful means the restoration of all those Constitutional rights for which she had vainly fought in 1848. Almost to the last he remained unreconciled and irreconcilable. He remained an exile, though he might long since have gone back in safety to the capital, which has consoled itself by making his funeral a magnificent national pageant; he forfeited his citizenship because he could not bring himself to render formal allegiance to the Hapsburg king; and his name was the watchword of the small and dwindling political party of his countryman, which declined to recognize the Constitutional settlement, and cherished the dream of an independent, and possibly Republican, Hungary. He was the living embodiment of the ideals of '48—those generous, impossible ideals—in a world too much occupied with its own changed aims and pressing interests to sympathize with his feelings, or even to understand them.

Kossuth indeed was the typical man of the Revolutionary period. He was full of the large enthusiasms, the generous fervour, and the poetical faith in enlightenment and progress, which characterized Continental Liberalism at a time when to be a Liberal on the Continent of Europe meant to be a believer in the rights of nations and an opponent of an antiquated and obsolete despotism. In company with our own Radicals of that era the European Liberals were penetrated by an extreme political optimism. They put their trust in an approaching millennium and believed it would be reached by means of free parliaments, universal suffrage, government by "the People," and other simple devices of that

kind; and they fought and talked in favour of these expedients with a perfervid earnestness which the *blasé* and sceptical politician of a later day scarcely comprehends. It does not detract from the respect one must feel for the genuine honesty and passionate sincerity of men like Kossuth and Mazzini to remember that, in the first place, the millennium is not yet reached; and in the second, that such little progress as we have made on the road has been gained not by the revolutionary democrats themselves, but chiefly by the constructive Conservative statesmen whom they disliked and opposed. Bismarck and William of Prussia made United Germany, Cavour and Victor Emmanuel United Italy, Deàk and Francis Joseph, autonomous and contented Hungary; to these cool-headed and generally rather selfish princes and ministers the cause of nationality and Constitutional progress owes a good deal more than to the eloquent Kossuths and Mazzinis, or even the fiery Garibaldis. Nor is it to be denied that with Kossuth, as with Mazzini, the talent for practical statesmanship was somewhat less conspicuous than daring courage, high aims, and a noble enthusiasm. The controversy as to the conduct of the military operations in Hungary in 1848-49 is an old one, and hardly worth reviving; but it is difficult to look into the contemporary records without coming to the conclusion that, if Görgey was half-hearted and insubordinate, some of the censure that has been heaped upon his "treason" must be shared by the fiery Dictator, who hurried the movement against Austrian tyranny into a path which many Hungarians, including some of Kossuth's colleagues, and the best of his officers, could not tread without reluctance. Nor is it to be denied that the uncompromising attitude adopted by Kossuth towards the House of Hapsburg was a serious error. Till the unfortunate decree of deposition of April, 1849, an accommodation with the Vienna Court was at least possible; after that it was out of the question, and the Hapsburgs, struggling for the existence of their State as well as their dynasty (for Austria is an impossibility with an independent Hungary), were bound to fight out the quarrel to the end even with the fatal assistance of Russia. With all this there is no doubt that Kossuth was the soul and the animating spirit of the Magyar defence against Austrian tyranny; his eloquence, his energy, and the magnetism of his personality roused the nation—at first lukewarm and rather despondent—to the passion of angry revolt which enabled them to stand against odds that were at first ludicrously disproportionate. It was a great achievement, and could hardly have been performed by a man who had not many of the elements of greatness. Nor need one hold that the great work of Kossuth's life was failure, albeit he thought so himself during the long years of

exile. The blood spilt in Hungary in '48 and '49 was not shed wholly in vain; the foundations of the Church, in politics as in religion, are laid upon the bones of the martyrs. The "midnight" despotism of the earlier half of the century was impossible, though temporarily and haltingly restored, in face of the sentiment which the splendid struggle of the Magyars had roused.

"But they fail not, the kinglier breed
Who starry diadems attain;
To dungeon, axe, and stake succeed,
Heirs of the old heroic strain.

"The zeal of Nature never cools,
Nor is she thwarted of her ends,
When sapped and dull her cheaper tools
Then she a saint and prophet spends.

. . . . . .

"I was the chosen trump wherethrough,
Our God sent forth awakening breath;
Came chains? Came death? The strain he blew,
Sounds on outliving chains and death."

So wrote Lowell; translating accurately enough the emotion which Kossuth had inspired, which in the end was too strong for Austria and despotism, in spite of the temporary wreck of Hungarian hopes on the evil day of Vilagos.

SIDNEY J. LOW.

A STROLL IN BOCCACCIO'S COUNTRY.

To lovers of Boccaccio the small streamlet Affrico which rises in the Fiesole hills and flows along the eastern side of the Campo di Marte, near Florence, will recall the *Ninfale Fiesolano*, with its poetical descriptions of the surrounding country, telling of the impetuous love of the handsome youth Affrico for the bashful nymph Mensola: a love which aroused the dire vengeance of the chaste goddess Diana.

The destruction of the forests which once clothed the hills round Florence has changed the whole face of the land. Writers, contemporaries of Boccaccio, speak of shady woods, of rills, and springs, and lakelets, whose memory is only preserved in the names of various villas, and of farmhouses which once were villas, belonging to the great Florentine families—"La Fonte," "La Fontanella," "Font' all' Erta," "Il Vivaio," and others. Which was the

> " . . . . bella e chiara fonte
> Di fresche erbette e di fiore adornata,
> La quale ancor dimora appiè del monte
> Cecer, da quella parte ove 'l sol guata
> Quand' è nel mezzogiorno a fronte a fronte . . ."

where Diana threatened her nymphs with death if they listened to a lover's pleading, none can say. But Monte Ceceri is still the quarry whence Florence draws grey freestone for her palaces; the Affrico and the Mensola still meander murmuring down to the plain, where they unite before falling into the Arno; and the peasants will tell you the air of Settignano is so *fine* (sharp, refined) that a fool cannot live there.

The view from the little bridge across the Affrico is very fine. To the left the hills are studded with peasants' houses and with villas, many of them interesting from association with men great in story or in art. Far away rises Vallombrosa—sombre in its clothing of pine-woods in summer, white with snow in winter—making a background for the pretty little village of Settignano and the hills of Pilli and L'Incontro. Tradition says the latter was the meeting-place of the gentle enthusiast St. Francis, who so loved animals that he spoke of the birds as "our sisters," and of

St. Dominick, the fanatic instigator of the horrible massacre of the unfortunate Albigense. In the plain lies the old villa Fontebuoni, now a school, where Benedetto Varchi wrote a great part of his *Storia Fiorentina*, and often entertained the beautiful courtezan Tullia d'Arragona, whose portrait at Brescia by Bonvicino justifies the passionate verses addressed to her by so many poets of that time.

Muzio wrote of those,

> " . . . . . occhi belli,
> Occhi leggiadri, occhi amorosi e cari,
> Piu che le stelle belli e piu che il sole."

G.W.R. MEDICINOS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

Ercole Bentivoglio indited sonnets to her "celestial brow"; Bernardo Tasso discussed the theme of love with her in the presence of Niccolo Grazia and Francesco Maria Molza at Venice, and called her "la mia signora." Alessandro Arrighi praised her wise conversation and most rare beauty, and the

> " . . bei costumi e 'l portamento adorno
> E col dolce cantare il dolce suono
> Che fan di marmo una persona viva."

Her mother, celebrated for her beauty, was from Ferrara her father was Cardinal Luigi d'Arragona, son of Errico, Marquis Gerace, natural son of Francis I. of Arragon, King of Naples, and of Diana Guardato. Tullia was born in Rome and educated in Siena and Florence, where she learnt music and developed a taste for literature. When she returned to the latter town as a woman of twenty-five, Filippo Strozzi was one of her many admirers. A long letter to him from Francesco Vettori deplores that his name should be mentioned as one of the six champions who defied the world "according to the rules of ancient and glorious knights" in honour of "the Lady whose equal or like never has been, and never will be in any future centuries." Strozzi evidently listened to his friend's remonstrances, for his name does not appear among the signatories of the curious document.*

Tullia hired a villa on the banks of the Mensola in order to be near "Patron mio caro," as she called Varchi, who, in spite of the "silvered hair" he talks so much about, succumbed to the charms of the beautiful woman. Even after love had cooled into platonic friendship he continued patiently to polish and sometimes re-write, in his elegant scholarly language, the sonnets and verses of Tullia who aspired to be a second Sappho.†

Her reputation as a poetess caused the Grand Duke Cosimo to

* Codex Rinnuccini.

† "Rime della Sigra. Tullia d'Arragona e diversi a Lei. Vinegia." 1547.

excuse her from wearing the yellow veil, odious sign of her profession. She sent a sonnet with her petition, the original of which is in the State archives of Florence with:

"Fasseli gratia per poetessa,"

in Cosimo's handwriting on the margin.

Poor Tullia died in March, 1556, in a small hostelry in the Trastevere at Rome, and was buried near the high altar of Sant' Agostino.*

Boccaccio may have seen the destruction of the stronghold of the Del Manzecca family, robber lords who harried the country round and levied toll on all who crossed the steep pass into the Mugello. In 1348 the Republic of Florence lost all patience and ordered Castel di Poggio to be stormed and dismantled. Some hundred years later it was bought by the Alessandri, who repaired the castle and restored some grotesque frescoes in the chapel, now nearly effaced.

Below Castel di Poggio, Vincigliata towers high among the pine-woods and the cypresses, a remarkable restoration of an old feudal castle. If one of the Visdomini, the ancient lords of Careggi (Campum regis), as the place was once called, could return, he would feel himself quite at home in Mr. Temple Leader's noble fortress.

The Usimbardi were the next owners of the castle and, of course, were at deadly feud with their neighbours of Castel di Poggio—thereby hangs a tale, a ghost story.

Giovanni Usimbardi, a friend of Dante, Cavalcanti, and other illustrious Florentines, had a daughter named Selvaggia, with whom the two sons of Del Manzecca fell in love. Simone, the eldest, asked her hand in marriage and was refused, so he stabbed her father, fortunately only wounding him. The second son, Uberto, met the maiden at Mass in the church of Sta. Maria di Vincigliata, and by his beauty and gracious presence won her heart. To cut a long story short, the life of Giovanni Usimbardi was twice saved in battle by an unknown knight, with a small knot of blue ribbon tied to the buckle of his breastplate. The second time the stranger was felled to the ground, and on his helmet being removed Usimbardi recognized Uberto Del Manzecca, the son of his hated neighbour. The long-standing feud was made up and the wedding-day was fixed.

As Selvaggia, in bridal array, stood at her casement watching the lithe figure on the good black horse which knew the road so well down from Castel di Poggio to Vincigliata, she saw three men dash out of the wood. One seized the horse's bridle, the

* See "Un' Etèra Romana." Dr. G. Biagi. Nuova Antologia. Aug., 1886.

second pulled his rider out of the saddle. Before the young knight could draw his sword the third plunged a dagger into his heart. The murderer was Simone, Uberto's elder brother.

The bridal bells tolled a death-knell, and Selvaggia sat with her lover's head in her lap until they took the body away for burial. She went raving mad and died sitting at her window looking at Castel di Poggio.

The peasants say her ghost haunted the ruins of the old castle —her long fair hair floating behind her, and her white satin dress stained with blood.

There is every probability that Sir John Hawkwood, while in the service of Pisa with his famous White Company, sacked Vincigliata, as we read that the new owners, the Alessandri, rebuilt it in 1368. Some years later Niccolo degli Alessandri brought his bride Agnoletta, daughter of Bettino Ricasoli of Broglio, to the castle, whence her granddaughter Ginevra rode down to Florence in great pomp to marry Giovanni de' Medici.

After the fall of the Republic the power of the Alessandri waned. In 1637 Messer Francesco, who cared for nothing but hunting, was living in a corner of the old castle with his young son and an old maiden aunt. A few years later the only inhabitants were the youth Giovan' Antonio and his page. In 1751 the entry into the church registry of Vincigliata runs: "No one lives in the ruined palace of the Signori Alessandri, but holy water is still sprinkled in the empty rooms when Easter comes round."*

Below Vincigliata, on an isolated hill jutting out into the valley of the Arno, between the streamlets Affrico and Mensola stands the square machicolated castle Poggio Gherardo, identified by students of Boccaccio with the "palagio" in which the joyous company of seven ladies and three youths took refuge when they fled from the plague of Florence in 1348.†

Tradition says "Palagio al Poggio," as the castle was anciently called, stood many a siege, and that when Sir John Hawkwood razed Vincigliata he destroyed the eastern *façade*, only partially rebuilt some two hundred years ago. It passed through several hands until in 1433 the Zati family sold it to Gherardo Gherardi. He changed the name from "Palagio al Poggio" to "Poggio Gherardo," and his descendants held the place for 456 years. It was bought by Mr. Ross in 1889.

One of the Gherardi, Ruberto, wrote in 1740 a long-winded but curious book, *La Villeggiatura di Majano*,‡ which has never been

* For a full account of Vincigliata see monographs by Baroni, Marcotti, and Leader Scott.

† See Baldelli, "Vita di G. Boccaccio," Moreni, Repetti, &c.

‡ MS. Gherardi, National Library, Florence.

published, describing the hills of Fiesole, Majano, and Settignano, the villas, and the families they belonged to. If for nothing else, his MS. is valuable as suggesting, or rather asserting, that Giovanni Boccaccio was born near the banks of the Mensola. Till now Paris and the Costa, near Sta. Felicita in Florence, have disputed the honour of giving birth to the great master of the Italian language. After a tedious account of various properties, Ruberto Gherardi mentions "a small villa near Corbignano, a townlet on the slope of the hill where rises the second branch of the torrent Mensola, and in the parish thereof. . . . . Descending but a few paces toward the plain we come to the villa and farm now owned by Sigr. Ottavio Ruggeri. This villa in the ancient times was bought by Boccaccio di Chellino, perhaps when he first abandoned his native town Certaldo for Florence, and here was born in 1313 our master Giovanni, whose birthplace has hitherto been sought for in vain. . . . . I am the more persuaded that our master Giovanni was born in this place from the fact that it lies about a mile from the valley of Ameto, under which name he speaks of himself in the *Commedia delle Ninfe Fiorentine*, and says that 'as a wandering lad Ameto often came to these woods to visit the fauns and the dryads who inhabited them; perhaps being descended from an ancient race of these hills, he was almost constrained thereto by an innate love, and remembering his origin, with pious memory came at times to do them honour.'"

With infinite patience old Gherardi identifies the different spots mentioned in *Ninfale Fiesolano*, *Ameto*, and the *Decamerone*. As before mentioned Poggio Gherardo is generally accepted as the place Boccaccio had in his mind when describing the "place on a small hill, equidistant on all sides from any road," to which the joyous company of seven ladies and three youths walked on Wednesday at break of day to escape from the plague then raging in Florence. At two short miles from the city they arrived at the foot of the hill. "On the summit was a 'palagio' with a pleasant and large courtyard in the centre, with arcades and halls and rooms, each one beautiful and well ornamented with jocund paintings, surrounded by fields and with marvellous gardens, possessing wells of freshest water and cellars full of precious wines more suited to curious topers than to sober and virtuous women."

Here Pampinea was crowned queen with an "honourable and beautiful garland of bays," and here she commanded Panfilo to begin the series of immortal tales known all the world over as the *Decamerone*. At the end of the first day Pampinea ceded the garland, emblem of royalty, to "the discreet maiden Filomena," and the joyous company then went slowly down to a stream (the Mensola) of clear water, which, from a height near by, flowed among

rocks and green herbage through a valley shaded by many trees. Here barefooted and with naked arms they descended into the water and disported themselves, until, the hour of supper being at hand, they returned to the palace and supped with great contentment.

The second day passed in like manner and Neifile was chosen queen. She commanded that there should be no story-telling on Friday or on Saturday, "apt to be tedious to most folk because of the viands eaten on those days."

It was done as the queen willed, and all looked forward with longing to Sunday. But she, thinking that having passed four days in the "palace on the hill" others might join them, roused the household at break of day and sent on the seneschal to prepare the new abode she had already chosen. "Then with slow steps the queen, accompanied and followed by her ladies and the three youths, and led by the song of maybe twenty nightingales and other birds, walked towards the west by an unfrequented lane full of green herbs and of flowers just opening to the rising sun. Gossiping, joking, and laughing with her companions, she led them, after proceeding some two thousand paces, to a beautiful and splendid palace, before the half of the third hour had passed." *

The unfrequented lane may yet be followed, fragrant with wild violets and narcissi, leading through cornfields bright with sweet-scented yellow tulips and scarlet anemones, from near Majano across the Affrico towards San Domenico. The hedges are tangled with eglantine and honeysuckle, and here and there an old oak recalls the forest that once existed. Nearly every villa and every village within sight is connected with some illustrious name. Settignano recalls the great sculptor and architect Desiderio da Settignano, and Michelangelo Buonarrotti who, put out to nurse at his father's farm near the village, afterwards told Vasari, "I drew the chisel and the mallet with which I carve statues in together with my nurse's milk." From Corbignano a family of sculptors emigrated to France, sons of Giusto Betti, known in French art-history as Les Justes of Tours. Those great artists Giuliano and Benedetto da Majano were born at Majano, and close at hand is the house which once was Macchiavelli's. Florentine Platonism may be said to have had its stronghold among these hills. The three brothers Benivieni lived at villa Querce,† only separated by a small valley from Marsilio Ficino. One was an able doctor; another, a canon of San Lorenzo, called "my *complatonico*," by

* One and a half hours after sunrise.

† Now de Montfort.

Ficino, had the courage to defend Savonarola. The third brother was a poet whose *Canzone dell' amore celeste e divino* was thought worthy of a commentary by Pico della Mirandola. Devoted friends, they are united even in death, for they lie in the same grave in the church of San Marco in Florence. The family of Valori owned much property about here, and the villa still exists* where the great platonist Marsilio Ficino was for so long the guest of Niccolo and Filippo Valori. Pico della Mirandola and Poliziano no doubt often came down from Fiesole to visit their friends, and in the ninth book of Ficino's letters (No. I.) he describes a walk on these hill's with "our Pico" and their conversation about a salubrious villa. The latter fixed upon a building hard by as fulfilling all his desires, when Ficino tells him that "it is said to have been built by that wise man Leonardo Aretino, while just beyond was the abode of Giovanni Boccaccio." Below, to the left, is the Salviatino, once belonging to Duke Salviati, whose good old wine is recorded in Redi's jocund poem "Bacco in Toscana."

"Where the hewn rocks of Fiesole impend
O'er Doccia's dell, and fig and olive blend.
There the twin streams of Affrico unite,
One dimly seen, the other out of sight,
But ever playing in his smoothen'd bed
Of polisht stone, and willing to be led
Where clustering vines protect him from the sun.
Here, by the lake, Boccaccio's fair brigade
Beguiled the hours, and tale for tale repaid."

Thus sang Walter Savage Landor, whose villa "Il Frusino"† stands just above the small plain where once was the lake of the Valley of the Ladies.

But we must return to the *Decamerone*. When the queen left the first "palagio" on Sunday morning at sunrise she led her companions "to a most beautiful and sumptuous palace raised somewhat above the plain on a small hill. Entering in and going all over it, and seeing the large halls, the cleanly and well-decorated rooms, fully stocked with everything pertaining unto rooms, they commended it highly and esteemed the owner to be rich and powerful. Then descending to see the vast and joyous courtyard of the palace, the cellars full of excellent wines, and the ice-cold water which welled up in large quantity, they praised it yet more."

The garden with wide walks covered by vine trellises and hedged in with white and red roses and jasmine, so that even when the sun was high there was scented and delightful shade, and the marvellous white marble fountain next called their attention.

* Villa Panattoni.
† Now belonging to Professor W. Fiske.

The overflow from the fountain, led in conduits about the garden, at last formed one stream and flowed down to the plain, where "with great force and no small gain to the owner it turned two mills."

The "sumptuous palace" with the beautiful gardens, which the seven ladies and three youths affirmed to be paradise on earth, has always been identified with Villa Palmieri.* Here it was at the close of the sixth day that the queen took off her crown of bays, and, laughing, placed it on the head of Dioneo saying, "It is time Dioneo that thou shouldst learn what an undertaking it is to rule and to guide women." And as though she wished to show how difficult that was, Eliza led off her six companions to a spot unknown to any—the Ladies' Valley. Here they found a small lake, and, having set their tire-women to watch that none should approach, took off their raiment and bathed. On returning to the palace they described the beauties of the valley, and the king ordered that next day the seneschal should prepare the midday repast by the lake, where the seventh day was passed in great pleasure, listening to the tales told by each member of the joyous company.

JANET ROSS.

* Belonging to the Dowager Countess of Crawford and Balcarres. See Manni, Moreni, Baldelli, &c.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

THE House of Commons has of late shown an alarming propensity for passing hasty Resolutions on matters affecting the foundations of the Government of India. By one such Resolution the House proposed to abolish the revenue derived from the Government monopoly in opium, and thus to plunge India into inevitable bankruptcy. Consequences scarcely less serious, though less immediate, would follow from the adoption of the Resolution brought forward by Mr. Paul last year for the establishment of simultaneous examinations for the Indian Civil Service in India and in England. It may not be inopportune, at the opening of a new Session, especially as there has been a change of chiefs at the India Office, to point out some facts that are generally ignored by the supporters of this movement. The writer of this paper is probably unknown to many of those who may read it. He wishes, therefore, to emphasize the fact that he is neither in the Civil Service nor in any way connected with the Government of India, but is the servant of a purely native body of trustees, and engaged in work one of the main objects of which is to fit Natives of the country to hold positions of trust and responsibility. He may at least claim that his arguments should not be set aside on the ground of an assumed bias, or on the score of want of sympathy with the peoples of India. Moreover, his profession gives him an opportunity, such as few Members of Parliament have enjoyed, of knowing intimately the class of young men who, under the proposed scheme, would become the future rulers of India.

The Indian Civil Service is an institution unlike anything existing in England, and an utterly misleading idea of its importance would be formed by comparing it with any of the Government services at home. The functions performed by the great offices of State, Parliament, the courts of justice, and municipalities, in England, are not more varied and scarcely more important than those discharged by the Indian Civil Service. It is a machine invented for the government of a great con-

tinent by a distant country, and consists of 800 or 900 Englishmen, of necessity chosen young in England, trained in India, and organized into a graded service, the members of which rise by seniority to certain important posts, such as Collectorships and District Judgeships, while the most distinguished are selected for higher offices. Its chief functions are to supply rulers for provinces, and heads of the departments of State, to make laws to administer justice, to collect the revenue, to preserve internal peace, and to superintend municipalities. Many other duties also, too numerous to be described, fall to its hands in a country like India, where the Government is paternal and the people have but little initiative. The number of civilians is extremely small compared with the population. For example, in the North-West Provinces and Oudh, with a population approaching fifty millions, there were, in December, 1886, after deducting 30 absent on leave, 144 civilians on duty. Of these between 30 and 40 were serving as Lieutenant-Governor, High Court Judges, Heads of Departments, Commissioners, Secretaries to Government, &c., 49 were Collectors, 22 District Judges, and the remainder were mostly young men in training for these offices. The chief business of the English civilian, so far as the collection of the revenue and the administration of justice are concerned, is supervision, for the bulk of the work is done by two subordinate services manned almost entirely by Natives, and known as the subordinate executive and judicial services. The members of these services have great power and are very well paid. The posts are highly coveted by Natives of all ranks, except the highest. In 1886 there were 2,588 persons in India in the higher grades of these services, of whom 2,449 were Natives, and of the remainder 104 were either Eurasians or Europeans domiciled in India. In the North-West Provinces alone there are about 500. Posts may be detached from the Civil Service and given to selected Natives chosen from the above-mentioned subordinate services or from the Bar. Hence the admission of Natives to the Civil Service is only one means of giving them high posts, and it would be possible that no Native should ever be admitted to the Civil Service and yet that a large part of the administration of the country now conducted by Englishmen should be entrusted to their hands.

In less enlightened times it was supposed that a country had the right to exact tribute from a conquered country. No such right is claimed by England with regard to India. The finances of England receive no contribution from India. With regard to the rights of Englishmen to posts in India, the loftiest principles of political ethics recognize a prior right in the natives of the soil. If, for example, there be two candidates for a given position,

one a Native of India and one an Englishman, and they be equally capable of doing the work, and no considerations of practical weight affecting the peace of the country or the happiness of the people favour the Englishman, I shall assume that the Native ought to be appointed. It must be remembered, however, that without the assistance of the British army the Natives could not enjoy with any security positions like those we offer them, or provide the country with its first requisite—a government; and further, that the government which England consents to support must be conducted on principles of which she approves. She can never allow her army to be used to bolster up a corrupt administration, to enforce laws she regards as unjust, or to allow class to tyrannize over class, Hindu over Mahomedan, landlord over tenant.

From the above remarks it may be concluded that, in common with all the higher ranks of the administration in India, I utterly repudiate any idea of England using India as a happy hunting-ground for her unemployed sons, as a source of revenue for needy Englishmen. This idea is frequently and most unjustly assumed in England to be the motive actuating Indian statesmen, such as the members of the India Council, in their opposition to unsound proposals, whose advice is thus deprived of its due weight.

Next to moral, certain political considerations favour the employment of Natives in high posts in India. An opening is thereby afforded to ambitious and talented men who might grow discontented and dangerous if shut out from all chance of displaying their abilities. Moreover, people like to see men of their own race occupying positions of high honour and dignity. It encourages a legitimate and honourable feeling of self-respect. It tends to produce content and loyalty in a subject population, and so far to strengthen the Government. But this principle must be applied with due regard to the feelings of the various sections of the population, otherwise an exactly opposite effect may be the result. To raise a Hindu does not flatter the pride of a Mahomedan, and *vice versâ*. The sentiments of a Sikh are not soothed by his being placed under the rule of a Bengali, nor those of a Rajput by his being subjected to a Bania. On the contrary, the fighting races would look on it as a dire insult to be obliged to pay their respects to bureaucrats belonging to races which they regard as far inferior to their own, and which, but for the protection of the British army, they would instantly reduce to subjection. A common Afghan said to an English official, "You are a lion; I am a lion: the rest are jackals," and similar remarks have constantly been made to me by these fierce and independent people, hundreds of thousands of whom are settled in India. In giving posts to natives of India, both wisdom and

justice demand that the greatest care should be taken to distribute them fairly among the different races, much greater care than has hitherto been exercised, and this can only be done by wise selection.

Finally, if natives of India hold positions of high trust, and discharge their duties with efficiency and integrity, it tends to lessen the foolish contempt felt by the baser kind of Englishman for all Asiatics, due often to his rarely meeting any but his social and intellectual inferiors.

We may now consider, on the other hand, the reasons for employing Englishmen in the Civil Service. Infinitely the most important consideration is the preservation and stability of the British Rule. Everyone will admit this who prefers order to anarchy, and peace to carnage. To maintain this the English must exert a controlling influence in the army, the legislature, the civil executive power, and the administration of justice. Without an army our Indian Empire would fall to pieces like a house of cards. In the recent Bombay riots 3,000 troops as well as cannon had to be poured into the city before the disturbance could be quelled. In the legislative councils we must keep a majority of votes. A Hindu majority would at once pass a law forbidding Mahomedans to kill cattle, thus depriving a population of sixty millions of one of their main articles of food, interfering with the rites of their religion, and driving them into rebellion. Could we use our bayonets and artillery in support of such an atrocious act of tyranny? The civil executive power we must exercise in order to collect the revenue; and we must be able to count on the judges supporting the executive, otherwise the authority of government would disappear.

It is clear then that there is a necessary minimum beyond which we cannot reduce the number of Englishmen employed in the Government service without danger to the safety of the Empire or the preservation of internal peace. Our duty to the peoples of India is not discharged by waving the Union Jack over the palace of the Viceroy. We have to give them a good administration and to protect their lives and property. And as there is not in the country a sufficient supply of capable administrators we are obliged to import English officials. The persons who agitate for simultaneous examinations invariably base their arguments on the interests of the individual Natives who aspire to the posts. They seem to forget that a civilian is a public servant, and that the interests of the public he serves are incomparably greater than those of the holder of the post. The extreme disproportion between these two interests may be realized by comparing the number of civilians with the number of people they govern. Throughout India there are, on the

average, more than a quarter of a million of people for every civilian. To take a concrete instance, there are in my own district of Aligarh about one million inhabitants. The civilians are a judge, a collector, and two young assistants in training for similar posts. Their aggregate income amounts to £3,000 or £4,000 per annum, a sum much less than that of any one of a dozen native landlords in the district. On the Collector rests the duty of preserving peace. Now, is it more important that one Native should enjoy his income, say £1,500 per annum, or that a million persons should pass their lives in peace and security? As one of the governed public I venture to think that we have a claim. Four years ago the Hindus of the town boycotted the Mahomedans because they killed their own cows, according to long established usage, in places authorized by the Government. A state of tension so severe arose between the two communities that there was imminent danger of bloodshed on a large scale. The English officials lived day and night in the city dealing with the leaders of both communities, and eventually the thing blew over with nothing more serious than a few street fights, and the removal of a portion of the nose of the Hindu lawyer who instigated the boycotting, by a Mahomedan who cut it off with a razor as he was leaving the court. But suppose that a weak man had been in charge, or one suspected of leanings towards one of the parties, it is only too probable that much blood would have been shed, and the criminal classes would have looted the bazaar and the houses of the residents before troops could have arrived to suppress the disturbance. Not long ago in Benares an infuriated mob, irritated because the waterworks interfered with a temple, got the upper hand of the police, wrecked Government offices, broke into the houses of wealthy Natives and tore the jewelry off their ladies. The existence of these criminal classes in India, ever ready to break out into dacoity and organized robbery, is in itself a sufficient reason for the maintenance of a strong executive.

There can be no doubt that an English Collector is better fitted, by reason of his nationality and the consequent assumption of his impartiality by the people at large, than a Native Collector even of equal ability would be, for preserving peace in districts where disputes are likely to occur between Hindus and Mahomedans, that is to say over the greater part of India. It was supposed that no town in India was more "advanced," and free from these internecine feuds, than Bombay, yet we know what has just happened there. In the North-West Provinces no district was believed to be quieter than Ballia, yet that district was last year the seat of disturbances more serious in their character, according to the opinion of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Charles Crosth-

waite, than any that have occurred in these provinces since 1857. It is safe to assume, therefore, that the great majority of the Collectorships ought to remain in English hands. Now, in the North-West Provinces, out of 144 civilians on duty, 49, or more than one-third, are Collectors, and of the others a large number are young men in training for these posts. Thus more than half the service consists of actual or embryonic collectors, and a considerable fraction of the remainder of still higher executive officers. These facts show that the number of Englishmen employed is not capable of much reduction.

In the above argument I have assumed the English and Native Collectors to be of equal administrative ability. But in the present state of Indian society and education such is but rarely likely to be the case. In the first place, in the martial races, to whom we must look for Native rulers, English education is in its merest infancy. Next, no one who has not lived in India can realize the difference between the training the English youth receives in England and that of the Indian youth in India. Schools and colleges in India are far inferior to English schools and universities, especially in their influence on character. Again, intellectual life of every description is as stagnant as a mill-pond in India compared with the rush and whirl of Europe, and social and home life suffer from the seclusion and ignorance of the women. The atmosphere is deadening, and is only being quickened by degrees by contact with the West. The East has been saturated for centuries with the traditions of despotism. Public spirit scarcely exists. The people have their characteristic virtues, self-denying attachment to the family being one of them, but the sense of public duty is weak, though gradually improving through English influence. The strength of the British Empire rests, I believe, on the sense of public duty that actuates Englishmen individually in India, as elsewhere. Many of them live in the jungles with no society, nothing to amuse them, and no one to look after them. Whatever their faults may be, they almost invariably do the work they are paid for. This simple and unromantic virtue is the guiding principle of their lives, and it is due to its operation that the Indian Government pays its way, and that its administration is so marvellously good. It is also to be observed that they don't take bribes. He who wishes to ascertain whether these virtues are as conspicuous a product of Oriental civilization may look into the administration of a Native state, or into the conduct of the police in British India, who are a scourge to the people. The result of these adverse circumstances is that competent Native administrators are as yet very rare, though here and there men of conspicuous ability tower up as giants among their

compatriots, like Sir Syed Ahmed, or the late Raja Sir Madhara Rao, or the first Sir Salar Jung. It must further be remembered that in spite of the fact of his being pictured as an incarnate devil by the Bengal Press, the Anglo-Indian is the channel by which the East is being impregnated with the fertilizing influence of Western civilization. To him the country owes its pure administration, its even-handed justice, its roads, its railways, canals, post-offices, schools, colleges, hospitals, drainage, newspapers, trade; in short, its advance in civilization. Before the Englishman can be dispensed with, without extreme loss to the country, time must be allowed for the working of the forces of education and progress which we are introducing into India, and political changes should take place gradually in correspondence with the slowly altering condition of the people, not hurry ahead of it and turn order into confusion.*

Let us turn now to the Resolution of the House of Commons. What would be the effect on the number of Englishmen in the Civil Service of holding examinations simultaneously in England and in India? One thing only can be predicted with certainty—namely, that it would be further reduced. A third way of admission for Natives into the Civil Service being thrown open, everyone who entered by it would so far decrease the English element. The competition for these posts would be tremendous. Collegiate education in India costs about one-tenth of what it does in England, and hundreds of students who cannot afford to spend even £10 a year obtain their degrees by scholarships. No longer deterred by the expense of a residence in England, almost all clever students throughout the continent would compete for the Civil Service. So much is certain. The difficulty is to determine how many would succeed. To begin with, they would be handicapped by the absence in India of coaching establishments like Mr. Wren's. There is no reason, however, why institutions of this sort should not be set up here under English management that would prove paying concerns; and even without these it is practically certain that many Natives, supplementing by private study their college education, or using the coaching-by-correspondence system

* It is to be observed that the schemes now in force will considerably lessen the number of English civilians, but to what extent we do not yet know, for we have had no experience to show the effect of raising the age for the competition in England to twenty-three. Until we have seen how many Natives enter the service under the new system, and have tested the ability of the Natives promoted under the present rules to Collectorships and District Judgeships, it would not be prudent to make any further advance. Lord Ripon's Government recommended that the total number of posts given to Natives of India by means of the open competition in England and the Statutory Civil Service combined should be limited to eighteen per cent., a number which may very possibly be exceeded under the present rules.

now existing in England, would be successful in the examination. Thus, unless Parliament is prepared to abolish the system as soon as it begins to fulfil its intended object, and thereby to create much disappointment and a profound conviction of English duplicity, we might expect the rapid disappearance of the English element from the administration. It is probable that many Members who voted for Mr. Paul's Resolution had never seriously faced this result, and were glad of a specious way of slurring over the whole difficulty. But if so, what are we to say of men who would shake the bases of an Empire, and endanger the happiness of millions of lives, without taking the trouble to acquaint themselves with the facts that are essential to understanding the problem ?

When we ask what method should be adopted for securing the best Natives to fill high posts in the administration, the glaring absurdity of the proposal becomes still more manifest. The answer given to this question by Mr. Paul's Resolution is that the only qualification necessary for a ruler in India is that he should have been able by the age of twenty-three to pass an examination—that is, that he should possess a certain amount of miscellaneous knowledge derived from books. Character, good or bad, strong or weak, is of no consequence. Public honesty and integrity require no test. Courage is immaterial, though he may be called on to face a dangerous riot. Finally, family and nationality are to count for nothing, and this in a country where pride of birth and race antipathies are violent in the extreme. Taking all things into account, it is difficult to imagine a more fatuous method of selecting rulers for India.

India is a country with a population about as large as Europe and of as many different nationalities, divided to a greater extent by blood, language, and religion. The people belong to Aryan, Semitic, Mongolian, Dravidian, and aboriginal races. Their languages spring from no common stock. All Europe, except Turkey, is Christian. In India extreme monotheism and extreme polytheism exist side by side, and in pretty nearly equal fighting strength, in spite of the numerical inferiority of the Mahomedans. There are also a few million Buddhists and Jains, two million Christians, and a handful of Zoroastrians or Parsees. English education has made very unequal progress among the various races of India, and the effect of a competitive system would be to give a gigantic preponderance to certain classes. We have ample means for determining what those classes would be. Out of twenty-five successful candidates in the open competitive examinations in England, fifteen were Bengalis, one was a Mahomedan, and not one belonged to the North-West Provinces, Oudh, the Punjab, Sind, or the Central Provinces. Out of every 100 graduates passed by

the five universities of India, five only are Mahomedans. The chivalrous Rajputs, the martial Sikhs, and the other fighting castes of Hindus probably cannot claim even two per cent. of the graduates. In Bombay and Madras the public service is almost monopolized by Brahmans. In the Madras Law College out of 512 students in the past year, 389 were Brahmans, 102 other Hindus, and only three Mahomedans. It is not necessary to dwell on the causes—the religious prejudices, social pride, different dates of annexation of the various provinces—that have retarded English education among the braver, more civilized, and prouder races of India. Facts have to be taken as they are. Nor can these proportions be changed in a day, and although some progress has already been effected, it seems hardly possible that the Mahomedans and other nobler races can attain the position they ought to hold in less than fifty years. Hence the result of a competitive examination in India would be to give the majority of the posts to Hindu Bengalis, and the remainder chiefly to Brahmans of Bombay and Madras. Out of twenty successful candidates one only would be a Mahomedan, and the proportion that fell to Rajputs and Sikhs would be even less. That this would, broadly speaking, be the result of the scheme is no matter of speculation: it is a certainty. And we have only to ask what would be the effect of handing over the administration of India to Bengali rulers, and in the second place of subjecting the Mahomedans to Hindu instead of British Rule.

The population of India may be divided into two classes, those who have and those who lack, courage and the power to fight. In Europe all nations belong to the former class, but there are in India whole nations and castes which, with occasional individual exceptions, are completely devoid of physical courage. Of these the Bengalis are the most conspicuous; among others are the Banias, or trading caste, in Northern India. The proofs of this are ample. About the year 1200 A.D. Bengal yielded without a blow to a handful of Mahomedan invaders, and from that day to the present the Hindus of Bengal have made no single effort to shake off the yoke of alien rule. There are no Bengali soldiers in the Indian army. Even in the police of Calcutta, the headquarters of that race, out of 2,000 men there are only 160 Bengalis. Their reputation for timidity is universal throughout the population of Upper India. They make no secret of it themselves. In a discussion held on Dec. 31, 1892, in the Senate of the Calcutta University, on a scheme for promoting physical training among the students, a Bengali titular Rajah ended a speech with the following words:—"We Bengalis are a peaceful, if you like, an effeminate race. Manliness, physical excellence, is not a thing we prize. God gave us

brains instead; we are content to use them, and leave the development of thew and sinew to others." Now, it is possible that, as a learned gentleman of this nation argued, the so-called virtue of courage is a relic of barbarous times, and not essential to the modern type of ideal manhood. But unfortunately India contains a number of powerful races holding shocking mediæval ideas on this subject, as the following anecdote will show. An Englishman was talking about the Bengalis to the son of the Indian Commander-in-chief of the army of a very powerful Hindu Prince. The old man was present, but took no part in the conversation, which was conducted in English. At last he broke in and said:—"I don't know what you're talking about, but I hear the word 'Bengali' frequently used. Now, I never could understand why the British Government made so much of the Bengali. It seems to me the British Raj is nothing but the glorification of the Bengali. Now, give me leave to say what I would do if the British army were withdrawn. I would take a couple of my regiments of cavalry—no: one regiment would be enough—and there wouldn't be a four-anna bit or a virgin left in the whole of Bengal."

It would of course be wrong to conclude that the Bengali is not a useful public servant in many ways. He makes a capital clerk. But among his virtues he has a fellow-feeling for men of his own race so active as to incapacitate him still further for the imperial position to which he aspires. This quality, when exhibited in the bestowal of patronage, does not conduce to his popularity in provinces outside Bengal. It was found inconvenient by the Cashmeris during the short interval when they rejoiced in the services of a Bengali Prime Minister. A few years ago in the office of the Accountant-General of the North-West Provinces there were 300 clerks, every man of whom was a Bengali. Cases have been known to me where Mahomedans have been obliged to give up posts on account of the obstacles thrown in their way by their Bengali superiors. One result of a Bengali Raj, backed up by British bayonets—without this, of course, it would not exist for ten minutes,—would be that thousands of respectable Hindu and Mahomedan families would find themselves deprived of their means of subsistence, and great discontent would be aroused against the Government. "If there be a Bengali Commissioner in Delhi," remarked a Mahomedan of the lower classes to a student of mine in the big mosque, "there'll be another mutiny." In a word, to place the North-West Provinces and the Punjab in the charge of Bengali rulers, to leave them the bestowal of patronage, to expect them to quell riots, would be grossly unjust to the peoples of these provinces, and certain to end in disaster.

We have now to consider the justice and expediency of subjecting

the Mahomedans to Hindu rule. The proportion of Mahomedans to the rest of the population in all India is as three to eleven, although, as all the aboriginal fetish worshippers, pariahs, nondescripts, and outcast tribes are called Hindus, the disproportion between Mahomedans and genuine Hindus is much smaller than would at first sight appear. Further, the respectable classes of the two from which Government servants can be chosen are about equal. And, finally, the fact that the Mahomedans ruled India for centuries proves sufficiently that as a political force they are certainly not inferior to the Hindus. Between the two communities there exists a natural antagonism based on historical causes, and on a profound difference in religion, customs, and manners. The influence of English education, so far from obliterating, is intensifying the ill-feeling between the communities. The Hindu of the new school, perhaps with the idea of revenging himself on the past oppressors of his people, is at present in the position of the aggressor. He is vigilant and pitiless in his efforts to ruin the Mahomedan. A few instances will suffice to illustrate this fact. Whenever a Mahomedan is given a high post a chorus of Hindu newspapers shout disapproval on some pretext or other. I was witness of a most malicious attempt made by certain English-speaking Hindu Fellows of a University to exclude Persian from the curriculum, so as to force Mahomedan students to take up the much more difficult Arabic language, in the hope that they might thereby fail in obtaining their degrees. The political proposals of the Hindu agitators would have the effect of tying the Mahomedan hand and foot, and placing him at the tender mercies of his antagonist. But the most remarkable and wide-spread attack made by the Hindu on the Mahomedan is the attempt of the anti-cow-killing league to rob him of his beef, and to stop an immemorial rite of his religion. That something more than a veneration for the sacred animal actuates the leaders of this popular movement may be inferred from the fact that in the recent disturbances in Ballia and Azamgarh the Hindus endeavoured to prevent the Mahomedans from purchasing and killing buffaloes and goats, both of which they themselves sacrifice, and the latter of which they also eat. A Mahomedan was robbed of a buffalo which he was about to kill for a wedding feast. The crops of Mahomedans who were supposed to have sacrificed cows were destroyed. Mahomedans were visited in their houses and knocked over the head unless they consented to sign a document promising never to kill cattle again. Eight or ten Mahomedans were murdered. In Bombay the riots had a similar origin. In Bareilly last year the Hindus boycotted the Mahomedans. In the disturbance in Aligarh the details of the

measures adopted by the Hindus clearly indicated the animus that dictated their proceedings. A large meeting of Hindus was held and a dozen or so resolutions were passed. The leading Hindus were required to sign a promise to abide by them, the ink with which they wrote having been diluted with holy water from the Ganges to give greater sacredness to the promise. These resolutions declared that no Hindu should buy any article from a Mahomedan, nor employ Mahomedan labourers, nor keep Mahomedans in his service, nor engage Musalman Nautch girls, nor bring any Mahomedan into an assembly of Hindus. The immediate effect of these resolutions was to reduce thousands of poor Mahomedans, milk and vegetable sellers, labourers, carpet makers, &c., to the verge of starvation. With such stringency were they enforced that the chief Hindu leader himself was fined fifty rupees for bringing the only respectable Mahomedan of Aligarh who had attended the sittings of the National Congress, to a public meeting addressed by a Hindu orator on politics. In the bestowal of public patronage, with rare exceptions, a Hindu will give all the posts at his disposal to Hindus. The Mahomedans employed in one of the public services came to me once with a petition to the Government that a Hindu who was at the head of their department might be transferred and an Englishman put in his place, as their claims to promotion were, they said, ignored. If all high posts be filled by Hindus, the Mahomedans will be ousted out of the Government service and find themselves ruined. These facts are so well known that intelligent Mahomedans throughout India are bitterly opposed to this plan of simultaneous examinations, but they have little opportunity of combating in England the interested denials of their true sentiments made by Bengali agitators, whose veracity has never been regarded as their most marked characteristic. It would be equally unjust to subject Hindus to Mahomedans; but at present that is not the danger.

There is yet another point of view from which the scheme of simultaneous examinations must be condemned as utterly unsound, and that is the fact that an examination does not test the administrative capacity of a student. It is conceivable that a plan might be invented by which the racial difficulties could be overcome, even in a system of competitive examination. For example, out of thirty vacancies, twenty might be allotted to Englishmen, and ten to Natives. The ten Natives might be distributed, with reference to the political weight of the various communities, as follows: four to Mahomedans, viz., three to Musalmans of the Punjab, North-West Provinces, and Bengal respectively, and one to the other provinces of India; five to Hindus, for example, one to the Sikhs, one to the Rajputs, one to the Madrassis, one to

the Mahrattas, and one to the Bengalis; and one every four years to the native Christians, Jains, Buddhists, and Parsees in succession. Even then the plan would be excessively bad, because in most cases the right persons would not be successful. In this century there has been in England a fanatical belief in examinations as tests for every kind of efficiency, against which a reaction is strongly declaring itself. In Indian education the system has been adopted on a gigantic scale, and the result, according to most people capable of forming a judgment, has been most prejudicial. It has stifled ideals of true scholarship, and led to the complete neglect of moral and physical education. I do not believe in the competitive system as the best means of selecting English civilians. But however one may criticize it, for Englishmen, it works fairly well, because the average Englishman has both courage and integrity, and as a matter of fact, the expense of education practically restricts the competition to persons of a certain social position. In India none of these things are true, and the type of man who stands highest in the competitive examinations held by the universities is generally not fit to be an executive officer. I will speak of the Mahomedans alone, with whom I am best acquainted. Very frequently the man who is first in his class, or takes the best degree, is a nerveless creature incapable of commanding any influence among his fellow-students. I would not even appoint persons to junior masterships in the school attached to my institution according to their success in the university examinations. Further, a certain social status is necessary in India in an executive officer, both for efficiency and popularity. The people of India no more like to see a person of obscure origin placed to rule over them than an English gentleman likes his daughter to marry his footman. Democrats at home may regret in both instances that such is the case, but facts have to be taken as they are, not as one would wish them to be. Great disgust was expressed to me at the son of a scullion being admitted by the test of a competitive examination to one of the highest posts reserved for Natives in the Punjab. It is generally believed that men belonging to good families are more likely to be honest, and less apt to assume airs of offensive official superiority. In the event of a riot, we have to look to such men to help to keep the people quiet; the educated nobodies whom we may have raised are blown away as straws before the storm. The colleges contain many students who would not count as gentlemen in England any more than they do in India; and the result of placing them in positions of high trust would be to weaken the administration and render it unpopular.

The admission of Natives to high posts should be conducted

so carefully and so wisely as to make their advance sure and steady, and leave no room for cavillers to complain of the degeneracy of the administration. No better method could be adopted than the one suggested by the Public Service Commission, namely, to advance picked members of the subordinate services of proved merit and ability to higher positions.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

Under this system no outrageous failures are likely to occur, as is bound to be the case sometimes when untried young men are put into a service in which they rise by seniority alone to positions of great trust. It, moreover, opens a career to all people of real ability who enter the service in the lower ranks. It raises the status of these services; and finally it enables the Government to distribute the posts fairly among the different races. What we have to do now is to watch the effects of the introduction of this system, and to compare the efficiency of the men chosen under it for high positions with that of the Native civilians admitted by the open competitive examination in England. I think it highly probable that experience may then point to an extension of the former system as the best method of securing good Native administrators, and possibly to the abolition of the latter.

There are other departments in which the experiment of employing Natives on a larger scale might be tried without undergoing the tremendous risks that would be involved in letting the keys of the situation slip out of English hands. In the Civil Administration there are the following branches: Accounts, Archæology, Customs, Education, Forests, Geological Survey, Jails, Mints, Opium, Pilot Service, Post Office, Police, Public Works, Registration, Salt, Survey, and Telegraphs. The fact that several of these professions demand men of special training, such as we may look for in vain in India, brings painfully home to us the backward state of the civilization of the country. A country that cannot produce men skilled in any profession except the law is a long way from any ideal of self-government. I would suggest to the honourable Members of the House of Commons that they should test their theory of competitive examinations by filling the posts in the Pilot Service by this method. The salaries attached to them are remarkably good on account of the difficulty of navigating the Hooghly. And if a few ships were lost the sacrifice of life and property would be nothing compared with that of giving over an Indian province to anarchy and rapine.

There is one department from the higher offices of which Natives are, I think, very wrongly excluded; I mean the army. I look on this exclusion as most impolitic. On such a subject I must, of course, speak with great diffidence, but I believe that several high military authorities agree with me. The strength of the Empire

rests mainly on the loyalty of the fighting portion of the population. While we are continually carrying out measures to raise the position of classes like the Bengali, whom we found in abject servitude, the warlike races, more proud and less adaptable to altered circumstances, have unfortunately suffered in wealth and position from our rule. Their glory and pride consisted in the army, and their old families thought it the only profession suited to their sons. They feel it a grievance that this career of distinction is shut to them. The more liberal behaviour of Russia in this respect tells against us in our native army. The name of the Mahomedan General, Alikhanof, is well known in India. Some risk of course would be incurred, but in India we cannot escape risks; we can only minimize them. And from the point of view of justice, the men who shed their blood for us in our battles have a better title to our regard than the agitators whose gratitude for what we have done for them is exhibited by their incessant attacks on us in their Press and in their speeches, and whose chief claims for further favours are based on their tall talk about their aspirations.

And this leads me to considerations of policy more fundamental than any we have yet discussed. How are political changes to be effected in India? Of late years it has been growing more and more apparent that the method is to be by making concessions to agitation. Parliament is mainly, though not wholly, responsible for this. Now, to what will this principle of rule ultimately lead us? I fear to one of two things: either a civil war between Hindus and Mahomedans or a wide-spread mutiny against the Government. There is a radical difference between popular agitation in a democracy and in a country under foreign bureaucratic rule. Under a parliamentary government it is the healthy action of the popular mind; it is a way that the ruler, *i.e.*, the people, has of expressing his opinion. When it attains to a certain strength the agitators become the government, and the agitation peacefully subsides. In a country like India, under foreign rule, the reverse is the case. An agitation is almost of necessity against the Government; that is, not as in England the Government of the day, which can be replaced by another formed by the agitators, but against the very basis of the State. The discontent it stirs up is appeased in no natural way, but passes easily into sedition. The Indian Government ought not to, and cannot, divest itself of the responsibility of ruling, and call on the agitators to take charge of the civil and military power. Nothing would more utterly nonplus the latter than any such proposal. Now, during the last decade agitation in India has grown by leaps and bounds. From the Bengali Press in Calcutta issues a con-

tinuous putrid stream of misrepresentation of the motives of government, malicious attacks on the English, and slanderous falsehood about officials, which percolates to every part of India and saps the loyalty of the English-knowing Hindus. The agitation centres itself around two bodies, the National Congress and the Cow Protection Society. The former, though loyal in the front it shows to the public in England, is directed against the Government, and, by the innumerable meetings it gives rise to, and the literature it circulates, is saturating the people with the belief in the injustice of their rulers. The latter is directed chiefly against the Musalman, and, appealing directly to the religious prejudices of the people, has come to a head much quicker. Its mode of operation is no longer confined to writing and talking, but has turned to boycotting and violence. Its organization is remarkable. In the Ballia and Azamgarh disturbances thirty-five riots took place in different villages on the same day, with mobs of from 500 to 5,000 Hindus who had marched from long distances, and had severally received directions as to which Mahomedan village each band was to make for and attack. A fixed contribution of flour had been raised daily for some time, under religious threats, from every Hindu household, however poor, to supply the expenses of the campaign. These symptoms showed that the disturbance was of a more serious character (although, thanks to the energy of the police, the loss of life was much less) than the Bombay riots, due to a similar cause, in which more than 80 were killed, 600 wounded, and 1,500 sent to prison. Had the proposal for the repeal of the Arms Act, which the National Congress in its inscrutable wisdom has urged so persistently, been adopted, the slaughter would probably have been tenfold. These examples are sufficient to show the inevitable goal towards which unrestricted popular agitation leads in India. Now, every concession to agitation gives a spur to fresh agitation, and several striking concessions have recently been made, chief among them being the introduction of the elective principle into the Legislative Councils. The vote of the House of Commons on the simultaneous examinations has also given a great stimulus to agitation. Up to the present, however, large classes have kept quiet, among these being the Mahomedans. They undertook one movement against the principle of election in the Legislative Councils proposed by the National Congress. This naturally threw them on the side of the Government, and did a great deal to spread friendly sentiments towards the English throughout the Musalman population. But what has been the result? As they could not shout so loud as the other side, for want of enough men among them who knew the English language, their interests have been completely overlooked,

the elective principle has been introduced, and the elections have been arranged in a manner that makes it impossible for them to have any representatives. Thus an agitation which originally put them on the side of the Government has left them disappointed; and they are forced to learn the disagreeable lesson that sedition pays better than loyalty. Further, the wisest of the Mahomedan leaders recognize the extreme danger of directing the minds of their people towards political agitation, on account of the risk of its exciting sedition, and ultimately bringing on them the terrible calamities of the Mutiny. The Musalman is hot-headed and brave, and the slumbering elements of fanaticism might awaken to the cry of *Jihad*, or crusade against the infidel. Hence the political leaders of the Mahomedans are between Scylla and Charybdis. If they don't make a turmoil the Members of the House of Commons won't believe they dislike the proposed scheme, and they may find their interests suffer grievously. If on the other hand, they excite popular agitation they may hurry their people towards the British bayonets.

Does it never occur to English "friends of India" that the opinions represented by Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, Mr. Bonnerjee, and the members of the Indian National Congress may be the opinions of a class? In India not one man in a thousand knows English, and yet the only Indians whom the Englishman at home can talk to are members of this infinitesimal minority. In Bengal itself the most widely-read vernacular paper, the *Bangobasi*, is bitterly opposed to the class of English-educated Bengalis and to this scheme of simultaneous examinations. The great masses of the people, the old historic families, the martial races, lie quite outside this class of English-speaking Hindus. As a class these pursue the interests of their class, and invariably advocate schemes which would give them the monopoly of Government posts and of political power. I do not blame them for this, so long as they tell no lies as to the extent of the interests they represent. Every man has a right to fight for his own interests or those of his nation or caste. But one cannot but lament the simplicity and perversity of politicians in England who ignore this tendency of human nature; accept as divine guidance the proposals of a body of agitators who have had no political training and have no sense of responsibility for the government of the country; and treat every Anglo-Indian who holds opposite views as the victim of unreasoning prejudice or hatred of the Natives.

Dislike of the Natives does exist in some Anglo-Indians. The extent to which it exists is much exaggerated: it is not always the result of prejudice, nevertheless it is an evil. I think it deeply to be regretted that there is not more social intercourse between

Englishmen and Natives, and that they are not more often bound together by ties of personal friendship. But the higher you go in the services, the less you find of this want of sympathy. I have never met the Ruler of a province who could be said to be prejudiced against the natives of India as such. Nor, as a rule, are the high officials who form the Imperial and Local Governments. Parliament could not go far wrong if it left the settlement of all Indian questions to the Government of India, assisted by the matured experience of the India Council. Let it, if it like, affirm from time to time the broad principles of liberality and justice which are the guiding features of our rule, but let it not think itself competent to dictate to the Government of India how those principles are to be carried into effect. Have Members of Parliament the ignorant conceit to suppose, that listening to a night's discussion fits them to vote on subjects demanding years of study in India itself? Do they suppose that they are the only friends of the peoples of India? Are not people whose whole active life is one effort to raise their condition, who love them individually, who have spent years in a tropical climate in intimate intercourse with them, at least entitled not to have their views set aside on the score of race prejudice and bias? Is it too much to hope that the House of Commons will have the common prudence to confine itself to questions which it understands, and take the opinion of experts on those it does not? If not, there is only too much reason to fear that this magnificent Empire, which has been erected by the genius and integrity of Englishmen, which outrivals every other national achievement in the world in the happiness it has brought to hundreds of millions, will come to an untimely end long before its great civilizing task has been accomplished, and future history will trace this catastrophe to the impossibility of inducing a body of legislators to abstain from interfering in questions about which their ignorance rendered them incapable of forming sensible conclusions.

THEODORE BECK.

ILLUSION.

My little dog, who loves not solitude,
When living friends forsake him, sits and waits
By the tall clock that throbs and palpitates,
Whereof the face bears some similitude
To human face, in kind complacent mood.
There waits he patiently; the clock vibrates,
A sympathetic tremor thrills the weights,
It strikes! He feels consoled and understood.
So, and by some such mere automaton
Have I, in lonely moments, been deceived
With hollow outward show and false pretence;
The human-seeming heart went ticking on,
A voice came forth, and I in truth believed
A clock-work thing possess'd both soul and sense.

Violet Fane.

LORD WOLSELEY'S "MARLBOROUGH."

LORD WOLSELEY'S long-promised *Life of Marlborough* is at last in our hands, and will be widely read and discussed. The biography of one great soldier written by another is a literary event which appeals to our imagination, and we cannot help feeling that in such a case praise and criticism come with the additional weight of insight and experience. That this book is not the work of a trained writer and historian does not, to our mind, detract from its value, and indeed it may be considered an open question whether it is better to have such a subject treated by an expert or by a scholar.

Lord Wolseley disarms criticism by telling us in his preface that the two volumes before us have been written in the odd moments of an exceptionally busy life, abroad, in camp, and on board ship, far from the tranquil atmosphere of a library. That his book should have been written at all in such conditions is most creditable to his energy and enthusiasm, and any slight defects of style or method are more than atoned for by the great interest of the matter, and by the glimpses we get of the writer's own personality. A vast amount of material, gathered from many sources, has been worked through with astonishing industry, places have been visited and events connected with them studied on the spot, public libraries have been ransacked, and many unpublished records and private papers, among others Mr. Alfred Morrison's valuable collection, and the Blenheim, Spencer House, and Buccleugh Family Papers have been laid under contribution.

A great Frenchman wrote of painting as "*l'Art des Sacrifices*," and the expression might with equal truth be applied to biography, where one vivid and sympathetic page is worth a whole chapter of mere detail In a book like the one before us it is no easy matter to make sacrifices without omissions, to fill in the background without detracting from the value of the principal figure, and we venture to say that Lord Wolseley has triumphed over the difficulty, and presented to us a well-balanced picture of John Churchill and his surroundings.

Coxe's *Life of Marlborough* is now somewhat out of date, Alison's indigestible volumes occupy a dusty eminence on the top shelf, Mr. Saintsbury's brief but useful biography in the series of *English*

Worthies does not attempt to deal exhaustively with the subject, and the memory of one of our greatest soldiers and statesmen has been waiting for many a year to be cleared from the slanders of Swift and the abuse which flowed from Macaulay's exuberant pen. "Infamous," "guilty," "dishonourable," "villainous," are a few of the more measured terms which the latter thought fit to apply to Marlborough, forgetting how rarely we may use such epithets with justice towards our own contemporaries, how infinitely more tender and deliberate it becomes us to be in our judgment of those whose education, temptations, and moral standpoint are widely different and remote from our own. In the masterly summary in the concluding chapter of the second volume Lord Wolseley says: "Although the memory of this great man has long been branded as infamous, no one hitherto has sifted the evidence upon which his enemies denounced him. Each succeeding historian has been content to follow Marlborough's story as it was originally told for political purposes by the unscrupulous Swift. . . . . In these volumes I have striven to make known every fact that could tell for or against his character and reputation; nothing has been kept back, nothing extenuated."

The book opens with a description of the Devonshire home where Marlborough was born in the summer of 1650, a place of fertile orchards, green pastures, and still waters,—almost too pastoral a cradle for so martial a spirit. Little is known with certainty about his early life; the few authentic details which are recorded have been laboriously collected and verified, but they give no indications of the remarkable career which was to follow; indeed, until he reached the age of seventeen, there is nothing upon which it is necessary to dwell.

At the request of his father, Sir Winston Churchill, the Duke of York took the boy as page into his household, where his sister Arabella was already established as maid of honour to the Duchess, a position which, in accordance with the easy customs of the time, she combined with that of mistress to the Duke. In 1667 he became an ensign in the Foot Guards, was quickly promoted to be a page of honour to Charles II., and shortly afterwards gained his first military experience in an expedition to Tangier. This early good fortune seems to have come to him mainly through his sister Arabella's *liaison* with the Duke of York. "How many leaders," writes the most successful soldier of the day, "have owed their first opportunity to some trivial occurrence, or some fortunate connection with those in power! Some hold to the pleasant belief that the golden moment of opportunity must come sooner or later in life to each one. Be this as it may—and it is a debatable theory which finds little acceptance with the unsuccessful,—it is

among the first qualities of the man of genius to recognize his chance before it is too late." Marlborough seems to have been a trifle reckless in recognizing his chances, for, soon after his return from Tangier, he had an intrigue with the King's mistress, the elderly but fascinating Duchess of Cleveland, with the result that he was for a time banished from Court. It has been stated, but on questionable authority, that the Duchess gave him no less a sum than £4,500, with which he prudently purchased an annuity. There are cases in which thrift is less to be commended than prodigality, and a secure annual income derived from such a source is painfully suggestive of the practical rather than of the romantic. A love of money, amounting almost to avarice, was one of Churchill's failings,—then as now a peculiarly unpopular one. That he should not have been still further involved in the immoralities which complicated the Court life and the politics of the Restoration period, is greatly to his credit, and his comparative purity of life is the point to mark rather than this brief and possibly reluctant lapse from the narrow path. James II., with whom Marlborough spent most of his early life, was a man of low morals, and had not even the taste to select his mistresses with discrimination; indeed, it was currently reported that they were prescribed for him by his confessors as a penance for his sins, and one of them, Catherine Sedley, wrote of herself, of Lady Bellasis, and of Arabella Churchill, "I know not for what he chose us; we were none of us handsome, and if any of us had wit, he was too dull to find it out." The whole atmosphere of the Court was profligate in the extreme, and a brief quotation from a letter of Courtens to his friend, the French Minister, Louvois, in which he describes a fashionable dancing and *ombre* party, may perhaps be quoted without offence, for its artless revelation of prevailing manners. "There is nothing so dainty," he writes, "as the Englishwoman's chaussure; they fit them with great nicety, their skirts are short, and their silk stockings very clean and tidy . . . . Green stockings are most in vogue now, with black velvet garters fastened above the knee with diamond buckles. Where there is no silk stocking, the skin is very white and satiny." Are the confidential despatches of the present day, we should like to know, ever written in this pleasant vein?

But Churchill was not destined to remain for long a mere courtier. In 1672 he went out to Holland with an English contingent under the Duke of Monmouth, to join the French Army commanded by Turenne. During the summer campaigns of the ensuing five years he frequently distinguished himself, and rose rapidly in his profession, receiving from Louis XIV. public thanks, and the appointment of Colonel of the English Regiment. "The

French have well said that Marlborough learnt from a French general how to destroy French armies. It was Turenne's pupil who inflicted upon France those crushing defeats from which she never recovered until the transcendent genius of Bonaparte brought back victory to her standards."

It was Churchill's habit at the conclusion of each year's campaign to return to England, and resume his duties in the household of the Duke of York. During one of those annual visits, probably in the winter of 1675-76, he met Sarah Jennings in the drawing-room of St. James's Palace, and danced with her, she being in her sixteenth year and he twenty-five. It was a case of love at first sight on both sides, and, in spite of some opposition on the part of both families, and a not unruffled courtship, they were married in the winter of 1677-78. From the time of Churchill's marriage with Sarah Jennings onwards, he might have qualified for St. Paul's model bishop, and his life-long devotion to his wife is an interesting, if somewhat surprising trait in his character. She was one of those women who exact much from their lovers and give little in return. If in the many delightful letters to her, now for the first time published, Marlborough's ardent and endearing expressions seem occasionally to have about them the fatal suspicion of habit, and of a tribute rigorously exacted, still their chivalrous and deferential tone might well serve as a model to those who, amid the stress of life and the trials of enforced companionship, have come to forget the love of their youth. It has been said with truth that Sarah's influence, both on her husband's career and on the political intrigues of the time, has been greatly overrated. Her politics, like those of most of her sex, were mainly personal, and a more moderate and tactful woman could undoubtedly have used the opportunities which she enjoyed to far greater advantage. But Marlborough certainly owed his first great command to his wife's influence with Anne, and in spite of her dictatorial ways and termagant temper, he never ceased to love her with the devotion of a cold and strong nature, which yields its best once and for ever. The stories of her violent temper are numerous; we read of her cutting off her hair in a fit of rage to vex her husband. Long years after when Marlborough was dead, she found her long bright tresses in his cabinet of treasures, and shed bitter tears at the sight.

During the remaining years of Charles II.'s reign, Churchill was in close attendance upon the Duke of York, both in England and at Brussels, and was employed by him in several important diplomatic missions, and, soon after the accession of James in 1685, he was raised to the rank of an English peer, and took his seat in the House of Lords as Baron Churchill of Sandridge.

MEDICAL SCIENCES INSTITUTION

About the same time he was made Governor of the Hudson Bay Trading Company, and acquired in that capacity much useful practical experience. "Those who are accustomed to the practice of war fully understand that no one can conduct a campaign or administer an army successfully who is not a thoroughly good man of business. In my opinion Mr. Whiteley would make a better chief of the staff than many a general, who, though his head may be stuffed with Jomini's theories, has little aptitude or capacity for business." This, coming from so distinguished a commander as Lord Wolseley, is a most interesting admission, and one which is more likely to commend itself to the British taxpayer than to the alumni of the Staff College.

In his recital of the romantic story of Monmouth's rebellion and in his description, full of interesting military detail, of the Battle of Sedgemoor, Lord Wolseley is at his best. The vicissitudes of those twelve days of marches, counter marches, and insignificant skirmishes preceding the fatal night in which Monmouth's ill-armed mob found itself at last face to face with the royal army, have been brought vividly before us in Macaulay's pages, but the artist in words looks at things from a different standpoint from that of the man of action, and only a soldier experienced in the actualities of war could have given us so lucid an account of this momentous battle. Lord Wolseley's comments on the way in which Marlborough acquitted himself at the decisive moment are interesting and instructive. Feversham, who was in command of the royal army, was comfortably in bed at the critical moment. Not so Churchill, who, ever since Feversham had joined hands with him, had striven by his own vigilance and energy to neutralize the commander-in-chief's military incapacity and want of forethought. We do not propose to follow Lord Wolseley through the details of the battle, interesting as they are, but we may, in passing, draw attention to the imaginative faculty in Churchill, one of the rarest and most indispensable to the ideal general. "To realize what is going on beyond a range of hills, or any other natural barrier to human vision and out of the reach of reconnoitring parties," says Lord Wolseley, "is one of the problems which perpetually confronts the military commander. Marlborough seems to have been specially gifted with this instinct; from a close study of the possible, he was able to foresee the probable, and from a knowledge of his opponent's character, ability, and way of looking at things, to determine with almost prophetic accuracy the general course of events. The appalling fearful hum of alarm, the first symptom of panic amongst troops at night, once heard can never be forgotten; it haunts you always. It is the crisis of an instant, and the manner in which it is dealt with is a high test of the

leader's nerve and force of character" (page 189). Rivers have often played an important part in the affairs of nations, but never, except at Sedgemoor, has the course of history been turned by an insignificant ditch like the Bussex Rhine. But for this unexpected obstacle which arrested the rebel forces at the supreme moment of attack the battle would assuredly have had another issue, and the Duke of Monmouth might have taken the place which William of Orange was shortly to fill. But Monmouth was not made of the stuff to lead a forlorn hope to victory, or to guide the destinies of a nation. Further bitter experiences were needed before England made up her mind to dethrone "James, by the grace of God," and to welcome the Dutchman.

A knowledge of the measures adopted by James to deprive Englishmen of their liberties and to destroy the Protestant faith to which they were devoted, is essential to a clear understanding of Marlborough's attitude at the turning point of his life, when he was driven, sorely against his own inclination and interests, to desert his master and to throw himself into the Revolution. The English coronation ceremony has always had much of the character of a solemn contract between sovereign and subjects, and if, by deserting James, Marlborough proved himself a traitor, at least he was not the greater of the two, and, like Talleyrand, only became a conspirator when he had the majority of his countrymen for accomplices. When William was crowned in 1688, Sergeant Maynard, a man of ninety years old, came to make his bow to his new Sovereign. "You must have outlived all the lawyers of your time," said the King. "I should have outlived the law itself if your Highness had not come over," was the ready answer.

Marlborough's desertion of James is one of the incidents in his career of which his enemies have made the most. It has been represented as the desertion of a soldier in the face of the enemy, and viewed in this light it is easy to make out a crushing case against him. But Marlborough was something more than a soldier. He practically held the balance between William and James, and his action at this supreme crisis was to decide whether England should endure, perhaps for ever, the tyranny of absolute king and pope, or recover her birthright of freedom and religious toleration. In his position, Marlborough could not afford to be scrupulous in his methods, since an open adhesion to William's cause, such as our modern standard of honour would demand, could not have failed to defeat his purpose. The case was one in which the end may be held to have justified the means. When Charles V. died, it is said that the Accusing Angel demanded his soul in expiation of his countless cruelties and needless crimes. But the Judge of all the Earth exonerated him on the ground that he had been sent into

the world at a peculiar time, for a special purpose, and was not to be judged by ordinary rules. Titian's famous picture of the great Emperor awaiting judgment, has familiarized us with the legend, but Marlborough has hitherto had no artist in painting or rhetoric to plead for him. If on this subject of his justification his biographer lingers with a loving insistence which to a hostile critic might appear excessive, we must remember that, as a soldier, Lord Wolseley is not disposed to make light of the gravest of military crimes, and his verdict is consequently the more conclusive.

The passing of the First Annual Mutiny Act, brought about by the insubordination of Schomberg's regiment soon after the accession of William and Mary, is interesting from the military point of view. "Military discipline cannot be maintained," writes our author "by the milder laws which suffice to hold ordinary society together. The soldiers of an army, all of about the same age, and full of youth's passions, suffer from the disadvantage of being brought but little into contact with the softening influences of the old in civil life. Cut off from the moral example and healthy restraints of home, they are apt to become restive and more difficult to manage than their fellows, living quietly amidst natural and domestic conditions. On active service, where their path lies daily along the borderland between life and death, the frequent struggle with man's final enemy engenders a contempt for his terrors which is often accompanied by recklessness and violence, and a code of special and stringent laws is required for the government of soldiers if they are to live even in time of peace in the midst of a civil community without being a terror to it."

Quitting the safe and familiar subject of Mr. Atkins, Lord Wolseley, while admitting that it is dangerous for a soldier to discuss Naval matters, proceeds somewhat rashly to do so. So long as he confines himself to criticism of military affairs, his opinion must command the highest respect, but his views upon Naval matters, in which we include the burning question of invasion, will certainly provoke much criticism. The subject is one of such vital interest to all Englishmen, that little apology is needed for dwelling upon it at some length. We find, for instance, in his version of the Battle of Beachy Head, a warning of the danger of invasion, while the conduct of Lord Torrington, who commanded the allied fleet, is denounced in severe, if not unjust, terms. "No man, it would seem," says Lord Wolseley, "was ever sent to the Tower more deservedly than the vain, indolent, and scheming Torrington." "Few, indeed," says another authority, "of our great Naval heroes deserve to stand higher in the esteem of their countrymen than Arthur Herbert, Earl of Torrington." Here is a sharp conflict of opinion, and the importance of coming to a

just conclusion lies in this, that the point at issue is not merely the reputation of an individual but a vital principle of national policy. Few battles are so full of instruction to soldiers and sailors, and, we would add, to statesmen also, as the Battle of Beachy Head. The circumstances were briefly as follows: William with the bulk of his army was in Ireland; England was denuded of troops; Louis XIV., at the instigation of James, had collected an army at St. Omer, in readiness to cross the Channel. Nothing stood between us and invasion but the Channel fleet, inferior in numbers to the French fleet under Tourville, and composed partly of English and partly of Dutch ships. The aim of the French Admiral was to engage Torrington, and after defeating the allied fleet to turn against Sir Cloudesley Shovel's squadron, which was guarding William's communications in the Irish Channel, and thereby to prevent William's return. Never were the conditions so favourable to the invader; now, if ever, was the dream of centuries to be fulfilled. Torrington was keenly alive to his own inferiority, and aware that he could not hope to fight Tourville with any prospect of success, but he knew that "an admiral who commands an undefeated fleet, even though it is inferior to his immediate adversary, can always frustrate a serious territorial attack on the country he serves, so long as he can avoid decisive engagement." * His plan was to manœuvre, and not to fight. If the French pursued him to the eastward, he would retreat, following them back should they attempt to return and cover the landing of the French army. If they moved to the west he would follow and ultimately join Sir Cloudesley Shovel. In no case, as he well knew, could invasion be attempted so long as he could keep the sea. But he was over-ruled by the Ministers in London, who, in the name of the Queen, sent him positive orders to fight. "You will be strong enough," they said, "for the French." The despatches still exist, and Lord Torrington's pathetic but spirited assurance "I know my business and will do the best with what I have" is no less memorable than Nelson's last signal.

The battle, as we all know, ended in the defeat of the Allies, but Torrington, while obeying his orders, managed in such a way as to save the bulk of his fleet, and pursued by the French, sought refuge in the Thames. *He* at least grasped the situation. "Most men," he says, "were in fear that the French would invade, but I was always of another opinion; for I always said that while we have a fleet in being, they would not dare to make an attempt." This is the great principle and it holds good for all time. To quote again from the writer in *The Quarterly Review*: "Although the position in which Torrington found himself was one which no patriotic

* *Quarterly Review*, October, 1893.

Englishman could ever regard without indignation and alarm, it appears to us to be indisputable that his strategy, as masterly in its conception as it was splendidly steadfast in its execution, was the only means whereby his country could be rescued from the perils which environed it."

In common with many landsmen, our biographer is haunted by the Bogey of Invasion. Now, invasion is primarily and essentially a Naval question, and the instances which he adduces in support of his views are singularly unfortunate, since in no case did the dreaded invader accomplish what, theoretically, he ought to have done. Lord Wolseley is apt to dwell on the uncertainties of wind and weather, and upon the peculiar risks to which complicated vessels of war are necessarily subject; but his observations surely apply equally to both sides; and we have no more right to assume, as is often done, the sudden and complete extinction of the British Navy, than we have to anticipate such a misfortune to our Army as befell that of Sennacherib before the walls of Jerusalem. We are repeatedly told in these pages what might and what ought to have happened on occasions when invasion appeared easy and imminent, and some choice excerpts of a stimulating nature might be made for the special encouragement of the Volunteer forces; but the broad fact remains that no successful invasion of England has taken place in modern times. The improbability of invasion lies in the fact that, granted the extinction of the Navy —the primary condition, as Lord Torrington said, of successful invasion,—such an operation would be wholly superfluous. "Under the conditions in which it would be possible for a great Power to successfully invade England, nothing could avail her, as, the command of the sea once being lost, it would not require the landing of a single man upon her shores to bring her to an ignominious capitulation, for by her Navy she must stand or fall."* It must be remembered that the conditions of the problem have changed so completely since the beginning of the century that no precedents, if such could be found, drawn from earlier times, would now apply. Formerly the country was self-supporting, and, speaking generally, nothing but luxuries came from abroad. Now the sea-borne trade of Great Britain is vital to her very existence, and its destruction which would follow the defeat of the Navy would reduce her to the position of a third-rate Power. "The defeat of her Navy means to her the loss of India and her colonies, and of her place among the nations."† Nor would an army, however strong, serve to avert this fate. "It is idle to increase our army if our

* Report on Naval manœuvres 1888, by Admiral Sir William Dowell, Sir Vesey Hamilton, Sir Frederick Richards.

† *Ibid.*

fleets are not supreme, and superfluous if they are."* Hence we see that the loss of our Naval supremacy, could we contemplate such a contingency, would not necessarily or probably lead to invasion. No general in his senses would storm a fortress if he knew that he could quickly starve it into submission, and our enemies would be unlikely to invade a country upon which they might impose their own terms by the easier process of destroying her commerce. But this is another story, and we must return to Marlborough.

The campaign of 1690 in Ireland is very graphically told, and the detailed accounts of the sieges of Cork and Kinsale, evidently studied with great care on the spot, deserve to be read by every soldier. Lord Wolseley's heart-felt sympathy for the hard fate of generals in battle, is evoked by the spectacle of Marlborough, compelled to abstain from leading the charge at Cork. "None but those who in war have been obliged, as responsible commanders, to stay behind, can realize the fulness of the misery. How dreadful are the words 'go on!' to the man who longs to mingle in the fray, and shout 'come on!' instead."

The fluctuating course of Marlborough's fortunes at the Court of William and Mary is carefully traced, and the many causes which led him to plot and intrigue with James and his friends are more fully gone into in this than in any previous history. Mary's jealousy of "Mrs. Freeman's" complete ascendency over her sister Anne, and William's open preference for his Dutch officers made Marlborough's position a difficult one. He was, moreover, wholly unsympathetic to the new King, and the vision of James's restoration might seem to him at times not altogether undesirable. He now began to correspond with his former master, professing penitence for his desertion and an ardent desire for his return. In 1694, he informed James of the intended destination of the Naval expedition under Tollemache, and it has been commonly supposed that preparations for the defence of Camaret Bay, which led to the disastrous result of the expedition, were made in consequence of this communication. Had Marlborough been sincere in his professions to James, and had he really betrayed to him the secret of the expedition to Brest, as has hitherto been generally believed, no words would have been strong enough to condemn him. But we agree with Lord Wolseley that Marlborough never really desired James's return, or worked for it. He merely wished to stand well with him in case William's unpopularity should ever bring about a return to the old order of things. In the case of Camaret Bay, upon which the heaviest indictment against him has been founded, Lord Wolseley shows, by a careful comparison of dates, that Louis

* *Quarterly*, October, 1893.

XIV. was already in possession of the secret before Marlborough's information reached St. Germains. Marlborough, aware of this fact, knew that his letter could not injure England, whilst it would serve, he thought, to impress James with the reality of his professions. The excuse which is offered for all this double dealing is that the code of honour of the time was not a high one, and that many distinguished men behaved no better than Marlborough. These pleas, we think, are weak, and though we fully concur in the defence of Marlborough with regard to his original desertion of James II., which was inspired by high patriotic motives, it is difficult to find reasonable excuse for his subsequent conduct, which was prompted by purely selfish considerations. Marlborough, it must be admitted, had a keen eye for his own advancement; and, for all his great intellect and brave heart, was not above resorting to pitiful shifts and expedients where his interests were concerned.

His restoration to favour came about gradually. In 1697, he was selected by the King, who already had the sentence of death upon him, to negotiate the Grand Alliance, to command the Dutch forces, and to lead the war against France. William's first thought was ever for Holland, and the mainspring of all his policy was the abasement of the French King. Marlborough possessed the confidence and affection both of Anne and of the Army. Weary of the Tory Party, with their narrow and unpatriotic views, he was gradually drifting into sympathy with the Prince of Orange and his Whig Policy, and he alone was capable of inspiring the English nation with a wholesome pride in her standing Army as a great national institution. Military genius is commonly found allied with skill in statecraft and diplomacy. Cæsar, Cromwell, Napoleon, Wellington, are but a few examples. Marlborough furnishes another conspicuous instance, and his aptitude for negotiation is no less remarkable than his success in war. The experience gained in many secret and delicate missions in the early part of his career, his singularly winning address, and his unfailing good temper, made him a consummate diplomatist, and the conclusion of the Grand Alliance, which is described at length in these pages, was a triumph of skill hardly inferior to the victory of Blenheim.

It is after the Accession of Anne, and on the eve of his first great campaign in Flanders, that we must perforce take leave of Marlborough. Some readers might wish that the book had begun where it now ends, for it is of the events of the latter half of his career that Lord Wolseley is specially qualified to write, not only from his technical mastery of the subject, but from his natural appreciation of one with whom he has so much in common. Napoleon repeatedly recommended his generals to study Marlborough's campaigns; he admired the largeness of his concep-

tions, and the brilliancy of their execution. In Wellington he had found a very different type of antagonist. His genius, though masterly, was of a less dazzling order; he was content to play a cautious game, always certain of taking the odd trick, whilst Marlborough, by a rare combination of dash and skill, invariably contrived to sweep the board. Had Lord Wolseley begun his book at the point where it now breaks off, it would have been but an incomplete way of treating a great subject, and if the part be without prejudice to the whole, we shall indeed have no cause to complain. "*Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre,*" and as there seems to be no immediate prospect of his biographer doing likewise, we hope that he will employ his reluctant leisure in taking us very soon on a campaign, thrilling and glorious, for all that it be but on paper.

A. J.

ANOTHER FAMILY BUDGET.

HAVING read with much interest the contribution of a "Family Man" to *The National Review* for March, wherein he discusses the two great questions of "How to live on £700 a year," and "Is life worth living at the price?" I propose to set out how I have solved the question of living on half that sum, viz., £350 a year. The question, "Is life worth living at the price?" depends, I think, largely on the age of whoever tries to answer it, and for myself I will only say that I am well satisfied with life at present, but that I should certainly be disappointed if my income does not increase with years and expenses.

My position and my income is, I think, even more common than that of "A Family Man." We form a class which comprises the young professional man, the managing clerk, the tolerably successful tradesman *et hoc genus omne*, who inhabit the ordinary suburban villa which lets at a rent of about £40 per annum, and which makes the suburbs of London and other cities the small townships that they really are.

The standard of comfort amongst this class doubtless varies considerably, but there are very many, like myself, whose parents belong to the higher middle classes, and who, unable to begin where their parents are leaving off, are determined to begin at once and fight their own way with a home of their own and the society they wish for in it—and this section at least would require the comfort to which they have been accustomed, though on a smaller scale; and their wives, drawn from the same class, would require their afternoons and evenings to be tolerably free from domestic troubles and duties.

This standard we have achieved—we live well, if plainly, and after the mid-day dinner, which a young family renders almost a necessity, my wife is as a rule free to spend the rest of the day as she thinks fit.

In order that the reader may more readily compare my expenditure with that of "A Family Man," I propose to follow closely his order and method of setting it forth, and it will be fairly easy to judge what comforts I have and what luxuries I cannot afford.

To begin with, then, my household consists of six: my wife, myself, two children (aged one and three years respectively), a nursemaid, and the much enduring general servant; and, as I have said, my income is about £350 per annum.

My house is situated in a suburb about six miles from the City, and contains on the ground floor, drawing-room, dining-room, kitchen, scullery, larder, &c., with coal-cellar underground; there is no basement, so that the kitchen and dining-room are on the same floor; on the half-landing, the nursery and bath-room, with hot and cold supplies; second floor, two bedrooms, one used as night nursery; and above the nursery the servants' bedroom, making in all eight rooms; a modern-built, but fairly substantial house; behind is a small garden, which consists principally of a patch of grass called by courtesy, "lawn," on which the children are able to play and make their first attempts at walking.

We have also the advantages of being open back and front, within easy distance of several commons and stations, and as the result of plenty of fresh air, have been able to keep the doctor at arm's length as far as ordinary illnesses are concerned. The house lets ordinarily at £38 per annum, but by taking it for five years I obtained a reduction.

As far, then, as the house and household is concerned, I have one child and one servant less to keep than "A Family Man," and my house corresponds in size. The position is a matter of taste, and we are no doubt both well satisfied. My house, however, defies the elements, and I have not had a burst water-pipe during the four winters I have lived in it. When it comes to the question of cost, however, I have the necessary advantage, as the figures will show.

I should say here that I am unable to give a ten years' average as I have not had the necessary experience—while the first two years of housekeeping contain so many non-recurring expenses as to be of little value as a guide. I shall, therefore, set out the actual figures abstracted from my cash-book for the years 1892 and 1893:—

	1892.			1893.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Rent	34	0	0	34	0	0
Rates	8	4	4	8	18	10
Water Rates	3	0	0	3	0	0
House Duty		9	0		9	0
Fire and Burglary Insurance		14	9		14	9
Repairs	6	1	7	4	12	7
	£52	9	8	£51	15	2

In the next series of figures I have a very substantial advantage. My capital consists only of a University education followed by the necessary period of apprenticeship to qualify for my profession, and I have, therefore, no interest to pay.

In the matter of life insurance I hope each year to increase the amount insured, and my inability to pay large premiums is, I think, the one serious disadvantage I am at as compared with "A Family Man."

	1892. £ s. d.	1893. £ s. d.
Interest on Debt	*Nil.*	*Nil.*
Life Insurance Premium	4 1 8	10 11 8
Income Tax	3 0 0	5 5 0
	£7 1 8	£15 16 8

Housekeeping.—This is the department in which perhaps there is most room for good management in a small household, and here everything depends upon the mistress. There is no cook, and if anything out of the ordinary run is required the mistress must do it herself; the result is that there should be less waste, and economy is more easily practised without meanness or its appearance, servants and family all fare alike, very little beer is drunk, all tradesmen's accounts are paid weekly, and, perhaps, most important of all, the mistress keeps a careful record of everything ordered and paid for.

The following is the estimated weekly expenditure, to cover which £2 is provided regularly:—

	s. d.
Butcher and Fish	10 0
Butter, Eggs, and Bacon	5 6
Dairy	4 6
Grocery, &c.	12 0
Vegetables	2 0
Bread and Flour	3 6
Laundry	2 6
	£2 0 0

making a total of £104 per annum. In 1892 this figure was not quite reached, the actual expenditure being £95 17s. 9d. In 1893 it was exceeded, reaching £111 7s. 3d. It will be seen that poultry is a luxury not estimated for, and the greater part of the washing is done at home. Late dinner is also a luxury beyond our means as a regular institution. I dine at the club in the middle of the day and get home to tea and supper.

To the housekeeping should be added my personal expenses, which cover dinner, papers, cabs, season-ticket, &c., which average about £1 per week. The actual totals for food, &c., therefore stand thus:—

	1892. £ s. d.	1893. £ s. d.
Housekeeping	95 17 9	111 7 3
Husband's Personal Expenses ...	48 6 8	59 4 6
	£144 4 5	£170 11 9

Lighting and Warming.—By a little attention to the gas-meter after the collector's call, by taking care that the burners are

not too small and by excluding gas altogether from the servant's bedroom and scullery, the lighting bill is kept down to a small figure; and that though there are generally nine burners alight all the evening, and two all night, as well as a small gas-stove for procuring hot water readily when the kitchen fire may be out. Coal, under the watchful eye of the mistress, is also kept well in hand; but the mixture of coke and coal which is often, I believe, practised has never found favour. Our yearly expenditure stands thus:—

	1892.	1893.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Coal	8 6 0	7 10 0
Gas	4 16 9	5 7 10
	£13 2 9	£12 17 10

We find that one ton of coal lasts about a month in winter, and two in summer, while the average cost is about £1.

Wages.—This is an item which we are frequently tempted to increase, as the difficulty in getting a good general servant steadily increases. With the nursemaid much less trouble is experienced, as it is comparatively easy to get a young girl who, under the mother's directions, is able to take care of the children, and who can be trusted to take them out at every opportunity. Wages are for nurse, £10 to £12, and general £12 to £14. It will be noticed that in 1892, when there was only one child, we were able to do without a nurse for a few months. Actual expenditure:—

1892.		1893.
£20 13 6	...	£27 5 6

My wife is a very fair cook and manager, and I have never had to pass through the usual experience of having to eat badly prepared or badly cooked food, even in the first year of housekeeping. I believe that the daughters of the better classes have, for the most part, a very good knowledge of cooking and housekeeping, and the home comforts of the young husband in such circumstances as mine are far from despicable. At the same time it is not fair that the mistress who rules no cook should be too often worried by the preparation, &c., necessary for even a small dinner party, and I make a point of entertaining my men friends at the club rather than bring them home to dinner.

Clothing.—This is an item which will not stand much compression. The professional man must, unless, indeed, he is at the top of the tree, by his appearance inspire confidence in his clients, and I am obliged to dress in the regulation frock-coat, &c. My wardrobe is not as extensive as in my University days, but, if smaller, it is certainly in better taste, and I need never be afraid of appearing dressed badly. My total expenditure for dress is about £15, but small items are probably included in my personal

expenses mentioned before. My wife's expenditure is about £20 per annum for herself and children, but this is assisted to the extent of perhaps £10 by birthday and other presents of a practical nature. The actual expenditure as shown by my cash-book is :—

1892.		1893.
£34 8 9	...	£27 11 3

Doctor and Dentist.—Living beyond the range of London fog and smoke, the doctor has never yet been needed, except for the Influenza demon, and the introduction of new members to the family circle. The dentist also we have so far defied. Total expenditure :—

1892.		1893.
£4 13 0	...	£10 14 9

Subscriptions.—These are heavy as compared with the usual expenditure of men in my position, amounting to £14 19s. 6d. in 1892, and £13 12s 0d. in 1893, and comprises £5 for club, £5 professional, £2 to tennis club, and £2 to various sundries.

Newspapers and Books.—This item, which would amount to about £5, is included in my personal expenses. The kindness of a friend keeps my wife's name on Mudie's lists, and enables us to keep in touch with the books of the day.

Holidays and Amusements.—We spend two or three weeks in the summer at the seaside, and the additional expense of fares, apartments, and living, come to about £3 10s. per week. There are also occasional theatres, tennis club, and river. The risk of leaving the house empty is covered by Burglary Insurance, which provides for leaving the house untenanted for a period not exceeding fourteen days. As I am never able to be away from business for fourteen consecutive days, it is easy to comply with this condition should our holiday exceed that period. The dog is lent to a friend in our absence. The total came to £12 18s. 6d. in 1892, and £15 1s. 6d. in 1893.

Education, as an expense, is still in the future, and possibly a few years may see that necessary placed within our reach for a merely nominal amount. Boots, however, I am informed, will shortly be a formidable item. As will be seen there is a decided tendency on the part of expenses to increase ; fortunately, good times, we are told, are coming, of which I hope to get my share, and Sir William Harcourt may before this appears in print have relieved me from the odious Income Tax.

Wedding presents are sometimes rather a tax to young married folk, though there has generally been a *quid pro quo*, probably useless, and almost certainly unappreciated. Owing, I suppose, to

the all-round depression in trade last year, this item was a small one; 1892, £6 15s. 9d., and 1893, 18s. 6d.

COMPLETE BUDGET.

	1892. £ s. d.	1893. £ s. d.
1. Rent, Rates, Taxes, Fire Insurance, &c. ...	52 9 8	51 15 2
2. Income Tax and Life Insurance...	7 1 8	15 16 8
3. Household Expenses	144 4 5	170 11 9
4. Coal and Gas	13 2 9	12 17 10
5. Wages	20 13 6	27 5 6
6. Clothing	34 8 9	27 11 3
7. Doctor...	4 13 0	10 14 9
8. Subscriptions...	14 19 6	13 12 0
9. Holiday and Amusements...	12 18 6	15 1 6
10. Presents	6 15 6	0 18 6
	311 7 3	
11. Furniture	20 0 0	
	331 7 3	346 4 11
Balance	18 12 9	3 15 1
	£350 0 0	£350 0 0

These are the actual figures of my expenditure; there are no estimates. In this way a gentleman can live in comfort, with a wife and small family, without stinting or meanness, and though West Kensington may wonder how we can live beyond its shadow, there are thousands of men who are starting in this way, and of whom their friends in town would scarcely believe it if told, how small is the income on which they can not merely "keep up appearances" (which they probably do not attempt to do in that sense) but live in comfort and happiness. Moreover, when our income reaches £700 a year, as there is every prospect of its doing in good time, I will undertake that we can render a better account of it than "A Family Man."

Whether anything can be done by co-operation to improve our lot, I doubt; indeed, the only improvement we desire is the natural evolution which time will work as age and experience ripen; we want no capitalists or Trusts to interfere; give us time and a free hand, and we will get for ourselves whatever we need, and while we have that spirit there will be no cheap cynicism, and no doubt in our minds, but that this life is a very good one as far as it goes.

FELICITAS.

QUESTIONS IN THE HOUSE ON NAVAL MATTERS.

INTRODUCTORY.

The object of this paper can be very shortly explained. As a Member of the House of Commons deeply interested in naval questions, I have felt it my duty from time to time to ask for information with regard to naval matters. The replies which have been given to me have appeared to me not to correspond with the facts as I knew them or believed them to be. This apparent divergence between the official statements and the facts occurred so frequently that eventually I found it absolutely impossible to obtain correct information without personal investigation in each case. This was a troublesome, and not always a feasible, operation, and clearly ought not to have been essential. No one admits more readily than I do that there are some questions which ought not, in the public interest, to be asked, or, if asked, ought not to be answered. I have asked no such question. But a question, if answered, ought to be answered *bonâ fide*, and in plain straightforward terms. The impression which the words in their natural interpretation convey to the House of Commons ought to be the true answer to the question; and the fact that there may be some technical explanation which, according to the usages of a Government office, permits of a second and unnatural construction being given to the answer, is no excuse for misleading the House of Commons and the country. In the series of answers of which I have to complain, the greater part have seemed to me opposed to the facts as I knew them. There are some which may possibly be capable of explanation other than the obvious and plain meaning which lies on the surface, but if I have been misled by this ambiguity, beyond doubt, others have also been misled.

Under these circumstances I felt it my duty to try and bring before the House of Commons the facts as they appeared to me, and I put down a motion in the paper in these words:—

"That, in the opinion of this House, the information given to Parliament by the representatives of the Admiralty is unsatisfactory and misleading, and is not calculated either to inform the House or to further the interests of the Royal Navy."

Circumstances over which I had no control prevented my stating my case, as I had desired to do, in the House of Commons. I am now permitted to do so in the pages of this Review. The matter is not a personal question in any sense. The questions asked have referred to the expenditure of a million of public money, to the causes of the death of over two score of our sailor boys, and the ruin of many others, and to the constitution and discipline of the finest body of troops in Her Majesty's service. The questions have been *bonâ fide*, courteously worded, and clearly stated. As to whether or not they have been fairly and correctly answered, it is for my readers to judge, and it is for them to say whether it be possible to discuss service questions in the House of Commons with any advantage as long as such carelessness with regard to matters of fact continues. It is not my business, or my wish, to allocate responsibility in this matter. I do not know, nor am I concerned to enquire, who is the individual to whom the error, if error there be, might be traced. I can only deal with facts as I find them, with the hope that, by continually objecting to inaccurate or insufficient replies, I may be the means of securing greater care and attention in the future.

SHIPBUILDING.

The cases with which I wish to deal naturally divide themselves into three groups. The first is concerned with a very important matter—namely, the date of the commencement of the various ships authorized by Parliament to be built in the year 1893. The object of the series of questions is easily explained. On the 7th of March, 1893, the Government introduced their Navy Estimates, and a large, though, in my opinion, very insufficient, sum was asked and obtained for construction. The exact type of ship which it was proposed to build was only indicated, but particulars were given in a special paper presented to Parliament a little later in the Session. In his statement explanatory of the Navy Estimates the First Lord gave an account of the building programme. It was to comprise two first-class battleships, three second-class cruisers, and two sloops. These, together with the engines and boilers for the cruisers and sloops, were to be built in the dockyards. In private yards two first-class cruisers and fourteen torpedo-boat destroyers were to be commenced.

It appeared to me and to many others that if this programme were faithfully followed, a considerable, though not adequate, addition would be made to the navy during the year 1893-4. Everything, however, depended upon the expedition with which the work was put in hand and pushed forward. It is my practice to visit the dockyards many times during the year, and as the

months went on I realized the fact that the docks and slips which I had seen empty in January were still empty, and that those which were occupied were still occupied by vessels commenced at a period antecedent to the vote for new construction. From that time forward I naturally devoted myself to the task of calling public attention to what seemed to me a serious and dangerous delay and unjustifiable failure to expend the money voted by Parliament. In pursuance of this purpose I put down a question upon the notice paper for the 17th of August, 1893, in the following terms :—

"To ask the Secretary to the Admiralty how many ships have been commenced for the Royal Navy between September, 1892, and August, 1893."

To this question I received two answers, one public and one private, both of them totally incorrect. The public answer to my question was :—

"Within the period named *thirteen ships* had been commenced for the Royal Navy, viz., one battleship, three cruisers, five torpedo gunboats, two gunboats, and two torpedo-boat destroyers."

This was the Admiralty's answer as it reached the House of Commons, as it was recorded in all the newspapers, and as it went out to the world. Subsequently the Secretary to the Admiralty was good enough to hand me a paper giving particulars containing the names of the ships, describing some of them as "laid down" and others as "preparing to build" within the dates named. The following are the principal points of the table :—

Renown	... ...	Ironclad.	Keel laid.
Halcyon	... ...	Torpedo gunboat.	Keel laid.
Harrier	... ...	,,	,,
Hussar	... ...	,,	,,
Dryad	... ...	,,	,,
Hazard	... ...	,,	,,
Minerva	... ...	Second-class cruiser.	Preparing to build.
Talbot	... ...	,,	,,
Eclipse	... ...	,,	,,
Torch	... ...	Station gunboat.	,,
Alert	... ...	,,	,,
Ferret	... ...	Torpedo-boat destroyer.	Keel laid.
Lynx	... ...	,,	,,

First let me consider these statements by the light of the public answer. On the 17th of August, 1893, the Secretary to the Admiralty informed the House of Commons that the *Renown* was commenced between September, 1892, and August, 1893. In his statement accompanying the Estimates, printed in January, 1893, the First Lord of the Admiralty writes as follows :—"The *Renown*, a vessel commenced by my predecessors." It does not require much argument to show that one of these statements must be inexact.

I pass over the five torpedo gunboats; the first vote for them was, in fact, taken in 1891, but their keels were actually laid late in 1892 or in the spring of 1893. With regard to the three cruisers and the two station gunboats, the answer given is absolutely untrue; not one of these vessels was commenced in any sense of the word known to the English language. Nor is the matter much improved when we come to the second edition of the answer—namely, the explanatory memorandum handed to me. I have already stated that when a question is asked in plain English it ought to be answered in language equally plain. But I admit that there are cases in which, by the use of technical terms, it is possible to give an answer which, though incorrect in the spirit, is true in the letter. Such, however, is not the case in this instance. Here is a point-blank question asked with reference to five important vessels, the money for which was voted in March, 1893, and which are to cost in all considerably over a million. The answer is categorical—"They have been commenced." This statement was incorrect. Was the further statement that these vessels were "preparing to build" any nearer the truth? Most certainly it was not. Save in the sense that battleship No. 4 is preparing to build because her name has been printed in the Navy Estimates, the statement that these ships were "preparing to build" is untrue. Let me take them in order.

The *Eclipse*.—Those who know anything of shipbuilding are aware that the very first stage in the operation is to "lay off" the vessel in the mould loft, by drawing out on the full scale the lines of her steel ribs. From these drawings patterns are taken which are then used as a guide in forging the actual steel frames. More than three weeks after the date of the answer to which I have referred I visited Portsmouth. I was in the mould loft which has since been appropriated to the laying off of the *Eclipse*. What was my astonishment to find that the drawings on the floor which had been used in the construction of the last ship built on the slip, the *Fox*, had not yet been erased! Absolutely no preparation had been made for the building of the *Eclipse*—indeed, I am bound to say nobody seemed ever to have heard of such a vessel in the dockyard. As a matter of fact, the *Eclipse* was not laid down in Portsmouth Yard until the 30th of October last.

The *Minerva*.—The *Minerva* is being built at Chatham. In the month of November I myself was at Chatham, and I then saw the first keel-plates of the *Minerva* being adjusted on the quay outside the dock. Her keel-plates were actually laid upon the 27th of November.

The *Talbot*.—I was at Devonport in the Autumn of last year. I need hardly say that there was not the slightest sign of the *Talbot*

at that time, and for a most excellent reason. The *Talbot* is being built on a slip; that slip was only rendered vacant by the launching of the *Harrier* on the 20th February, 1894. The keel-plates of the *Talbot* were actually laid on March 5th, 1894. With regard to the *Torch* and the *Alert*, it was not till the month of October that a portion of the material for these vessels began to arrive at Sheerness Dockyard. Their keels were actually laid in the month of November.

Such are the facts with regard to these ships, and I contend that when the House of Commons was told that they were either commenced or preparing to build, they were deceived.

Moreover, I would point out that when an attempt was made to set this matter straight, the House of Commons was again misled. On the 8th of December, 1893, I put a further question to the Secretary to the Admiralty, as there still appeared some ambiguity. I said:—

"May I ask whether the right hon. gentleman can state whether it be the fact that in the case of five vessels which he informs the House were commenced at the end of August last, the keels of two of them were only laid down last week, and that three of them have not yet had their keel-plates laid?"

Here, at any rate, was an opportunity of putting the matter straight. But what was the reply? It was as follows:—

"I adhere to what I stated just now. The ships have been commenced."

I ventured to pursue the matter still further, and I repeated, with a slight modification, my previous question. Again the reply was as emphatic and as incorrect as in the first instance. It was as follows:—

"My hon. friend is quite wrong in his premises. I did *not* say that five ships were commenced in August last; I only stated that certain commencements were made in February and August last."

I confess I can carry this matter no further. It is a sheer *impasse*. With my own ears I heard the statement which was disavowed, with my own eyes I read it in Hansard, and over and over again I have publicly referred to and challenged it. But really I need hardly press this matter further. The whole story which has been told about these ships has been a pure delusion from beginning to end.

But this is not the end of the inaccuracies with regard to these ships. On the 12th of December, 1893, I asked in the House of Commons how much money had been spent up to that date upon the three cruisers *Eclipse*, *Minerva*, and *Talbot*. I was told in reply that £20,183 had been spent on labour and materials. This seems a plain question and a plain answer. The question, as I asked it, and as the House understood it, was how much money had been spent on the three ships; the answer should have given

some indication as to the progress made upon the vessels. The House naturally understood that it did so, but in this it was mistaken. As the figures given included a sum of £8,265, alleged to have been expended for labour and materials on the *Talbot*, I naturally was led to make a further investigation, for I happened to know that not a single stroke of work had really been done on the *Talbot*, and that the slip on which she was to be built would not, in fact, be vacant for some weeks to come. On the following day, therefore, I asked a further question:—

"Did the amounts given as the expenditure upon the three cruisers include the amount expended on their *engines?*"

The answer was given in a single word—"Yes."

Now, the engines of these ships are all being constructed in Government dockyards; they were begun quite independently of the ships, and the progress made upon them does not accelerate by one hour the completion of the ships. As a matter of fact, until the ships are completed the engines are useless. I think if the House of Commons had understood that when they were told that £8,000 had been spent upon a single ship—the fact was that not one single farthing had been spent upon her, but that all the money had gone in constructing engines in a different yard from that in which the ship was ultimately to be built—it would have put a totally different value upon the information which it received.

And now we come to the last of the vessels included in the list of new construction for last year. There are the *Majestic*, *Magnificent*, and *Powerful*. Here, again, we have the same difficulty. On the 2nd of November last, the First Lord of the Admiralty spoke at a great gathering at Sheffield at the Cutlers' Dinner. He desired to impress his audience and the country with the activity displayed by his department. He may have been misreported, but if the report which lies before me be correct, this is what he said:—

"With regard to new ships we have not been asleep. We have laid down, outside the Naval Defence Act, two battleships and one first-class cruiser, each of surprising size and power."

Here was a definite statement made by the highest authority with regard to the three most important ships sanctioned by Parliament. It may be well to tabulate the allegation and the fact.

First Lord's Statements.	*The Facts.*
The *Majestic* was laid down prior to the 2nd of November.	The *Majestic* was laid down in Portsmouth Dockyard early in March, 1894.
The *Magnificent* was laid down prior to the 2nd of November.	The *Magnificent* was laid down in Chatham Dockyard on the 28th of November.
The *Powerful* was laid down prior to the 2nd of November.	The contract for building the *Powerful* was not signed till February, 1894.

Naturally this remarkable discrepancy between official statements and facts drew further attention to the construction of the ships referred to. On the 12th of January, 1894, I asked the Secretary to the Admiralty on what day the keel-plates of the *Majestic* had been laid down. The enquiry, in view of the statement of the First Lord, was a natural one. This was the reply :—

"The keel-plates of the *Majestic have not yet been laid down in the dock.* Had that been done, say, a month or six weeks ago, the work would have been retarded owing to the inclement weather ; whereas by the arrangements made by the yard officers to lay the keel temporarily under a covered shed, thus permitting the other component parts of the hull to be fitted to it, the progress of the work is really being expedited, though technically the keel is not laid."

On hearing this reply I put a very obvious further question, and asked whether this ship, which was not laid down on the 12th of January, 1894, was the same ship which the First Lord had alluded to as laid down prior to the 2nd of November, 1893.

To this the Secretary to the Admiralty replied as follows :—

"I have no doubt the noble Lord alluded to the *Majestic* and the *Magnificent* as ships the building of which was to be commenced during the present year, but I have not a report of the speech by me."

Now, this may be a gallant defence of a superior, but surely it is scarcely respectful to tell the House of Commons almost in the same breath (1) that the ship has not, as a matter of fact, been laid down ; and (2) that you have no doubt the First Lord was right when he said she had been laid down three months ago. That is officialism run mad.

But there are one or two other points with respect to this answer about the *Majestic* which require notice. This strange information about the weather, about the prescience of the Portsmouth authorities who had foreseen at the beginning of December that there would be bad weather in the middle of January, seemed to prompt further investigation. The mysterious process by which the Portsmouth constructors were skipping a stage in the ordinary routine of shipbuilding seemed also to invite inspection. The delay attributable to the gloomy weather forecast seemed almost inexplicable in view of the fact that the fears of Portsmouth were not shared by Chatham. At that dockyard the *Magnificent*, a sister ship to the *Majestic*, had, in fact, been laid down as far back as the 28th of November, and having seen that vessel four times since November, I can affirm that the meteorological disturbances which would, in the opinion of the officials, have proved so detrimental to the *Majestic* have not affected the *Magnificent*.

To get matters straight I visited Portsmouth on the day after receiving the answer that has been quoted. Let me once more refer to that answer. If the English language have any meaning, it means that the *Majestic* would and could have been begun in

November; that she had not been begun because the officials anticipated that the work would be stopped by bad weather; and that to make up for the delay the officials had adopted some new and special expedient to hasten the progress of the ship.

What were the facts? After hunting half over Portsmouth Yard I discovered the mysterious operation under the shed. Judge of my astonishment when I found that the operation was part of the invariable routine observed in the construction of every large iron ship in the yard! About 120 feet of the keel-plates had been placed end to end on the floor to verify the adjustments. The same thing is done with every ship; it may be done in a shed or in the open air. The last set which I saw fitted were those of the *Minerva*, and they were laid down in the open air. The House of Commons had been induced to believe that some special steps were being taken. From the shed I proceeded to the dock in which, "when the weather permitted," the ship was to be laid down. There I found an obstacle somewhat more important than the weather—namely, H.M.S. *Repulse*, 14,500 tons, high and dry in the dock, swarming with workmen, and unable to be moved out of the dock—the only available dock—for another ten days. Of this trifling obstacle the House of Commons was never told. If the fact had been stated, the House of Commons would have known instantly that the real reason why the building of the *Majestic* was delayed was that there was not a single dock in the whole of Portsmouth in which she could be commenced. When it is added that before the *Repulse* had been put into No. 13 dock the dock had been occupied by two other battleships (the *Revenge* and *Royal Oak*, I think), and that after the *Repulse* was floated the dock had to be altered before it could be utilized for building the *Majestic*, I think the character of the answer which was given to the House of Commons and the reasons assigned for the delay will be appreciated at their due value.

THE TRAINING SHIPS.

The next matter to which reference must be made is a series of answers made to me with regard to the *Impregnable*, boys' training-ship at Devonport. The motive which prompted these questions requires explanation. I happen to know the *Impregnable*, have been into every corner of her, and have seen the boys at school and at work, and have formed certain opinions from what I have seen and from what I have heard. It may not be out of place to add that I am not altogether without knowledge of what is required for the accommodation of boys, having had to purchase and arrange the whole of the beds for a large boys' institution.

The conclusions which my observations led me to arrive at were as follow:—

The *Impregnable* was shamefully overcrowded. The boys' school-room, which is simply the after-cabin of the ship, would be condemned by any school inspector and closed within twenty-four hours. It holds not fewer than 460 boys, who sit jammed together in serried rows. The result of the overcrowding was deadly sickness among the boys. To say that the "overcrowding was killing the boys" is not an overstatement. Many boys died of a combination of pneumonia and meningitis, a combination which medical men tell me is the direct result of the overcrowding of human beings. There is no proper recreation ground for the ship, hence it has been necessary to cover the deck with a heavy awning to allow of exercises upon the upper deck in bad weather. In winter, when the awning is stretched and the lower deck ports closed, as they have to be, the air becomes foul and unwholesome, the ship "sweats," and the health of the boys suffers. So unhealthy was the ship that it was dangerous to keep boys in the hospital for fear of an epidemic, and they had to be despatched to one of the brigs as soon as possible.

Such being the facts as I believed them to be, I put down the following preliminary question :—

"What is the total number of boys for whom there is accommodation upon the existing training-ships for the Royal Navy, and what the number of boys voted by Parliament for the present year?"

To this question the following reply was given :—

"There is accommodation in existing training-ships for 5,706 boys. On page 6 of the Navy Estimates are to be found the number voted by Parliament—viz., boys under training, 3,700; boys available for sea service, 4,594. Total, 8,294."

Now, it may be, and probably is, the case that these figures, to the mind of the person who furnished them, supply a real answer to my question. To my mind they do not. To me, and to every other person to whom I have submitted question and answer, the answer means that whereas there are 5,706 berths on the training-ships, there are only 3,700 boys under training, and consequently 2,006 vacancies. This variation from the facts as I knew them was too startling to be accepted. I therefore put down another question, as follows :——

"Whether the number of boys borne on Her Majesty's training-ships for the navy is 5,791; whether there is accommodation in the existing ships for 5,706 boys; and whether, if it were not for the fact that 220 boys are in hospital, the training-ships would not be able to accommodate the boys voted by Parliament?"

The reply was that my figures "were correct."

Thus it will be observed, so far from there being 2,006 vacancies, there were no vacancies at all, and but for the fact of there being always 220 boys in hospital there would have been an excess of 85

boys over the accommodation. Having thus cleared the ground, I asked the following question:—

"Whether the number of boys sleeping on board H.M.S. *Impregnable* every night is upwards of 1,600; whether the average number of the watch below when the ship was in commission was less than 600; whether in the winter months the ventilation of the ship is interfered with by a tarpaulin awning over the deck; and whether any reports have been received by the Admiralty as to cases of sickness or death attributed by the medical officers to overcrowding?"

The reply was as follows:—

"There is sleeping accommodation on board H.M.S. *Impregnable* for 1,514 boys, and this number is never exceeded. The average number sleeping on board during the winter months is 1,350. The *Impregnable* (late *Bulwark*) is a 121-gun ship, and would have had a complement of 1,110 to 1,130 men if commissioned for service. Though a considerable portion of her crew would have been on deck when the ship was at sea, practically the whole of the men would have been below at night in harbour. When fitted as a training-ship she was completely gutted, all guns, stores, and magazines being removed, as well as the machinery and boilers. This largely increased the accommodation. There is no tarpaulin over the deck. The arrangements for ventilation are not interfered with by the awning. No reports have been received by the Admiralty from the medical officer as to cases of sickness or death in the ship attributable to overcrowding."

This answer calls for some comment.

With regard to the average number sleeping on board the ship, it may be noted that I did not ask for the average number. To give the average does not convey the true impression. It is when no boys are away at sea in the brigs, and when the weather is bad, that the overcrowding is greatest and most dangerous. Moreover, unless I am much mistaken, the period over which the average was taken included over a week when the average was under 130. The actual number of boys sleeping on the ship on an average of ten consecutive nights was 1,472, the highest number being 1,496. In addition to the boys there are 110 of the ship's company sleeping on board every night, making a total of just 1,600. As to the comparison between the *Impregnable* as a training-ship and the *Impregnable* as a sea-going man-of-war, every naval officer knows that the occasions when the whole ship's company (1,100, be it noted, not 1,600 as at present) slept below were exceedingly rare, if they ever occurred at all, and that as a rule the numbers below would have only been slightly over 500. As to the removal of the machinery and boilers, that is irrelevant, as the boys do not sleep either in the engine-room or stoke-hole. The funnel casing has been used as a ventilator. As to the awning, it is what I have described it to be. I have a drawing of it, and I know the alterations that were made in it to increase the ventilation. It is still, however, a most unhealthy addition to the ship. It may be true it is made of *canvas*, and not of *tarpaulin*, and I admit my error on this important point if there be an error.

As to the reports of the medical officers with regard to overcrowd-

ing, if the answer means that a particular form of document on a particular sized paper, known to an Admiralty clerk as a "report," has not been received, I accept the answer as representing the facts. But if the answer means that communications, either verbal or written, have not reached the Admiralty, giving the opinion of the medical officers to the effect that the ship was dangerously overcrowded, or that sickness and death had in their opinion resulted from such overcrowding, then I do not accept the reply.

The next step, after having obtained the above information, was to ascertain whether the overcrowding, which it had now been admitted did exist, had actually led to sickness and death.

In the end of last year there appeared the Blue Book entitled *Abstract of the Health of the Navy for* 1892. A word must be said with regard to the contents of the Blue Book, but first must be explained why I give the facts for 1892 and not for 1893. I asked in the House for a continuation of the 1892 return giving the figures for 1893. I was requested by the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty to communicate with his department. I accordingly wrote to the head of the Medical Branch. By him I was referred to the Secretary to the Admiralty. From him I received the following reply :—

"The yearly returns for 1893, upon which the tables dealing with training-ships in the next annual report will be founded, have not yet reached their lordships. When they are received, with many other statistics for 1893, they will require time and labour for examination and tabulation before they can be published.

This is no doubt very official and very correct; but I venture to assert that the facts required—namely, the cases of death and invaliding on the *Impregnable* and *Lion* in 1893—could have been obtained with absolute accuracy by any representative of the Admiralty within five minutes of setting foot on the ships.

And now with regard to the return for 1892. It was indeed startling. It proved to demonstration that during that year the *Impregnable* and *Lion* had simply been plague-ships. No description can speak more eloquently than the plain facts stated in the table below :—

Death rate per 1,000 in 1892 on—	
Home station (between 15 and 25 years)	4·63
H.M.S. *Britannia*	4·8
Four training-ships, *Boscawen, Ganges, Caledonia, St. Vincent*	5·22
General rate for navy ...	5·58
West African station (including Gold Coast) ...	8·1
IMPREGNABLE and LION ...	12·26

Invaliding rate* per 1,000 in 1892 on—	
H.M.S. *Britannia*	6·6
Home station	21·63
Average for navy	26·21
Other four training-ships ...	26·49
West African station ...	40·54
IMPREGNABLE and LION ...	55·76

* This refers only to cases where the boys were invalided right out of the service.

Showing an excess in the death-rate of 157 per cent. over the *Britannia*, 134 per cent. over the other training-ships, 121 per cent. over the average for the navy, 166 per cent. over the home station, and 51 *per cent. over the West African station.* The percentage of invaliding is 110 per cent. over the other training-ships, 112 over the average for the navy, 157 over the home station, 744 over the *Britannia*, and 37 per cent. over the West African station.

A champion of the official view, who took up the cudgels on behalf of the Admiralty in the *British Medical Journal*, made the odd blunder of pointing out in defence of his view that in the particular years taken for comparison the West African station, bad as its usual record is, had been abnormally unhealthy. On the 18th of January, 1893, the whole of these facts were published in the Plymouth papers. What followed is remarkable. On the 22nd of January orders were given to fit temporary hammock hooks and shoe and bag racks on the *Calcutta*, the hulk attached to the *Cambridge*, the training ship for seamen gunners, and 300 boys were subsequently removed to that vessel.

On the 12th of February the *Black Prince*, an ancient ironclad, was called into requisition, and on to this ship, without fittings or equipment of any kind, another 300 boys were drafted. An order was then sent down to still furthur diminish the overcrowding by sending the training-brigs to sea nearly three weeks earlier than usual. These facts need no comment. Unfortunately, the relief came too late. In 1892 thirty boys died on the *Impregnable* and *Lion*, 150 were invalided right out of the service. The figures for 1893 have hitherto been refused, but in the first twenty-six days of February of this year no fewer than eight boys died on the *Impregnable* and *Lion*.

An attempt was made to suggest that the figures respecting death and invaliding on the training-ships in question did not adequately represent the real state of things. In the words of the Secretary to the Admiralty, "to obtain correct conclusions of the daily average number of sick on board, the ratio of sick per thousand should be considered." This is clearly not the case: the daily average includes mere accidents, cuts, bruises, cold, ringworm, &c., but the cases of permanent invaliding and death form a true indication of the unhealthy character of the ships.

THE ROYAL MARINES.

The last series of questions which need be referred to are those concerning the Royal Marines. This splendid corps now numbers nearly 15,000 men, and is to be further increased. Not long ago 1,500 rank-and-file were added to the corps, and another 500 are to be enlisted.

For 2,000 men, equal to nearly four battalions,* the Line would require over 100 officers. Not a single officer has yet, as far as I know, been added to the Royal Marines; five are to be added under the new Estimates. Meanwhile, many new ships have been commissioned carrying one, two, and sometimes three Marine officers. The result is that the Royal Marine divisions are becoming dangerously depleted of officers; and the same peril which threatened a battalion of the Guards from another cause now threatens the Marines: men and officers are not brought into contact.

Over and over again my attention has been called to this serious state of things. Not long ago I chanced to be at Chatham, and there learnt the facts with regard to that division—namely, that the whole regimental duties of a force of 1,049 trained soldiers were being performed by a captain and four subalterns.† I asked a question as to how many officers were available for duty in the barracks. The answer was, "A captain and six subalterns." This reply did not correspond with my information. I therefore put a more detailed question, as follows:—

"Whether the six subaltern officers of the Royal Marines referred to in the last return as available for duty at the Royal Marine Barracks, Chatham, during the week ending Saturday, the 10th of February, were actually doing duty in the barracks at the time; whether the six officers were available for duty on the same day or on different days throughout the week?"

Reply:—

"The answers to the first paragraph and the first part of the second paragraph are 'Yes.'"

Once more I expressed my inability to accept this statement, whereupon the Secretary to the Admiralty reiterated it with great formality in the House of Commons, and declared that the facts were vouched for by the D.A.G. Royal Marines himself. Now let me state what the facts were. It is true that in one sense, and in one sense only, there were six subaltern officers available for duty in the barracks at the time named; they were available in the same sense as the Constable of the Tower is available, as long as he holds the Queen's commission, to go and take command of the troops in Antigua, if he be ordered to do so, but in no other sense is the statement true; and without much stronger evidence than I possess, I am not prepared to attribute to those who furnished this answer so unworthy and ridiculous a quibble as this

* Four battalions would nominally contain 2,800 men, but the average number in barracks would be less than 500 per battalion.

† The number of officers for two battalions of the Line would be fifty-six, of whom thirty-two would be subalterns.

would be. Of the six officers four were in fact available for duty in the barracks. One of these, by reason of his being officer of the day, was unable to perform ordinary regimental duty; this duty was performed by the other three officers only. The remaining two officers were neither of them available for duty, nor did they perform it. On the contrary, they were both of them, by the rule, custom, and practice of the service, prohibited from doing regimental duty. The first was engaged outside the barracks upon a signalling course; the other, also outside the barracks, was employed upon a field-training course. Neither of these officers was available for the following duties: Officer of the day, battalion drill, route marching, outpost duty, inspections, courts-martial. In other words, the whole regimental duties of this large force were being performed by one captain and three subaltern officers. The evil to which I desired to draw attention did exist, and existed in exactly the form and to the precise extent alleged by me. It should be added that bad as was the condition of affairs during the week referred to, it was by no means so bad as it has been in many other weeks. There have been several weeks in which the whole duty has been done by *two subalterns*. Knowing these facts to be as I have stated them, it was and is impossible for me to accept the contradiction with which I was met.

I have now gone through the cases to which I wished to draw attention, and I think it will be admitted that if my facts be correct there is reason to complain, and that it is impossible for Parliament to do its business satisfactorily as long as so little care is taken to supply it with correct information.

For the convenience of my readers, I summarize here what appear to me the principal inaccuracies in the series of replies to which I have referred in this paper:—

Admiralty Statement.	*Facts.*
1. The *Talbot*, *Minerva*, *Eclipse*, *Torch*, and *Alert* were commenced prior to the 2nd of August, 1893.	The *Talbot*, *Minerva*, *Eclipse*, *Torch*, and *Alert* were *not* commenced prior to the 2nd of August, 1893.
2. The same ships were preparing to build prior to the 17th of August.	The same ships were *not* preparing to build prior to the 17th of August, 1893.
3. The *Renown* was commenced between September, 1892, and August, 1893. (Secretary to the Admiralty.)	The *Renown* was commenced by the late Government, which went out of office in August, 1892. (First Lord of the Admiralty.)
4. £20,000 were spent upon the *Eclipse*, *Minerva*, and *Talbot* up to the 12th of December, 1893.	£20,000 were *not* spent upon these vessels, but the greater part of this sum was spent upon their engines—a totally distinct matter.
5. The *Majestic*, *Magnificent*, and *Powerful* were laid down prior to the 2nd of November, 1893.	*Not one of these* vessels was laid down prior to the 2nd of November, 1893.

6. The laying down of the keel-plates of the *Majestic* was delayed by the inclemency of the weather.

The laying down of the keel-plates of the *Majestic* was delayed *not* by the inclemency of the weather, but by the fact that there was no dock to lay them down in.

I have given my reasons for challenging this statement. (See above.)

7. No reports of sickness and death attributable to overcrowding on the *Impregnable* have reached the Admiralty.

8. The *Impregnable* was not overcrowded.

The *Impregnable was* shamefully overcrowded, as has now been practically admitted by the removal of the boys.

9. There are 2,006 vacancies on the training-ships.

There are *no vacancies* on the training-ships.

10. A correct impression of the overcrowding on the *Impregnable* is given by the average figure supplied by the Admiralty.

The impression created by the average figure given *is wholly misleading.*

11. The number of subaltern officers available for and doing duty in the Royal Marine Barracks, Chatham, during the week ending the 10th of February, 1894, was six.

The number of subaltern officers available and doing duty in the barracks *was not six,* but four. The other two officers were neither available for nor did duty in barracks during the week referred to.

H. O. Arnold-Forster.

ETON CRICKET.

On the 7th of March, 1894, the thoroughly British honour was bestowed upon Mr. Mitchell, one of the greatest of batsmen and the greatest of coaches, and a banquet was held at the Criterion Restaurant. The present time may, therefore, be very properly given to considering some prominent features of Eton cricket, and the different circumstances under which it is played now, as compared with thirty years ago.

We may live faster and less leisurely than we did, but in cricket and in most other pursuits, whether scholastic or athletic, there is more formalism now than formerly. The present generation may wonder, but in the fifties it was not always known with certainty who was captain in some of the years. Every dry bob coveted a place in the Eleven, but as far as coaching was concerned there was nothing; boys were left to themselves. There were professionals, it is true, but they were remarkable as possessing a dogged accuracy in bowling, a pure gift of nature, and a complete ignorance of batting. Some men bat well, but cannot instruct; they are natural bats, but exercise no reasoning faculty, and some intelligence is absolutely necessary to become a coach.

Professionals used to bowl away at boys, but if the boy learnt anything of batting, it was because he bestowed care and intelligence, and had the power of learning by example; but whatever he learnt was quite independent of the professional bowler. There were probably some masters and old Etonians who gave a word of advice occasionally, but there was no systematic coaching.

Some facts are always the same; there are boys whom nobody can teach, they have no aptitude, while there are a golden few who hardly need it; they are natural cricketers. Mr. Mitchell and every good coach will tell you that much coaching will spoil many a natural batsman, so leave him alone. He hits at some balls that ordinary good players simply play: well, if he hits them hard and clean, let him continue to do so; you may cramp him if you stop him.

But the natural cricketer of thirty years ago is the natural cricketer, perhaps of different methods, of to-day, and Mitchell

and Alfred Lubbock stand on the same lofty pinnacles as Ottaway and Forbes of later date. Genius in everything is always the same, and its fortunate possessors are, and always will be, beyond criticism and in front of instruction.

But the ten talents are given to one or two, and the five to five or six. As the late Master of Trinity preached in Trinity Chapel, "I will now consider the case of those to whom one talent is given, no doubt a large majority of this congregation." The boys of one talent would be of little good in the cricket world, if it were not for careful coaching. The professional bowler is wanted still, but the amateur coach is wanted more to stand behind the net, to take the bat in hand, and show by example how the stroke should be played. In former times this kind of boy remained undeveloped; now he is brought up to the highest pitch his cricket capacity is capable of while at the school; afterwards he generally begins to deteriorate. It is, then, on the one talent boys that the stamp of the coach is seen, and anybody who understood anything of the game between the years 1860 and 1880 could see Bob Grimston in the movement and style of the ordinary Harrow boy.

In 1862, Mr. Mitchell first played in the Oxford Eleven, and in the University match the famous Bob Lang might have been seen bowling at express speed, and the last four or five Oxford bats trying to play him back. The crash of falling wickets probably confirmed a previous conviction in Mr. Mitchell's mind as to the proper method of playing fast bowling. If you play back you will be late, unless you happen to be Bob Carpenter. Messrs. Ridsdale, Linton, Garnett, and Daubeney, all played back in 1862, and were all bowled. So play forward on fast wickets to fast bowling. This Mr. Mitchell has taught at Eton, and forward play is a mark of the Eton bat.

When a small boy went to Eton thirty years ago, and, indeed, to this day it is the same, if he was a keen cricketer, his first step was to find a companion or two of kindred taste and of a similar age to form a joint-stock business with. Possibly, each bought a bat, to be hoped undersized, not by any means always paid for on delivery, a ball was subscribed for jointly, and three, or more often two, stumps, and the business was then launched. Cricket shoes were a luxury not indulged in till you took part in a game, and not always then. Our small boys, on the first spare "after twelve," would wend their way to "Sixpenny," the large ground devoted then to fourth form and remove. In some corner of this ground, on a rough wicket, two stumps were pitched, probably close to a wall, which served the purpose of an impregnable long-stop, though detrimental to the ball. A cap or round jacket would do duty for the bowling stump, and the game would be simply a

practice game, each boy taking his turn to bat, and the other two bowling. The ground was covered with boys similarly engaged, and cricket balls darkened the air, and a complete disregard was shown for life and limb, marvellous to forty years of age. Considerable mutual forbearance and help was conspicuous, for, obeying a traditional custom, each boy returned a stray ball to the place whence it came, and even if struck by it, the said ball was patiently returned in obedience to the preremptory, "Thank you, cut over on the elbow."

If the small boy was not much good as a cricketer, this sort of thing went on *ad infinitum*, and boy cricketers were sharply divided into two classes: those who were good enough to be picked up into a side, and those who were not. The only School games that existed in those days were the Upper, Middle, and Lower Clubs, and Sixpenny. In Upper Club all the best twenty-five or thirty boys played, whether Sixth or Fifth form, or Lower boys. If memory can be trusted. the boys who played in Middle Club played there because they were not good enough for Upper Club, but were too high in the School to play in Lower Club Position in the School had more to do with the Club a boy played in than proficiency at the game. "Sixpenny," however, was a game entirely reserved for Lower boys, no Fifth Form boy could enter there, nor could a Lower boy play in Middle and Lower Clubs. So, as a matter of fact, only about one hundred boys out of five hundred or so had the chance of playing in a game at all.

Matters are very much the same now as then, except that there are more games and more grounds; but still there must be only about a quarter of the cricketing boys who can find a place regularly, every half-holiday, in some game or other. There was, it is true, a custom of one house challenging another house, middle division downwards, or a Lower-boy match, but these matches were under no system, and they were frequently unfinished. They were played generally after six, and after having been begun, say, on a Monday, were assumed, perhaps, to be continued on the following Thursday. But when Thursday came, three or four boys had to go to pupil room, some had arrears of work, and frequently some "pœna" to do, and the match was put off, and so on. There was no system, for everything was subservient to the Club games.

It must be obvious to anybody that the practice with two stumps to bowl at, and a coat to bowl from, with no prospect of being chosen to play in a *bonâ fide* double-wicket match, after a time, became wearisome. The great problem that lay unsolved for many years, and is unsolved still, is how to provide for the cricket wants of the least skilful boys. This subject can be considered later on.

The excitement of the summer half, outside Upper Club, and the School matches and House matches, was concentrated on the two matches, Middle Club *v.* Lower Club, and Lower Club *v.* Sixpenny, but of these two, for some reason or other, the latter was always the most important. This match often foreshadowed the career of some celebrity. Among the spectators would generally be seen some divinity clad in white flannels and a blue cap, it might even be the captain of the Eleven; nobody but an Etonian can even faintly realize what magnificence surrounded this individual, and the awe and reverence he inspired.

"Did you ask P—— what time stumps were drawn?" said a small aristocrat to a stately Colonel of the Blues on a tent match day. "I did," said the unabashed Colonel. "Well," said the small boy, "you have got some cheek." A true story this, and breathes the true Etonian sentiment. The small boy was not Shelley's, but a far more rational individual.

If the captain of the Eleven honoured with his presence the annual match, Lower Club *v.* Sixpenny, some faint idea may be given of the gravity of the occasion to the players themselves. Several instances may be given of boys playing in Sixpenny one year, and for the School the next. Boys were allowed to travel up the School at a more leisurely pace than they are now.

The startling apparition, for startling it was, of a boy of seventeen prominently developed everywhere except in the brain, clad in a short jacket, then as now the badge of the lower boy, was by no means uncommon then. But Lower Club *v.* Sixpenny was the only match that Sixpenny played as a club; Lower Club played Middle Club; and the best players of these three Clubs passed, during the following year, into the ranks of Upper Club, where in a new and higher region they played for the first time on smooth wickets, and under the supervision of an occasional coach and Bell the Cambridgeshire professional. Of systematic coaching till they got into Upper Club every Etonian was unconscious. No boy, therefore, unless possessed of natural talents, ever got into Upper Club at all, but the memories of Etonians dwell on many a boy who, playing by the light of nature and getting very little coaching, played with a freedom and grace that showed the born cricketer, and circumstances favoured the development of such cricketers as these.

Now wickets are smoother and batting becomes far easier, and the correct method pays best. On rough wickets it was essential that the boy should hit; if not, the ball that was unplayable came soon, and if you had not hit in the meantime your score would have been small. But those boys who, practically untaught, developed into fine batsmen, possessed a something that can never be forgotten.

At the end of the summer half, after the Harrow match, began the House matches, and they always created an intense keenness. That this existed revealed to the thoughtful a germ that might originate a new system for the cricket of the whole School.

It is the same everywhere; notwithstanding modern improvements, the spirit of clanship is undying. The local man wins an election against a Cabinet Minister, and at Eton the House matches excite far more interest than the Club matches. Is not the question worthy of consideration whether the House should not be made the basis of operations and not the Club? In football, each House has its own game on its own ground, and is only subject to the Field game after twelve on half-holidays. Cricket and football are two very different games, as thirty a-side can play at football. But still, a vision may be seen of a ground large enough for a House of forty boys to have one game of eleven a-side and numerous practices, all organized by the leading cricketer in the House, and there might also be organized a system of Second Eleven matches between Houses, to go on all through the half, while after Lords the First Elevens might play for the cup, as they do now. The great difficulty in Eton cricket is that there are so few games, and such a change would meet and largely overcome the problem. More genuine keenness would predominate, owing to the rivalry among Houses that has always existed, and would flourish under the suggested system.

As matters now stand, boys from all parts of the School, to the number of twenty-four for each Club, meet on half-holidays and play together, five or six games in all. They come from different Houses, and this one fact tells the undoubted truth, that in these games there is a lack of keenness, as the spirit of clanship is absent. Want of keenness produces one of two results: either the boy plays generally with hands in the pocket and listlessly, or else, liking to make runs and get wickets, but indifferent as to which side wins, he plays a selfish game, one of the worst habits any cricketer can get into; and, among many bad results, bad fielding is sure to ensue.

These remarks are only put for the powers that be, who know far more of the subject, to consider. I have no wish to intrude them in a presumptuous way.

Something has been said of the rough wickets that Etonians have heroically to face on all the grounds until they come to Upper Club. Thirty years ago this was acquiesced in, because all over England cricket grounds were far rougher than they are now. To begin at the first stages, it can only be a figure of speech to describe the meadows on which private school boys played thirty years ago as cricket grounds at all. The hay was cut and carried,

and then the wickets were pitched. It was natural enough that the small Eton boy should not be critical on the subject, but accepted what he got and endured bruises. Nowadays several private schools have professional bowlers bowling on first rate wickets, and a rude awakening awaits boys making a first acquaintance with Sixpenny, and he may even be tempted to face the risks of being swamped on the river in preference to being cut over on the eye at cricket. Something was said on this point by the highest authority at Mr. Mitchell's banquet, but as long as the grounds at Eton have football played on them during the winter, so long will the wickets be rough in ordinary summers and highly dangerous in dry seasons.

The pick of the Eton cricketers are now brought to the sacred precincts of Upper Club. Old Etonians may well dwell with affection on the natural beauty of the Eton Playing-Fields, for assuredly they are not equalled anywhere else in the world. Mr. Horace Hutchinson has somewhere, probably in that immortal series, "The Badminton Library," remarked that the golfer who expatiates on the blue of the sea and the glory of the distant view is probably no true golfer. Golf is a Scotch game and must therefore be taken in a spirit of gravity; but cricketers have more poetical souls, and no Etonian worthy of the name fails to carry the memory of the Eton Playing-Fields with him to his grave. The wickets, except in Upper Club, may be rough and the light generally far from good, but four leading features make them unique: the old dark-red College buildings, the wealth of trees, Windsor Castle, and the ever present Thames. These never can be taken away, and what they have been and always will be to Etonians cannot be described.

If there is a moment when the boy may be excused from admiring the beauties of Nature, it is when he first plays under the eye of Mr. Mitchell, and for the first time in his life faces an accurate professional bowler. There are games every half-holiday, some are simply two sides chosen more or less at random, with a professional on each side, and, perhaps, one or two masters. Now begins the test of a boy's nerve as well as his skill, and very likely he has to realize what it is to go ten times to the wicket and have an average of five.

Nothing great can be attained in this life without some preliminary agony. The goal of every boy's ambition is the Eleven, and he continually is under the impression that to be bowled out for under ten runs is a nail in his cricket coffin. This, however, is a risk he has to run at least three times a week, sometimes in an ordinary game, sometimes in a match against the First Eleven, but whatever it is, he knows that each innings he plays has a

bearing more or less important on his chance of ultimately getting into the Eleven.

The coach meanwhile watches the play of every promising boy, and the infinite variety of fault. Some play gracefully where the ball is not, and the case of such is hopeless; others may resist the devil for a short time, but then the leg stump ball is pulled at, l.b.w. or bowled out being the result. Again, the left shoulder has a tendency to hang back in the direction of short leg, and the bumping ball lands safely in the hands of slip; lastly, that right foot will not be still to fast bowling, and a waving horizontal, and not an upright straight bat will beat the air in front of the off-stump ball. The last is serious, but may be remedied, so the Rev. G. R. Dupuis, most patient and persevering of coaches, might have been seen throwing the ball to the unhappy youth for half-an-hour at practice. "Stand up to them; you'll never play cricket until you stand up to them." How many boys there must be who remember the earnestness and gravity with which their faults were pointed out to them by Mr. Dupuis. There was to be no trifling when he was standing umpire in a game. One boy was "cut over" on the nose, and fell on the blockhole bleeding profusely, surrounded by a crowd of compassionate schoolfellows. Slowly stalked up from the opposite wicket the old Spartan, Mr. Dupuis. "You had much better take him away; he'll only make a horrid mess on the wicket," and the boy was carried away accordingly, and the game proceeded.

The commiseration of the whole of the community ought to be bestowed on the youth who, like the Peri, hovers on the outskirts of the Eleven for a year, even two years. The nervous tension is too much for many. There may be only A and B to fear this year, as rivals, but in the next year C, D, and E may be added to the number. The boy batsman is far the worst off. He goes in trembling, and the fatal ball comes the first over, and the period of redemption is gone, but the bowler gets hit into Fellow's Pond one ball, and then has a chance of recovery.

On the vigil of a School match day, the captain of the Eleven tells all the selected ones that they have to play for the School on the morrow, and the degrees of exaltation and depression are registered on the countenances of the competitors. There are eight or nine School matches every year, besides the two public School matches with Winchester and Harrow. M.C.C., I Zingari, Quidnuncs, Eton Ramblers, Free Foresters, Maidenhead, and some colleges are the sort of clubs that play against the School, and then come the two Public School matches. At the present day the two matches create almost an equal amount of interest, but this was by no means the case twenty years ago. If the years from

1863 to 1880 are examined, it will be found that Winchester during that period was very far below what it is now. Lindsay Howell, Shuter, H. R. Webbe, and Mansfield were the only five bats much above Public School-boy average, and not so much could be said as regards bowling, for Moyle and Raynor alone in those eighteen years could be said to have come up to that standard, and these two bowlers won two matches and beat two good Eton Elevens. The result of these eighteen matches gives the extraordinary number of fourteen victories to Eton, three to Winchester, and one draw, much in favour of Winchester, however. Since 1880, on the other hand, a very remarkable change has come over Winchester cricket, and there has been little to choose between the two Elevens, but it is in batting that the change has been most marked. During the period from 1863 to 1880 it can hardly be wondered at that Etonians entered upon the Winchester match with light hearts. They were keen enough to win, but the probability of defeat seemed too remote to create anxiety. The glory of Winchester cricket in her darkest days was in fielding. There is every reason why public school Elevens ought to field well; they constantly play together, and their limbs are lissome. But many field badly, and it is equally true that Winchester Elevens always fielded and do field well, and many most brilliantly. At the present time the Winchester match is as great a trial of nerve to the Eton Elevens as the Harrow match, notwithstanding the Marylebone Club, Lords, and the fashion of London.

The Harrow match is played early in July, when it often rains, serving the infamous double object of drowning the young partridges and making draws of the Eton and Harrow matches. But win, lose, or draw, the Eton and Harrow match is a glorious institution, for did not Byron play in the early years of the century? By the way, an interesting problem arises here. Byron had a club foot, or was lame somehow. Did he have somebody to run for him? and where did he field? On the whole, the two sides have been tolerably equal, and if Eton has produced more individual good cricketers, Harrow have had a happy knack of playing the great match up to their best form. The form of Harrow is always difficult to judge of. The match is played on a neutral ground, and while Eton have had smooth level wickets, the slope on the Harrow ground is far more pronounced than at Lords, and the wickets generally far more rough. So it frequently comes about that Harrow batting is underrated and Harrow bowling overrated. Taking, however, the whole range of matches from 1867 to 1893, there has been a large number of draws and a curious absence of close finishes. Speaking from memory, I should say the only really close finishes were in 1870, when Eton won by twenty-one runs,

1878, when Harrow won by twenty runs, and 1885, when Harrow won by three wickets.

If Mr. Mitchell were asked which were the three best Elevens Eton turned out between the years 1867 and 1893, the time when he, largely helped by Mr. Dupuis and Mr. Austen Leigh, coached the Elevens, he would probably say 1869, 1871, and 1876. The 1869 Eleven, which was led by Higgins, had two University bowlers in Butler and Maude, good batting generally, and in Ottaway a batsman whose defence has never been equalled by any schoolboy at any time. Longman's Eleven in 1871 was not good all through, but Longman, Tabor, and Ridley were such a trio that they, with a fine fast bowler in Bovill, made the Eleven victorious. Forbes' Eleven in 1876 was good mainly because of Forbes himself, one of the greatest bats and all-round cricketers Eton has ever produced.

One feature of Eton that has an important bearing on her cricket may be noted here. In no other public school is there such a formidable rival as the river Thames and the boating interest. In the "Scores and Biographies," edited by Mr. Haggarth, there is often to be found a foot-note at the end of an Eton and Harrow match to the effect that there were eight hundred boys at Eton and four hundred or five hundred at Harrow The editor may have had no intention of conveying the impression that on this account all the more credit is due to Harrow for winning the match, but this is certainly the case to anybody ignorant of the fact that, roughly speaking, not more than half the number of boys actually at the School go in for cricket at all. Quite as many Eton boys are wet bobs as dry bobs, and on an average of years there is not much difference in the number of boys playing cricket at Eton, Harrow, and Winchester. It is well to bear this in mind, for if at Harrow or Winchester a boy is not naturally keen after cricket, he is often almost obliged to play, for there is nothing else in the athletic line to tempt him elsewhere.

Such are, perhaps, the main features of cricket at Eton, and it is only a grateful act to tender the thanks of the writer, who may on this occasion take upon himself to speak on behalf of all Etonians, to Messrs. Dupuis and Austen Leigh, and last and chiefest, Mr. Mitchell, for the time, trouble, and skill they have taken to further the interests and capacity of Eton cricketers.

A last word of advice. Never talk to Mr. Mitchell on extraneous subjects, such as a General Election, during the progress of a Public School match when Eton is playing.

R. H. Lyttelton.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH.

A Waning Government.

The immediate break-up of the Ministry has been so confidently predicted by optimistic opponents throughout the last two years, and their prophecies have been so signally falsified, that even now one hesitates to anticipate what appears to be almost inevitable. Such prestige as the Cabinet had a month ago has, however, sensibly declined, and the Party has lost all its buoyancy and some of its temper. Lord Rosebery has disappointed his friends, and the Ministerial organs who hailed his advent in a manner almost unflattering to his illustrious predecessor, now attune their panegyrics to a distinctly lower key, and if he were not the owner of a brilliant horse for whose success in the Derby the "Nonconformist conscience" utters an hourly prayer as we write, he would fare badly. A controversy has been literally raging among the faithful as to whether "concentration" or "dissolution" should be the order of the day, the disputants "maintaining with no little heat their various opinions." As Mr. John Dillon's estimate that "a General Election just now would result in bringing Mr. Balfour back to power with one hundred majority" is probably shared by many less outspoken colleagues, "concentration" would appear to be the wiser policy, and we believe every effort will be made to stave off

the evil day of an appeal to the people. The country may in the meantime, it is true, be governed by men who have ceased to command its confidence, and the theory of the popular mandate of which we used to hear so much becomes impaired, but in the chapter of accidents something might conceivably turn up to fluke a discredited Party into favour again, when they could seek a renewal of confidence under less discouraging circumstances than the present. The "cohesive power of public plunder" is strong; there are men in the present Cabinet who will never sit in another; a General Election would be singularly distasteful to the numerous Gladstonians with narrow majorities, and it imposes a heavy fine all round. On the other side must be placed the fact that owing to the defection of the Parnellites, who are as anxious for a dissolution as the Unionists, believing that they can capture many of the enemy's seats in Ireland, the Ministerial whips are nowadays delighted with a majority of 14—the number by which the Second Reading of the Budget and Registration Bill were carried—which according to all modern Parliamentary experience is ludicrously inadequate for effective legislation. It is even doubtful whether this modest figure can be maintained in face of a little Welsh revolt of four Members that has come to a head during the Whitsuntide recess—the mutineers are dissatisfied with the prospects of Welsh Disendowment, and have been collecting various local mandates to make themselves unpleasant to the Ministry. There is indeed some truth in *The Daily Chronicle's* complaint that Particularism is the bane of the Gladstonian Party, but if ever a Party deserved to suffer this affliction it is that which has sought to foster "Particularism" in every corner of the United Kingdom.

THE PROSPECT. By clever and unscrupulous pilotage—which Sir William Harcourt may be counted upon to supply—by following the precedent of the Scotch Grand Committee Bill when Unionist suggestions were abused and adopted, by paring the Registration Bill until it becomes nothing more than a Registration Bill, by making a few trivial concessions on the Budget—which contains strong popular materials—by multiplying "open" questions and shelving Welsh Disestablishment and the Evicted Tenants Bill it may be possible to carry on the Queen's present Government until August, when a jaded House will insist upon a long holiday. Should Providence fight zealously on the side of the slightly larger battalions it will be none the less a very tight fit, and Sir William Harcourt will have plenty of those political crises which he finds so salutary, and the Ministerial majority may occasionally sink to 2, which Lord Rosebery considers adequate.

In the face of such a delicate situation Unionist absenteeism becomes a very serious offence, and Lord Salisbury's Trowbridge peroration should be graven on every heart: ABOVE ALL BE PREPARED.

LORD ROSEBERY. Lord Rosebery, who as the dark horse of English politics, acquired a superlative reputation, somewhat mystifying to many observers, is being found out not only by his savage opponents but also by his mercurial followers. They expected him to master the situation which he appears to be quite unable to cope with; and they are beginning to grumble in their disappointment. His selection as Leader squared the official Whig hierarchy on his own side, but they are easy by nature, and his urbanity has overcome the Burns faction, he has even reclaimed one vagrant peer, Lord Cork, but in spite of strenuous efforts he has made no impression on the Liberal Unionists, and has somewhat lost caste by his petulant references to his peerage, which after all is the main factor in his success. If he had been plain John Smith with the same abilities he would never have had an opportunity of displaying them, and the Radical Party would never have dreamed of making him Prime Minister. In the old days, when there was leisure to polish up the banter, which was all that one looked for in his speeches, he did very well, but a Prime Minister must be taken seriously; he has to contribute something to big subjects, and in this light Lord Rosebery has so far failed dismally. He made a most unfortunate reference to Home Rule on April 24th, at the City Liberal Club, declaring that the Liberal secession originated with the Franchise Bill of 1884, and not with the Home Rule Bill of 1886, adding, of the Gladstonian Party: "We voted for the Bill (*i.e.*, the Franchise Bill) with our eyes open, knowing what the necessary consequences of the extended franchise must be." This appears to us to be what Lord Randolph Churchill once described as "the wilful diffusion of political error with regard to a matter of fact." Those who are now leading Liberal Unionists were far more active than Lord Rosebery in promoting the Franchise Bill, and it was never so much as whispered that it was to be a stepping-stone to Home Rule. It was not so regarded by Mr. Gladstone, who subsequently appealed for an overwhelming anti-Home-Rule majority, while John Bright recorded his crushing testimony to the effect that but for Mr. Gladstone's great authority not twenty Members would have supported the Home Rule measure. Lord Rosebery and his friends have successfully concealed the fact for ten years that their eyes were open to the merits of disintegration in 1884. An apologist in *The Westminster Gazette* explains the Premier's shortcomings on the ground that he "does not mentally dominate, as he could do, his audience:

they overpower him." That is rather an alarming outlook for the British Empire, the Premier always at the mercy of his meetings!

MR. MUNDELLA'S RESIGNATION.

The world was somewhat tardily informed on May 14th that Mr. Mundella had resigned the Presidency of the Board of Trade "so as to prevent even the appearance of conflict between public and private interest in the Department." Everyone regrets the discomfiture of a respectable politician whose career has been so ignominiously closed, but he blundered badly in postponing the step until public remonstrance made it inevitable. As a director of the New Zealand Loan Company, whose affairs have been exhaustively investigated in the first place by the Official Receiver and in the second by Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams, who subjected them to a most elaborate review, Mr. Mundella must be held responsible for a series of most unpleasant transactions. The *fons et origo mali* was the issue of some misleading debenture forms in 1879 which, instead of giving the debenture holders a charge upon the Company's property, merely placed them in the position of unsecured creditors. The Board on seeking counsel's opinion were clearly told that their statements to the public were indefensible, upon which in a subsequent issue (1888) a very trivial alteration was made in the application forms which, however, did not strengthen the investor's position. This state of things lasted until 1892, when there was a further issue of properly-secured debentures, for which previous holders were invited to exchange their stock, but without being given a reason for doing so. Moreover, the accounts had been cooked, false balance-sheets issued in spite of the auditors' expostulation, dividends paid out of capital, while the Loan Company had been entangled with a Land Company in which several of the directors were interested. These transactions were exposed in the Official Receiver's Report which appeared months ago, and Mr. Mundella would have shown more sensitiveness as to "the appearance of conflict between public and private interest," if he had forthwith retired instead of remaining until several days after the Judge had confirmed the statement of the Official Receiver, and a chorus of disapprobation compelled him to go. It has been suggested as peculiarly unfortunate that Mr. Mundella should have occupied the particular office he did, and that retirement would have been avoidable had he not been the Minister of Commerce. We are inclined to think, however, that the hostility which the political director has aroused of late years would have been too strong for him in any case. The incident opens up a complicated question which the "man in the street" thinks he can solve offhand. The outlook is unpleasant for needy politicians.

A Dismal Victory.

Bye-elections are almost invariably discouraging to Cabinets, and the contest in Hackney was no exception to the general rule. The vacancy was caused by the promotion of the Attorney-General, Sir Charles Russell, an Irishman, to the House of Lords as a Lord of Appeal, in the room of Lord Bowen, whose untimely death we chronicled last month. Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., who is even more eminent as a man of science than as a lawyer, championed the Home Rule cause in opposition to Mr. H. Robertson, a Unionist lawyer, who had devoted unsparing attention to the constituency for two years. After a square fight the Ministerialist gained a dismal victory on May 7th by 4,530 votes to 4,338, majority 192. At the General Election in 1892 Sir C. Russell polled 4,537 to Mr. Robertson's 3,293, majority 1,244—so the Unionist poll has increased by a thousand votes, while the Gladstonians remain about the same, which is hardly encouraging to those who anticipated that our Labour-loving Premier would sweep the Metropolis. *The Daily Chronicle*, which generally suffers from over-elation, described this bye-election as "emphasizing the depressing side of things." Sir John Rigby, a Scotch Member, has become Attorney-General, while Mr. R. T. Reid, Q.C., another Scotch Member, has been appointed Solicitor-General; and the name of Mr. Haldane, also an inveterate Scotchman, as well as a Scotch Member, is suggested in connection with every Ministerial vacancy that occurs; so England, with all her faults, is *not* exclusive.

Second Reading of the Budget.

The Second Reading of the Budget was carried on May 11th, by a majority of 14. Mr. Balfour made an able and, as far as it went, a damaging speech. He brought out well the capricious incidence of the Death Duties, and the gross injustice which must be inflicted upon the inheritors of properties which are subject to settlements. His strongest point was the absurdity of affecting to regard a nominal land value as equivalent to Consols value. "There is no comparison properly to be made between the capital value of sums in Consols and the capital value of a certain kind of estate, because one can be cut up and the other cannot be cut up. It is like cutting up a cartoon of Raphael's into small squares of canvas, and thinking it will sell for one hundredth part of the total amount." He also brought out that the starved agricultural estate, which has been reduced in value, must escape taxation. "The result will be to put a premium upon taking capital off land and to put a penalty upon putting capital into land." One result, he said, might be to abolish country gentlemen; the alternative to them, however, was not a flourishing peasantry but rather the American millionaire. Indeed

it should be perfectly obvious that the effect of Harcourtian finance must be to render landownership more and more the monopoly of the rich. Personalty alone will be able to stand the burthens which are put on realty.

THE POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

"The popular superstition that a landed proprietor must necessarily be a rich man dies hard." These are Mr. W. T. Stead's words, and appear in the last number of *The Review of Reviews*. It is unfortunately a very popular superstition, and one in which the ignorant town Radical must be left to flounder. He honestly believes that landed property is always a source of wealth, whereas country landed property (a very different sort of realty to that of London estates) would be more properly described as a source of poverty. Many men have indeed been ruined by country property. "Then why not resign it?" exclaims the Radical, gleefully. That is just what all prudent men of moderate means are endeavouring to do, but there are not so many rich people about as there used to be, and the impoverished owner naturally desires to recover some of the capital he invested. The blunder of the English land system in the past has been to stimulate the accumulation of land in the hands of the few, for the few, under democratic legislation, will never obtain justice. That is why Mr. Balfour's speech cannot have any popular effect. Sir William Harcourt's reply was able and a far more effectual one for the hustings or for the "masses." Of course he misstated his opponent's case, as when he said that landowners claimed "exemption" from taxation, and he argued on the principle that land is synonymous with cash. He expressed the same fallacy more forcibly in a letter he had addressed to *The Times* a few days previously, in which he compared the value of incomeless land to the value of an incomeless diamond, ignoring that a diamond is in itself portable cash, that is to say, it can be carried in the pocket, and sold immediately over a hundred counters. Another unfair portion of his speech was when he attacked Mr. Goschen on account of a financial policy which had been shared by Mr. Gladstone. Still it would be folly to deny that he made strong points, and vindicated the Budget on popular grounds. He dwelt on the effect of his proposal on small properties, saying,

"Properties under £1,000 pay to the existing Death Duties upwards of £300,000 a year, while under the new system, with Legacy and Succession Duty swept away, with the single equal duty of 1 per cent. up to £500, and 2 per cent. up to £1,000 they will pay about £200,000 a year. . . . . In the case of a man dying with personalty worth £500, at present such a property pays a *minimum* duty of £10, and it may under the Legacy Duty have to pay as much as £59. Under the Government proposals it will pay £5 only, and under no circumstances will it have to pay more."

Sir William Harcourt concluded by saying, "There are things more cared for in the country than Savernake or Chatsworth. We believe this sentiment may be shared by many electors, and we sincerely hope Unionists will not commit the blunder of opposing the relief of small properties from heavy taxation, but that on the contrary that they will emphatically endorse it. An incautious policy towards the Budget may be the means of resuscitating the project of National Dismemberment.

THE SPEECH OF THE MONTH.

Lord Salisbury delivered a powerful speech at Trowbridge on May 4th full of fresh argument and illustration on well-worn topics. He distinguished between "those public affairs over which parties in Parliament quarrel" and "those public affairs which interest the people," and told his audience they could not "live upon registration." He pointed out that the Party system is "running to seed," and that Parliament is "exclusively concerned with taking to pieces the political machinery, and it looks forward to no other prospect except from generation to generation still to take to pieces the political machinery and put it together again." He suggested the state of agriculture as offering a problem not unworthy of the Legislature's attention, and attributed its piteous condition to the low prices resulting from free imports. He accepted Free Trade in the interest of the preponderant consumer, but when land was deprived of protection, Sir Robert Peel made a "tremendous error" in not relieving it of its special burdens.

"You may have noticed sometimes a railway train struggling up an incline. If you put two engines in front you are at liberty to put several trucks behind and the train will still go on. If you take one engine off you must take the trucks off, or else the train will not move at all. That is the position of agriculture. Trucks, in the nature of the rates and special burdens, still remain upon it. The engine, the protection which was the power by which that burden was moved, which was the compensation for those burdens being put upon it—that engine has been taken away. We know that protection cannot be restored, but all the more reason we ought to give all our energies and thoughts as to how these special burdens can be removed from land. I know the answer that will spring to the mouth of every opponent. He will say, 'This is a mere landlords' question.'"

Rates are already one-seventh or one-sixth of a man's income in rural England, the new Death Duties would involve a further 10 per cent., and capital seeks employment elsewhere to the ruin of the poorest part of the population deriving a sustenance from the land, and this forsooth is a "mere landlords' question"! Lord Salisbury referred to "the Statute of Elizabeth which creates the rates and the Statute of George III. which creates the land tax," both of which provided "in the clearest language that per-

sonal property, as well as landed property, should bear the burden of the rates and land tax."

"I have pressed this question upon you because I feel that at the present time, as I say, we are in danger of being swallowed up by politics. It is said that when the Eastern Empire fell at the last, when Mahomet was thundering at the gates of Constantinople, they were still fighting as to whether the Green Champions should win in the chariot race they were holding. Something of the same folly is being perpetrated now. The deepest social problems are in issue. The interests and lives of hundreds and thousands of our fellow-countrymen are daily in question, in difficulty, in danger, and we are fighting, in fact, whether the Government shall or shall not be allowed so to manipulate public policy and the constitution of the House of Commons as to strengthen instead of weakening the precarious majority on which they live."

CHARLES II. AND JAMES II.

The same speech contained the following happy passage, which we hope every Unionist speaker will boldly plagiarize:

"My impression is—as far as I have seen the public opinion of this country my impression is—that whatever the merits of the House of Lords may be or the merits of the House of Commons may be, as things go, the House of Lords is a very good balance for the errors of the House of Commons, and I venture to repeat a well-known anecdote of what happened to Charles II. and James II. when they were walking in the public parks. James II.—he was then Duke of York—said, 'Are you not afraid that somebody will murder you in this solitary place?' 'No,' said Charles II., 'there is nobody in this country will kill me to make you King.' Whatever the merits or demerits of the House of Lords may be, I am quite convinced there is no considerable number of persons in this country will kill the House of Lords to make the House of Commons King."

That is exactly it, the House of Commons is unconscious of its unpopularity.

THE LONDON CAB STRIKE.

On May 16th some 6,000 cabdrivers went out on strike. They struck against the rent they are charged for their vehicles, which amounts to 15s. to 19s. a day according to the season. They ask for a reduction of 3s. a day. It seems, however, that the present rent of cabs is nominal; the cabowners, as a fact, have to take what they can get. A large owner in St. Pancras stated that he has never this year received so much as 13s. a day for any of his cabs. The cabmen could not produce more. Another owner said his price during May for hansoms was 18s. per day, but that he would be well satisfied with 14s. If this be so, why should not the cabowner recognize the situation and consent to fix the fair market price as the standard? The reply is that the lower price would be no more fixed than the higher one, and that remissions would again be claimed. The truth is London is over-cabbed, and when the supply is greater than the demand no fixed price is attainable. The supply has to be diminished, and this will best be done in future by limiting the number of licences issued by the Scotland

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEWSWINDON.

Yard authorities; the public tariff might be slightly raised, say to ninepence a mile after the minimum shilling has been paid on the first two miles and to three shillings per hour. The hirers of cabs can well afford the increase; poor people and thrifty people take to the 'bus. There is fortunately no question of political economy here. The control and tariff of cabs is already under official authority, and the responsibility of sufficient wages rests rather with public authority than with the cabowners. Great commiseration is, however, due to the large number of men who may be sacrificed in the unavoidable reduction of cabs; any movement for their assistance deserves encouragement. Some of the strikers, however, it must be admitted, have done their best to alienate public sympathy by their attempted intimidation of non-unionist drivers.

THE MINORITY REPORT.

After indicating their intention of signing the Official Report of the Labour Commission with some suggestions annexed, the minority decided at the last moment to have a separate splash on their own account. Accordingly they issued their manifesto in *The Pall Mall Gazette* of April 30th. It is a readable document, drawn up by Messrs. M. Austin, Tom Mann, and J. Mawdsley. The dissentients contrast the poverty of the poor with the wealth of the nation—five million of "your Majesty's subjects" are unable to obtain a decent subsistence, while two million are annually compelled to accept poor-law relief. They quote Mr. Charles Booth—whose authority has become an unchallenged institution—to the effect that 32 per cent. of the metropolitan population fell below the "poverty line," or have less than a guinea a week of regular earnings, "below which no family can live in decency and health." They appeal to the statistics of the Labour Department to prove that a large number of skilled artisans are always unemployed, while thousands of the same class lose their means of livelihood in periods of "trade depression." They denounce the length of the ordinary working day —"even in well-organized skilled trades, where the normal working day is only nine hours or less, an excessive amount of overtime is systematically worked"—while chemical workers, railway and tramway *employés*, shop assistants, iron and steel smelters, and many grades of women "habitually labour for at least twelve hours a day, whilst many exceed fifteen." They condemn the unhealthy and dangerous conditions under which many industries are carried on: "phthisis still decimates the badly ventilated workplaces of the compositors," the occupation of a railway worker is more hazardous than that of a soldier, while potters and file makers "die at three times the rate of clergy-

men." The habitations of the working classes are unfit for human beings—28 to 33 per cent. of the whole population in some of our largest towns dwell in one-roomed houses. Finally, there is the fact that of all who survive to the age of seventy, one out of every three becomes a recipient of poor relief. This deplorable condition of the working classes is attributed to the absorption of two-thirds of the annual produce of the community by a quarter of its members. "The annual product of rent, royalties, and dividends levied upon the industry of the nation amounts to nearly five hundred millions sterling." It would have been interesting if the Commissioners had pursued their investigations one step further, and had discovered the subsequent destiny of this five hundred millions, *e.g.*, how much of it is expended in wages, and what proportion upon commodities, abstinence from which constitutes what they term a "trade depression." For instance, if we may take a personal illustration, *The Pall Mall Gazette* is known to deal liberally with its contributors, but on the minority theory of "absorption" the proprietor of a paper keeps all his wealth to himself. A capitalist is in reality nothing more than a distributing agent.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

The dissentients concede that there has been a partial amelioration in the average condition of wage-earners during the past sixty years, and demand the application of the collective power and wealth of the community to raise the condition of the whole wage-earning class, especially of "all those sections which have remained outside the influence of previous reforms." They desire the national or municipal administration of such industries "as can be conveniently managed socially," the regulation of private enterprise that for the present defies "social management," the taxation of rent and similarly unearned incomes in order to provide for the mental and moral development of all classes of the community. In the Fabian philosophy all rent receivers are confounded with half-a-dozen big ground landlords whose wealth is probably magnified beyond recognition, and the rent receiver who does not receive any rent is unknown. The rest of the Report consists of "immediately practicable reforms," the pressing necessities of the industrial situation being (1) the reform of sweated trades; (2) the prevention of excessive hours of labour; and (3) the promotion of greater regularity of employment. These ends are desired by every decent citizen; the means to attain them are alone in controversy. The Report recommends that the employer in the sweated trades who now evades the Factory Acts by getting his work done in the houses of his operatives, should

be made responsible for the condition of those homes, the hours of labour, and the education of those employed to his profit, and sub-contracting should be discouraged. A general legislative eight-hours working day with the suppression of all but "inevitable overtime" is prescribed—the Act is to lay down the principle of a maximum working day applicable to particular industries after due enquiry, by orders similar either to those made under the Factory and Workshop Acts, or to the provisional orders laid before Parliament on other subjects. A network of "practical artisan" inspectors is to be spread over the country, and the unhealthy or dangerous trades are to be subjected a severe discipline. The creation of a Ministry of Labour is recommended. There are various suggestions affecting the lot of seamen, including "a normal eight-hours day." Nothing special is to be done for women whose "economic degradation" is a feature of the situation beyond the appointment of a few women inspectors. Cottages are to be provided for agricultural labourers by parish councils, likewise allotments at farm rents within a mile of their cottages. "An honourable pension from public funds to all aged persons alike" is approved of. The Report, after various suggestions for dealing with the casual unemployed, such as public works "not necessarily remunerative," advises that the permanent unemployed, the "actual invalids of labour, those unfortunates who have already become unfit for regular work" should be committed to experimental labour colonies under strict government "to undergo the course of mental and technical educational discipline most calculated to restore him to the ranks of the workers." This is by far the most pregnant passage in the document before us, the weak point of which, as a whole, is that it has far too strong a political flavour, and has been too obviously written in the presence of the voter. The Commissioners conclude with a peroration demanding "the explicit and widely-advertised adoption by the Government and all local authorities of direct public employment whenever this is advantageous, the eight-hours day, trade union conditions, and a moral minimum wage."

AN IRISH LANDLORD'S POLICY.

Mr. Thomas Cooke-Trench, a landlord who is known throughout Ireland for his knowledge and moderation, has addressed a very interesting remedial letter to *The Kildare Observer* upon the political situation. He dismisses Home Rule as an unattainable chimera on which there can be no compromise and which Irishmen "do not very ardently desire in the abstract," and seeking for a "common platform" for all classes and creeds he finds it in the eternal land question. As the aim of the Unionist Party appears,

to be in the direction of extended land purchase on fair terms, the following extract from Mr. Cooke-Trench's letter will be read with interest:

"I hold that the land is a far more real subject of interest. On this I speak with some difficulty, because, as my brother landlords have been long aware, I hold views which are not acceptable to the great bulk of them. I hold that the semi-feudal relation of landlord and tenant is an anachronism. Almost all that once made it valuable has departed from it, or is departing. Many have expressed to me their concurrence in this view. With them it is only the conviction that a measure of compulsory purchase would be one of spoliation that makes them so strenuously oppose it. If the farmers once make it clear that all they want is fair terms, I believe that many of the landlords would join them in demanding a measure of general purchase. For better or for worse we have entered on a career of purchase. Thousands of those who were tenants are now dotted over the country as owners of their farms, on terms generally substantially below the rent, and within a prospect, getting nearer every day, of holding their land rent free. It is not in human nature that their less fortunate or less far-seeing neighbours should be content to sit down to pay their full rent to the end of time. I cannot hope that while such an anomaly exists there should ever be content or quiet in the land. I have long held this opinion, and urged it privately on many occasions, though never publicly till now. Nor is the position of the 'future tenant' one to hold out a prospect of finality. Here again the contrast is too glaring. At present they are comparatively few in number, and can therefore be ignored by the politicians. But they are increasing, and as soon as they come to be a voting power we shall hear a good deal about them, unless their case is previously dealt with."

The two other points in the writer's programme are Denominational Education and an Extension of the Labourers Act.

THE "SPECTATOR'S" SENSATION.

The Spectator, of all papers, which owes its solid and well-earned reputation to the thoughtfulness of its style and the sobriety of its subject, electrified the United Kingdom by an article in its issue of May 5th, entitled "Next Week in India." The article occupied the place of honour, and opened as follows:

"Our readers will, we think, acquit *The Spectator* of publishing sensational articles, but we have something to say this week which must be said, and which may expose us fairly to that disagreeable imputation. We may be, as we acknowledge from the first, utterly wrong, but the Indian telegram of *The Times* published on Monday, the second on the same subject, has excited in our minds a grave apprehension. It is, at all events, within the limits of possibility that within the next few days all the questions which now interest the country may be swallowed up by intelligence that we have, for the second time in the last half-century, India to reconquer. Thursday is the thirty-seventh anniversary of the fatal 10th of May, 1857, the first day of the Great Mutiny, that marvellous insurrection led, and only led, by the Sepoys, which so nearly extinguished British authority throughout Northern and Central India, perhaps throughout India as a whole, for, had we been beaten on one pitched field, the Mahommedans of the South, with the fourteen thousand Arabs of the Deccan as their spearhead, would have sprung to arms. The anniversary has never been forgotten. May is the time for insurrections, the people believing that heat prostrates white men, and if a rising has been arranged, it is in this month that it would burst out all over Northern India."

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SMEARING THE MANGO TREES.

The writer, about whose identity there can be little doubt, seeing that one of the editors of *The Spectator* has closely identified himself with India, whose events he follows with apprehensive acuteness, proceeded to recall the distribution of chapatties which preceded the mutiny of 1857:

"They were distributed by unknown hands, received in silence as by men who understood what they meant, and passed on to meet everywhere with the same reception. This time it takes the shape of a patch of plaster mixed with hair, with which the trees of the endless mango groves have been secretly bedaubed, as it would seem, throughout Behar and the provinces to the East and West. As in 1857, no one knows how this is done, or by whom, though the number of persons involved must be very great; the police, if they know anything, reveal nothing; and the people remain lost in that apparently unobservant silence, which throughout Asia, when a dangerous incident occurs, means mischief. That silence implies and proves that if anything serious is intended, Hindoos and Mussulmans, as in 1857, are both in it, for they both understand the national ways equally well. The meaning of the chapatti as a signal escaped the Government officials in 1857, as the meaning of the distribution of plaster—which, if we can remember rightly, after more than thirty years' absence, is the old 'trade-mark' of the jogis or wandering fanatics of Hindooism—escapes it now; but we venture to believe, at the risk of seeming presumptuous, that the problem was not insoluble. Our theory is, and at all events it fits the facts, that when the promoters of an Indian movement hold that the time is ripe they order something unusual to be done, be it to light bonfires on the hills as the early Mahrattas used to do—at least, Meadows Taylor says so—or to circulate a cake, or to leave a mark on the mango trees, which every villager knows at once that neither he nor his comrades have made or have expected. The object is to say 'Wait, and be ready,' in a way inaudible to the governing Power. It is an *alerte* which is sounded, and which is thoroughly understood as the signal that something against the common secular enemy, the intruding white man, is about to be attempted."

—In discussing the causes likely to lead to an outbreak, the writer referred to the Cow Killing controversy, the gravity of which is conceded by all responsible Anglo-Indians, the irritating cadastral survey in Behar, the widespread expectation of new taxes, the effort to increase assessments under the land tax in order to supplement the depreciated rupee, while the Opium Commission was also hinted at as having bred "an unexpected amount of suspicion":

"Hindoos and Mussulmans alike dreading and detesting interference with anything which goes into the mouth, and considering that the morality of opium-eating, or hemp-swallowing, or betel-chewing is matter for their own pundits and moollahs, and not to be decided by any Christians. All that discontent is, if no movement is brewing, only angry grumbling, leading at the utmost to riots; but if a movement is at hand, this is not a bad time for its promoters to appeal to the population at large."

—The article, which becomes gloomier and gloomier as it draws to a close, winds up with the reminder that "Asia has hitherto throughout her long history succeeded in spitting the Europeans out." This is an encouragement to mutiny, based on the false

analogy of days when Europe and Asia belonged, so to speak, to different planets. It is easy enough for a continent to "spit out" a fragment of foreigners completely cut off from all chance of succour, but we are somewhat sceptical as to the expulsion of England or Russia now that space has been annihilated and the sea is simply a highway for ships and troops. The only possible benefit of such an article as this, which must tend to act as a stimulant to sedition, would be to deter those of our ignorant politicians from trying to supervise the Punjab from Westminster, but we fear their ignorance is too deep-rooted.

An Anxious Week.

The Press behaved exceedingly well as regards *The Spectator's* mutiny, and no effort was made to "boom" it; the various papers, according to their political colour, contenting themselves with interpreting any existing native discontent to the need of progressive legislation or as the effect of it. Everyone with an opinion worth hearing was appealed to, and an overwhelming balance of authority condemned the scare as groundless—Colonel Malleson and Sir Richard Temple being the only eminent experts caring to identify themselves with panic. Sir Alfred Lyall, who probably knows India better than any other man in this country, and has governed the North-West Provinces, wrote a reassuring letter in *The Times*, pointing out that there was nothing to connect the smearing of the mango trees with a widespread conspiracy, and that it was far more likely to be an inoffensive religious rite. He treated the much-written-up distribution of the chapatties as an accident, and remembered a precisely similar incident in his own Rajputana experience. He recalled the wisps of straw tied round trees in Bengal, which was followed by no disturbance, years ago; and cited Sir John Malcolm's account of a mysterious distribution of cocoanuts in Central India, in May, 1818—neither of these mysteries had any discoverable significance. According to Sir Alfred Lyall the smearing is confined to a very small district in Behar, where the Hindus and Mahommedans are on such bad terms that they could not act in concert. In spite of these and other soothing assurances from Lord Lansdowne and Lord Roberts, the week passed amid considerable anxiety, which was heightened by the news of the insubordination of a native regiment at Agra—the 17th Bengal Infantry. This difficulty turns out to have been an admittedly serious breach of discipline on the part of two companies of newly-enlisted Rajput Mahommedans, who had been annoyed at the chastisement of a recruit by a drill havildar. They paraded without arms in a disorderly manner by way of protest, and were eventually discharged, while their ringleaders were arrested. It seems unreasonable to

connect this incident with a great underground conspiracy, of which the smearing in Behar is the outward and visible sign. The week ended without further alarm, and we all slept again when *The Spectator* of May 12th postponed its mutiny to an indefinite future. Mr. Henry Fowler—who, according to the current books of reference, is Secretary of State for India—actually delivered a speech of three columns, on May 17th, on Death Duties and the Parish Councils Bill! This appears to us to be the really alarming feature in the situation—the responsible ruler of India only cares about the sawdust of party politics, and is quite happy so long as he can prove that the Opposition moved more amendments to some trumpery bit of legislation than the Government.

THE COXEYITE MARCH ON WASHINGTON.

The report sounded rather alarming that a hundred thousand unemployed workmen were marching on Washington with the intention of overawing the Legislature. Had such a force appeared, civil war must have broken out. A Government which represents an entire nation cannot surrender to a rebellious fraction. Fortunately Mr. Coxey's host was an imaginary one. He never mustered more than a few hundred people. Still, a few hundred anarchists who co-operate can do a great deal of mischief. The Coxeyites converted themselves into bands of roving highwaymen, seized trains and stole goods. It was necessary to call out the Federal troops to check the disorders. There will, no doubt, be some further disturbances, and lawlessness will be successful where the law is not adequately supported by physical strength. This is one of the cases where force is the sole remedy.

THE HUNGARIAN CRISIS.

There has been a very serious crisis during the last month in Hungary upon the subject of the Civil Marriage Bill, which was passed by the Hungarian Reichstag and rejected by the House of Magnates. Curiously enough, the Special Committee appointed by the latter approved the Bill, in the first instance by a considerable majority. The ecclesiastics, however, swarmed in for the vote of the whole House, and every effort was made to increase the opposition, diplomatists even being brought home from distant embassies in order to swell the vote. Ultimately the Bill was rejected by 139 to 118 votes. It has been decided to reintroduce the Bill into the Lower House. If it is again rejected, there will be an appeal to the country. There can be little doubt but what the measure will be ultimately carried. The Minister of Justice, M. Szilagyi, made a brilliant speech in its favour, and declared that not only was a large majority of the Reichstag in its favour, but that all the enlightened

opinion of the country supported it. He was enabled to contradict the rumour that the King, or (as he is known to Europe) the Emperor, encouraged opposition to the measure. This report had been zealously propagated. The Emperor has, however, earned a reputation for constitutional etiquette. Dr. Wekerle, the Prime Minister, has announced that when the Reichstag has again passed the Bill, it will be the duty of the Government to adopt measures to insure its passing through the Upper House. Probably the difficulty will be got over by the Court functionaries not taking any part in the divisions.

THE ATTACK ON THE CHURCH.

On Thursday, April 26th, Mr. Asquith rose to introduce in the House of Commons a Bill "to terminate the establishment of the Church of England in Wales and Monmouthshire, and to make provision in respect of the Temporalities thereof." The debate was adjourned till Monday, April 30th, and the Bill was read a first time that night without division.

Thus the great blow has been struck, and for the first time in history a Government has come forward with a plan for disestablishing a part of the Church of England. For the first time in this island has anything approaching a national recantation of Christianity been made; for the first time since Henry VIII. has an attempt been made to plunder the Church and devote its funds to secular objects. Under such circumstances, as one of the secretaries of the organization in the House of Commons which it is hoped represents the general feeling of Churchmen, I have been asked to express our views on the Bill; and I accept the invitation.

But from the very nature of the Church Parliamentary Committee it will be necessary to say a few words by way of premiss. The Church Parliamentary Committee was formed for the express object of defending the Church, and advancing her interests in every way. It was seen that the attacks on the Church grow every year more and more frequent; that attacks are daily being made by the existing Government on the Church schools; that a certain section of the House demands Disestablishment in Wales instantly; that another section desires it as a step towards Disestablishment in England; that many otherwise harmless Bills contain covert attacks on the Church—*e. g.*, the Parish Councils Bill; that even when attempts have been made by Churchmen to extirpate admitted grievances in Church organization, their attempts were opposed by Political Nonconformists, anxious to retain every petty scandal that they might have a cry. It was felt that under such circumstances the time had come for establishing an organization of Churchmen within the House of Commons; whose object should be to resist every such attack, and to help in every attempt made

by the leaders of the Church the better to fit her for the conditions of modern life, so as to render her more efficient and more able to direct the religious and moral life of the nation. Of our general attitude towards this Bill, therefore, there can be no doubt. Whatever its proposals might be, we should be bound to offer it the most strenuous opposition. We traverse the whole doctrine, we deny the essential principle which underlies it. We say emphatically that to Disestablish the Church, or a part of it, is to proclaim to the whole world that we are no longer of necessity a Christian nation. We may tolerate the existence of Christianity among us, but as a State we do not recognize it; we leave it to mere voluntary associations to teach our people the fear of God; and if they teach any other religion, or none at all, we are equally well pleased, we exalt civil Government, we recognize no Power higher or greater, our noblest ideal of Government is the Party system established among us. Secondly, we say that for the State to confiscate the property of the Church is simple robbery. We utterly deny the truth of arguments by which it is sought to justify such action. We take our stand with all the greatest writers on the subject, with Stubbs, Freeman, Selborne, and Gladstone, and say that "the property of the Church is not national property, except in the sense that all property is national property." Nor, again, do we admit that a special case can be made out for Wales on the ground that the Church there is "alien," or a "Church of conquest." History clearly proves it is not, but is the same ancient British Church which kept alive the spark of Christianity in the darkest years succeeding the Saxon invasion, and which St. Augustine found established in the western parts of the island when he arrived in England in the sixth century. It may have united with the Church of England; in fact, it did in the twelfth century, but this does not make it alien to Wales, and the fact that the amalgamation took place 150 years before Edward I. conquered Wales proves that it could not be a "Church of conquest." Neither can we see that the action of Henry VIII. is any precedent for the present confiscation, except in the sense that every act of plunder sets a precedent to other plunderers. Henry VIII. took moneys which had been given by Churchmen for Church uses, and handed them over to his friends for their secular enjoyment. Mr. Asquith does not propose to do this: he substitutes a variety of secular purposes for his personal friends, but, equally with Henry VIII., he takes property devoted to religion and uses it for purposes which have no connection with religion. It is against such confiscation, which may be fairly termed robbery, that we protest. And we believe that when the country understands the nature of the proposal, our protest will not be in vain.

There is, however, a precedent much nearer in time than that of Henry VIII., which has already been frequently referred to in the House of Commons, and of which more is sure to be heard; the Irish Church Act of 1869. Mr. Asquith stated in the debate on the Suspensory Bill last year, that he considered that this Act had finally settled the question as to whether the State had the right to appropriate the property of the Church or not. We venture to differ with him. In our opinion the Act of 1869 was an Act of legalized robbery, which ought certainly not to be repeated. But granting, for the sake of the argument, the general principle, we submit that the circumstances and condition of the Irish Church in 1869 were wholly different to those of the Church in Wales to-day, and no argument in favour of the present Bill can be drawn from the Irish Church Act of 1869. The case of the Church of Ireland then was in no way parallel to the case of the Church in Wales now. The arguments employed in support of that measure do not apply in the present instance. In 1869, as Mr. Gladstone showed, the Church in Ireland only numbered one-tenth of the population, and this fact was known beyond doubt, as there had been a religious census in 1861. In Wales there has been no religious census, thanks to the Liberationists, who dare not show their own weakness, and we have no statistics on which we can rely, unless the vague statements of Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Ellis, before he became a Lord of the Treasury, can be dignified with such a description. And even Mr. Asquith placed the Church at no lower a figure than one-fourth, while Churchmen claim at least two-fifths; and this is certain, that the Church is numerically far stronger than any one other denomination,* which alone differentiates it from the case of Ireland. Next, it was argued in support of the Irish Bill that the Church was not only not progressive, but was even declining, and Mr. Gladstone made use of the remarkable expression that the rate of progress was so slow that at that rate it would take 1,500 or 2,000 years to complete the conversion of Ireland. This charge certainly cannot be brought against the Church in Wales; the remarkable progress it has made in the last fifty years is a matter of common knowledge. It is admitted in every speech made by the opponents of the Church, who constantly charge it with "proselytizing," doing, that is, exactly what the Church in Ireland is said to have failed to do; even Mr. Lloyd-George's unfair description of the clergy as a "hoard of raiders" was an admission of their energy and zeal, which is,

* The largest sect in Wales are the Calvinistic Methodists, and they, according to their own Year Book (1892), number 259,758, including communicants and adherents, *i.e.*, all who ever attend service. As the population of Wales (1891) is 1,771,174, they are, on their own showing, only one-seventh of the whole.

no doubt, the quality which chiefly prompts his dislike for them. But if the Church of Ireland was disendowed because it did not progress, is that a reason for disendowing the Church in Wales because it does progress? Truly the Liberationist is hard to please. Then, again, we were told that the Church of Ireland could only be propped up by such expedients as the Maynooth grant and other doles to the Roman Catholics from the surplus Church funds. No such expedient has ever been employed in Wales. Again, it was stated that great religious bitterness existed in Ireland between the Protestants and Roman Catholics, which could only be healed by Disestablishment, whereas in Wales such bitterness is unknown, except as displayed by those Nonconformists who have chosen to place politics before religion.

Lastly, in 1869, Disestablishment and Disendowment had been discussed and decided over and over again by Parliament, had been the test question at a General Election, and had sealed the fate of a Government. Can it be said that anything of the sort has taken place now? Outside Wales the question of Welsh Disestablishment was scarcely raised at all in 1892. And even in Wales the figures did not preponderate so much in favour of Disestablishment as our opponents would have us believe. The actual votes recorded were: Unionist, 63,892; Gladstonian, 106,504. If the Members returned actually represented this proportion of votes, the Unionists or Anti-Disestablishment Party ought to have had eleven Members instead of two, and the Gladstonians nineteen instead of twenty-eight. But the question is not one that can or ought to be decided by Wales alone. It vitally affects England and the Church of England. Until a Government is returned to power by English votes, specially cast in favour of Disestablishment and Disendowment, it has no right such as was possessed by the Government of 1869, even to touch this great question.

Turning now to the Bill, the first thing we object to in it is the title. It is called "a Bill to terminate the Establishment of the *Church of England* in Wales and Monmouthshire, and to make provision in respect of the Temporalities thereof." Now, the use of the expression "Church of England" is misleading, and suggests, no doubt deliberately, that it is not the Church of Wales which is being dealt with, but an English importation or alien growth. But we know, both from the Archbishop of Canterbury and from Mr. Gladstone, that it would be "more true to speak of the Church of Wales in England than the Church of England in Wales." Then, who would suppose from the above title that the Bill was chiefly a measure of Disendowment, and that Disestablishment was only a means for seizing the Church's funds? The title

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suggests the pious policy of the early Liberationists, many of whom were Churchmen conscientiously anxious to liberate religion from State control, coupled with certain provisions for a better distribution of revenue. But on examining the Bill itself we find only two clauses out of thirty-three devoted to Disestablishment, as a sort of necessary preliminary, all the rest deal with the plunder and the distribution of the plunder. The Disestablishment clauses are, however, bad enough. Four dioceses of the province of Canterbury are torn away from the rest of the Church of England, and are cut adrift and left to shift for themselves. Even this cannot be done without affecting several other dioceses. There has to be a "redistribution of parishes": St. Asaph has to shed fourteen parishes which are to be tacked on by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to some other diocese; Hereford, Chester, and Lichfield have to hand over twelve parishes to be disestablished and disendowed; and there are also fifteen border parishes, whose fate is to be determined by the "Welsh Commissioners," a body appointed under the Act to divide the spoil (partly amongst themselves), but whose constitution is an unknown quantity, as the clause which appoints them is at present a blank. It may here be usefully borne in mind that the Irish Church Commissioners were appointed by the Irish Act, and they all belonged to the Disestablished Church. But, do not these arrangements show how totally different a matter it is to disestablish the Church in Wales from that which it was in the case of Ireland? The Irish Church was a separate Church united only by the Act of Union; the Church in Wales has been an integral portion of the English Church for over a thousand years. Again there can be no doubt as to the geographical division between England and Ireland. In the case of Wales no real boundary exists, but a long zone partly Welsh and partly English, with the result that while the incumbent of one parish may be deprived of his status and income, his next door neighbour, with a practically similar congregation, will be left in undisputed possession of both. Let the Government have the courage of their opinions. If they are a Liberationist Ministry let them say so. Let them boldly attack the whole fabric of English Establishment, instead of paltering and playing with it, making a local question of a national concern. We venture to think that if they do they will find themselves engaged in a fiercer fight than even that over Home Rule itself.

But Disestablishment is not the aim and object of this Bill. The real aim is Disendowment. There are two hundred and eighty thousand pounds a-year, so Mr. Asquith tells us, to be divided among the Welsh people. Strange that there should be such contention over so small a sum, a poor endowment for the Church, a

mere nothing for the nation. This is the gross total of the revenues of the Church in Wales, all of which is to be taken away from religious uses and handed over to purely secular ends. Considering the nature of the proposal it does not seem to matter very much how it is carried out. The plan, however, adopted by the Government appears to aim at inflicting the maximum of injury on the Church, and doing the minimum of good to the nation. There are to be two distinct funds—the central and the parochial, of which the former may be called the plunder from the Bishops, the latter the plunder from the parochial clergy. The central is to be administered by the Welsh Commissioners aforesaid, and is to be employed in establishing in place of the Church such secular institutions as libraries, museums, or academies of art for Wales, or in subsidizing the Welsh National University, a body quite free from the taint of religion in that last year Lampeter College was excluded from it because it happens to be a Church college. They will also pay their own salaries out of this fund, to two of themselves; the third who probably will be the sole representative of the Church is to be unpaid. Lastly, out of this fund they are to keep the cathedrals in repair, out of pure generosity to the Disendowed Church, which may not, according to Mr. Asquith, be able or willing to afford such a charge. This is the plausible side of the cathedrals clause of the Bill, but it is really one of the most objectionable provisions of the measure. For the cathedrals, the most ancient monuments of the Church, are to be taken from the Church, and actually vested in these lay Commissioners, who are to repair them and allow the Church to use them if the Church wishes. But what is meant by repair? The Commissioners may not be Churchmen, or even Christians at all, and their repair may consist in moving the communion-table to the West end, or removing it altogether; at least, in treating the cathedral in their own fashion, and not according to the usage of the Church. The provision is, moreover, completely at variance with other parts of the Bill. By Clause 5, private benefactions are to be retained by the Church, and private benefactions are defined as "property given by any private person out of his own resources since the year 1703." But the cathedrals have all been restored by Churchmen in the present century, at an enormous cost, no less than £76,000 having been spent on St. David's and Llandaff alone. Is the restoration work to be separate from the remains of the original building? But for the private benefactions of the Church the cathedrals would all be in ruins at the present moment. Many Churchmen would sooner see them in ruins again than subjected to the control of a secular commission.

The second, or parochial fund, which is much the larger of the

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two, computed by Mr. Asquith at £233,000, while the central fund is only £45,000, is to be dealt with in a perfectly different manner. Mr. Asquith has discovered that the Irish Church Funds have been frittered away, because they have been used for a variety of large objects, such as the Congested Districts Board, Intermediate Education, Sea Fisheries, and others. He therefore proposes that the parochial funds,—*i.e.*, the tithe,—instead of being vested in the central body shall be vested in the County Councils, and handed over by them to the parishes from which they are derived, to be used for any of the following purposes: "the erection or support of cottage or other hospitals, or dispensaries, or convalescent homes; the provision of trained nurses for the sick poor; the foundation and maintenance of public parish or district halls, institutes, and libraries; the provision of labourers' dwellings, to be let at reasonable rents, and allotments; technical and higher education, including the establishment and maintenance of a library, museum, or academy of art for Wales; any other public purpose of local or general utility for which provision is not made by Statute Act out of public rates." Such are the "national purposes" preferred by the Liberationists to religion. But does it not occur to Mr. Asquith that if frittering away is an evil, the peddling parochial frittering will be infinitely worse than the larger-minded frittering of the Irish Church Commissioners? There is another very important departure from the Irish precedent. The object of the Irish Act was, as Mr. Asquith delicately put it, to "wind up" the Irish Church. It was the Commissioner's duty to realize his funds as quickly as possible, so as to get a large capital sum, and in order to do this the holders of existing interests who were to be compensated were offered inducements to commute their life interests for a capital sum, a bonus of no less than 12 per cent. being given them. In the case of Wales it is thought better not to do this, but to preserve the income for the petty parish purposes above mentioned, and the holders of existing interests, though all freeholders are to be compensated, are not encouraged to commute; in fact, a heavy fine, amounting in the case of a middle-aged man, forty-three years of age, to as much as 39 per cent. of his income absolutely, or 51 per cent. relatively to the Irish terms, is placed upon commutation. This is one of the most cruel things in the Bill. The Irish Church is often pointed to by Liberationists as a triumph of the voluntary system, because of the wonderful manner in which she reorganized herself after Disendowment. But she was able to do this only because, by the immediate commutation of life interests, she at once found herself in possession of a large capital sum with which to begin

afresh and to supplement voluntary contributions. It must be remembered that the Irish Church was disendowed by Mr. Gladstone, who expressly stated that he wished to deal tenderly with her and to give her every chance of continuing her work. It is not so with the framers of this Bill. For its real authors we must look behind the Government to the Welsh Members, many of whom make no secret of their dislike for the Church, and wish to see her plundered out of existence, and some of whom, including Sir G. O. Morgan, consider this Bill almost too moderate. Thus every difficulty is to be placed in her way. The existing clergy are to be compensated, but in such a way that the compensation, though it may benefit them as individuals, may do the Church as a whole as little good as possible. There is to be no ready capital sum to help her over her difficulties. And the clergyman, as Mr. Balfour pointed out in the Debate, is to be placed in the most odious position. So long as he lives and does his work the County Council are to pay to the Commissioners the tithe derived from his parish, and the Commissioners are to hand the amount on to him. Consequently there will be no money for the petty parish purposes; till he dies his parish cannot get its share of the spoils. The result may easily be imagined. Mr. Lloyd-George freely hinted what it would be. "Inducements would be offered to get him to go," said the Hon. Member for Carnarvon. We cannot doubt that in some cases these inducements might resemble those by which Irish farmers in Land League days were induced not to take holdings where evictions had taken place. The unfortunate clergyman, in fact, would be driven out of his parish in many places, and would be only too glad to commute on any terms he could get. Thus, even the compensation to the individual, the one thing which appears fair at first sight of the Bill, will in many cases prove purely illusory.

But we have not completed the full measure of injustice yet. On the death of the incumbent not only is the tithe to be devoted to the parish, but the glebe and churchyard are to be vested in the Parish Councils. Thus, apparently, a body which may have a Nonconformist majority can do what it likes with the actual surroundings of the church itself, can place every petty annoyance in the way of Churchmen going to church, and can, it would appear, refuse to the clergyman the use of the churchyard. Similarly, though the Disestablished Church is kindly allowed to remain an Episcopalian body, the bishops' palaces are to be taken away, and all other ecclesiastical residences not being parsonage houses, and vested in the Welsh Commissioners, who, however, shall allow the Church to use them if the Church wishes. The bishop, in fact, is

to be reminded that he only exists on sufferance, through the great toleration of the State, which no doubt will claim the right later on to evict him if it likes and turn his palace into an art museum or some other "national monument." Then again, what could be more grossly unfair than the date assigned for the commencement of private benefactions—1703. We claim, and history bears out our claim, that all the endowments of the Church are in their origin "private benefactions," given by Churchmen out of their private resources to the Church, for Church uses exclusively. But, admitting for a moment the force of our opponents' argument, that the Church in early days was the only form of religion, that the early gifts therefore were meant for religion generally, and ought not to be monopolized by the Church now, we utterly fail to see why all endowments prior to 1703 should be used for non-religious purposes. The argument, if it be one at all, is an argument in favour of concurrent endowment, not of secularization; but our opponents refuse to have concurrent endowment. But why is the date 1703 taken? Surely if there is any force in the argument it only applies to endowments prior to the Reformation, endowments given since then were clearly intended for the Established Church, and no other denomination can have the slightest claim. In the case of Ireland the date taken was 1660, because, Mr. Gladstone argued, the constitution of the Irish Church was only finally settled then. A similar argument might possibly apply to England, since for a brief interval the constitution of the Church was changed by the Commonwealth, and restored in 1660. But this cannot apply to Wales; for Puritanism, as Mr. Gladstone has told us, though strong in England at that time, had no hold on Wales. The Welsh people throughout the Puritan period were devoted to their Church, and their gifts to the Church in those days were private benefactions in the truest sense.

What, then, is the reason for choosing this date? The answer is not very difficult to find. Welsh dissent, which was non-existent in the seventeenth century, sprang up suddenly at the end of the eighteenth, and grew in strength till the middle of the nineteenth. During the whole of that period and since, it has possessed itself of large endowments. Now, the object of the Government was to take as much as possible of the Church's money and nothing of the Dissenters'. This is the new meaning attached by the framers of the "Newcastle Programme" to the phrase, "religious equality." But it would not do to be quite so cynical as Mr. Gee, who fixed 1820 as the date, which was the actual year of the first Nonconformist endowment. Therefore, they gave the Church the extra 117 years, and took the date of Queen Anne's Bounty, as if that affected the question at all; a very cheap form of generosity, for as

Mr. Asquith candidly stated, the private benefactions between 1703 and 1820 were a "very trifling sum." The net result is that they have carefully saved every Nonconformist endowment, and seized every Church endowment except £13,000 a year.

So much for the plan of plunder. What does the State expect to gain by it, and how far will the Welsh nation be benefited? Clearly, as a nation, not at all. As Mr. Balfour pointed out, certain counties and certain parishes will gain when the Act comes into operation, but the division of the spoil will be very unequal and will probably cause a vast amount of jealousy and ill-will. Will Glamorganshire, for example, with 693,000 people, be content to receive £16,000 a year, while Anglesey, with 35,000 people, is to have £12,064? Or will Swansea find £142 a year a satisfactory fund for 43,000 people, while Llangelynin has £158 to divide among 250 souls? But there is a question beyond this. At the present moment the Church educates the greater part of the children in Wales. In 1892 no less than 86,000 children attended the Church schools. But if the Church were left penniless, as proposed by Mr. Asquith, it is clear she could not continue this work. Important as religious education is, the primary duty of the Church would be to provide a resident clergyman in every parish, for otherwise many Welsh parishes would be left without spiritual ministration, except on Sundays, altogether, it being an admitted fact that there are no less than ninety parishes in the diocese of St. Asaph alone without a resident Nonconformist minister, while where there are resident ministers many of them have other work besides their spiritual work to do. Indeed, of 569 Calvinistic Methodist Ministers in Wales, 191 are also shopkeepers, farmers, or commercial travellers, 12 are engaged in educational work, and only 366 are able to devote their whole time to their congregations. The subscriptions, therefore, which now are used to support education would be diverted to support the clergy, and Board schools would have to take the place of voluntary schools everywhere. But it costs on the average £2 4s. 6d. a year to educate a child in a Board school over and above the amount of the education grant and the fee grant, and this sum would have to be raised out of the rates. A simple calculation shows that this sum would amount to no less than £191,000 a year, or £12,000 a year more than the gross value of the ecclesiastical endowments taken away by the Bill, or £36,000 a year more than their value, deducting the cost of collection. Nor is this all. The cost of building a Board school amounts to £12 15s. 9d. per child. Unless the Church requites the harsh act of the State in taking away her endowments by handing over her school buildings, the unfortunate ratepayer will therefore have to find a capital sum of no less than £1,099,000 for

building new schools, in addition to the £191,000 a year for maintaining them.

The net result therefore is clear. The Welsh people will be worse off by nearly £80,000 a year; the Church will continue to live and to grow—but at the expense of religious and voluntary education. Will this final effect of its legislation appear satisfactory even to a Liberal Government? It may please Mr. Acland, and those who, like him, consider a Board school the *summum bonum* of existence, and whose whole policy consists in the multiplication of Board schools at any cost to Church or nation. But we very much doubt if the Welsh ratepayers will appreciate it, and we are certain that the Welsh people will be sufferers by the loss of Christian training for the young. What will be the effect on the Church? It will suffer grievously for a time; it will be sorely crippled in many places; it will be left for many years in a worse position than any of its neighbours; its power for good, for charitable work, for help to the poor, will be greatly diminished; its rapid progress among the people may be stayed; but nothing in the long run can prevent the ultimate triumph of the Church and the equally certain decline of dissent. For Welsh dissent has had its day, its very *raison d'être* will have gone. The original *raison d'être* of dissent in Wales was, as everybody knows, the absence of Welsh services in church in the last century—this reason has long passed away. Now it appears to live chiefly in order to destroy the Church. By Disestablishment and Disendowment it will have done its worst and failed. Failed, because the attack is dictated merely by the unworthy motives of jealousy and sectarian spite, which must defeat their own ends in the long run; failed, because the Church, so falsely called the Church of England in Wales, is in truth the National Church of Wales, and the Welsh people will not allow her to be destroyed.

(Chairman of the Church Parliamentary Committee.) RICHARD E. WEBSTER.

(Secretary of the Church Parliamentary Committee.) A. GRIFFITH BOSCAWEN.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE ALPS.*

The world was steadily improving till about thirty years ago. After that period it remained comparatively stationary for a long time; but of late it has shown painful symptoms of deterioration. This truth, which is generally known to men of my age, is strikingly confirmed by the history of the Alps. The Alps were once a barbarous and inaccessible region, fitted only for savages and bears, and even for dragons, the last of which were still occasionally seen (or heard of) in the wilder regions a century or two ago. The mountains had been gradually annexed to the habitable world: Hannibal and his successors had made roads into their remotest recesses and across the main passes; William Tell and his friends had laid the foundation of independent communities; inns had been built to receive travellers, and guide-books been written to instruct them. A series of poets and men of science had discovered their beauties, and we had learnt from the pages of Saussure and Forbes and Ruskin to visit the shrine in a becoming spirit. And, then, in the fulness of time arose the Alpine Club. There is, I am told, a fruit which can only be eaten in perfection at a particular moment; ten minutes too early it is still sour and ten minutes too late the flavour has already begun to decline perceptibly. So the Alps culminated for a few years. The old romantic flavour was still uninjured. Tourists could be thrilled at the sight of Tell's chapel; they quoted Byron on the Wengern Alp and Rousseau on the rocks of Meilleraye; the monks of St. Bernard were picturesque personages of superhuman devotion, and their dogs showed an amazing instinct in supplying lost wayfarers with cloaks and brandy. The daring few who ventured to attack Mont Blanc had their names inscribed in the archives of Chamonix; took a little army of guides and porters, with whom they dined solemnly if they survived the adventure; and repeated legends about mountain-sickness and the avalanches which might start anywhere at any moment if the traveller ventured to raise his voice above a whisper. They wrote books when they came home. The guides were

* *Climbing in the Karakoram-Himalayas.* By W. M. Conway. London, 1894. T. Fisher Unwin.

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daring chamois hunters who loved danger for its own sake, and were (so we understand) invariably doomed to an early death. The innkeeper, in the remote parts, became a friend who only stopped short of such intimacy as would have made it ungraceful to present a modest bill; and you were often lodged by the village priest, who asked with interest about the Thames Tunnel, and had himself imbibed a passion for mountain ascents. We rushed with delight into that enchanted land; climbed peaks and passes; made proselytes in every direction to the new creed; and ended, alas! by rubbing off the bloom of early romance, and laying the whole country open to the incursions of the ordinary tourist. Seiler of Zermatt and Imseng of Saas are dead, and the great Melchior Anderegg is retiring from his profession. The fortunate generation is passing away; and the charm is perishing. Huge caravanserais replace the old hospitable inn; railways creep to the foot of Monte Rosa and the summit of the Wengern Alp and threaten even the summit of the Jungfrau. The tourist despatches Switzerland as rapidly and thoughtlessly as he does Olympia; and the very name of the Alps, so musical in the ears of those who enjoyed their mysterious charm, suggests little more than the hurry and jostling of an average sight-seeing trip. It is sad. The selfish veteran may no doubt say that what has been has been, and he has had his hour. But he has a certain pang when he reflects that such an hour can never come to his children. They can never know the true delight of a first ascent of the Matterhorn, or form one in such a friendly little circle as then had the most delightful of all recreations to itself. While moodily reflecting upon these familiar thoughts, I came upon Mr. Conway's beautiful book upon a still unexhausted region. Though nothing can bring back the hour of freshness in the Alps, there may be still a chance for other regions. Mr. Whymper, having spoilt the Matterhorn, sought to recompense his fellow-creatures by throwing open the Andes. Mr. Conway, who has helped to suppress the Alps, though doomed by unfortunate fate which brought him into the world at a ridiculously modern date, to a narrower range of discovery, has gone to the noblest of all mountain regions. He has penetrated into the marvellous wilderness of gigantic peaks which are the nearest approach made by our planet to the scenery of the moon. We have all lately read Mr. Knight's charming book, *Where three Empires meet.* Mr. Knight had the good fortune to see a curious combination of fighting and climbing—the two noblest of human amusements. He assisted at a process which was at once the storming of a fort and the ascent of a precipitous mountain gorge. The wild scene of that daring feat was but the vestibule to the innermost penetralia of the Karakoram mountains, and the gallant robbers who defended the gorge

appear to have made their conquerors welcome, and, according to Mr. Conway, need only a little experience to become as good guides as the Balmats and the Andereggs of our own Continent. Clearly they will be in no want of materials upon which to practise the art. Mr. Conway naturally compares his new series of peaks to our old favourites; and he has a disagreeable, if conscientious, way of invariably reminding us that the new scenery is on a vastly greater scale. When a literary critic discovers a new light he hesitates a little before declaring, say, that Ibsen is incomparably superior to Shakespeare. Mr. Conway has no such remorse. He roundly declares that this or that upstart is altogether superior to the recognized superlatives. He reminds us of "Dido, a dowdy, Cleopatra, a gipsy, Thisbe, a grey-eye, or so, but not to the purpose." The Jungfrau is all very well, but she is a molehill compared with Masherbrum. The Monte Rosa has some fine snow-slopes, but nothing to put beside the cliffs of Pioneer Peak; and it is no longer Mont Blanc, but "K2," who must be enthroned as "the monarch of mountains." There is, indeed, one phrase which gives us reason to hope that the Matterhorn in point of form may still hold his own with the Karakoram peaks, but it must be sorrowfully confessed that the merit of a mountain depends greatly upon size; and, in Macaulayan phrase, the Alps apparently bear the same relation to these monsters which Scawfell bears to Mont Blanc or which Primrose Hill bears to Scawfell.

As philanthropists we ought to rejoice for the sake of posterity. We ought not to be grudging on such a subject; to hug ourselves in the thought that we, and we alone, have enjoyed the very cream of mountaineering ecstasy, and that none of our descendants to the end of time can ever enjoy it again. Therefore, though not without reluctance, I have braced myself to consider what is to be said by this devil's advocate—a name which I do not mean to be uncomplimentary, but applicable to any iconoclast who desires me to exchange my cherished superstition for a new, even if a more enlightened creed. In this matter of mere size, it must be confessed at once that Mr. Conway is unanswerable. We used to think a good deal of the Aletsch glacier and the twelve hours' pass which leads from Grindelwald to the Æggischhorn. But what is that to the great Hispar pass, where Mr. Conway's party spent over a fortnight upon the two monstrous glaciers? His guide remarked pathetically upon one occasion that after an hour or two upon a Swiss moraine a man thinks himself entitled to swear, but upon this occasion he felt that he had no right to that relief after a day or two upon the vast wilderness of stones. The mountains are not only gigantic but innumerable. Mr. Conway looks up

a lateral gorge and sees a huge glacier tumbling down, one chaotic mass of Teracs. He doubts whether a man could cut his way up it in a year. Beyond it opens a new "mass of mountains, unexpected, unexplored, and unnamed." Among these are "three giants, noble in form and fine in grouping." For countless ages they have wasted their beauty on a few wandering bears and ibexes. Indeed, it seems doubtful whether they have had even such semi-conscious spectators of their charms. For these strange monsters, vista opening beyond vista of inaccessible peaks, rise in the region of thin air, to which comes nothing living except some luckless butterfly, carried up by a gale to be frozen in the eternal snow, so deserted that Mr. Conway was pleased to get down again to a place where he was once more bitten of mosquitoes. Those insects are at least, in some sense, company. They belong to the world of organized life, though they make a rather objectionable use of their endowments.

It is, indeed, rather pleasant to the ancient Alpine tourist to find that Mr. Conway verifies an old discredited tradition. We used thoughtlessly to mock at Saussure's guide who complained of the stifling air on the insufficiently "aerated" plateau of Mont Blanc. He was right, it seems, after all. At least the upper regions, upon which K2 and his comrades look down, seem for the present to exercise the same influence over their daring assailants. The party took some three weeks in ascending the other monstrous glacier, and painfully forming camp above camp, and lugging themselves up through the thin air to successively higher stations, till at last they stood upon the summit of "Pioneer Peak," some 23,000 feet above the sea, and higher, in all probability, than man has ever climbed before, though their neighbour, the "Golden Throne" still rose 1,100 feet higher, and the irrepressible K2 rises another 4,000 feet. That they had performed a feat which commands the sympathetic respect of all mountaineers is too obvious to need emphasis. Mr. Conway, though he preserves a proper silence about himself, gives incidentally facts which are significant enough even to the humble Swiss traveller. The Swiss guide Zurbriggen must undoubtedly be a worthy representative of a set of men whose qualities are well enough known. His companions, who had still to learn the art of climbing, showed admirable predispositions. Mr. Bruce, struggling waist-deep through a mountain torrent in flood, with a sheep under each arm, was clearly the man for the emergency; and the gallant Ghurkas whom he led, though not previously experienced upon ice, had the manly qualities of the true mountaineer. They appear especially to have taken everything in the right spirit—that is to say, to regard all the

dangers and the toils as part of the fun. Whether they contrive to break each other's heads by butting at each other with the horns of ibexes, or to swing pendulum-like across the face of vast snow-slopes, when their lives depended on the power of their companions to support them by a rope from the unsteady footing of ice-cut steps, they see the performance from the humourist's point of view. And we are grateful to the artist, Mr. McCormick, who, harassed by toothaches and attacks of fever, and in spite of frostbites and sufferings from thin air, managed to preserve speaking portraits of the scenery and the actors.

Then the poor coolies—unlucky porters dragged at the tail of this apparently insane expedition—deserve their word of praise. But here recurs that sentiment which I have endeavoured to mask under an affectation of sympathy. The porter in a Swiss expedition was generally a convenient scapegoat upon whom the unsuccessful traveller could discharge a part of his bile. But what is the mere Swiss traveller to think of an expedition in which the number of porters rises at times to a hundred? It is no longer an expedition, but a campaign. The machinery is becoming too complex for the amusement. Mr. Conway has to be a general rather than a leader. He submits to labours such as are incompatible with the happy thoughtlessness of our simple adventurers. He lugs about a horrible instrument called a "plane-table," something, as I dimly conjecture, useful in surveying, and has to spend hours after the day's march in slavery to this monstrous contrivance. He is forced to be scientific, to collect stones and plants and insects, and to keep an elaborate diary recording his observations. He has become a Moltke, toiling at his desk and condensing an elaborate correspondence, instead of a simple-minded barbarian chief rushing out for a day's raid. Mr. Conway, of course, deserves gratitude; but to us of the old-fashioned school, the question will occur whether this is not something quite different from the recreation which we loved so well. In the good old days an Alpine expedition meant a walk from a comfortable inn, a stiff climb or so up a peak of reasonable size, at the outside, perhaps, a night passed in a châlet or possibly on the rocks, and then a return with heightened appetite to a good *table d'hôte*, and a delicious evening talk, in which we recounted our performances with such modesty as we could command to like-minded friends. To travel half round the world (Mr. Conway boasts that you can get to the foot of his mountains in a month from London), to organize a whole army of porters and a system of supplies, to take, in short, almost as much trouble as if you were going to relieve Emin Pasha or discover the remains of Sir John Franklin, may be a good investment of energy; but it does not at present suggest a new

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sport accessible to the tired barrister or the university don in his vacation. It will be a long time before K2 will be as accessible as Mont Blanc is at present. And this suggests another point. Can K2, or Masherbrum, or any of his nameless compeers, be really as beautiful? The argument in their favour is plausible: they are taller than Mont Blanc; they have bigger precipices; longer ranges of peaked "needles"; they command wider horizons; they send down avalanches by the score, each of them big enough to cover a whole Swiss valley; the sunset lights up their snows, and the clouds wreathe round their ridges in colours as bright and forms as delicate as are ever to be seen nearer home. That proves that if they were in Switzerland they would be beautiful. But can they be beautiful where they are? Mr. Conway laments that his three giants have been "wasting their magnificence" through all the centuries. So we may say that the marble in a quarry or the canvas in a shop have been wasted for want of statuary and painter. What these noble giants want is not simply that somebody should go and look at them. That can be done, as Mr. Conway has found, at a sufficient cost of time and money, of aching limbs and gasping lungs. But they require also to be enamelled by all that can only come with centuries of civilization. They want to have picturesque villages and church spires in their valleys; to have zigzag paths traced up their sides by the feet of succeeding generations; to have châlets built on the pastures, and terraced fields creeping up their sides; to be everywhere, in short, made into the framework of a congenial human society. Our ancestors, at whom we sometimes sneer, took their scenery more reasonably perhaps than we do. They loved it as the background of various active pursuits; Izaak Walton loved the gentle flow of the sea, though professedly he was only intent upon the wily carp; and Robin Hood really enjoyed the greenwood, though he affected to be only on the look out for the Prior of Jorvaulx with his sumpter mules. In later years we have learnt to talk as though we cared about "Nature" for its own sake; as though a hill or a stream could be beautiful not only without suggesting definite thoughts of human life, but when it has absolutely no relation to them. Of course, this is natural enough for a cockney. Eleven months in London qualifies one to enjoy absolute solitude in the twelfth. Our neighbours have been so often in contact with us that the bare sensation of not having our toes trodden and our ribs jogged by other people's elbows appears to be delicious. But it is a delusion to suppose that the mind can permanently take pleasure in the absolute negation of human sympathy, in regions in which you are not only unelbowed by peer or player, but in conditions positively hostile to the human race. I am not one of those persons who are accessible to what are called

historical associations: my heart would not beat more quickly on the Field of Marathon; and when I see a place where something has happened, the thing that always occurs to me is its strong resemblance to places where nothing has happened. But, for all that, I like my scenery properly aired; tamed and softened by the labours of my fellows, or at least standing out in harmonious contrast to human works. Mont Blanc never looks so lovely to me as when it shows itself across the Lake of Geneva as the guardian of the dwelling-place of a people; and when I am on the summit I do not feel quite happy without the glimpses of meadow far below, or of the mountain paths winding through the gorges. We are still inclined to regard a railway in the Alps as uncongenial: it is a new, raw, obtrusive phenomenon, suggestive of the intrusive tourist; but nothing adds so much to the beauty of a mountain pass as one of the old carriage-roads, climbing dexterously up the accessible slopes and giving a dramatic interest by its adaptation to the scenery and its suggestion of the many regions which it divides or joins. Savagery, pure and simple, the deathly solitudes of the moon, even the wildernesses of the Rocky Mountains or the Karakoram, would, I fear, make me shiver. It is true that Mr. Conway's jovial Ghurkas, to say nothing of Mr. Conway's own party, seem to have kept up their spirits in a marvellous fashion, and even to have made the ridges of K2 echo to strains more familiar in London music-halls. That, I take it, was a tacit confession that they were verging upon homesickness; that these huge, frigid images of death and stagnation were a little too overpowering, and required the stirring of some associations with the land of the living. I love the sea at the Land's End; for if there is the Atlantic in front, there is one's own country, such as it is, behind; but the solitudes of the mid-ocean become a little too appalling in their loneliness; and, on the same principle, Mont Blanc is noble between Chamonix and Courmayeur; but K2, vaguely standing in the wilderness, in a dim region between three distant empires, would, I suspect, suggest the ominous and the monstrous, and even the sublimity would pass into the horrible. Thus, after all, I can find comfort. I shall never see the Karakoram range, unless I become Governor-General of India; but I have persuaded myself for the moment that I don't want to see it. Mr. Conway's account of his life in those regions and Mr. McCormick's pictures of the snows were undoubtedly fascinating; they roused the old man, and I glanced at the ice-axe long suspended peacefully in my study. But I have suppressed the rising emotion and can calmly but decidedly pronounce the Karakoram to be a mistake. I have better reasons for not going there than Wordsworth found for not visiting Yarrow: at any rate, reasons which are much more certain to keep me to my

resolution. I will not say that if I am invited there a thousand years hence, I will refuse to go. By that time the mountains may have been got into order. There will be a railway station (if railways should not have been superseded) at Gilgit; there will be pleasant hotels in all the valleys; the Chinaman and the Russian and the Englishman will be meeting on friendly terms, and wondering over the foolish jealousies of long-past centuries; the regions will be swept and garnished, and there will be a proper audience for the heroes who will then be climbing the last untrodden peaks, and lamenting the exhaustion of the last playground of the civilized world. At present I am content to let Mr. Conway go for me. He must forgive the ancients of the Alpine Club if they look with somewhat jaundiced eyes upon the ugly duckling, or, to be more complimentary, let me say the eaglet, whom they have unwittingly hatched. They cannot conceal a certain pride in the monster who has soared beyond their ken; for they claim to have partly implanted in him the impulse which has had such an imposing result. But in private they feel that they really had the best of it; and that these new-fangled monstrosities must not be permitted on the score of mere material magnitude to lord it over the eternal Alps, which have charms never to be rivalled and not even to be quite extinguished by hordes of thoughtless sightseers.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

ENTHUSIASM OR HYSTERIA?

In all ranks of life there is at the present time a great increase o political aspiration and political activity. To some this appear matter for unmixed congratulation. In the words of the learne author of *National Life and Character*, "the broad fact remain that human co-operation for political ends is yearly becoming mor fruitful of good purpose," and therefore, "The Religion of the Stat is surely as worthy of reverence as any creed of the churches an ought to grow in intensity year by year." The late Sir Henr Maine, in his great work on Popular Government, has taken somewhat different view and endeavoured to trace a connectio between our love of politics and our love of athletic and fiel sports. Again, as if to prove the truth of the proverb that wha is one man's meat is another man's poison, there are those wh like Gallio care for none of these things, and who regard this nev civic enthusiasm neither as religion nor as sport, but as an un accountable form of spiritual exaltation not far removed fro hysteria.

It requires some temerity to profess any sympathy with th dissidence of dissent embodied in this last view; for though i private the legislator may occasionally give a cynical wink, as d the augur of old, in public he goes through the functions of h office with an imperturbable gravity, in the witnessing of whi the devotees are kept in a highly strung state of political phrens With the dissenter these adherents of orthodoxy are disposed take a very short way. He is set down as a person devoid public spirit, entirely wrapped up in his own selfish concerns. H is indifferent to the general welfare, and the grounds of his no conformity have little chance of obtaining audience with tho who are full filled to the brim with an enthusiastic belief in t saving virtue of politics. All political parties are disposed resent the attitude of those who regard the political cultus wi suspicion and dislike.

On the one side there is the new Radical Party, full of the wilde enthusiasm and thoroughly persuaded that by political action lar and much-needed social reforms can be brought about. On t

other side there is the Conservative Party, representing such measure of contentment as is to be found in the present *status quo*. Its position is precarious mainly because of the *élan* of the Radical attack. Partly, therefore, for the purpose of keeping in power, and partly also in a spirit of *noblesse oblige*, it has elevated the doctrine of ransom into a rule of conduct. Conservatives do not, it is true, affect the same enthusiasm for legislation as their rivals, and occasionally, when in Opposition and when a General Election is not very near, they use arguments which appear to throw doubt on its efficacy. Still, it is not too much to say that all parties explicitly or implicitly regard the State not only as the compulsory co-operation of citizens for certain administrative purposes, but also as an instrument whereby a more equitable construction of Society can be reached.

Those who for want of a better title are called the Party of Gallio, are as much out of sympathy with the one as with the other. The point at issue between them and the "practical politician" is that they do not believe in the possibility of constructive legislation. In their view legislation may be obstructive to that harmonious progression which finds its motive in a free Society. It may also be destructive, sometimes wisely, sometimes unwisely, but constructive in the true sense of the term it can never be.

It may be that the sentiment enlisted on the side of State Socialism is sufficiently strong to carry the nation into the millenium, or into bankruptcy, as the event may prove. Certain it is that its advance will never be stopped by jettisons of ransom from the Tory Democracy. If the present tendency is to be combated, it must be done by such a reconstruction of parties as will put the issues of the controversy clearly before the country. It may very well be that any attempt to oppose State Socialism directly would involve the exclusion of the Anti-socialist Party from office and power for a generation. It would, however, raise a plain and intelligible issue. At present political parties seem to be entirely at cross purposes, and sooner or later a new line of division will be drawn.

It might, therefore, be worth while to consider what warrant there is for this afflatus of political enthusiasm which is exercising so powerful an influence on the imagination of a majority of Her Majesty's subjects.

Representative Government has been the instrument by which Society has escaped from the tyranny of feudalism and arbitrary power, and to which we have still to look for the abolition of many needless restraints on our liberty. Representative Government is therefore an institution well-entitled to the gratitude of mankind. Naturally also those who have taken a leading part in its conduct

have magnified their office. In their mind Government or the State has become co-extensive and identical with Society. In reality this is not so. Society is anterior both in time and in importance to the State which is only an instrument, possibly by no means a permanent instrument, for the development of Society. Democracy is merely a form of government, which has been extremely useful in superseding some of the abuses of oligarchical and monarchical absolutism.

If we dispassionately reckon up the advantages of modern civilization, we shall find that we owe most of them not to Government but to the free play of our natural instincts of associated life—in other words, to the natural organization of life in a free Society. There is no greater fallacy than to suppose that if it were not for the State, the individual would be left in hopeless isolation. On the contrary, all the influences which make for the nicer adjustments of the associated life lie altogether outside the sphere of the State whose coercive action is all too often obstructive of real co-operative harmony. The idea that co-operative association and sanctity of contract rests on the authority of the State is one of the strangest delusions. It arises from certain misconceptions based mainly, as far as one can see, on the etymology of a nickname. The title "individualist" has been applied to persons who are not Socialists, and they have not been at pains to repudiate it. Thus, although there is ample evidence that the first and most obvious impulse of the natural man is towards association of one sort or another, those who are opposed to the compulsory association which is the essence of Socialism are taunted with being incapable of association altogether, and impervious to the influence of the social virtues which arise in the natural intercourse of man with man.

No better instance can be given of the vast superstructure of misconception that can be based on this forced interpretation of a nickname than is to be found in the following quotation from a sermon of the Rev. Canon Scott Holland reported in *The Daily Chronicle* of the 13th March, 1894:—

> "Individualism," this eloquent preacher exclaims, "has of course no consistent interpretation for marriage, for marriage is itself in its essence the very denial of individualism. It asserts with all its force the incompleteness of the individual. It roots his being in partnership, in community, in corporate responsibility in the intermingling of life with life. Individualism has no insight into such principles as these. . . . . Its aim is to leave the individual alone as far as possible in making or unmaking his contract. Its legislation is towards loosening the ties as soon as they fret and curb the individual convenience."

This of course is a mere travesty of the opinions of those who believe that free human Society has an inherent capacity for work-

ing out its own salvation. The purification of marriage has not been the act of the State. With advancing civilization a higher interpretation has naturally been given to marriage. The State has recognized this, and if the question of divorce—the subject of Canon Scott Holland's sermon—were not too wide a digression, it would, I think, be possible to argue that the alleged relaxation of this, the highest of human contracts, is due to the reaction from the legality superimposed upon an institution which, in as much as its origin is purely social, is on that account more readily recognized as binding by the conscience of civilized Society. The title "individualism" is entirely misleading, and should be dropped in this controversy. The rhetoric of Canon Scott Holland touches nothing which it does not adorn, but in this particular instance, led away by an etymological subtlety, he has been betrayed into an invective which, though a very proper embellishment to a sermon preached as a manifesto of the "Forward Movement of the Church," must appear to the candid reader to fall somewhat wide of the mark.

In the natural evolution of Society from barbarism to civilization, marriage and the family are essential and constructive factors. Essential also, in this view of life, are partnership, community, corporate responsibility self-imposed, and therefore more binding the intermingling of life with life. These things are created in the intercourse not of a State-dominated, but of a free, Society. The true opposition is not between the Individual and the State or Society, but between Society and the State. To make this point clearer let us take another instance.

If we wished to appreciate the vast importance of the parental instinct as a constructive factor in life and in Society, we might begin by going back to the earliest period of biological time. We should perceive how this principle has been one of the great creative forces at work in the evolution of life and in the organization of Society. Parental affection towards offspring has not, it is true, been so perfectly developed that it is impossible to find instances of gross cruelty of parents to their children; nor has it been so invariable that gratitude, towards those to whom they owe their life, is always and unfailingly present in the mind of the children. Still, with all its imperfections, the relation of parent to child has been a civilizing education to the parents and a guarantee of life and preservation to the child. It would be no exaggeration to say that this familiar and obvious principle has been the greatest constructive influence in our social life.

Men, however, rarely wonder at what is familiar and perfect, their imagination is more readily impressed by the imperfect and the unusual. The State is called in to remedy the imperfect work

of Nature, and legislation is devised, which, though possibly in some cases necessary, must inevitably interfere with the automatic and constructive processes of Society. Factory Acts and Compulsory Education have been substituted for parental responsibility in what after all is a small portion of its sphere of influence, and we are asked to find in this small though perhaps necessary usurpation, the basis and the motive of a new religion. We may believe very strongly in the immediate beneficence of factory legislation and of compulsory education, but this need not, and should not, blind us to the fact that by our innovations we may seriously injure the automatically-working mechanism of progress that is inherent not in the State but in Society.

"At the date we visited Greece, April 1892," writes the author of a pleasant record of travel, *Two Roving Englishwomen in Greece*, "all education was free from A B C up to the University of Athens . . . . . The Greeks are rightly proud of their free education, but the present generation do not appear to have found it the panacea they expected, and I was much surprised to hear both young men and middle-aged men speaking against this unlimited free education. 'We manufacture nothing but professors and writers,' exclaimed one, 'whilst what Greece requires are men to cultivate her waste lands, artisans, and engineers,' . . . . . and he seemed to think that anything that would check the absorbing desire of coming up to the University of Athens would be a step in the right direction. Another national institution against which the young Greek is beginning to inveigh is the politician. . . . . In a word, all Greeks are politicians from the shepherd upwards. The gift of everlasting political talk appears to have come to them as a heritage, and is styled by the practical party, 'the curse of the Nation.'"

By the end of 1893, under the guidance of its politicians and professors, the Greek Government had declared itself bankrupt. Society has need of artisans and engineers, and would be content with a very moderate supply of professors and writers. If things were left to take their course there would be some adjustment between demand and supply, but under the afflatus of the New Religion the State has ordered otherwise. There has been overproduction of professors and politicians and an increase in the burdens imposed on the people for the endowment of this army of tide-waitership. It is an ill wind that blows no one good, and in the bankruptcy of the deity the young Greek will, it is to be hoped, find emancipation from the "curse of the Nation."

Again, in a free Society, where obligation is for the most self-imposed, men are dependent on themselves and on those bound to them by the natural ties of family and friendship. Though

in the main this natural organization is successful, yet failure occasionally happens, and a Poor Law is deemed a necessity of civilized life. Still the State has always been careful to proclaim that compulsory assessment for the relief of the poor shall not absolve children from their duty, but the disintegration of Society incidental to this usurpation of the State cannot be stayed by the *brutum fulmen* of the sub-section of an Act of Parliament. The willingness of children to support their parents, now that the necessity of so doing has been removed by the Poor Law, has grown weaker, the legal enforcement of what had otherwise been a natural and irresistible impulse has become irksome, and the civic but anti-social enthusiast is now carrying on an agitation to absolve children from legal liability for the support of their parents.

By their fruits ye shall know them.

"Prithee, Trim," quoth my father, turning round to him, "what dost thou mean by honouring thy father and thy mother?" "Allowing him, an' please your honour, three-halfpence a day out of my pay when they grow old." "And didst thou do that, Trim?" said Yorick. "He did, indeed," replied my Uncle Toby. "Then Trim," said Yorick, springing out of his chair and taking the corporal by the hand, "thou art the best commentator upon that part of the decalogue, and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou had'st had a hand in the Talmud itself."

Corporal Trim it is clear lived before the days of civic enthusiasm. If his lot had been cast in these later times, his answer would have been that at the next General Election he intended to vote for the candidate who was in favour of supporting his parents at the public charge, and of releasing him from the tyrannical burden of contributing to their maintenance.

The personal obligation of maintaining independence at all periods of life has under the ordinary administration of the Poor Law been grievously weakened. The family and social obligation to maintain the independence of parents and friends is also jeopardized. Progress is hindered by the blight cast on these nascent instincts of social organization. The disease is of centuries' standing, but centuries in the history of Society are a short period of time. Those who have followed the result of the improved administration of the Poor Law in certain rural districts are aware how comparatively easy it is to restore a population to an independence which is based on this natural and voluntarily accepted obligation.*

One other contrast is here introduced, and this time in respect

* Those to whom the above allusion is not clear, are referred to a pamphlet published by the late Mr. Bland-Garland, Chairman of Bradfield Union, under the suggestive title *From Pauperism to Manliness*. London Charity Organization Society. Price 1d.

of a more purely material interest, for the purpose of emphasizing the distinction which must be drawn between the automatic organization of Society and the laboured mechanism of the State.

"Early and long familiarity," wrote Archbishop Whateley, in his lectures on Political Economy, "is apt to generate a careless—I might almost say a stupid—indifference to many objects, which, if new to us, would excite a great and a just admiration; and many are inclined even to hold cheap a stranger, who expresses wonder at what seems to be very natural and simple, merely because we have been used to it; while, in fact, perhaps our apathy is a more just subject of contempt than his astonishment. Moyhanger, a New Zealander who was brought to England, was struck with especial wonder, in his visit to London, at the mystery as it seemed to him how such an immense population could be fed; as he saw neither cattle nor crops. Many of the Londoners, who would perhaps have laughed at the savage's admiration, would probably have been found never to have even thought of the mechanism which is here at work."

Here, again, this subdivision of labour and of capital, this widely organized system of mutual service, is based on the simple and natural method of Free Exchange, a constructive principle which we owe not to the State, but to Society. At this we never wonder, on this we rarely stop to reflect, we reserve our admiration for the extraordinary and beneficent acuteness with which a monopolist post-office occasionally deciphers illegible addresses.

In these latter days, it is generally said that the religious influence, as formerly understood, has grown weaker. The famous compromise of Mr. Forster's Education Act was due to the impossibility of agreement between the different theological and atheological communities. A right conception of the different shades of religious belief was held to be a matter so important that the duty of imparting instruction of a dogmatic nature could not be entrusted to the State or taken away from the control of the parent, while the Secularist Party accepted the compromise, as coming as near as was practicable to that entire exclusion of the subject which they would have preferred. This arrangement does not appear to be giving complete satisfaction to the London School Board. Those who value religious education of a dogmatic character are now insisting that the State shall not eliminate subjects of instruction which, because of their very importance, are liable to controversy. It is an impotent step-father, they say in effect, that cannot teach his step children the rudiments of religious ethics, because the relations and friends of the children are not agreed as to the precise manner in which this is to be done. The party which professes to have scruples as to the introduction of sectarian opinions into rate-supported schools is somewhat put to it to find a reply to its opponents.

Into the merits of the controversy it is not necessary to enter, it is mentioned here merely because it seems to explain the appearance of a new cultus on the educational horizon. The School Boards may not teach the children of the poor to worship God in any particular manner, nor may they point out the close relation which many affirm to exist between a definite religious faith and human conduct. If they did so, they would at once come in conflict with Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, as heads of the prevalent religions of this country, very properly assume to themselves the office of *amici curiæ* in this matter. It has, however, been possible for some civic enthusiast in authority to introduce a brand new religion altogether, of which the doctrines are so self-evident and so reasonable that they win universal assent. I refer, of course, to the cultus of citizenship which has already been given a footing in the curriculum of our State elementary schools. Civic enthusiasts or politicians are already very numerous, and there is every reason to expect that they will soon be as plentiful as professors in Greece.

An inspection of the liturgical handbooks provided for the induction of ingenuous youth into the mysteries of citizenship will, I fear, prove very disappointing to the expectant reader. Here, again, an educational compromise has been at work. Robbed of its party-political shibboleths, its enthusiasms and its hatreds, the subject becomes very flat and stale. The manuals appear admirably suited for the technical education of attorneys' clerks, but the more stirring and quickening elements which the adult mind finds in political controversy are conspicuous by their absence. It is one thing to conceive a great idea, another to entrust it to a public department, which in duty bound robs the subject of all its polemical interest and reduces it to the mere dry bones of a sophism.

It will be said in reply to those captious critics who affect a distaste for political exercise, that to those actually engaged there are sanctifying and ennobling influences in Parliamentary life which require to be experienced before they can be understood. This may be true, but it must be remembered that only a small section of the inhabitants of this country can, with any sort of convenience, be enabled to take part in the higher flights of political recreation, and to a portion, at all events, of the mere electorate the movements of the elected hierarchy are open to misrepresentations which produce in the minds of those who should be worshippers feelings far removed from religious fervour.

That such misrepresentations are possible will appear from a very brief review of the passage through Parliament of the only

legislative Act of last Session. If the enthusiasm, proper to the performance of the duties of a citizen, is to be elevated to the rank of a religion, the action of the principal representative assemblies may fairly be regarded as a specimen of ritual. The following is an attempt to give an impartial account of incidents attendant on the passing of the Local Government Act. It may not commend itself to any of the actors, but we are now mainly concerned with the view of the spectators, and the recital is designed to show the disturbing influence which may be exercised on the devotional feelings of weak and ill-informed brethren by a ritual so liable to be misunderstood.

The earliest stage in the history of a Bill is unfortunately only matter of conjecture, but in absence of authoritative direction, conjecture is generally very busy. The Local Government Act, 1894, has some appearance of having been originally a Parish Council Bill pure and simple. District Councils, under the less inspiring title of Guardians of the Poor and Rural Sanitary Authorities already existed. The Bill primarily was designed to provide a proper field of exercise for civic enthusiasm in the humbler ranks of life. Peers and Bishops have their own assembly. The Commons take their pleasure in the Lower House, and the middle class disports itself on Vestries and Boards of Guardians, but life is not worth having to the labourer unless he too can take part in those functions of government which, as we have seen, are variously described as acts of worship or of sport. Lord Salisbury, following perhaps the high authority of Sir H. Maine, suggested that a good circus was worth consideration for brightening the life of the village. The Government adopted the more serious interpretation, but when the matter came to be looked into closely, it was found that there was really very little for the Parish Councils to do. Then, either of its own accord or, as is plausibly suggested, at the instigation of a section of the Party more solid concessions to democratic ideas were introduced. The Boards of Guardians and Sanitary Authorities were re-christened District Councils, and a revolution was introduced into the administration of the Poor Law by the abolition of ex-officio Guardians and the plural vote. It is impossible to exclude the suspicion that this hurried and irrelevant Poor Law legislation was undertaken under pressure from the Trade-Unionist supporters of the Government. It will no doubt seem a solid advantage gained to the Trade Unionist, that he will now be able to use the rates as an auxiliary to his strike fund. This, however, is merely conjecture; when the Bill was introduced, both parties declared that they regarded it as the natural and long desired complement of local administration. This principle admitted, the chief controversial matter left was

the composition of the new electorate. Were persons who paid no direct rates to be entrusted with power to make disposition of the property and wills of all the inhabitants of a parish? The House of Commons is elected by persons who do not necessarily pay rates, and it was not to be expected that the Members of that House should concern themselves much to provide guarantees of economy for the *bonâ-fide* ratepayers, who as a rule have already committed themselves to the support of one or other Party. The decisive vote in Parliamentary Elections belongs, of course, to the fluctuating non-ratepaying crowd who inspect and compare the baits and ransoms thrown out by the various political anglers. As might have been expected, therefore, after a number of terrific stage-encounters the Opposition emerged from the fray with a compromise, which, to the expectant ratepayer, must have recalled the bargain made by Moses Primrose at the Fair. In order to provide a guarantee for the minority, the majority of an elected District Council is permitted to add to its majority by the co-optation of kindred spirits from outside! Again, the Bill was introduced as a great democratic measure based on trust in the people. Later, in answer to those who pointed out that the situation was not reassuring to the minority who paid the rates, Mr. Fowler argued that the guarantee of good administration was not the democratic justice of a non-ratepaying electorate, but the sleepless, unerring vigilance of the bureaucrats at the central office of the Local Government Board. Again, the electorate, argued Mr. Fowler, is a very good electorate, for, even if it pays no rate direct, it pays rent and drinks beer and smokes tobacco, and in contemplation of this fact it will find ample inducement to use the rate economically. Dr. Hunter, on the other hand, a political ally of Mr. Fowler, had very recently written an elaborate article in *The Contemporary Review* in confirmation of the opinion held by competent economists that a local rate ultimately tends to fall on the owner, and that it can not be recovered by him through an increased rent. Mr. Acland, on the other hand, declared it was very undesirable that, at elections, attention should be concentrated on Poor Law administration—an admission that the proposed electorates, and possibly all electorates are unsuitable bodies for the election of Poor Law Guardians. Such a statement seems to the impartial, a very deadly side-stroke at the doctrine of the infallibility of the people, or, what is practically the same thing, it amounts to an admission that the office of Poor Law Guardian is a judicial office, and should not be subjected to the degradation of popular election. In the House of Lords the Duke of Devonshire seemed to agree with Mr. Fowler, and accepted the irresponsible electorate, for "sooner or later," he said, "in the form of increased rent or in

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diminished wages, the consequences of extravagances in the rates would fall on the agricultural labourer, and sooner or later he will become aware of these consequences." Miss Octavia Hill, in a letter to *The Times*, had argued that if this is so, the true incidence of taxation should, in mercy to the poor, be made apparent at once, sooner rather than later, now rather than on the eve of national bankruptcy. Miss Hill is a lady who knows much of the poor, but who presumably is more or less indifferent as to the higher politics which decide whether the Misgovernment of Ireland is to issue from Dublin or Westminster. The irrelevancy of her argument therefore must be excused.

Again, the Bill embodies in the most advanced form the principle that a majority may do what it pleases. There is, however, one thing which according to this Act a majority may not do. If the majority of a parish is of opinion that they do not want a Parish Council, their wish will not be respected, for whether they wish it or not the opportunity of "spreading" themselves in electioneering and public debate must be secured for all. "Why," the irreconcilable will ask, "should the majority be debarred from acting on its conviction that a Parish Council would be a parish nuisance?" He will, perhaps, answer the question for himself and say, "For no other reason than this, that our rulers are so deeply infected with the prevalent epidemic of civic enthusiasm that they think no man can be happy or virtuous unless he is scrambling for political office and political power."

To trust the people to work the miracle of producing good administration, by means of an electorate which is not personally responsible for the expenditure it orders, savours not a little of the child-like faith so dear to the religious sacerdotalist. There are not wanting prophets, however, who tell us that Mr. Fowler and his trust in the people will rank in history beside the light heart with which M. Emile Ollivier accepted the decision that was to lead his country to its ruin.

Swift, it will be remembered, proved the death of Partridge the almanack-maker by quoting his works and then roundly declaring that no man alive could write such damnable stuff. It is quite possible that some observers of our modern political life may seek to prove their theory of hysterical possession by asserting that no men in their senses could use so many extraordinary and self-contradictory arguments about one and the same thing.

To a spirit of such irreconcilable iconoclasm it is useless to refer to the meritorious services of our public departments and Local Government institutions. Those who can find no religious inspiration in the efforts of the Imperial Parliament will not derive consolation from a contemplation of the highly-trained sensibility of

the Inspector of Nuisances, the vicarious philanthropy of the Poor Law Guardian, or even the sweet reasonableness of the County Councillor. The duties performed by these officials are useful and necessary, and though in the general enthusiasm of the time they are apt to get beyond themselves, they are entitled, along with the tailor, the grocer, the lawyer, and the bishop, to the gratitude due to those who perform their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them. Still, there is nothing in all this to warrant us in relinquishing the errors of Christianity or of such other religion as it is our fortune to profess, in order to embrace those of the Religion of the State. Neither the Pulpit nor the Press, nor the civic primers dear to the Education Department, nor the somewhat sheep-like acquiescence of public opinion, all of which by accident or design seem bent on magnifying the province of politics, will ever induce these obstinate non-conforming Gallios of the community to accept this new evangel. To them the Religion of the State suggests quite another order of ideas,—Greece already struggling in bankruptcy, Italy fast following her example, South American Republics and British Colonies brought to ruin, or the verge of ruin, by governments which begin in enthusiasm and end in knavery—*on commence par être dupe, on finit par être fripon*,—and lastly, that most distressful country of Ireland, the unhappy prey of an empty rhetorical nationalism, deserting industry for political agitation, with no further result than producing the insolvent desolation of New Tipperary.

Such social enthusiasm as is possessed by those whose opinions I am endeavouring to paraphrase, will in their opinion be more fitly applied to opposing the encroachment of this Moloch of devastation, to gaining room and opportunity for the natural expansion of Society and for the orderly and inevitable organization of progress which is thereby guaranteed.

One other phase of political enthusiasm must be briefly noticed. There are some who, although already committed to a religious creed, are still anxious to combine the new dogmatism with an older faith. A somewhat strange eclecticism is the result. The new Dean of Ely, in a sermon recently preached in St. Edmund's Church, has been calling on us "to address ourselves steadily to the work of Christianizing Socialism or Socializing Christianism (I care not how you phrase it), of honouring and encouraging, of consecrating, of nationalizing the Labour classes, while never unwisely pampering them; of dishonouring and discouraging and denationalizing the Idle classes and never ignorantly establishing and endowing them." The eloquence and earnestness of the preacher are more obvious than his precise meaning, but after finding some political allusions in the *Magnificat*, "that first democratic note of the

Church," he proceeds, for the stablishment of the converts of the new eclecticism, to draw up "The Democratic Creed of the Church" in seventeen articles. The subjects, authoritatively dealt with in this encyclical, range from the *Great Civic Brotherhood* to "betting lists and the odds on sporting events." "Nationalize," it may be observed, is a word of great power in the phraseology of the sect. "Nationalization," pronounced *ore rotundo*, has all the comforting unction which used to be attributed to that blessed word "Mesopotamia," and one shudders to think of the fate of those who may be condemned to everlasting "denationalization." The curse of St. Ernulphus was as nothing to this.

Few, I hope, will be so churlish as not to respect the earnestness of the very reverend Dean, but after all the value of earnestness turns, in part at any rate, on the nature of the object on which it is centred. A liberal-minded and truly catholic sympathy cannot indeed, refuse to be interested in the psychological problems suggested by the dance of the dervishes round the high altar of Baal. Clearly, therefore, we must distinguish. If there be any truth in the objection already taken to the proposed apotheosis of politics, there may be reason for thinking that the enthusiasm of the very reverend Dean is centred in a sophism, and that this attempt to engraft politics on Christianity or Christianity on politics is destined to failure. To those, indeed, who take this view the Dean will have some difficulty in clearing himself from the suspicion that he is suffering from a severe attack of political hysteria.

For the rest the cogency of the argument in favour of the establishment of the New Religion must be left to the judgment of the reader. Some will, no doubt, be bigoted enough to prefer the errors of their own religion to the seventeen articles of the Democratic Church. Others will adhere to what has been called the religion of all good men, that religion which all men acknowledge, but about which no reasonable man ever argues, a religion to be kept in the reverence and dignity of silence. They will appreciate the sanctity of personal responsibility, and, as they value it for themselves, so they will respect it in others. They will find a full scope for the exercise of the highest Christian and the highest human virtue in the natural intercourse of the home and of Society. Some, in whom the religious and philosophical temperament is blended, may speculate on the mystery of creation, on the origin and destiny of human society, the beneficent principle of life which has brought it thus far on the path of progress. Others, whose nature is averse from that vein of mysticism supposed to be inseparable from religion, will interest themselves in the more positive pursuits of Science, Literature, Philanthropy, and the thousand other employments

which add to the dignity of human life. Political life is one, and by no means the most honourable or most useful, of these. It deals, as we have seen, with a very narrow field of action. The men who order our police and the cleansing of our streets are useful public servants. The men who are instrumental in removing a vast structure of tyrannical legislation raised by the ill-advised politicians of the day before yesterday, as the protective duties were destroyed by Cobden, have earned an even larger measure of the gratitude of mankind, but the would-be constructive politician is the bane of Society. Neither he nor his craft is a fitting object for our worship. The edifice which he constructs is as a rule a mere obstruction to the true constructive principle of life, and to the natural and orderly expansion of Society.

In the eyes of those to whom the matter presents itself in this light, no falser and more pernicious superstition than this so-called Religion of the State has ever made claim to the allegiance of mankind; rather than accept the sordid boon of such a creed they might well exclaim in the language of Wordsworth's noble sonnet—

> "Great God, I'd rather be
> A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

T. MACKAY.

OCEAN HIGHWAYS: THEIR BEARING ON THE FOOD AND WAGES OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

MANY of the most notable papers read in recent years before this body have demonstrated the rapid augmentation of wealth which, decade by decade, this country has and is accumulating under a policy of practically free imports; and the labours and investigations of some of the ablest and best known statisticians have been devoted with great success to tracing the distribution of this increase of substance with a view of ascertaining how far all sections of the community have benefited by it. The result of their labours has been to show that the distribution and dispersion of this increase of wealth has been wide and general, so much so that notwithstanding the great growth of the population as shown by the decennial censuses, the material position of all classes has continuously improved, so far as well-being can be tested by accurate estimates of income and consumption.

A great and marked success in these respects has attended our past policy of freeing imports from hostile imposts or obstructive tariffs. But the continuous success of a policy of free imports into an island (I use these words advisedly in place of those generally in vogue, "free trade," for, situated as Great Britain is, it is her importing powers which dominate her exporting capacity) largely depends upon the free control and uninterrupted use of the ocean highways leading to that island. England has had that great advantage for a continuous and uninterrupted period of nearly ninety years, for from the date of the Battle of Trafalgar up to now she has been undisputed mistress of the area which these trade routes and highways traverse. Mr. Glover, in March, 1892, read a paper before the Society in which he showed that for the latter half of this period of ninety years, viz., from 1850 to 1890, the use this country had made of the advantages of long and unbroken free ocean transport. In 1850 the total entries and clearances were under 40 million tons; in 1860 they were under 59 million tons;

* A paper read before the Royal Statistical Society, 20th February, 1894. Mr. Charles Booth in the Chair. It appears in *The National Review* by the special permission of the Society, which is gratefully acknowledged. [Editor *N.R.*]

in the next decade, 1870, they had reached 73 million tons; in the next ten years, 1880, they had grown to 133 million tons; and finally in 1890 they had arrived at the high figure of 164 million tons.

Thus, within a period of forty years the entries and clearances by our marine transport have more than quadrupled themselves. But these figures contain the tonnage entered and cleared coastwise, which relate more to the home than foreign trade. The table below gives the tonnage over this period appertaining to both classes of trade:—

	Total Entries and Clearances.	Coastwise.	Foreign Trade only.
1850	39,634,000	25,129,000	14,505,000
1860	58,707,000	34,017,000	24,689,000
1870	73,198,000	36,558,000	36,640,000
1880	133,250,000	74,514,000	58,736,000
1890	164,340,000	90,056,000	74,283,000

It will thus be seen that the increase in the foreign trade is relatively greater than in the coast trade, and that, whereas the total entries and clearances have quadrupled themselves in this period, the foreign trade entries and clearances have risen from 14½ millions to 74 millions, and quintupled themselves.

During this period the population has risen from 27,721,056 in 1850 to 38,101,975 in 1890.

I have had some difficulty in obtaining accurate data upon which to base an estimate of the income of the country at the beginning and end of this period; but Mr. Giffen, in his *Essays in Finance*, 2nd series, p. 433, accepts in the following words Professor Leone Levi's calculations for a certain portion of this period, viz., from 1867-84, as regards the relative earnings of the working-classes, both in the aggregate and individually:—

"In the seventeen years 1867-84, Professor Levi finds that the aggregate earnings of the working-classes have risen from 418 million pounds to 520 million pounds, or nearly 25 per cent., the increase of the numbers being only 11 per cent.; and the average increase per head is from £38 to £42 14s.—or rather more than 11 per cent."

We may therefore safely accept this statement, although it only covers a portion of the period with which I am dealing, and assume that for the remainder of the period the earnings per head of the working-classes were on the rise and not on the fall.

As regards the rise and fall of the price of necessaries, the *Agricultural Returns for Great Britain for* 1892 (published by the Board of Agriculture, C–6743) give us most valuable informa-

tion, for on p. 23 is shown the price of wheat, barley, and oats for the last twenty-two years:—

Year.	Wheat, per Quarter.	Barley, per Quarter.	Oats, per Quarter.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
1872.....	57 0	37 5	23 2
1882.....	45 1	31 2	21 10
1892.....	30 3	26 2	19 10

and for meat during the same time:—

Year.	Beef.	Mutton.	Pork.
	Per 8 lb.	Per 8 lb.	Per 8 lb.
1872.....	4s. 2d. to 5s. 10d.	4s. 10d. to 6s. 8d.	3s. 6d. to 4s. 9d.
1882.....	4s. 0d. ,, 6s. 0d.	5s. 4d. ,, 7s. 2d.	4s. 3d. ,, 5s. 0d.
1892.....	2s. 11d. ,, 4s. 9d.	3s. 7d. ,, 5s. 7d.	2s. 11d ,, 4s. 7d.

and the fall in price, combined with the rise in wage, has resulted in the following gratifying increase of consumption per head of the population of food imported from abroad:—

Periods.	Wheat in Grain.	Flour.	Potatoes.	Fresh Beef, Mutton and Pork.	Bacon and Hams.	Butter and Margarine and Cheese	Eggs.
	lb.	lb.	lb.	lb.	lb.	lb.	No.
Avge. of 5 years 1871-75	152	19	16	0·2	7·8	9·5	19
,, 1876-80	174	28	28	1·7	13·5	11·9	22
,, 1881-85	186	45	11	3·5	11·8	12·9	26
,, 1886-90	170	48	7	7·0	12·9	14·5	31
Single year 1891	196	49	9	11·0	14·0	16·0	34

It will be observed by a study of this table that the consumption of the main necessaries of life contained in it have risen greatly, with the single exception of potatoes, and the fall in the import of this vegetable per head is not unsatisfactory, for it does not indicate a reduction in the general consumption of vegetables throughout the United Kingdom, but a diminution of the class who entirely depended upon that vegetable for their sustenance and the substitution generally of more nutritious food in its place.

Cause and effect are here placed in close relation. It is because access to the highways of the sea have for so long a time been free and undisputed, that Great Britian has been able to so utilize her insular geographical position, and thus rapidly develop the other many advantages which the possession of exceptional mineral wealth gives her. This combination has enabled her to reverse the social and economic phenomena of the past, and with an increasing population, pressing upon the means of subsistence, to lower the cost of the necessaries of life, and yet increase the wage remuneration of her industrial classes.

The feat is remarkable. This little island, situated at one end of the smallest continent of the world, has so developed her mercantile marine and ocean carrying transport, that she holds under her flag alone 72 per cent. of the total ocean steam-going tonnage (see Glover, March, 1892, Table XV.) of the whole world. Through the instrumentality of her navy and this vast merchant fleet, she has not only established great colonies and dependencies beyond the sea, but she has absorbed and retained the larger proportion of the trade of these expanding communities, and she has in addition laid the whole world under contribution to administer to the wants and food requirements of her increasing population.

These great achievements are worth recording and eulogising; but we must never forget that remarkable as they are, conducive as they have been to the prosperity and well-being of the community, they carry within themselves the germ of an ever present and ever increasing danger. Every year we are becoming more and more dependent upon others for the means of daily subsistence, not only as regards the supply of food, but also of that raw material upon which the great mass of our home industries depend.

Free and independent are the two epithets by which Englishmen love to describe the characteristics of themselves, their country, and their customs. Free we may be, but independent we certainly are not. We are less self-contained, less self-supporting, and more dependent upon others than any great nation of the past or present, and our actual and relative dependence upon others must increase year by year and decade by decade, for we cannot go back or attempt to reverse the policy of free imports, the results and benefits of which have alone enabled a dense population of nearly 40,000,000 to be packed into these islands under conditions of comfort and improvement.

It is not a question of food supplies only. Foreign supplies and foreign raw material are now the foundation and mainspring of our huge internal fabric of industrial employment; and as these industries develop with the growth of population, they cannot become less dependent upon supplies brought to them across the sea.

For ninety years we have had command and control of the sea and its waterways, and ninety years, equal to three generations, is a long period in the life of any nation. Englishmen have thus got into the habit of regarding the free use of the sea in all times, and under all conditions, as an inalienable right, a heritage that is protected by some irrevocable law of trespass, and the likelihood of any interference with or loss of this power is to many minds so beyond the horizon of the possible, that it is dismissed as an unnatural contingency no more likely to occur than the destruction of these islands by earthquake.

Immunity in the past is no guarantee for the future, unless the conditions of the past and future are alike and unchangeable. That the conditions under which we gained and have retained the control of the sea have changed and are changing, is but too self-evident to all statisticians who study and digest the past and present expenditure upon the navies of the world. It therefore falls well within the province of the practical statistician to attempt in some degree to forecast and calculate how far disturbance with sea routes now open would affect the food supplies of the country, and also what proportion of the industrial population are engaged in occupations wholly or in part dependent upon imports and raw material, and how far a partial stoppage of such supplies would affect their wage-earning power.

The subject to be examined divides itself into three.

1st. The marine carrying power at present employed in the export and import trade of Great Britain.

2nd. The amount of articles of food now imported into this country by such tonnage, and what proportion of the total food supplies of the country such imports constitute.

3rd. To what extent the staple trades and industries of the country are affected by foreign imports, or dependent upon them for their maintenance.

Tonnage Statistics.

For the year 1890 the total tonnage entered and cleared in the foreign trade only at ports in the United Kingdom was 74,283,000, but the total amount similarly cleared with cargoes only was 62,836,000, and its distribution amongst the various nationalities was as follows (see Table IX., Glover, *Tonnage Statistics*, March, 1892):—

Nationality.	Steam.	Sailing.	Total.
British	42,127,266	4,278,984	46,406,250
Norwegian	917,105	2,875,634	3,792,739
German	2,523,635	831,119	3,354,754
Dutch	1,645,283	123,621	1,768,904
Danish	1,029,044	456,572	1,485,616
Swedish	826,692	621,867	1,448,559
French	984,550	286,631	1,271,181
Spanish	1,114,086	40,204	1,154,290
Belgian	692,994	3,127	696,121
Russian	145,218	311,403	456,621
Italian	67,319	297,002	364,321
American	108,558	164,177	272,735
Austrian	36,833	64,081	100,914
Other countries	237,177	25,893	263,070
Total foreign	10,328,494	6,101,331	16,429,825
Total British and Foreign	52,455,760	10,380,315	62,836,075

It will thus be seen that of the tonnage cleared, 4,278,984 tons British and 6,101,331 tons foreign was sailing, making an aggregate of 10,380,315 sailing tonnage out of a total of 62,836,075; in other words, upwards of 16 per cent. of the sea carriage supplying us with foreign food and material is still propelled by sail-power.

In speaking of our mercantile fleet, scattered all over the universe, and coming to and going from every port of consideration in the world, it must always be remembered that the proportion of it which trades between the United Kingdom and a foreign port has always to start from and return to a given centre, and that this centre is Great Britain.

Any statistician who has studied trade routes knows well that, where the current of trade is denoted by trade routes, from all parts of the world are issuing small streams of merchant vessels gradually converging closer and closer, until finally the great bulk of the carrying trade becomes a series of thickening columns which converge and meet at the entrance to the Irish and British Channels. Molestation to commerce is more apt to occur when the current of it is continuous and the course certain than where sea room is plentiful, and ships few; and this is especially the case with sailing vessels. I think we can all of us, without a great strain of imagination, depict to ourselves circumstances under which the risk to sailing vessels attempting to trade with Great Britain would be such that they would not attempt it, and be laid up. Sixteen per cent. of the sea transport now supplying our wants would at once disappear. But this reduction of sea carriage would not be confined to sailing vessels only; the steam transport would also be affected, but to what extent it is not very easy to estimate.

The diminution which would occur in the steam tonnage trading between Great Britain and foreign countries, in the event of Great Britain being a belligerent, must largely depend upon the naval strength of the enemy, or combination of enemies, with which she was fighting. But we have certain data as to the speed of much of the tonnage so engaged, and by analysing these figures and looking to the growth in recent years of the shipping engaged in this transport, we can form some kind of an idea of what the limits of contraction would be. In the returns from the "Warships of the World, 1893," is included certain statistics as to the steam tonnage and speed of merchant vessels of different nationalities, and those belonging to Great Britain and her colonies are returned as being 7,075 in number, with a gross tonnage of 9,544,394 tons, those of the rest of the world being 5,583, with a gross tonnage of 5,720,024, and there is a table given

which shows the number of British vessels of twelve knots and upwards as 769, with a gross tonnage of 1,935,475.

Thus only 20 per cent. of our total tonnage has a speed of twelve knots and upwards, and of the remaining 80 per cent. a very large proportion must be of low speed; and the same estimate applies to foreign steamships. According to Mr. Glover's paper, the amount of steam tonnage of all nationalities cleared in 1890 in the British ports in foreign trade alone was 52,455,760, having risen from 32,121,056, the amount cleared in 1880, being an increase of 20,334,704 in a decade. Now, assuming that we were to retain 60 per cent. of this vast increase in war time, and that our clearances were not affected to a greater extent by any combination against us, we have a reduction of about 8,000,000 tons on a total of 52,455,760 tons, being equal to a fall of over 15 per cent. This, together with the fall of 16 per cent. in the sailing clearances, makes a total reduction of over 31 per cent., or nearly a third of our total clearances. I make this the estimate of reduction which I shall apply to the figures in the remaining part of the paper, as being not unlikely to occur at the beginning of a war if the command over the sea was intermittent and imperfect.

Imported Supplies of Food.

The development of the supplies of food from abroad during the last twenty years has been so steady and continuous that it is not generally realized how great a revolution has in that period been effected by the greatly extended area from which our food is drawn, and the annually increasing proportion which foreign imported food bears to home produce. Dividing the main necessaries which are obtained from foreign and home sources of life into three heads—1, meat; 2, butter, margarine, cheese, and eggs; and 3, flour and other forms of corn and meal—the following heads give the actual increase in value since 1871 of the imports of food:—

	Import of Meat, &c.		
	1871.	1881.	1891.
	£	£	£
Cattle and beef	4,218,000	8,915,000	14,270,000
Sheep and fresh mutton	1,790,000	2,192,000	4,082,000
Pigs, bacon, ham, and pork	3,710,000	11,493,000	10,042,000
All other forms of meat	770,000	2,154,000	713,000
	10,488,000	24,754,000	29,107,000
	Import of Butter, &c.		
Butter and margarine	6,939,000	10,866,000	15,149,000
Cheese	3,341,000	5,245,000	4,813,000
Condensed milk	—	—	900,000
Eggs	1,264,000	2,322,000	3,506,000
	11,544,000	18,433,000	24,368,000

	Import of Wheat, &c.		
Wheat and flour	26,817,000	40,737,000	39,633,000
Maize	6,469,000	10,408,000	8,412,000
All other corn and meal	9,405,000	9,711,000	13,977,000
	42,691,000	60,856,000	62,022,000
Grand total	64,713,000	94,043,000	115,487,000

NOTE.—These figures and the following tables are all taken from the tables in "General Report," pp. xviii.—xxviii., of *Agricultural Returns*, 1892.

These statistics show a rise in the value of these articles of imported food in twenty years of from £64,713,000 to £115,487,000. The constant fall in the price of the articles makes any money value, taken on the prices current in the year, a delusive test as to the real increase of the amount of food thus imported.

Taking the quantities imported, and estimating them for each of the years on that basis, we get the following results :—

	1871.	1881.	1891.	Percentage of Increase between 1871-91.
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	
Live animals, representing	90,500	117,500	171,500	89·5
Dead meat	99,500	341,600	489,500	392·0
Butter, margarine and cheese	127,500	194,500	270,500	112·1
Wheat	1,969,500	2,857,500	3,315,500	68·3
Flour	199,000	568,000	836,000	320·1
Maize	841,000	1,674,000	1,341,000	59·5
Other corn and meal	1,188,000	1,232,500	2,072,000	74·4

In the same report the Board of Agriculture afford data for estimating the home production of food in the United Kingdom, by giving the areas under cultivation and grass and the numbers of cattle and sheep.

	1872.	1882.	1892.	Percentage of Increase or Decrease between 1872-92.
Cultivated area ..... acres	46,869,000	47,655,000	47,978,000	+ 2·3
Corn crop ..... ,,	11,698,000	10,620,000	9,329,000	− 20·2
Wheat crop ..... ,,	3,840,000	3,164,000	2,299,000	− 40·1
Permanent grass ... ,,	22,838,000	24,963,000	27,533,000	+ 20·5
Cattle ..... No.	9,719,000	9,832,000	11,519,000	+ 18·5
Sheep ..... ,,	32,247,000	27,448,000	33,643,000	+ 4·3

[It will be observed that the years taken for estimating food imports are 1871, 1881, and 1891; for estimating home production, 1872, 1882, 1892.]

The population of the United Kingdom was—

	1871.	1881.	1891.	Percentage of Increase between 1871-91.
Population.....No.	31,556,000	35,208,000	38,109,000	20·7

Taking the last three tables, viz., (1) that referring to the imports in bulk of these classes of foreign food; (2) to the home production of the same food; (3) to the growth of the population, we arrive at these conclusions—that foreign imported food produce has increased enormously, about 88 per cent.; that the home production of food has been practically stationary; and that the growth of the population during the same period has been at the rate of 20·7 per cent.

The ratio of increase of foreign food, as shown by these tables, has therefore been much in excess of the ratio of increase of the population it supplied, and it consequently follows that at the present rates of consumption a much larger proportion of the whole population are now dependent upon foreign food than was the case twenty years back. Side by side with this change, due to external influences, internally a movement in population is taking place which adds to our dependence on foreign supplies. Although the population of Great Britain and Ireland has in the aggregate increased largely since 1851, the increase has been entirely confined to Great Britain, the Irish population having receded from 6,552,385 in 1851 to 4,704,750 in 1891. But in Ireland the food supplies of the population are, to a much larger degree than in Great Britain, derived from home produce, and thus we have that part of the kingdom which is most self-supporting, so far as home-grown produce is concerned, decreasing in population, whilst those parts which are most dependent upon external food supplies are increasing in population.

I have, however, hitherto only considered these articles of imported food which compete with home produce, but there are other articles, such as tea, coffee, sugar, and tobacco, which may fairly be termed necessaries of life, but the whole supply of which comes from abroad. The importation of these articles has increased, as shown in the following table:—

Imports of Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Tobacco, 1881 *and* 1891.

	Tea.	Coffee.	Sugar.	Tobacco.
	lb.	lb.	lb.	lb.
1881	160,226,000	31,208,000	20,016,000	49,330,000
1891	202,456,000	28,622,000	27,407,000	60,930,000

MECHANICS' INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

What ratio foreign imported food bears to home produce formed part of a very interesting paper read by Mr. Stephen Bourne on the 30th November, 1892, before the Manchester Statistical Society, in which he, from tables of comparison between the years 1876 and 1891, arrived at the following conclusions: that out of 33 millions of inhabitants in 1876, 18 might be deemed to be provided from home sources, and 15 from foreign supplies; but that in 1891, out of 38 millions of inhabitants, 16½ depended on home and 21½ on foreign supplies, or in other words that, in 1891, 55 per cent. of the food at present consumed in this country came from abroad. On that estimate every inhabitant in these islands is dependent for his food for one hundred and eighty-nine days in the year upon foreign imports, and if these imports suddenly ceased he would be foodless for over six months in the year.

Foreign food supplies have during the last twenty years gradually obtained this preponderance because, as preceding tables have shown, home-grown food has almost reached its full limits of remunerative production, and the increasing powers of consumption of a growing population had to be almost entirely met by extraneous supplies. This process must continue, and if its development during the next twenty years is as rapid as it has been in the past in little more than twenty years hence home produce will have receded from being less than a half the total supply of food to less than a fourth. Whatever danger, therefore, a temporary stoppage or dislocation in the transport of our system of sea-borne food might now produce, will be aggravated as time rolls on. I have assumed that about one-third of that transport might be summarily curtailed or arrested, and if one-third of a food supply which feeds every individual in the country for one hundred and eighty-nine days be stopped, the whole population would be for sixty-three days foodless. If such a catastrophe were to occur, it would be beyond the power of any statistician to in any way gauge or estimate the amount of misery, suffering, and destitution which such a want of daily sustenance would entail.

A temporary stoppage of ocean highways would not only curtail the automatic supplies of food upon which this country relies, but a large and corresponding diminution must also occur in the carriage of the raw materials and foreign supplies which feed our industries and great trades.

A sudden rise in the price of the necessaries of life is, to a dense population, a terrible hardship; but if a great rise in the price of the articles to be purchased is associated with a corresponding fall in the purchasing power of the buyer, the hardship rapidly assumes the form of a wide-spread and immediate famine. Simultaneity in a wholesale scarcity of food, and a general lack of employment,

is, however, the certain result of our increasing dependence upon foreign supplies for the sustenance of our population and for the maintenance of their industries, and the extent to which the wage-earning power of our industrial classes depends upon the communication by sea remaining undisturbed, will now be statistically examined.

Imported Supplies of Raw Material other than Food, and the Dependence of the Industries of the Country thereon.

Though I am conscious that in this part of the subject my work is crude and unfinished, still the meaning of the figures which I propose to here use, is as clear and unmistakable as those I have disposed of. They admit of but one interpretation, the increasing dependence of our industries upon foreign supplies. Such being therefore the statistical drift of the tables I am about to employ, I have been most anxious to understate rather than overstate the case I am presenting. What effect the sudden stoppage of material from abroad would have on the industries for whose wants it was required, is in almost every case regulated by the nature of the individual industry itself. In some instances the foreign material is required for mixing and blending with the native, as is the case with imported iron-ore and wool, and a sudden stoppage of one ingredient essential to the manufacture of the whole commodity would damage and disorganize the industry to an extent much beyond the mathematical proportion which the imported material bears to the whole material used by that industry. In other trades, such as those connected with wood and leather, the bulk of the raw material imported is very similar in quality and substance to the raw material produced from home sources, and in these cases the disturbance due to their contraction and stoppage might be only proportional to the ratio they bear to the total material consumed by the trade affected. I have assumed throughout that the dislocation and contraction of employment from decrease of imported material in all industries and trades, will be only proportional, though it must be manifest that in most cases this is an underestimate.

The figures which I propose to use are the Board of Trade returns for 1892. I have selected that year for two reasons: first, because it is an average year, being one between a period of expansion and a period of depression. Taking the ten years preceding, I find that, as regards its imports and exports, the year 1892 represents the average of that decade, being below the volume of five years and above that of the remaining five. It is also the latest year the figures of which have been thoroughly classified and analysed.

The ten trades which I propose to select by way of test and illustration are—

1. The steel and iron trades.
2. Wool and worsted.
3. Cotton.
4. Flax.
5. Gutta-percha and caoutchouc.
6. Hides and leather.
7. Wood and timber.
8. Bristles and brush-making.
9. Silk.
10. Hemp and jute.

These industries divide themselves into three classes: (1) those which are indigenous, and established in consequence of the proximity of raw material, such as steel, wool, flax, leather, wood; (2) those which have been artificially created from superiority of means of manufacture and transport, and entirely dependent on foreign supplies, such as silk, cotton, and jute; (3) those inseparable from the wants of a civilized community, such as brush-making and the manufacture of gutta-percha goods.

The headquarters of these industries are scattered all over the kingdom. Some are inland, some on the seaboard, some in Ireland, some in Scotland, and they differ much in the nature of the employment they give, in the class of workmen they engage, in the amount of wage they distribute. Outwardly there is little or no connection between them, but I will show that one and all have a common interest in what is the origin of their prosperity and existence: free access to the ocean highways.

Iron and Steel Trade.

For the year 1892, the total home production of iron-ore (according to the *Mineral Statistics of the United Kingdom for* 1892, p. 42) was 11,312,675 tons and the imported supply 3,780,505 tons. Imported ore therefore stands to total production at the rate of 1 to 4, or 25 per cent. of the total amount raised. The number of persons engaged in those industries directly dependent on steel and iron, according to the census returns of 1891 (see Table A), is 938,448. The proportional number of persons whose employment depends on imported supplies of foreign ore is 234,612. This industry has in recent years greatly changed its character, owing to the cheap and rapid processes of converting iron into steel. Foreign ore is required in most of the processes to be blended and mixed with the native ore.

Wool and Worsted Imports, Alpaca, Goats' Hair, and Yarn.

The home production, in 1892, of raw material for this industry was estimated at 153,000,000 lb. (Messrs. Helmuth, Schwartze and Co.'s *Annual Report on Wool*, 1892), and the net imported supply (including yarn), after the re-exports have been deducted, 329,644,000 lb., or 68·5 per cent. of the whole production. The number of persons occupied in industries connected with wool, and

directly dependent on wool, number 301,249, and the proportion to whom the foreign raw material gives employment is 206,356.

Cotton.

This industry is entirely dependent upon imported foreign raw material, which (including yarn, but excluding re-exports) amounted in 1892 to 13,851,000 cwt. 670,191 persons obtain, in one shape or another, employment from this industry, and the whole of them are entirely dependent upon sea-borne cotton.

Flax (including Tow, Linen, and Yarn).

The imported raw material, including yarn, for this industry was 1,915,000 cwt.; the home produce only 194,000 cwt., or only 9·2 per cent. of the whole amount consumed. The industry employs 122,992 persons, of whom 113,029 are dependent for their livelihood on foreign material. Home produced flax shows a rapid fall in 1891 and 1892.

	Acreage.	Produce.
		Tons.
Average 1882-90	109,901	19,312
,, 1891	74,665	13,763
,, 1892	70,647	9,691

Gutta-percha and Caoutchouc.

This small but most essential industry employs 25,557 persons, the whole of the raw material used coming from abroad. The whole of the *employés* of the trade are dependent upon foreign material for their employment. Many other industries would be affected by a failure in the supply of gutta-percha, notably machine makers and electricians, and a collapse in this industry would cause a disturbance among other trades out of all proportion to the numbers it employs or the dimensions of its own particular business.

Hides and Leather.

In this industry the import of raw material in the shape of hides, which are converted into leather here, and the import of manufactured leather must be taken together, for they form in the aggregate the source of supply to the whole leather and boot trade of the country. It has been difficult to obtain statistics as to the home production of hides, but eminent members of the trade state that the home production is much less than the amount imported from abroad. Assuming, which seems a fair estimate, that home-produced hides constitute one-third of the total amount converted in this country into leather, two-thirds of the raw material here made into leather comes from abroad. The manufacture of home-made leather is estimated to be about equal to and slightly in

excess of the amount imported from abroad; it follows therefore that five-sixths of the leather used in this country comes either in the shape of raw material or manufactured leather from abroad. The number of persons engaged in this industry is 364,755, of whom 83 per cent., or 302,746 are dependent for their daily wages upon imported supplies of hides and leather.

The centres of the boot trade are in the midland counties, remote from the sea, and at first sight little affected by maritime questions. Yet there is hardly an industry, excepting cotton, the members of which would be so injured by a stoppage of our great sea trade routes, as the boot and shoe trade in the centre of England.

Wood and Timber.

The total consumption of wood and timber in 1892 is estimated at 535,000,000 cubic feet, of which 395,000,000 cubic feet were imported from abroad, or 75 per cent. on the whole. The number of persons engaged in trades and industries is estimated at 395,386, of whom 296,569 are dependent upon foreign imports.

Bristle Trade and Brush-making.

The bristles used for making brushes to a very large extent come from abroad. In this small but most necessary industry 17,702 are employed. It is difficult to accurately estimate how many are dependent upon foreign imports for the raw material they work up, but according to the best information I have been able to obtain, at least 80 per cent. of this number would be thrown out of employ by a stoppage of our imports. I selected this industry as I considered it a typical one. There are many similar trades where products are accepted as an automatic supply to the wants of a civilized community, but how the raw material is obtained which alone maintains the trade few care to investigate.

Silk.

The whole of the raw material employed in this industry comes from abroad. It employs 55,888 persons, all of whom are dependent for the wages on foreign supplies.

Hemp and Jute.

This trade is in the same category, and it employs 60,539 persons, who are in a similarly dependent position.

Summarizing the results thus obtained, we find the total number of persons employed and dependent on these selected trades amount to 2,952,707. *Of this number no less than* 1,980,068 *are dependent for their livelihood upon open sea highways.*

Now, if one-third of the supplies coming from abroad were stopped no less than 660,000 persons would be without wages;

or if the whole of those now engaged in those industries were employed on short time, they would have their present time reduced by one-third.

But this, so far from exhausting the reduction of wages in these industries caused by a block in our sea routes, only touches the first of the trades upon which many other industries and occupations are almost entirely dependent. I have in the subsequent return included some few of the dependent industries and the numbers they employ. This list only notices a few of the larger subsidiary or dependent occupations, and is far from exhaustive, still it mounts up to the great figure of 1,330,000 persons.

Class of Occupation.	England and Wales.	Scotland.	Ireland.	United Kingdom.
Other large occupations seriously affected—				
Cabinet-makers, upholsterers, &c. (11, 2, 1)	91,361	11,930	2,322	105,613
Mixed or unspecified textiles (17, 5)	162,811	63,136	28,217	254,164
Tailors (18, 1, 3)	208,720	27,320	17,950	253,990
Milliners, dressmakers (18, 1, 4)	420,431	56,227	46,787	523,445
Shirt-makers (18, 1, 6)	55,096	7,020	64,214	126,330
Hosiery manufacturers and hosiers (18, 1, 7 and 8)	61,568	3,863	759	66,190
Total	999,987	169,496	160,249	1,329,732

But in addition there are those employed in the work of transporting and distributing the products of manufacture and industry. It is difficult on this point to give anything like a complete estimate of those thus employed, but Mr. Goschen, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, in speaking on the Budget, 11th April, 1892, after analyzing the dimensions of the work of distribution as shown by income-tax returns under Schedule D, as compared with production, concluded with these words: "That is to say, that those who distribute and transport merchandise and the products of industry make on the whole twice as much profit as the producers and manufacturers of the articles."

Excluding those employed by railways and the great bulk of the small retailers, I find that 439,106 carmen, carriers, dock labourers, bargemen, merchant service *employés*, &c., would be affected by the disturbance I contemplated.

The census of 1891 gives the grand total of the industrial and commercial classes throughout Great Britain and Ireland as numbering 10,689,000, yet this perfunctory examination I have made of some of the great trades, gives the appalling total of 4,721,545 persons in the first instance whose employment in connection with these ten trades is directly or indirectly affected by stoppage of raw materials on the high sea. *Besides these there are the women and*

children (not engaged in any occupation) *dependent on those employed in these trades. Let this stoppage of work be associated with a sudden rise in the prices of necessaries, and the elements are complete for wholesale calamity and disaster.*

It is impossible to leave the figures relating to imported food and imported raw material without a sense of apprehension and disquietude at the tremendous magnitude of the stake this country has in keeping free and open the trade routes of the sea. Heavy and unpleasant as may be the stake now, it must in the future grow greater and greater. We are in the position of a man forced to gamble, and to continually increase his stakes, not because he likes gambling, but because he cannot stop without starvation and ruin. It is a curious irony of events that the least excitable and most practical of the nations of the world should be forced into this huge and ever growing speculative risk, but we have now no alternative but to go on with what has been forced on us, but at the same time to minimize by prescient and never relaxing precautions the peril which must ever surround us.

Transfer of Flag.

It may be noticed that, in making these estimates of the contraction of our sea-carrying power in certain eventualities, I have ignored and not taken into consideration the relief which many believe may be given by transfer of ships from our flag to that of some neutral power. It is maintained in certain quarters that this transfer will assume very large dimensions, and so doubtless it might if such a transaction in itself would give to a British shipowner and a British ship certain immunity and protection against the risks and molestation of war. But we have had a long and unvarying practical experience on this point. From 1698 to 1815 this country was six times engaged in serious war; in fact, during the greater part of that period it was at war, and the war, in almost every case, was fought out as much on sea as on land, and the result of this long and painful experience has been to make clear beyond controversy that a neutral flag is not in itself sufficient protection to neutral merchant vessels trading to the ports of a belligerent, unless the neutral has behind it a navy strong enough to ensure respect for that flag.

It would be altogether outside the scope of this paper and of the regulations of the Society for me to now attempt to argue this question at length, or even by my statements to provoke any discussion upon it, but I must briefly give my reasons for believing that for the subjects of the greatest naval power in the world to solicit the protection of a neutral flag to give to their property immunity from the risk and molestation from war, is too empirical

a safeguard to set on one side facts and statistics based on experience. Wars break out suddenly, and sometimes without premonitory symptoms, and the early stages of a naval war are the most dangerous to a wide-spread commerce, for it is before the defence is adapted to the new condition of things that most risk would arise and rates of insurance be highest. It is a curious, but at the same time a significant, fact that the countries to whose flag transfers can be easiest made, and whose laws impose fewest formalities to such a transfer, are those whose navies are least powerful. Moreover, it is a statistical fact that all the neutral powers in the world, if they combined together, could not man half the British mercantile marine, unless they laid up their own merchant vessels.

But above these considerations arises a much more difficult and undefinable question. What articles are or are not contraband of war? Is food? A great naval power in conflict with a weak naval power only nine years ago did so declare itself, "on the ground that by the side of those articles included from their very nature under contraband of war, such as arms and munitions, there are others the trade in which may be incidentally prohibited in time of war, by reason of their usefulness to the belligerents." (Circular of French Government, 21st February, 1885.)

I only refer to these matters not to revoke reply or argument on this point, but merely to justify myself in refusing to allow the idea of transfer from one flag to another to invalidate the statistical conclusion I am endeavouring to establish.

Before I conclude this paper, I wish to explain that, in calling the attention of this Society to the increasing dependency of this country upon its foreign trade for its food supply and the maintenance of its industries, I neither wish to find fault with what has been done in the past or to advocate the reversal of that policy in the future. My object in asking you to statistically discuss and examine our present position is to utilize the great authority and influence this Society has with the general public, in order that, with increased wealth and improved food supplies, we may combine a full knowledge of the sources from which we obtain these benefits and of the means by which, in emergencies, the sea routes through which they come may be kept open and free.

The prosperity and well-being of a great nation are like the business and property of a great corporation or firm; they must be insured against certain risk, and the premium which is annually paid against that risk must be regulated largely by the value of the property to be protected, and as that property grows in value and bulk so must the premium be increased.

I only ask you as statisticians to look in the same light on the

problem I have ventured to discuss, and to remember that the annual insurance which we should pay to keep open the ocean highways must not merely be regulated by the value of the commerce or merchant fleet that comes by those routes, but by the knowledge that the freedom of sea communications between Great Britain and the outer world are as essential to her existence as the passage of air through the windpipe of any human being is to the preservation of his life.

GEORGE HAMILTON.

SOME DEVELOPMENTS OF TENNIS.

In all avocations of civilized life retrogressive steps are generally undesirable, often impossible. Politicians, philosophers, soldiers, travellers by land or sea, sportsmen, exponents of games and athletic exercises, recognize no such motto as "Rest and be thankful"; praters of good old times are objects of pity and contempt, and those who fondly cling to a wish *stare super antiquas vias* are constrained to adopt modern developments, or they will assuredly be classed with the dodos and fossils of humanity. This proposition scarcely needs demonstration; we may like to read the picturesque description of the stage-coach, the pack-saddle, or the pillion, but we would not exchange for them the Pullman car. No one would wish to revert to the crooked club with which our great-grandfathers defended their wicket on an undrained and uneven ground; no one would again willingly use "a twisted cue, on a cloth untrue, and elliptical billiard balls"; no one would discard his "Safety," and resort to the bone-shaker of 1870 as a means of locomotion.

We will therefore assume that the law of evolution will maintain its sway, and that innovations, alterations, and changes of strategy and practice will be, as they have been in the past, introduced into all, or nearly all, our games and exercises.

Now, although tennis has a history longer than that of any other first-class game, although its principles are embodied in the *Trattato della Palla*, written in 1555 by Antonio Scaino da Salo, although these principles were maintained, with some modifications, in the *Ordonnance* made in Paris in 1592, and printed by Hulpeau in 1632, again confirmed in 1767 in M. de Garsault's *L'Art du Paumier Raquettier*, although the laws of the modern game are almost identical with those given in Mr. Lukin's *Treatise on Tennis* published in 1822, we may be sure that if Henri II. of France, or the renowned Mdlle. Margot, who in 1427 was said to be able to hold her own with all save the very best players, had witnessed the match played by Cox and Barcellon in 1802, or if these celebrated players could now see the game as played by its best living professional exponents, Charles Saunders and Peter Latham,

they would be startled, bewildered, possibly disappointed, by changes which they might, perhaps, decline to recognize as improvements. An investigation of the causes which have led to these changes, and some reflections on the contrast of play as exemplified fifty years ago with that of modern times, may interest those who watch the development of what is now an important element of education—physical exercises.

Inasmuch as the improvement of the instruments used in these exercises has played the most important part in effecting these developments, let us take a retrospective glance at the stock-in-trade of ball-players in olden times. It is beyond the scope of this essay to attempt to trace the affinity of tennis with exercises in the Sphæristerium, or to the games chronicled by Suetonius, Pliny, and other classic writers; nor need we speculate if the καμπή described by Johannes Cinnamus in 1153 as an implement with a broad curved end furnished with a net-work of catgut, and which was used in a game which may have resembled polo or lacrosse, was the prototype of the modern implement. We can form no opinion on the nature of the racket alluded to by Chaucer about 1380 in *Troylus and Cryseyde* or of the *reticulum* mentioned in the *Colloquies* of Erasmus which were published in 1527. But we have abundant evidence to show that in the fourteenth century a game of hand-ball which had been played in France, Spain, and Italy, in open spaces in the country, became popular in the towns of France, and that the difficulty of finding adequate space suggested the utilization of enclosed courts, or the erection of buildings suitable for the purpose. These courts were called *Tripots*, but this word has fallen into disuse, all tennis-courts in France being now termed *Jeux*. In this archaic game the ball was probably struck with the palm of the hand, but early in the fifteenth century attempts were made to augment propelling power by mechanical agencies. The Italians used a *Bracciale*, or wooden gauntlet, in their game *Pallone*, and a net-work of gut applied at first to a strong glove, and subsequently attached to a handle, probably foreshadowed the implement which became known as *raqueta* in Spain, *racchetta* in Italy, *raquette* in France.

The impetus given to the game of La Paume in the course of the next hundred years must have been prodigious, for Lippomano the Venetian Ambassador, writing from Paris about the end of the sixteenth century says, "There were more than eighteen hundred tennis-courts* in various parts of the town of Paris, and that it was calculated that the sum of one thousand crowns was daily spent in the purchase of rackets." But we have no trustworthy descrip-

* It is inconceivable that these should have been Tripots; they were probably open spaces in which Longue Paume could be played.

tion of these rackets, and we must hesitate before we accept as accurate representations of the then existing models, the drawings that have been preserved. Scaino introduces into the ground-plan which he gives of the Tripot at the Louvre in 1555 a drawing of a *racchetta*. In 1632 Hulpeau published a book called *Le Jeu Royal de la Paume*, in the frontispiece of which we see four players actively engaged at tennis, but the costumes in which they are arrayed and the rackets they hold in their hands are singularly ill-adapted to any game we can picture to ourselves. In a rare book printed in 1641, entitled *The true effigies of our most Illustrious Soveraigne Lord, King Charles, Queen Mary, with the rest of the Royal progenie*, is a portrait of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., holding a primitive implement which might, in courtesy, be called a racket. These rackets appear to have been equipped with very short handles, and their shape must have been something like that of a ladies' toilet hand-mirror. Giuseppe Mitelli, an artist who painted in Bologna in 1675, gives us a representation of the racket of his day, a rough sketch, but evidently the work of a skilled draughtsman who imitated what he saw. It bears some resemblance to the rudest type of lawn-tennis racket, which might be bought at a toy-shop for half-a-crown. Frail as these rackets must have been, there is evidence to show that with them it was possible to impart cut to the ball, for Scaino describes the action of a player who attempts to cut (tagliare), and mentions the fugitive, various, and almost incomprehensible bounds which a ball so struck makes in falling on the floor. Still it is inconceivable that a ball, even when "launched by Porthos's Herculean hand," should have been forced with such a racket with speed sufficient to induce d'Artagnan to withdraw from the court. I would rather believe that M. Dumas described tennis as he had seen it, and that he did not trouble himself with archæological research.

These rackets may have served their purpose when balls were made of wool or hair (often adulterated with bran) and covered with sheepskin or some kind of leather. The game played with them may have been a good game, requiring skill, patience, and perseverance, but it was not the tennis of the nineteenth, or even of the eighteenth century.

The art of ball-making advanced rapidly in the course of the next hundred years. In de Garsault's time, 1767, tennis-balls were made of strips of woollen material tightly rolled into a spherical form, tied with string, and covered with white cloth, and it is probable that an improvement of the racket was evolved *pari passu*. In those days the middle-piece was used, the hoop was furnished with vertical main-strings and horizontal cross-strings,

and the rackets and balls used by Masson, Bergeron, Charrier, and Barcellon bore a close affinity to those of the present time.

Many players now living can remember an important revolution which commenced in 1857 or thereabouts. At that time rackets were furnished with main-strings of thick gut (known as "size No. 10") and cross-strings, thirty-two or thirty-three in number, of a thinner gut (size No. 6) looped round them. But in 1856 Barre brought to England from France a racket strung in what was then called the *mode à la Russe*. In this method the thick gut (No. 10) was (with the exception of three or four thin-gut strings at the head of the racket) used alike for main-strings and cross-strings, and the cross-strings, reduced in number to twenty-five or twenty-six, were simply threaded through the main-strings.

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It is easy to realize that the augmentation of elasticity in the head of a racket tightly strung in this manner would invest it with far greater propelling power, and that this elasticity would also be prejudicial to accurate placing, and a perfect command of the ball. These relative advantages were long weighed in the balance, and the next few years remind us of the Battle of the Gauges, or the controversies of the Big-endians and the Little-endians. I was one of the first to adopt the new style, but I remember the reply of Barre, who had taken to it on account of its convenience, to my question, "Which do you prefer?" "If I had to play a match for £100, I would have plenty of new rackets strung in the old way." But soon after this he must have been converted, for in his great match for the championship in 1862 he used rackets strung *à la Russe*, while Edmund Tompkins was staunch in his allegiance to the English system. Tompkins always disliked a tight racket. In 1866, by which time the modern method had superseded the old style of stringing, I have seen him lay his newly-strung racket on the floor, and, standing on the strings, rest his whole weight on them, so that impaired elasticity might afford him greater command over the ball.

Soon after this an impetus was given to the improvement of ball manufacture. The strips of cloth were rolled more tightly, and better workmanship and higher finish invested them with more elasticity. So much so that some players expressed an opinion that the game was getting too fast. These complaints were met by the substitution of a stouter cloth for the material that had heretofore been used for covering balls. The change may have been necessary, but the augmentation of weight, although inconsiderable, put an increased strain on the muscles of the fore-arm, and I believe that the prevalence of "tennis-elbow," almost, if not quite, unknown before 1870, may be traced to this cause.

I have endeavoured to give an historical outline of the develop

ments of racket and ball manufacture, and will try to illustrate to what extent they have influenced modern play. It is perhaps remarkable that while changes of style and strategy have been many, we can find absolutely nothing in modern tennis that is new, the present age has evolved no service, stroke, or return that was not known fifty years ago. Barre could give the *Giraffe* service with quite as telling effect as can Saunders, its best living exponent. The underhand twist with which Pettitt used to exasperate opponents and weary spectators was practised before he was born. In the *Mémoires secrets*, 1780, we read of Charrier, "ce vaillant Amédée, à la volée imperturbable, qui faisait jusqu'à onze coups de bosse de suite à la descente du toit." The high overhand "drop" was Biboche's favourite service, and I am indebted to my Simian instincts for the acquisition of my strongest opening of the game. The *demi-volée* and the *coup-de-temps* (that indescribable effort which enables a player to return an apparently impossible stroke) were, as they still are, familiar expressions in the vocabulary of tennis. But some strokes are more frequently practised, some have fallen into comparative disuse. No competent critic can have failed to observe that more balls are taken at the volley than formerly, that play, although perhaps more brilliant and sensational, is less accurate than it was, and that the relations of skill to activity and endurance have been modified.

The first proposition suggests a problem of which the solution is not easy. Why did not Barre and Tompkins make more use of the volley at a time when the slower flight of the ball would assuredly have given them a better opportunity of arriving in time to play it before it has fallen than is offered in these days? It is idle to suppose that Barre, who was the greatest master of every feature of the game the world has ever seen, could not volley. He could volley, and he did volley when occasion required, and anyone who has seen him taking services from the pent-house in a *parti de quatre* will corroborate my assertion that his volley was as accurate and severe as that of any past or present player. But he knew that the volley did not *pay*: he knew that with the implements then in use he could return the service or stroke more effectively from the floor than by the cut stroke into the forehand corner now so well played by Saunders, Latham, Mr. Lyttelton, and others who appear to neglect no opportunity of taking the service, or, indeed, any ball in play before it reaches the ground. Tompkins, the most accurate and classical of players, seldom attempted this stroke, though he assuredly could have played it had he found that it would *pay*. He, however, if crippled by repeated side-wall services *parfaitement ajustés*, would force with a strong overhand twist for the backhand corner of the dedans, or

for the forehand corner of the same opening by the *coup-de-bosse.* We must look for the solution of the problem in the fact that the volley saves both time and fatigue. In modern tennis "it is the pace that kills," and any manœuvre which sends back the ball as speedily as possible is sure to find favour in these days. In order to play a perfect stroke on the floor it is indispensable that every limb of the body shall be in correct position, and the modern fast play often demands a supreme effort from the player who would pose himself correctly. The player who would force or volley knows that it is of less moment whether his attitude is orthodox or not. I am conscious that during the later years of my career I played more for the openings than I did *calidus juventâ*, and Mr. A. Lyttelton, who is second to none in his enthusiasm for pure tennis, has told me that the fast play compels him to resort to every expedient which may tend to minimize exertion, and that for that reason, and that reason only, he often volleys balls which he would have preferred to leave alone. There may be other contributory causes of the frequency of the volley. Better lighted courts and the truer trajectory of the better finished ball may have made this stroke easier, and it is probable that the slacker racket of the last generation enabled a player to place the ball with accuracy that would baffle the would-be volleyer.

Probably no one will challenge the truth of my statement that play is less accurate than it was. A ball played on to the pent-house is an emblem of inaccurate play, but it is of frequent occurrence even in first-class matches. In the course of a remarkable rest of twenty-one strokes which was played this year at Prince's Club in a match between Saunders and Latham, no less than six balls were played on to the pent-house. The penalty, however, on random play appears to be lighter than it was. Such strokes afford what is called in France *balle à la main*, affording an opportunity for a crushing rejoinder; but modern implements appear to have lessened the power to attack, and to have augmented facility of return.

My third proposition is to some extent a corollary of the other two, and scarcely needs illustration. It may be confidently asserted that no player in his sixtieth year could hold his own against all comers at modern tennis as did Barre in 1862.

I have heard tennis-players express an opinion that rests are now shorter than they were formerly. I am inclined to concur with this opinion, but the absence of authentic records precludes demonstration. *The Sporting Magazine*, vol. 98, mentions a match played in 1841, when Peter Tompkins, Edmund's father, succeeded in defeating Mr. C. G. Taylor and W. Cox. In this match it is said that "great skill was displayed on both sides, and in one instance

the ball was returned no fewer than twenty-six times." The longest rest I ever played occurred more than twenty years ago, while I was opposed to John Tompkins at Brighton, when a spectator assured me that he had counted thirty-three strokes, and I believe that if anyone had collected statistics of the rests played by Mr. C. Taylor and E. Tompkins, it would be found that the average length of a rest was greater than it is now. In 1889 *The Field* gave us the result of the observation of its reporter in three matches, which may be taken as typical examples of attack and defence. In the first of these (Saunders giving 15 for a bisque to Mr. A. Lyttelton), there were 3 sets, 326 rests, 1,307 strokes, average 4·01. In the second (Mr. A. Lyttelton *v.* Sir E. Grey, even) there were 4 sets, 332 rests, 1,330 strokes, average 4·006. In the third (Mr. E. Crawley *v.* Mr. E. Cazalet, even) there were 5 sets, 374 rests, 1,509 strokes, average 4·03. In a match played at Lords in 1890 (Pettitt giving half-fifteen for a bisque to Saunders) there were 3 sets, 289 rests, 1,155 strokes, average 4. I noted every stroke in a match recently played between Saunders and Latham, in which there were 3 sets, 253 rests, 1,096 strokes, average 4·33.* This analysis gives a higher figure to the rest of 1894 than to that of 1889, but it is by no means conclusive that the average rest is now longer than it was five years ago, for in the last-mentioned match Latham, receiving half-fifteen for a bisque, and playing in Saunders's own court, was continually on the defensive, and his marvellous dexterity of return enabled him to prolong many a rest after annihilation appeared imminent. The longest rest, twenty-one strokes, was played in this match. In no other rest were more than seventeen strokes played.

As the first match of importance in which I took part was played in 1857, when I, with Barre as a partner, encountered E. Tompkins and Mr. C. Taylor; as my last appearance in public was in a single-handed contest with Pettitt in 1887; and as in every year of the three intervening decades I played frequent matches with the successive champions, the impressions left on my mind of the characteristic features of the style of these professionals may not be devoid of interest. Were Barre, E. Tompkins, G. Lambert, Pettitt, and Saunders all living, and playing in their very best form, we should observe differences in their styles of play, just as in cricket, in art, in music, even in chess, there are many methods of arriving at a high standard of excellence, and it would be an invidious, almost an impossible task to assert with confidence which of these champions displayed the style most worthy of imitation by

* In all these matches a successful service, if untouched, is counted as a rest of one stroke. The return of the service, and of each subsequent stroke, whether successful or unsuccessful, is counted as one stroke.

the young tennis-player. I have, however, no hesitation in recording my opinion that Barre fairly earned the reputation he still enjoys of having been the best all-round player ever seen in a court. The great secret of his success was *he never made a mistake.* A ball played by him into the net was as rare as a foozled tee-shot by Mr. John Ball; a stroke on to the pent-house was as exceptional as a catch missed by Gunn at long-field. Yet the speed of his force was terrific, and his stroke was more severe than that of any player of the day. For more than thirty years his supremacy was unquestioned. It was not until the close of his fifth decade that a protracted match with E. Tompkins was abandoned slightly in favour of the latter, who from that date, 1862, became entitled to claim the Championship.

It might have been expected that E. Tompkins, who was familiarized with the traditions of Charrier, Cox, and Barcellon, and who had been engaged in frequent matches with Barre and "Biboche," should have formed his style from these masters, but he surpassed even these models in grace, precision, and accuracy. He played long enough to see the consummation of the changes which were brought about while he was still in his prime, and, though he adopted them reluctantly, his later play was undoubtedly faster than that of his earlier days. All tennis-players regret that it was never possible to arrange an encounter between Tompkins, the best exponent of the elder school, and George Lambert, who may be called the pioneer of the modern or fast school; but a severely sprained ankle compelled Tompkins to forego severe exercise in 1870, and when he reappeared in the arena after an interval of two or three years, Lambert had established his superiority beyond all possible question. However admirable and worthy of imitation his style may have been, it lacked that sacred fire which distinguishes genius from talent, and was not the mainspring of any startling change or novelty.

With Lambert, however, began a new era. He had never played with any but the modern tight rackets and heavy balls, so he had nothing to unlearn. His muscular frame and powerful fore-arm enabled him to impart speed combined with cut, which came as a revelation to his opponents, and had been undreamed of in the philosophy of the elder school. This exceptional severity of stroke, and the lightning speed of his boasted force, furnished him with irresistible weapons of attack, and I believe that his form in 1874, by which time he had reached the zenith of his powers, may have rivalled that of the French champion. I am confirmed in this opinion by the answer made by Barre himself to a player who asked him if he thought he could have given odds to Lambert. "In my best day, perhaps one bisque," was the reply of the most generous

and least egotistic man I ever met. But the relative brilliancy of these stars can be only a subject of conjecture. They moved in different orbits. The light of the elder had been dimmed long ere that of the younger rose above the horizon. But in justice to the memory of the great French *paumier* it may be pointed out that Lambert was at no time a good giver of odds; his style illustrated the proverb, "*Vis consili expers mole ruit suâ.*" If his crushing attack failed, he lacked the precision and unfailing return which in time would wear out an opponent weaker than himself. He was slow to grasp the idiosyncrasies of a court with which he was not familiar, and his form in any neutral court was far below that which he displayed at Lords. His career, though brilliant, was cut short by an attack of whooping-cough in 1875, followed by rheumatic fever, and he never regained his former strength, except, perhaps, in 1878. Barre, on the other hand, often said that after a fortnight's practice he would feel at home in any court. Barre's intuitive perception of his opponent's weak points, and his consummate knowledge of the game, made him the best giver of odds ever known, and the standard of play he had reached at twenty-five was scarcely, if at all, impaired when he was fifty years of age. Lambert's supremacy, which may be said to have commenced in 1871, was brought to an honourable close in 1885 by his defeat by Thomas Pettitt, then in the prime of life, while Lambert was in his forty-fourth year.

His reign inaugurated the fast cut stroke and rapid return which is now conspicuous in first-class play; that of his successor, Pettitt, inaugurated the hard and low hitting which only failed to find many imitators because few players are endowed with the superb physique which enabled Pettitt to reach any ball, and the phenomenal sympathy of hand and eye which enabled him to time its flight, and to volley and half-volley with unerring accuracy. He probably never played better than he did in his great match with Lambert, and the result of that match, in which Lambert assumed a commanding lead and kept the issue in suspense long after his strength began to fail, makes it probable if not certain, that had he, *playing as he did then*, encountered Lambert at his prime he would have met more than his match. But I am convinced that it was within his reach to play *better than he did then*, because, had he had adequate opportunities of practice with first-class players, he would have found that even he had something to unlearn, and the facility with which he succeeded in adapting his play to that of his antagonist would have enabled him to acquire better form than he ever displayed. He, however, accomplished the task he had undertaken; "*venit, vidit, vicit.*" He defeated the best English professional in 1885, and again in

1890. We can only regret that his brilliant career was so short. In a letter dated Boston, September 11th, 1890, he announced that he should not again defend his position, which was thus silently ceded to Charles Saunders, our present champion.

The characteristic feature of Saunders' game is the volley, especially the volley from the pent-house. This stroke is now the frequent resource of all good players, but it has been brought to such a pitch of perfection by him that I have heard Latham assert that the delivery of a good service is scarcely worth the trouble and fatigue it entails. His defence is admirable, and his stroke is more accurate than that of any living player, but he cannot give the underhand twist service as did Pettitt, nor can he cut the ball and deliver the boasted force as did Lambert in his best day. Still his style is emblematic of pure and correct tennis, and is a model to be imitated by all players.

These developments have also influenced amateur play, but the greater variety of style that may be noticed in the performance of gentlemen players makes it less easy to trace the progress of the metamorphosis. Doubtless, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton plays a faster game than did his brother, Mr. C. G. Lyttelton, now Lord Cobham, who for five consecutive years held the second place among amateurs. The style of the late Mr. G. B. Crawley is reproduced in that of his son, Mr. Ernest Crawley, but a critic who contrasts the two styles will notice in that of the latter the effects of modern developments. Mr. A. J. Balfour and Mr. Beauclerc now illustrate the severe stroke and inaccurate return of the modern school. Mr. Godfrey Lushington and Mr. F. Langham formerly illustrated quiet, graceful, but less energetic action both of attack and defence. On the other hand, Mr. W. Ford and Mr. E. Bligh, contemporaries of Barre, M. Mosneron, and Mr. C. Taylor, played a faster and harder-hitting game than Mr. R. D. Walker or Mr. E. Curtis, who began tennis long after the former players had laid aside the racket.

Variety of style in any one pastime is the natural sequence of the many occupations and amusements of amateurs. "Everything of something, something of everything" is the motto of the ambitious athlete, and, with scarcely an exception, our best amateur tennis-players have attained distinction in other sports or games. Statesmen, lawyers, musicians, artists, chess-players, devotees of hunting, shooting, and rowing, have been fascinated by the charms of tennis. The "King of Games" has exercised his sway over men who have distinguished themselves at cricket, rackets, lawn-tennis, football, golf, and billiards. Football can have no affinity with tennis, golf and billiards little, if any, for in these games the ball starts from rest. Cricket gives an apti-

tude for all games, and is an excellent training for all pastimes in which freedom of arm, sympathy of hand and eye, and concerted action of shoulder, wrist, leg, and body are indispensable. The pursuit of these games should not interfere with the progress at tennis of anyone who can devote his whole life to amusement. But it is only a privileged few who can spare time and money for earnest work at more than one game, and without earnest work no one can hope to succeed. Rackets and lawn-tennis have much in common with tennis, for the forward drive at cricket is nearly reproduced in the ordinary forehand stroke in the two former games, and in the direct force in the latter; but when we come to the more subtle refinements of tennis, the cut and the backhand return, we find that while concerted action of every limb of the body is necessary in all, its application in any one of the three differs widely from that which is required in the others.

Hence we realize that proficiency in rackets or lawn-tennis, although useful in the introductory stages of tennis, rarely fails to be prejudicial to the acquisition of a perfect style. No "Grasshopper," if I may use that irreverent term, has attained a place in the front rank of tennis-players, and I am convinced that Peter Latham, Sir W. Dyke, and Mr. R. D. Walker, eminent racket-players who subsequently devoted themselves to tennis, would, if they had been earlier "off with the old love," have wooed their new flame with greater success. The laurels I have earned are in a great measure due to the fact that an unusually cold and wet May term made cricket on Fenner's ground a doubtful pleasure in 1853; that the open-court game of rackets failed to attract me, that the seeds of lawn-tennis which we now know had been sown for ages had not begun to germinate, and that severe cases of golf-fever were almost unknown south of the Tweed.

The publicity given by the Press to athleticism and the energetic seriousness with which we now take our amusements have evolved yet another development—a more systematic provision for all matches for position. In the first great match of which we have any trustworthy record (Barre *v.* E. Tompkins in 1862) there was a "go-as-you please" element in the arrangements, or want of arrangements, which would not harmonize with the formalism of the present day. This match was commenced on the 16th of May, on which day two sets only were played, one of which, an unusually protracted advantage set, was drawn by mutual consent; it was continued on the 20th and 23rd: on the 28th another set was drawn, and two more on the 10th of June. At this stage of the match, four sets having been drawn, four won by Barre and six by Tompkins, the veteran appealed for leave to withdraw, urging that he was old and exhausted, and that he had given an exhibition

of tennis that should satisfy the most greedy of amateurs. The discussion that ensued was summed up with cruel fairness by one present: "Mais, Barre, vous ne voyez pas la chose comme elle doit être regardé; cette homme là compte sur votre impuissance." Tompkins, however, and his backers generously forbore to press the claim they might surely have substantiated, and the match and bets were declared drawn. The match that I played with E. Tompkins at Brighton in 1876 was of an informal character, although,—George Lambert being temporarily, it was then feared permanently, disabled by severe illness,—it was a contest between the two best living players.

But when Lambert encountered Pettitt at Hampton Court in 1885 the stakes were deposited before the day fixed for the commencement of the match, two umpires and a referee were appointed, and conditions which would provide for any emergency were agreed to. Very similar conditions were made for the match for the championship played in Lord Iveagh's court in Dublin in 1890 by Pettitt and Saunders, and in each case the conditions were carried out to the letter. The results of these matches have been chronicled in *The Field*, *The Annals of Tennis*, and the Badminton Library, so it will be sufficient to mention that I brought my match to a successful issue, winning 5 sets to my opponent's 3, and that Pettitt was twice victorious: in the first by 7 sets to 5, 58 games to 51, 361 strokes to 352; in the second, again 7 sets to 5, 57 games to 46, 332 strokes to 304.

Some other changes which I have observed in the course of the last forty years may be briefly mentioned, although they have no direct bearing on the theme of this article. The cost of tennis is far less than it was in the early part of this century: we must be indebted to the traditions of our grandfathers for the misconceptions which too commonly prevail about the alleged expense of the game. Rowing and cycling are no doubt cheap, golf is an inexpensive game if you carry your own clubs, and do not break too many of them, but you may get a great deal of tennis for £25 a year, and it may be questioned if the same can be said of any other first-class game. Then the standard of comfort, I may even say of cleanliness, has been raised. Edmund Tompkins has told me that he can remember the time when gentlemen would drop in to the court in James Street, Haymarket, take off their frock-coats and tall hats, lay them down in the dedans, play at tennis, and after their game resume the insignia of respectability, and return to Piccadilly or Pall Mall in what would now be considered a condition of intolerable discomfort. This was before my time, but I can remember the days

when the only changing-room was a small apartment which became inconveniently congested if the intending players were not fully equipped when the last occupiers left the court. Now a comfortable dressing-room generally furnished with a hot or cold bath, and provided with every requisite for the toilet, is at most courts at the disposal of each player.

I cannot remember the days when the dedans was wholly unprotected, but I can recall the time when we habitually drew the net aside, so that we might better observe each stroke. A portion of the net was generally left at the fore-hand corner of the dedans, where immunity from danger could be afforded to nervous spectators, and the coveted seat was that which gave an uninterrupted view of the court, but yet provided for safety by a timely side-movement behind the net. I have seen a Lincoln and Bennett irreparably injured, I have seen a box of lucifer matches ignited, and a pewter-pot half full of ale overturned by a force, but, although a spectator was now and then "cut-over," I cannot call to mind an accident attended by serious consequences.

Again, modern courts are better built, better lighted, better ventilated. A solution of permanganate of potash and manganese sulphate has replaced the unsavoury mixture of bullock's-blood and lamp-black, which was once used for staining the floor and making it less slippery, and a better material is employed for covering the side-walls than that which used too quickly to discolour the balls. Few courts were provided with lights in the roof, the side-windows of many were unglazed, and if blinds or curtains were used they were so ill-fitting, and of so unsuitable a character that a bewildering glare was the result of a bright day. I have played in the Haymarket court when the light has been so bad that spectators in the dedans were invisible to the player on the hazard-side. I have played in the court in Pembroke Road, Cambridge (now pulled down), when snow has been driven through the side-windows and covered the floor with a white carpet. There is no modern court which is not provided with ample skylights and side-windows of ground-glass or furnished with well-fitting blinds. Ventilation was undreamed of; at the present time some courts are provided with hit-and-miss ventilators, some even with a coil of hot-water pipes placed in a channel under the net—excellent contrivances for preventing condensation on the walls and floor consequent on a change of temperature. The erection of sixteen new tennis courts in the course of the last thirty years, the reconstruction and repair of others, the demand for seats in the dedans and galleries when any important match is to be played, and the publicity given by the Press to the records of tennis show that

the interest taken in the game is certainly not less than it was in the olden time.

The inferences we may draw from these reflexions is that as there have been changes in the past so we may expect to see developments in the future, and these potential developments suggest the question "Quo tendimus?" One of the great charms of tennis is the infinite variety of which it is susceptible. A French *paumier* is said to have replied to the question, "How many services can you give?" *Moi, Messieurs, j'en ai quarante-deux!* It is clear that if a considerable percentage of services are volleyed from the pent-house, the element of variety, both of service and return, will be reduced, equally clear that the quick stroke and return give less time for an opponent to pose himself correctly, and compel him to play frequent random strokes. Some may deplore the limitation of this variety, some may even doubt if the modern game is as interesting to spectators and competitors as was that of the last generation. Possibly youthful athletes would prefer the one; those who are entering on "a kindly but frosty old age" might wish to revert to the other. No wise man prophesies unless he knows, but if an aluminium hoop, equipped with wire, should be invented, the tendency to quick play will be increased in an alarming ratio. If it should be found possible to light tennis courts by electricity, an element of personal danger hitherto unknown will be introduced. Then the weight of balls must be augmented, more players will be disabled by tennis-elbow, few will persevere after middle age, and the next generation may be constrained to take into serious consideration if the time has not arrived when a retrogressive step may be desirable if not absolutely necessary.

J. M. Heathcote.

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.

"THE Religious Controversy at the School Board"; it seems always with us. We cannot take up our newspaper without catching sight of this grimly familiar heading. For the past eighteen months an exceedingly bitter struggle has raged within the palatial walls on the Victoria Embankment, and those of us who are specially interested in educational matters are aware that the controversy is now slowly spreading throughout the country. The words uttered by the far-seeing Conservative leader at Preston last October are being abundantly verified: "*You are entering upon a religious war of which you will not see the end.*" Why is this controversy so acute? Because it touches the very foundation of all things, because it goes down deep into those principles which lie at the roots of religion, of morality, and of the State. In the course of this paper I shall endeavour to show what those principles are, how they have been attacked, and why those who love England and that religion to which we owe all that England is, dare not for a single moment think of retreat.

There never was a time in the history of this country when education was the object of greater solicitude. Political parties and statesmen vie with each other in developing the methods by which the poorest child may mount the rounds of the intellectual ladder, and enjoy the advantages hitherto reserved almost exclusively for the benefit of the rich. The inflation inseparable from all new and popular movements is very noticeable. People lose all idea of proportion—*naturæ humanæ est exaggerare*, as the schoolboy said. Men talk and act as if education were the last end of man, and book-learning the remedy for all political and social evils. Still, popular education is the corollary of popular government; and it is a wise instinct which guides the new democracy and its leaders to place education in the forefront of political necessities.

What *is* education? The answer we give to this question places us in one or other of two hostile camps. It happens that in *The Times* of to-day (May 8th) the opposing views of education are set forth with that firm grasp of fundamental principles and that perspicuity of diction which distinguish Lord Salisbury's public utterances:—

"In olden days it was thought that all education ought to be founded on the principles of religion in which we believed, but of late years, within the memory

of some now living, a great change has come over a portion of the community; and while a large portion still think strongly and believe intensely that religious teaching ought to go hand in hand with all other education, and that knowledge of what is divine and knowledge of what is human cannot safely be parted, there are others, who, from a variety of motives—motives which I will not undertake to characterize, because they differ infinitely in nature—say that all teaching must be secular, and that no religious teaching ought to be given. Now, those are two entirely different points of view. We represent the older point of view."

Lord Salisbury may be said to be the exponent of the Church and Conservative view. I quote the following resolution, taken from the manifesto drawn up last month by the Roman Catholic Archbishop and Bishops of England:—

"That Catholic parents cannot in conscience accept or approve for their children a system of education, in which secular instruction is wholly divorced from education in their religion."

Here, then, is the first Christian principle of education, the principle which those who are not ashamed to be called the representatives of the "olden days" will defend to the very last—*That all education must be founded on the principles of religion.* This principle is based, of course, on the Christian conception of human nature, that man has a body, a mind, and a soul, and that all true education must have reference to his whole being.*

To illustrate the second Christian principle of education I will quote from the same authorities. Lord Salisbury said at Preston last October:

"There is only one sound principle in religious education by which you should cling, which you should relentlessly enforce against all the conveniences and expediences of official men, and that is, that a parent, unless he has forfeited the right by criminal acts, has the inalienable right to determine the teaching which his child should receive upon the holiest and most momentous of subjects. That is a right which no expediency can negative, which no State necessity ought to allow you to sweep away, and therefore I ask you to give your attention to this question of denominational education. It is full of danger and of difficulty, but you will

* The plan put forward by certain well-meaning people that the day-schools should be entirely secular, and that the religious instruction should be given by outside agency in the Sunday schools or elsewhere, has a certain plausibility which commends it to many. Very briefly I will point out the reasons why we cannot accept such a solution of the difficulty. In the first place, a divorce between secular and religious instruction is clean contrary to Christian principles. You cannot educate a child properly by instructing one half of him for six days in the week by one set of teachers, and the other half of him on a seventh day by another set of teachers. Secondly, it is hopeless in practice. In London we spend over £50,000 a year in working the machinery which gets the children into school before we touch their education, and the machinery is provided by the compulsory clauses of the Act. How are the children to be got hold of without the compulsory clauses and without the expenditure of this huge sum of money? Again, the 500,000 children in the Board School take 8,000 trained professional teachers to preserve discipline, not to mention the instruction. How many amateur teachers should we want? How are we to get them? I hope I have said enough to indicate the chief objections to a plan which would inevitably result in the lapse of a large proportion of our urban populations into heathendom.

only meet the danger by marching straight up to it and declaring that the prerogative of the parent, unless he be convicted of criminality, must not be taken away by the State."

The Roman Catholic Bishops declare in their manifesto:

"That compulsory State education is an intolerable tyranny, unless due regard be paid by the State to the education of the children in their own religion; that happily, in the case of pauper and semi-criminal children, such regard is part of the English Law, which makes provision for the education of such children in their own faith; and that, therefore, consistency and justice require that the children of the honest working classes, who are compelled under penalties to attend school, should not be less advantageously provided for in respect to education in their own religion."

This principle may be shortly put as follows: *The rights of the Parent; the Parent, not the State, to control the education of the child.*

The antitheses of these principles are secular education, or the *École Neutre*, and the doctrine that all children are the property of the State. We know whence these principles spring; they are the spawn of the French Revolution. They are principles which are hostile to religion, hostile to the State, hostile to liberty; they are the inevitable forerunners of political disorder and anarchy.

Until the year 1870 the Christian principles of education were recognized by this realm. The Public Elementary Schools were religious schools and the State formally recognized the fact. Thus in 1840 the Lords of the Privy Council said:

"Their lordships are strongly of opinion that no plan of education ought to be encouraged in which intellectual instruction is not subordinate to the regulation of the thoughts and habits of the children by the doctrines and precepts of revealed religion."

The system, too, was a denominational system, the different religious bodies were assisted to educate their own children; theoretically, at any rate, the rights of the parents were upheld. But a new party was coming to the front, a party pledged to French ideals; in 1870 the Act was passed which established the Board School system, and the great blow was struck at the Christian conception of education. For the first time in the history of England the State treated religion as an accidental, not as an essential, part of education; Board Schools may be as secular as those of modern France; many, indeed, are. But the State did more than this: it allowed the character of the religious teaching to be determined by the ever-changing majority of the ratepayers, and fettered that teaching by the famous and ambiguous Cowper-Temple Clause:

"No religious catechism or religious formulary which is distinctive of any particular denomination shall be taught in the schools."

This clause has always been interpreted by the Education Department as forbidding denominational *formularies*, not denominational *teaching*, the Apostles' Creed being treated as a formulary common to all, and therefore admissible. But in practice Boards

throughout the country, following the example of London, have treated the clause as a prohibition of definite teaching—the religion taught in a Board School, they say, must be *undenominational.* Undenominationalism is just one of those words so dear to our fellow-countrymen: it is very long, it has a nice sound, but it means very little. Based on the fallacy that there is a residuum of religion which all men hold, when logically pressed it becomes no religion at all, because no doctrine or tenet can be found to which some men will not object.

Not only was the new Board School system established on principles the reverse of those hitherto maintained in this country, but it was given the exclusive right of drawing upon the public purse, through the rates, to an unlimited extent. Thus, under the existing law, it can only be a question of time when the older Voluntary system will disappear entirely before its powerful and favoured rival. In 1870, 73 per cent. of the children in our public Elementary Schools were being educated in the principles of the Church of England; in 1891 the proportion had sunk to 44 per cent. At the present moment it is calculated that just double the number of Church children are to be found in the great Board Schools of London than in all the Voluntary Schools of London put together. Ever since 1870 our opponents have been steadily working the law so as to capture the education of the youth of this country, and whilst the Mr. Aclands of the Education Department are crushing out the Voluntary Schools—the strongholds of religious teaching—the wire-pullers inside and outside the School Boards are gradually preparing for the secularization of the education given therein. Thus it is that the maintenance of Voluntary Schools and the defence of religious education in Board Schools are questions which are intrinsically inseparable.

I have said that London was responsible for that interpretation of the Cowper-Temple Clause which laid definite religious teaching under a ban. When the London School Board was established, a three days' discussion took place as to what kind of religious instruction should be given in the schools. Finally, on March 8th, 1871, the following Rule was adopted on the motion of Mr. Samuel Morley and Mr. W. H. Smith, a Rule which has remained in force until the present time:—

"In the schools provided by the Board the Bible shall be read, and there shall be given such explanations and such instruction therefrom in the principles of morality and religion as are suited to the capacities of children, in accordance with the terms of the resolution of the Board passed March 8th, 1871; provided always that in such explanations and instructions the provisions of the Act in sections 7 and 14 (Cowper-Temple Clause) be strictly observed, both in letter and spirit, and that no attempt be made in any such schools to attach children to any particular denomination."

This is what is known as "the compromise of 1871." The Rule

has been adopted either verbally or in spirit by most Boards throughout the country.

"The principles of religion"—*what* religion? The question will surprise people who have not followed the School Board controversy. Of one thing we may be certain, Mr. Morley and Mr. Smith never contemplated that under this Rule any teaching other than Christian teaching would be given. They thought that they had safeguarded the Christian character of the Bible teaching. They did not realize that in process of time "undenominationalism" would be pressed to its logical conclusion, and the fundamental tenets of Christianity proclaimed "sectarian."

For over twenty years the steady competition—the "unhealthy competition," as the late Royal Commission had the courage to call it—of the School Board system has been grinding away the older system, until at the present time there are in London but 217,000 children in the Voluntary Schools of all denominations, to nearly 500,000 in the great Board Schools. Had the time come for an open avowal of the secular programme? The enemy evidently thought the opportunity was approaching. Until 1890 it was always assumed that the "religion" in the "principles" of which the children were to be brought up was the Christian religion. In that year, however, this assumption was attacked. The Rev. Stewart Headlam raised the question as to what religion was meant, and supported by the Rev. Copeland Bowie, the leader of the Unitarians on the Board, he endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to strike these words out of the Rule. At the last School Board Election a further step was taken. The London Liberal and Radical Union issued a programme which contained a clause, "that instruction shall be in secular subjects only." True, the programme was but a kite sent up to test the wind, and it was somewhat hastily withdrawn. As *The Daily News* of January 27th last puts it:—

"We have always contended that the logical course is to keep the State Schools to State subjects, and to give facilities for the various churches to teach religion. But the British public are not prepared for this course, and if the issue before us were the entire exclusion of all religious instruction from the schools, or the dogmatic teaching Mr. Coxhead advocates, we should have no chance of winning. . . The position of educational Liberals, however, is the much stronger one of fidelity to the compromise."

This is at any rate plain speaking. The expulsion of the Bible from the schools, secular education, is the end "educational Liberals" have in view, when the British public are prepared for this course. Meanwhile the parents and the ratepayers are to be lulled into a false security by an adherence to "the compromise" in a sense never dreamt of by its authors, and the defenders of Christian teaching in the schools are to be held up to odium as if they were the attacking party and the disturbers of the public peace!

In the present Board the smouldering embers of hostility to Christian teaching broke into a flame. Accidentally it was discovered that amongst the 8,000 teachers in the Board's service—men and women appointed with no reference to their religious beliefs—widely different views obtained with regard to the meaning of "the principles of religion." We found that some teachers when giving instruction from the Bible adopted an attitude of neutrality or even of hostility to such fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion as the divinity of Christ and the Trinity; that the children were sometimes forced to stop before the Doxology when singing hymns, because "Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost" was Trinitarian," and, therefore, "denominational," and that the Bible was treated as a mere bundle of allegories and ethics—a kind of Æsop's Fables. In attempting to reform these abuses and to ensure the Christian character of the teaching, we were at once met with the most violent opposition on the part of the Secularists and Unitarians, reinforced as they were by the political dissenters. Deputation after deputation was brought up against us throughout the year 1893; the Radical press teemed with articles and correspondence of the most violent kind, and obstruction, determined and unscrupulous, was organized by the minority on the Board to render its ordinary administration difficult or impossible until the majority abandoned their policy of enforcing the rights of Christian parents.

The struggle, severe and painful as it has been, has already borne fruit of a valuable kind. We have succeeded in asserting the Christian character of the instruction required by the Board, as I shall presently show; but owing to the inherent vice of the School Board system, this may be annihilated by a "Progressive" majority at the election next November—a calamity from which in the interests of thousands of little Christian children we may well pray to be delivered. The real and substantial fruit of the controversy is this, that for the first time the enemy is completely unmasked—now we know with what we have to deal. The loss of the next election cannot deprive us of this conspicuous advantage.

What are the contentions of our opponents both outside and inside the Board? I will put them plainly and briefly, supporting them by evidence in each case.

1. "Religion" in "the compromise" did not mean the Christian religion.

The Echo of January 26th last on the proposal to qualify the word "religion" by the prefix of "Christian," said:

"'The substitution of the words 'Christian religion and morality' for 'morality and religion.' . . . . . A slight backward step, as the word 'religion' embraces the Christian religion, but the word 'Christian' does not embrace all religions.

The word 'religion' is applicable to all creeds and climes. It may be used with equal propriety and satisfaction in London or Lahore, Rome or Jerusalem. . . . . Then why not use words which would answer the purpose, and be applicable alike to all people subject to our sway? Why not? Because we have a narrow and bigoted party in our midst.

Mr. Corrie Grant, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the London Progressive Education Council, a body recently formed to fight the next election, is credibly reported to have said that he was working to get a religion in the Board Schools *which would be acceptable to a Mohammadan.*

2. "The principles of religion" do not mean Christian doctrines. No doctrines at all should be taught in Board Schools, because (*a*) Unitarians and Atheists would be offended and (*b*) Board Schools are established at the expense of the State.

A deputation came to the Board on April 27th, 1893, from the Patriotic Club, Clerkenwell. Leader of the deputation, Mr. J. Rowlands, M.P. The following conversation took place:—

Mr. RILEY: You don't want any faith at all taught in the schools?

Mr. ROWLANDS: No distinct faith.

Rev. J. J. COXHEAD: Do you think that the doctrine of the Divinity of our Lord ought to be taught in our schools?

Mr. ROWLANDS: No; because you would go outside Unitarian doctrine.

In reply to another question Mr. Rowlands said that he should object to the doctrine of the Atonement, or of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, as much as to Roman Catholic doctrines, and another member of the deputation made the significant admission that he was a Secularist, but he did not wish the compromise touched.

Another deputation approached the Board on October 12th, 1893, from the Council of the Primitive Methodist Connexion. Leader of deputation, Rev. Mr. Winn.—

Mr. SHARP: On the supposition that we have in our schools a teacher who has distinct views on the subject of the Divinity of our Lord, is that teacher, in your opinion, at liberty to teach that doctrine?

Mr. WINN: No; we think not.

A memorial presented to the Board from Unitarians, dated March 4th, 1893,

"Sheweth as follows:—

"That your Memorialists are members of that branch of the Christian Church known as Unitarian. That as such they do not accept the doctrines of the Deity of Christ or of the Trinity, while they affirm the Unity of God and the Humanity of Jesus of Nazareth. That your Memorialists assert that the doctrines which they deny have no warrant in the Bible, but are the result of controversies in the early Church as to which men may conscientiously differ.

. . . . . .

"That your Memorialists are residents within the area over which the Board has jurisdiction and are greatly interested in the effective working of the Education Acts in the Metropolis.

"That your Memorialists learn with much surprise and indignation that proposals are now before your Board for teaching the children in the schools of the

Board the very doctrines they deny, and for securing that only those teachers who are able to teach these doctrines shall be employed.

. . . . . .

"That it is unjust that ratepayers should be called upon to contribute, in schools which belong to the whole community, to the teaching of doctrines peculiar to a section only."

A deputation attended the Board on Feb. 22nd, 1894, from the London Nonconformist Council. Leader of the deputation, the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers.—

Mr. ATHELSTAN RILEY: I take it you consider that the circular is sectarian?

Mr. GUINNESS ROGERS: Yes.

Which clause?—The very issue of the circular is sectarian.

The sentence, "You will impress upon the children the relation in which they stand to God the Father as their Creator, to God the Son as their Redeemer, and to God the Holy Ghost as their Sanctifier"—in the opinion of this deputation of orthodox Nonconformists is that phrase sectarian?

The Rev. J. G. ROGERS: If you tell me what you mean by that sentence I will answer.

Mr. Riley repeated his question, and Mr. Rogers replied: I think that by issuing an interpretation circular requiring the teachers to carry out these particular views it is a grievance to the consciences of Unitarians, and so far sectarian.

You stated in your speech that you wanted Christian doctrines taught, but that you did not want any doctrine taught at the expense of the ratepayers to which any ratepayer could object.

Mr. ROGERS: I did not say to which any ratepayer might object. I said that if Christian doctrines were to be taught—which I prize as highly as any gentleman of the majority, and am ready to suffer for and if need be die for—they should be paid for by those who hold them, and not out of the rates.

Mr. RILEY: Do you want any doctrines taught out of the rates?—No.

Not even the existence of God?—That I am not going to enter upon. I am not going to express any opinion about it.

This, of course, is logical undenominationalism.

3. The "freedom of the teacher"—not the *parent*, but the *teacher*—to decide what religious instruction a child should receive.

This is the most serious and, at the same time, the most popular of the contentions. Serious, because no greater outrage against the religious liberty and consciences of parents can be conceived; popular, inasmuch as it appears to commend itself most warmly to the "Progressive" element in London. A further danger lurks behind it. Those who are familiar with matters touching education are aware that trade-unionism is rapidly springing up amongst teachers throughout the country. The two great societies, the National Union of Teachers and the Metropolitan Board Teachers' Association, are in the hands of leaders who are bent on pushing this trade-unionism to its extreme limits. Powerful in numbers, in organization, and in influence over the Press, these societies have allied themselves openly with the "Progressive" Party, and this monstrous "freedom of the teacher," together with promises of less work and more pay if the Progressives return to

power, is the price paid for their assistance. Mr. Macnamara, editor of the *Schoolmaster*, and a leader of the N.U.T., represents the "teachers' interest" on the London Progressive Education Council before alluded to.

A deputation of Heads of Colleges and Heads of Congregations holding Trinitarian doctrines attended the Board on April 27th, 1893. Leader of the deputation, Rev. Dr. Clifford.—

The CHAIRMAN: The question Mr. Riley puts to you is that, assuming it is possible for a Unitarian teacher to give Unitarian teaching to a Christian child, are you prepared to uphold the policy of that state of things?

Dr. CLIFFORD: Certainly, for the sake of liberty.

In February, 1893, a memorial, very influentially signed, was drawn up by Dr. Martineau in support of "the compromise." This document suggested that in the interests of "religious liberty" the teachers should be "left free" "to interweave" with the "Scriptural selections" in the Board's syllabus "any doctrinal additions suggested by their own convictions." At the same time the Board was to make no enquiry into the religious beliefs of those who gave this instruction, who, as at present, might be Churchmen, Roman Catholics, Nonconformists, Unitarians, Jews, Agnostics, or even bitter infidels.*

* "A counter-memorial, also influentially signed, was shortly afterwards presented to the Board by a deputation which included Viscount Halifax, Lord Kinnaird, Sir John Kennaway, and Mr. John Murray, and an important correspondence ensued in *The Times*. Professor Huxley wrote to say that, as one of the members of the Board who voted for the compromise in 1871, he certainly should have opposed it had he thought that under it definite teaching would be given in 'such theological dogmas as the Incarnation," whilst the Chief Rabbi wrote to deny the statement made by the counter-memorial that the Jews had any special privileges, and to declare that he considered any 'attempt to disturb the compromise established in 1871 unjust, and fraught with peril to the highest interests of all religion and morality.' On this I pointed out that in certain London Board Schools where Jewish children form an appreciable proportion of the scholars—(1) Jewish holidays are observed; (2) the Board appoints Jewish teachers and pays for them out of the rates; (3) the teachers give the religious instruction in the ordinary school hours; (4) this instruction is not given according to the Board's 'undenominational' syllabus, but according to a syllabus drawn up by the Chief Rabbi himself; that now in use containing such heads of instruction as 'Fringes and Phylacteries,' 'Dietary Laws,' 'Messiah,' and a 'Systematic Knowledge of Judaism, with especial reference to its distinctive Dogmas and to Tradition.' I asked Professor Huxley whether *this* teaching came within the 'compromise,' or whether, whilst he strongly objected to teaching Christian children out of the rates that Christ was God, he did not mind teaching Jewish children that He was not? The Professor was silent; but Dr. Martineau wrote a remarkable letter in *The Times* of May 4th, from which I will quote the concluding passage. I ought to state that in a previous letter he had gone so far as to say that 'this fascinating theory of "a common Christianity," on which the essentials are to settle, after leave of absence has been given to all else, will not work.' Here are Dr. Martineau's words: 'The error of the past, then, has been the attempt to fit an uniform system of religious instruction to the wants of so variegated a whole as the population of a London school district If you satisfy the ecclesiastical standard, you wrong the miscellaneous host of unattached yet

4. The Bible is to be treated as ordinary literature; it is not to be regarded as the text-book of Christianity.

A deputation of the Womens' Liberal Federation, claiming to represent 75,000 women, met the Board on March 8th, 1894. Leader of the deputation, Miss Balgarnie.—

Miss BALGARNIE: We maintain that the Bible should be taught clearly, plainly, and honestly by the teachers, as in the past, and without any interference whatever.

Mr. LYNN: Do you object to the insertion in our rules of the word Christian?—Yes, I do; I think it unnecessary.

Do you think the Board wrong in teaching the doctrines of the Christian religion?—The Board should not teach any doctrines at all.

Mr. ATHELSTAN RILEY: I suppose you say the Bible is not necessarily to be interpreted in a Christian sense?—I did not know that the Bible was a Christian book.

This reply was received with applause by the minority on the Board. It is a reply which furnishes a complete answer to those who say "if the facts and doctrine contained in the Bible are taught, what more do you want?"

Here is the Great Conspiracy; well may the Church Education and Voluntary Schools Defence Union say in its recent manifesto:

"Unless the Christian parents of London awake to their danger they may, under the specious watchwords of 'liberty' and 'tests,' find themselves robbed of all security for the Christian education of their children.

How has this conspiracy been met? When my readers hear what we have done I hope they will consider that we have met the crisis with firmness, with courage, and with moderation. Let me say at once that I am not a believer in a common religion. That you can teach the principles of the same religion to Churchmen and Jews, Roman Catholics and Unitarians, Nonconformists, Agnostics and Positivists, is a proposition which, to my mind, has only to be stated to convince all reasonable men of its absurdity. The whole difficulty, I believe, has arisen from this preposterous attempt, and I do not think any settlement of "the religious difficulty in the School Board" can be final which does not recognize the right of parents to have their children brought up in sympathy with their own religious convictions. Were I asked to reconstruct the system of religious teaching under the London Board on these lines I should not shrink from the task. In Industrial and Truant Schools (which, by the way, are supported out of the rates) this is the law, and what can be done in a Truant School can surely be done in a Day School. At present, in London, if a parent is careful about the education of his boy, and that boy is a good boy and

not irreligious people. If you insist on the latitude necessary to make the best of their religious proclivities, you disappoint the genuine Church disciples of the indispensable nurture of their piety. The simple remedy is to recognize the different requirements of their consciences and make distinct provision for each.'" ("Review of the Churches," November, 1893). *Religious Teaching in Board Schools.* By Athelstan Riley.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

goes to school regularly, the child has to submit to the "undenominational" teaching, which may or may not be in accordance with the religion of his father. But if the parent is an idle, careless fellow, and the boy a scapegrace, that naughty boy is packed off to a Truant School for a few weeks as a punishment, and whilst he is there receives, according to law, instruction in his own religion! This is one of the merry jests of that exceedingly humorous body to which I have the honour to belong!

If, however, I were to proclaim the advantages of a frankly denominational policy, my words would be but *vox clamantis in deserto*. Nine people out of ten on the School Board, and ninety-nine out of a hundred outside, still think it possible to get a common religion which will satisfy everybody. Clearly, I must do the best I can in the circumstances. My policy, therefore, and the policy of the majority on the Board, is as follows:—

1. The Board must clearly state what kind of religious teaching it professes to give, in order that the Conscience Clause may have its full value, and the parent be able to withdraw his child if he disapproves of the religion taught.

2. The religion taught should be the same throughout the school, and ought not to vary according to the teacher in each standard through which the child passes.

3. On the assumption that one religion is to be taught, that religion must be the Christian religion as understood by Churchmen, Roman Catholics, and Christian Nonconformists—the vast majority of both parents and ratepayers. It is impossible to get a religion which trims between Christianity and Unitarianism, and if one religion is to be taught, it is obvious that we must choose the Christian.

4. The Christian religion must be taught by Christian teachers. No teacher can teach what he does not know, and nobody, I suppose, wants him to teach what he does not believe. Non-Christians, therefore, must be relieved from the duty of giving the religious instruction.

Following the lines of this policy, the majority of the Board, in the face of unparalleled obstruction, have executed the following reforms:—

1. They have inserted the word "Christian" before "religion" in the Rule, so that it now runs, "the Bible shall be read, and there shall be given such explanations and instruction therefrom in the principles of the Christian religion and morality as are suited to the capacities of children, &c." Thus the Board has made it clear that "the compromise" was a Christian one, as its authors most certainly intended.

2. Unitarians claiming that their principles are "principles of the Christian religion," and it being obviously unjust to allow an

ambiguity which would permit a Christian child to be taught Unitarian principles, or a Unitarian child Christian ones, the majority carried the following "Circular to Teachers," explaining what the Board understands by Christian principles. As few know the text of this now famous document, I am constrained to give it in full.

SIR (or MADAM),

In forwarding to you a copy of the Rules of the Board having reference to Bible Instruction and religious observances, I am directed to ask your thoughtful consideration of the following suggestions, in the hope that they may be useful for your guidance and direction :—

The Bible is your text-book, from which it has always been the desire of the Board that you should give such explanations in the Christian religion and morality as are suited to the capacities of children of various ages attending the Schools of the Board. Such explanations and instruction should, of course, be based on the conception of human nature which the Bible presents, namely, that a man is a responsible being with distinct and definite duties to God, to himself, and to his fellow-man. Understanding child nature as you do, you will, of course, adapt your teaching to the various motives by which children are influenced ; the object and purpose of all education being the formation of habits mental, moral and religious. And it is important to this end that the character of the children committed to your care should be studied individually, so as to correct the defects, and encourage and stimulate the good points in each.

The lessons adapted to an Infant School are not the same as those which are suitable to children of a more advanced age, and there are subjects essentially connected with the well-being and happiness of the individual on which the greatest caution has to be observed ; but instruction in morality should not shirk the consideration of the relations of man to all the conditions of his being, and the Bible lesson affords you opportunities of so discussing these questions with the elder children as to impress them with the paramount importance of being pure, sincere and upright in their life.

The Board have never intended their teachers to diverge from the presentation of the Christian religion which is revealed in the Bible. While following the Syllabus, which is suggested to you yearly, you are at liberty to refer to other parts of the Bible by which the principles of the Christian religion may be elucidated and enforced. These principles include a belief in God the Father as our Creator, in God the Son as our Redeemer, and in God the Holy Ghost as our Sanctifier.

The Board cannot approve of any teaching which denies either the Divine or the Human Nature of the Lord Jesus Christ, or which leaves on the minds of the children any other impression than that they are bound to trust and serve Him as their God and Lord.

The Board desire that in giving the Bible lesson, you will strictly observe, both in letter and spirit, the provisions of Sections 7 and 14 of the Elementary Education Act of 1870, and that you will make no attempt whatever to attach the children to any particular religious denomination.

A question having been raised as to whether, under the heading of Religious Observances, the Board permit the use of hymns, concluding with the Doxology or prayers other than the Lord's Prayer, I am directed to inform you that no restriction is placed upon your liberty of choice in this respect.

These suggestions are made by the Board in no spirit of distrust or want of confidence in your good intentions to make the Bible lesson as useful as possible, but in order to avoid any misconceptions which may exist as to the meaning and intention of the Board's rules with reference to a portion of their work upon which they lay the greatest stress. If there are those among you who cannot conscientiously impart Bible Instruction in this spirit, means will be taken, with-

out prejudice to their position under the Board, to release them from the duty of giving the Bible lesson.

The religious opinions of candidates will not, in any way, influence their appointment or promotion, nor are they to be subjected to any questions with reference to their religious belief.

G. H. CROAD, Clerk of the Board.

This is the "religious test," this is the "sectarian circular," and this is all we have done. The four Nonconformists on the Board who are not "run" by Radical organizations, voted with the Church party. Further comment is needless.

It may be interesting to my readers to hear the results which have followed the issue of this circular. The first withdrawal was from an assistant-teacher (who, by the way, had been educated in a Church Training College); it was as follows:—

"In accordance with the terms of the recent Circular on the teaching of religion, I beg to be released from explicitly teaching the separate existence of three persons in the Deity, or the (to me) seeming unjust doctrine of vicarious sacrifice.

"Hitherto, I have dwelt mainly on the ethical teachings of the man Jesus, always recognizing the pure beauty and moral grandeur of his life; and bearing in mind Matthew Arnold's doctrine that 'conduct is ⅞ of life,' I have always held up the Nazarene Carpenter as our great exemplar. But for me to teach the special divinity of him who is only to me an elder brother, and ranking with such others as Buddha and Socrates, would be distinctly unwise, so I respectfully beg to be released from such duty."

Two other withdrawals came in separately. Three thousand one hundred and ten were sent in *en bloc* through the Metropolitan Board Teachers' Association, in response to a manifesto issued by the Executive Committee of that body urging that "teaching the doctrines of the circular" would be the means of "imparting a sectarian bias to our instruction."* Three thousand one hundred and thirteen, therefore, of the seven thousand eight hundred teachers in the service of the Board have withdrawn: no more complete justification of the Board's action could be required.

I trust that in the foregoing pages I have made the issue clear. Whether the battle-ground is the religious instruction in the Board Schools or the maintenance of the Denominational Schools, the principles at stake are the same. We are confronted by determined foes who bid us surrender those principles, foes we can only meet by a firm *non possumus*. Christianity has made England what she is; we are the inheritors of great and noble traditions both in religion and in those true politics which are founded upon religion. It is our duty to see that, so far as in us lies, those traditions are handed down unimpaired to our children.

ATHELSTAN RILEY.

* The only deputation we have received from teachers on the subject of religious instruction was one which appeared before the Board on July 13th, 1893, and which claimed to represent over 200 teachers in our service. That deputation maintained that the Incarnation was "a sectarian dogma" which ought not to be taught in the schools.

NEW EVIDENCE ON AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

The reports of the Assistant Commissioners to the Royal Commission on Agriculture upon the districts of England and Scotland to which they were sent in the first instance have been issued, and as they embrace widely-separated portions of Great Britain, all branches of the agricultural industry, and small-farm as well as large-farm districts, it is well worth while to consider the evidence which they contain. They represent the work of four Assistant Commissioners in eight counties of England and of one in four Scottish counties. Mr. Wilson Fox was sent to investigate the condition of agriculture in the small-farm and mixed-farming district of Garstang, in Lancashire, and in the Glendale Union of Northumberland, where large corn and stock farms prevail. Mr. Jabez Turner first visited the important cheese-making district of Frome, Somersetshire, and afterwards the mixed-farming portion of Warwickshire which has Stratford-on-Avon for a centre, where the farms are generally of medium size. Dr. Fream's investigations were directed to the hop and fruit country surrounding Maidstone and the sheep-farming and corn-growing Andover Union of Hampshire. To Mr. Hunter Pringle was committed the important task of taking evidence as to the condition of the cultivators of the soil in the far-famed Isle of Axholme, in Lincolnshire, where small occupying owners are numerous, and in four districts of Essex, a great corn-growing county which has been notorious for the severity of depression that has afflicted its landlords and tenants. Lastly, Mr. James Hope was allowed to select the portions of Scotland which he regarded as typical of various styles and conditions of farming, and he chose to visit the counties of Perth, Fife, Forfar, and Aberdeen.

If in any portions of England the farmers might have been expected to be able to stand up successfully against the trials which they have had to meet, the Garstang district of Lancashire and the adjoining Fylde Union, to which Mr. Wilson Fox extended his inquiry, are among them. With soil generally much above average in natural fertility, and quite exceptional advantages in the marketing of their products and of obtaining town manure,

the farmers of these districts are very favourably situated for adapting their industry to the circumstances of the times. As Mr. Fox points out, the district is fortunate in having splendid markets easily accessible by road or rail, including Liverpool, Manchester, Preston, Wigan, Lancaster, Blackpool, Fleetwood, and Bolton, while more distant manufacturing towns and mining centres help to create a demand for all kinds of agricultural produce. Moreover, the great majority of the farmers are of the working type, and not fine gentlemen who spend most of their time in hunting, shooting, and visiting market towns whether they have business to transact or not. Very many of them have been farm labourers, or are the sons of men who have risen from the labourer's position to that of the farmer. Again, the advantages supposed by many people to be inherent to farming on a small scale are at their highest in a district so well served by great markets; and, as already stated, the district is one of small farms. Out of 918 holdings in the Garstang Union 564 are under 50 acres, and only 34 are 200 acres or more; while in the Fylde 306 of the 599 farms are less than 50 acres, and no more than 35 are 200 acres or upwards. Lastly, though not least in importance, there is very little interference with freedom of cropping and sale of produce off the land, so that the majority of the farmers can grow and dispose of anything that happens to sell well at any particular period.

That the farmers have taken advantage of these favourable circumstances to a great extent is obvious from Mr. Fox's statement that they have turned their attention more and more to the sale of milk, the making of cheese and butter, market gardening, fruit-growing, and poultry keeping—the most profitable branches of their industry at the present time where market facilities are good. They have also reduced expenses by converting some of their arable land to permanent or temporary pasture. Seeing, then, how much these Lancashire farmers have in their favour, and how apt they have been to use their advantages, it is natural to suppose that they have suffered much less from depression than their fellows in most other parts of the country. The Assistant Commissioner came to this conclusion, and yet he considers that they have not by any means escaped the common misfortune. He says: "Although agricultural depression has existed since 1880 to some extent in North Lancashire, and has been more particularly felt during the last three or four years [on account of the fall in the prices of live stock, as he afterwards explains], the evidence of its existence is perhaps not so marked as in many other counties, perhaps because it has been of longer duration elsewhere, though I venture to think that it is more acutely felt than appears at first

sight." But Mr. Fox goes on to state that there are no unoccupied farms, that competition for farms about to become vacant is keen, that rents of farms not far from towns are commonly from £1 10s. to £3 per acre, and that reductions of rent, where made, have generally ranged from 5 to 16 per cent. only, though in some cases up to 30 per cent. Yet the agents of some large estates declared that the net returns to landlords were 2 per cent. or less upon the value of the land, or its cost where purchased within the last thirty years. According to the evidence of a number of farmers, given in the Appendix to the Report, permanent reduction of rent has been allowed to only about half of them, though nearly all the rest have had temporary abatements in certain years.

So far, the evidence seems inconsistent with the existence of anything like severe distress. Yet one witness declared that most of the farmers were nearly ruined, and Mr. Fox was told by some large farmers, whose evidence he considered perfectly trustworthy, that, although they paid no wages to their sons and daughters who helped them on the farm or in the dairy, they had made nothing after feeding and clothing their families for the last year or two, while several said they had drawn upon their capital; and small farmers generally stated that they worked much harder than the labourers, and yet were in a worse financial position. The wages of farm labourers have not fallen since the depression began; indeed, they have risen in some parishes. It appears, then, that depression had been severe during two or three years, owing to the exceptionally low prices of live stock, from which there has lately been an advance.

Mr. Fox endeavoured to ascertain whether large or small farmers had suffered most from the depression; but the evidence upon this point was conflicting. Some persons who declared that small occupiers had best withstood the trial gave as a reason that they worked their farms with the help of their families, paying no wages. The agent for three large estates said that permanent reductions in rent had been made on the large farms, and not on the small ones, which seems to indicate that the small occupiers had been best able to meet the trial, though it has usually been at the expense of their families, and for the benefit of their landlords. It was generally admitted, however, that those who have devoted their attention chiefly to the production of milk for sale in the towns, whether large or small farmers, have done best in recent years.

Leaving evidence as to the causes of depression and suggestions as to remedies for after consideration, let us now turn to the scene of Mr. Fox's second investigation. It would have been difficult to

find a greater contrast between two agricultural districts than that existing between the Garstang district of Lancashire and the Glendale district of Northumberland. Leaving a country of small working farmers and exceptionally varied production, the Assistant Commissioner found himself in the midst of uncommonly large farms, and in a district of corn-growing, breeding, and grazing. The lowland farms for the most part range in area from 300 to 1,000 acres, and the hill farms run up to several thousands of acres, one farmer holding between 15,000 and 16,000 acres and employing thirty-two shepherds. Many of the farmers are educated men possessed of large capital, and the district, naturally very fertile for the most part, has long been noted for its high farming. The district is mainly arable, about 66 per cent. of the cultivated area being under the plough. Formerly leases prevailed; but since 1879, when the depression was first felt seriously, tenants have been unwilling to commit themselves to lengthened tenure, and have preferred to hire land by the year. Reductions of 20 to 30 per cent. in rent appear to have been common, and as much as 50 per cent. on one estate was mentioned. At present, according to a local land agent, mixed farms of 200 acres usually let for about 33s. an acre, and those of 500 to 1,000 acres at about 27s.; but rents considerably higher and lower are noticed in the evidence.

That the large growers of corn felt the fall in prices many years ago needs no proof; but timely reductions of rent appear to have enabled the tenants to hold on, though with diminished profits. Again, the reduction in the price of wool was a blow to the great flockmasters, who are numerous in the district. But it was not until stock was considerably reduced in value that the depression became severe in Glendale. Mr. Fox considers it less severe than in the South of England, and his conclusion seems to be borne out by the facts which he adduces. He says that there is no difficulty in letting farms at the reduced rents, while in many cases there is keen competition for them; that rents are well paid, land is well farmed, and farm-buildings have been steadily improved; and that the quality of the live stock has not deteriorated.

There are not many small farmers in the district, and the evidence as to whether they have withstood the depression better than the large occupiers, or with worse results, was conflicting, as it was in Lancashire. Wages are exceptionally high in Northumberland, and some of the labourers have saved enough money to enable them to take small farms. Several of these men stated that they were no better off financially than they had been as farm servants, shepherds, or bailiffs, but that they preferred the freedom and speculation of farming to working as wage-earners.

As in Lancashire, many witnesses said that small farmers had suffered least, because they had the advantage of the services of their families without the payment of wages. Seeing that men average over £1 a week, it is obvious that the labour bill is a serious item in a Northumberland farmer's expenses. Men's wages have increased about 2s. a week, and women's about 3s. since 1871, when the payment was, as it is now, except for indoor farm servants, in money. But this does not by any means fairly represent the increase; for formerly the outdoor men were paid chiefly in kind, and a comparison of the cost to an employer of the farm produce paid as a man's wages previous to 1871 and the expense at the present time shows an advance from £35 16s. to £54 14s., a cottage rent-free being allowed in both accounts. Farmers have been obliged to do with less labour than they formerly employed, and the conversion of a good deal of arable land to pasture has helped them in this direction.

It is clear that the once wealthy farmers of Glendale have lost heavily in recent years, and that, although they are crippled rather than ruined, they would not long be able to stand up against prices as low for corn and stock alike as those of the three years ending with 1893.

Mr. Jabez Turner's Report on the Frome District of Somersetshire is a meagre one. He speaks of the "somewhat hurried action necessary," and of his "hastily-written report," and certainly, either from lack of time or from some other cause, he has not collected many details relating to the condition of the farmers of the district. Since 1882, it appears, from 25 to 30 per cent. of the arable land has been converted into pasture, dairying having increased, while the cultivation of corn has diminished, and fruit-farming has remained stationary. Frome is a centre of an important Cheddar cheese district, and it is generally agreed that cheese-making has been generally more remunerative throughout the long period of depression than almost any other branch of agriculture, though milk-selling and fruit-growing, in places favourable for marketing and otherwise suitable, may have paid better. It is true, as Mr. Turner points out, that cheese of inferior quality has fallen greatly in price; but, then, the schoolmaster has been abroad for some time in connection with dairying, and it is only those who are too conceited to learn who need keep on making bad cheese or butter. He does not give any estimate as to the extent of the depression. Evidence is quoted as to its existence; but the complaints of losses are mainly of those incurred in 1892 and 1893, two exceptionally bad seasons for dairy farmers, because of the extraordinary shortness of feed.

That depression must have been felt more or less severely in the

Frome district is obvious from statements to the effect that rents have been reduced generally by 25 to 40 per cent., and that there have been many changes of tenancy in some parts of the district where the land is poor. The good cheese farms, however, appear to let well. Indeed, very few are unlet, even in the arable and sheep-farming portions of the district. A striking illustration of the fall in the prices of sheep is given, 500 cross-bred lambs having realized £1,075 in 1888, £1,100 in 1889 and 1890, and only £853, £715, and £615 in the three following years respectively. Until 1891, however, sheep had been selling remarkably well for some years, and evidence of depression based upon the losses of two or three years is of much less serious import than that which covers fifteen years, as it does in relation to many English counties. No indication as to the prevailing range of rents or of the sizes of farms is given in the Report. In the dairying portion of the district farms of about 200 acres are regarded as most to be recommended. Large and small farmers alike, it is said, have suffered from the depression.

In the country around Stratford-on-Avon Mr. Turner found great variations in soil and cropping. Previous to 1879 Warwickshire was nearly half arable, whereas now two-thirds of the total cultivated area are in permanent pasture. The increase of pasture since 1878 is no less than 68,000 acres, or 27 per cent. During the same period the wheat area has fallen by nearly one-half. By way of partial compensation there have been considerable increases in the cattle and sheep kept in the county. But depression has unquestionably been felt very severely, and Mr. Turner puts the reductions made in rents since 1878 at 25 to 60 per cent. How rents range at present there is nothing in the Report to show; but presumably they are very low where the land is firm or heavy. Vegetables and fruit are produced in portions of the district, but not generally with marked success. Whether farms are generally large or small in the district Mr. Turner does not state; but he intimates that there is a strong feeling against the multiplication of small holdings, as not likely to pay either owners or occupiers. Changes in tenancy have been exceedingly numerous in recent years, and a good many farms are in the landlords' hands.

A few years back no class of farmers complained more bitterly of the bad times than the growers of hops, but Dr. Fream, in visiting the neighbourhood of Maidstone, found that they had recovered their spirits to a great extent. The explanation is that moderately good crops have been grown during the last three years, while prices have been much higher than they were during a portion of the "eighties." Thus, the Assistant Commissioner was informed that, while corn paid no rent, hops and fruit had enabled

many a man to weather the storm who might otherwise have gone under. Again, he learned that there have not been many changes of tenancy lately in the hop districts, and that very few hop farms were unlet. On the other hand, where corn and live stock are the staples of the farming industry, and particularly on the slopes of the chalk hills, much of the land is practically out of cultivation. One reason why hop-growers have improved their position is that the washing of the hops, to destroy noxious insects, which was not general before 1882, has now come to be regarded as essential. This has considerably increased the expense of cultivation, and the cost of labour has also advanced, wages having risen during the last six or seven years. But when a good crop is produced, and sold at fair prices, the returns are sufficient to yield a handsome profit. Hop-growing, however, is an exceedingly speculative business, and losses are very heavy in bad years. Mr. Leney, an extensive grower, gave an estimate of the cost of producing, picking, drying, and marketing an acre of choice hops, based on the average of three years, and he made it over £58, without interest on capital. This, however, is exceptionally high, £6 being charged for rent, tithe, and rates, £10 for manure, £10 for picking, and an equal sum for "miscellaneous items" not enumerated. Mr. Charles Whitehead, in a recent article on the subject, makes the average cost of an acre of hops £35. He also remarks that the average price of the last thirty years is about £7 per cwt., and that, if the average crop be put at 7 cwt. per acre, there does not appear to be a large margin for profit. But some growers do remarkably well, while others fail or get on badly. In rare instances a profit of £50 or even £100 has been made on an acre.

With respect to fruit-growing, although Dr. Fream heard complaints of over-production, foreign competition, preference rail rates on imported produce, the exactions of salesmen in the London markets, and the limitation of markets by exclusive charters, he found evidence of at least moderate prosperity. There is no doubt that the prices of fruit are much lower than they used to be. Still, as growers keep on planting, and there is keen competition for fruit farms at high rents, the presumption is that the industry is generally remunerative. It is much better managed than it was in the old times, and growers who are favourably situated, and thoroughly understand their business, make it pay, in spite of the fall in prices.

Away from the hop and fruit districts in the Maidstone district Dr. Fream found agricultural depression to be very severe. Many of the old tenants who farmed at high rents failed before reductions were made, and new men came in on much lower terms. The reductions are said to range from 15 to 100 per cent., the

tenant in the latter cases paying only tithe and rates. To what extent land is thus let rent-free Dr. Fream does not state Probably such cases are exceptional, though there is a great deal of land held by landlords which can hardly produce any rent. A farm of 800 acres is mentioned which was bought for £32,000, subsequently let at £900 a year, and ultimately at only £300, after which it was thrown on the owner's hands. Another farm, of 500 acres, which was letting at £900 eight years ago, is now let at £300, and the tenant is anxious to get out of it. As results of depression, it may be mentioned that in 1888 Kent had 100,707 acres under wheat, and in 1893 only 53,026 acres, while permanent pasture has increased from 303,302 to 374,920 acres.

When previously visiting the Andover district of Hampshire, Dr. Fream was in the midst of depression more general and more commonly severe than that which prevails in any part of the country previously mentioned in this article. This district is purely agricultural, characterised chiefly by thin, light soils, resting upon the chalk formation. It is a country of large and medium-sized corn and sheep farms, chiefly arable, the sheep being usually folded on turnips or other forage crops. In 1878, the year before depression first became severe, there were in the county of Hampshire 255,732 acres under corn out of a total cultivated area of 705,764 acres, and only 179,578 acres of permanent pasture; whereas in 1890 the corn crops covered only 201,746 acres, and pasture had increased to 261,478 acres.

A deplorable state of affairs in the Andover district is depicted in the evidence given to the Assistant Commissioner. On several estates he found, not only that numbers of farms are in the owners' hands, but also that much of the land has been thrown out of cultivation, being merely used at times as sheep-runs. In one case a whole parish would have been tenantless but for the appearance of one enterprising farmer, who consented to take the land at a very low rent.

In no case that came under Dr. Fream's notice did he find an exception to the rule that rents have been reduced during the last twelve years. In some cases, he says, the reductions have been so great that tenants are practically keeping on the farms upon their own terms. "It has come to this," said one experienced witness: "You may regard the land as practically of no value, and look upon the rent as merely covering the interest on the outlay on house and buildings." By the time that the landlord had met all expenses, he added, there was scarcely anything left for himself. Moreover, greatly as rents have been reduced, some of them have not been paid for years. North of Andover there is much land let at 2s. 6d. an acre, upon which the tithe is 6s. Yet the tenants are

said to be losing money. Other land, to the west of Andover, formerly let at 15s. to 20s. an acre, with tithe in addition, is now let at 5s. tithe-free. Numbers of farms are let at rents only slightly in excess of the tithe, which is paid by the landlords. Actual instances of reductions exceeding 50 per cent. are given, and on one of the best-managed estates the permanent reductions made during the last ten years are from 50 to 60 per cent., while temporary remissions up to 25 per cent. in addition have been allowed during the last two years.

Mr. Hunter Pringle gives a lamentable account of the state of affairs among the small holders and other farmers in the Isle of Axholme. Details are given for three parishes—Epworth, Haxey, and West Butterwick—showing that 83¾ per cent. of the holdings are under 20 acres, while no more than 21 per cent. are over 10 acres, and only 2·7 per cent. over 100 acres. In the three parishes, comprising 16,333¾ acres of land, there are 1,394 occupiers, 512 being owners, and 882 tenants. The average size of a holding is less than twelve acres. The owners are much worse off than the tenants, because the former, for the most part, have heavy burdens on their land. About twenty years ago, when farming was prosperous, the value of land in the Island went up to extravagant prices, £60 to £120 an acre being freely given for it. Investors of money appear to have been as reckless as the small farmers, having no idea, apparently, that the great prosperity could ever cease. The consequence was that men who could command enough ready money to pay 10 per cent. as a deposit had no hesitation in buying ten times as much land as they could pay for, borrowing the rest on mortgage at 5 per cent. Interest has since been reduced; but it amounts to double the rent that would now be given for the land in very many instances. Mr. Pringle says that in 90 per cent. of the cases in which property was mortgaged from fifteen to twenty years ago the borrowers have been ruined and sold up, or are struggling on in a hopeless condition at the mercy of the mortgagees. The mortgagees rarely foreclose so long as any interest is paid, taking what they can get, and piling up the arrears to be recovered whenever the farmers have a good year. Mr. Pringle, who appears to have had eyes for nothing but the darkest aspect of agriculture in the Island, remarks in connection with this statement that, if times mend, the farmers will have many a year of hard-earned profits to pay away. But, surely, mortgagees would not have been as patient as they have been if they had not obtained payment for arrears from time to time.

Mr. Pringle states that within the last twelve or thirteen years purchasing has largely given place to renting, and that the tenants

are far more favourably situated than owners who purchased when times were good. This is the case all over the country. The figures quoted above show that in the three parishes for which statistics are given the tenants far exceed the owners in number, and yet hardly any particulars as to their condition are given. He shows that the rental of a large estate was reduced by over 51 per cent. during the ten years ending with 1892, and it would have been interesting if he had given some particulars as to the condition of the small holders who are occupying land at reduced rents. Again, he shows that market-gardening has greatly increased in the Island, and yet the most he can say for it is, that those who are carrying it on are struggling manfully, and, he believes, successfully, against the times. Writing as one who has visited the Isle of Axholme and obtained a great deal of information from those who knew it well, I must say that Mr. Pringle appears to me to have been too much disposed to "pile up the agony" in relation to the condition of the farmers, and the small holder especially. That those who are burdened with mortgage and other debts incurred in good times are seriously embarrassed, and in many cases insolvent, I have no doubt; but it is equally certain that a large number of those who are more favourably placed earn a comfortable living. The Island is one of the places in which small farming will pay if it pays anywhere, and the worst of the depression existing there is partly the result of recklessness induced by a period of great prosperity. The appearance of the people and their houses (which Mr. Pringle truly says cannot be called cottages), together with the statements made by some of themselves, shopkeepers, and others well acquainted with their condition and style of living, seem to me to show that Mr. Pringle's picture is painted in too sombre colours. This is not to deny that agricultural depression has been very severely felt in the Isle of Axholme. Of that there cannot be any question.

Essex is unhappily notorious for the severity of the distress in which its agriculturists are involved, and Mr. Pringle has written an excellent Report upon the Ongar, Chelmsford, Maldon, and Braintree districts of that county, which are the parts most seriously affected. With its large extent of heavy land and its dry climate Essex is pre-eminently a corn-growing county, and when corn sold well its farmers, or at any rate those holding land not below the average of the county in quality, were among the most prosperous in the country. The farms are mostly of moderate size, though large rather than small, a great number being from 200 to 500 acres, chiefly arable, the dry climate of the county not being favourable to pasture. In 1878 only 190,248

acres out of a total cultivated area of 827,486 acres were in permanent pasture, while 401,494 acres were in corn, including 175,580 acres of wheat. By 1893 the permanent pasture had increased to 251,564 acres, while the corn area had fallen to 330,895 acres, and the portion devoted to wheat to 118,187 acres. The year 1879 was the climax of a series of bad seasons, which ruined many farmers and crippled a great number more. Between 1880 and 1884 the number of farms given up is said to have been enormous, and a large extent of land was thrown practically out of cultivation. Much of the increase in permanent pasture consists of land left uncropped and allowed to "tumble down" to grass. Between 1880 and 1886 rents were reduced by 25 to 80 per cent., and not a few farms were virtually reduced 100 per cent., as they were offered rent-free to any tenants who would pay the tithe and rates. As the tithe in Essex averages 5s. an acre, and rates 3s., these terms were refused in many instances, and a great many farms are in the hands of their owners. It is expected that the number of such farms will greatly increase, as the result of the disastrous season of 1893.

Mr. Pringle gives a number of farm balance-sheets for different years, showing heavy losses incurred by tenants. He also gives particulars of rents on some estates. On one of 1,418 acres the net rental, after allowing for remissions, but not for other landlord's outlay, fell from £1,314 in 1879, an average of 18s. 6d. per acre, to £415, an average of 5s. 10d., in 1892. On a much larger estate the net rental, allowing for repairs and other landlord's outgoings, as well as abatements, fell from £7,682 in 1882 to £2,224 in 1893. On a third, over 8,000 acres in extent, the rental was £11,762 in 1879 and only £4,042 in 1892. The owner of an estate only twenty-one miles from London gave £200,000 for it, partly in 1862 and partly in later years, and he reckons that at the present time it would sell for only £50,000.

The report, which is a voluminous one, giving proof of immense industry on the part of Mr. Pringle, is full of the most striking evidence showing the losses of owners and tenants, the deterioration of farming, and the hopeless condition of a great deal of the land under existing circumstances.

A number of Scottish farmers have settled in Essex since farms were offered at what appeared to them marvellously low rents. Most of these new-comers have made ends meet by a great economy of expenses and by devoting their attention chiefly to the sale of milk, which they send to London. They have laid down a great deal of the land in temporary pasture, which does well for a few years, as a rule, and thus they have greatly reduced the expense formerly incurred for horse and hand labour. But they have felt

the depression keenly, and a few of them have failed. As a rule, Mr. Pringle says, they are satisfied with their migration. They work hard, and their wives and families assist them. An Essex man says of them: "The Scotchmen live hard and work hard. They spend nothing, except on their cows." Mr. Pringle thinks that the success which some of them have achieved is largely due to this industry and thrift.

In the course of the debate on the Address to the Crown, Mr. Herbert Gardner, in reply to complaints of the neglect of the Government to promise any measure for the relief of agricultural distress, declared that "in Scotland this year the prosperity had been far above average." It is true that crops last season were much better in Scotland than in the greater part of England; but prices were so low that even good crops failed to yield any considerable profit. Mr. James Hope, after visiting the counties of Perth, Fife, Forfar, and Aberdeen, says in his Report: "On all hands, and in all quarters, I have ascertained that depression of a very acute kind has prevailed during the last ten years." Working expenses, owing to the rise in wages, he says, have increased by 10 to 15 per cent. in all the districts which he visited, while returns have greatly diminished. At rents reduced 10 to 50 per cent., or about 30 per cent. on an average, tenants have been found without difficulty. Still, he goes on to remark, the struggles of the farmers in fighting against adverse circumstances have never been keener than they are now, and he has examined a number of farm accounts for the last ten years, which almost all show a balance on the wrong side, except for 1890 and 1891. Except in Aberdeenshire, he found that depression had been felt quite as much by small holders who employ labour as by large farmers, although he noticed, as some of the English Assistant Commissioners remarked, that in many cases small holders had been able to meet the bad times at the expense of their families working without wages.

To those who are well-acquainted with the agricultural districts of Great Britain the collection of evidence as to depression seemed like slaying the slain; but persons who have either doubted its existence or believed it to have been exaggerated, will find in the Reports noticed above only too full a proof of widespread calamity.

With respect to the cause of agricultural depression, it may be said that, according to the evidence, increased foreign competition is first and the rest nowhere by comparison. There are many, however, who do not fail to point out that there is a distinction between fair and unfair competition, and others who dwell upon what may be described as the artificial enhancement of competition. The first of these two sets of witnesses complain that

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producers in this country are most unfairly handicapped by preference railway rates on imported commodities, by the sale of foreign and colonial produce as British and such adulterated articles as margarine for the genuine commodities. The others complain of the effect of the depreciation in the gold value of silver in stimulating exports from certain countries.

The evidence taken before the Commissioners themselves has not been reported officially at present, and, as the sittings have been *in camera*, only meagre accounts of the proceedings have appeared in the newspapers. But there is one subject brought before the Commissioners which has not yet become familiar enough in the country to be noticed much by the witnesses examined by the Assistant Commissioners, though it was brought forward in Essex. This is the question of gambling in the markets, under what is called the "option" or "future" system. The subject is too intricate to be entered into upon the present occasion; but, as treated by Mr. C. W. Smith in *Commercial Gambling* (Sampson, Low, & Co.) and by the present writer in the *Royal Agricultural Society's Journal* for December last, the system, I venture to say, is distinctly proved to have been in part a cause of the great fall in the prices of wheat and some other farm products. Thus it may be numbered among the artificial enhancements of foreign competition.

Seeing that all other causes of depression besides increased foreign competition from extended production abroad and as enhanced artificially, existed when agriculture was prosperous, it might fairly be reckoned as the sole cause, except by thoroughgoing Bimetallists, who contend that the fall in silver has had an effect far more comprehensive than the mere increase of exports from certain countries to the United Kingdom. But it does not follow that the only remedy is that which would remove the main cause of depression. Disadvantages that could be borne when prices were comparatively high are together overwhelming in this era of extreme cheapness; therefore, we find the witnesses suggesting several changes which, they believe, would palliate the distressful condition of agriculture, and help farmers to struggle against adverse circumstances.

It must be stated that a great number of the farmers and other witnesses connected with agriculture believe in only one remedy for the evils under which they suffer, and that is Protection. In some of the counties visited there was a great conflict of opinion upon this question; but, even in Scotland, Mr. Hope was strongly urged in all quarters, he says, to give the demand for reciprocity a prominent place in his Report. All the Assistant Commissioners refer to Protection as more or less commonly demanded, and Dr.

Fream, in his Hampshire Report, says he met only two or three farmers who did not advocate it in one or other of its forms. Bimetallism was also frequently demanded, though by a smaller number than the advocates of Protection. Upon both questions, however, many adverse witnesses were found, except in Hampshire.

Another subject upon which the farmers were found to be divided is that of tenant right. Everywhere the Agricultural Holdings Act was condemned as unsatisfactory; but while some of its critics would substitute the three F's for it, others desired only its moderate amendment. A further decrease of rent was declared necessary in most districts, though only a minority of the farmers asked for a Land Court to fix rents, and these were found for the most part in Lancashire and Essex. In the southern counties a very strong feeling was shown in favour of legislation for the redemption of the tithe rent-charge on easy terms, and a similar arrangement for getting rid of the land tax found many advocates. The Ground Game Act was complained of in Lancashire as not effective, and its amendment was suggested; but in nearly all the other counties the Act is said to have worked well, and to have proved a boon to tenants. Shooting tenants were strongly objected to by many of the farmers. In relation to the abolition of the Law of Distress, farmers were found divided. Freedom of cultivation and sale of produce were declared necessary by a good many witnesses. In this respect, however, it was shown that a great advance has been made in recent years, the majority of the tenants in most of the districts being allowed to farm pretty well as they please, so long as they do not obviously deteriorate the land. The worst of it is that, even where this freedom is allowed, the old restrictive covenants are still in existence to a great extent. This is bad, not only because of the obvious objection to making tenants sign promises which they are not expected, and do not intend, to fulfil, but also because the infringement of signed restrictions, although verbally allowed or silently tolerated, renders the tenant liable to a counter-claim for damages if he claim compensation for improvements under the Agricultural Holdings Act. A good many tenants demanded such an extension of the Act as would prevent this injustice.

Other demands, upon which no difference of opinion is indicated, are those in favour of the readjustment of local taxation and other methods of lightening the burdens on land, relief from exorbitant railway charges and the prevention of preference rates on imported produce, some method of preventing the sale of imported meat and other products as British, and a more stringent measure than the Margarine Act for stopping the sale of margarine as butter. Less general demands were for uniformity in weights and measures, the

restoration of the Malt Tax in place of the Beer Duty, compensation for animals killed on account of tuberculosis, and some method of indicating to consumers when beer is made from other materials than malt and hops.

Clearly there is a wide scope for legislation even among the subjects with respect to which agriculturists are practically unanimous, and it is to be hoped that the Royal Commissioners will not hesitate to recommend speedy action on clear lines. The case before them is simple enough, in spite of its apparent complexity. The most important of all our industries has been reduced to a condition of approximate bankruptcy by the fierce competition, partly fair and partly unfair, of farmers in other lands who are free from the heavy burdens and numerous disadvantages by which the British husbandman is handicapped. If our agriculture is to be saved from ruin, it must be by one of two courses: either Protection must be granted, or the burdens must be lightened and the disadvantages removed. Can there be any doubt as to the alternative to be chosen?

It is hardly worth while to argue the question of Protection. To answer its purpose, the fiscal remedy—assuming for the moment that it would prove a remedy—would have to be thorough and comprehensive enough to cause a material advance in the prices of all kinds of food produced in this country. It is childish fiddling with the question to talk about a duty on flour only. To render our agriculture prosperous once more under existing disabilities "good thumping duties" would require to be charged upon all imported agricultural products, and upon wheat especially. Is there the slightest chance of the nation agreeing to such duties? Even those persons who recommend a little bit of Protection know and admit that there is no chance. If there were, it is doubtful whether Protection would secure permanent prosperity to agriculture in a country of tenant farmers. There is a peculiarity about the results of Protection which is not noticeable, at any rate to anything like the same extent, in other methods of helping farmers to withstand competition. I mean that it produces a recklessly speculative spirit which, in its turn, results in mad competition for farms, certain in the end to throw all or nearly all the gain into the pockets of the landlords. The explanation is that Protection is always expected to have a greater and a more permanent effect in advancing prices than it actually has. Land Courts to regulate rents, and probably also Labour Courts to fix wages, would be irresistibly called for as an accompaniment to Protection.

Leaving one alternative, then, out of the question, the case for Parliament and the nation to consider may be briefly noticed. The

people insist on having cheap food, and therefore on maintaining free competition. But they have no right to uphold unfair competition, and they should be willing, so far as is consistent with the public interest, to prevent artificial competition. The whole nation is impoverished when the land is capital-starved and labour-starved, as it is now, so that the wealth obtained from it is fifty if not a hundred per cent. less than it might be. There is no such free bounty to a nation as that which Nature contributes when man does his duty by the land, and there is no such dire loss as that which occurs when Nature punishes the neglect of duty by giving to a country a mere pittance instead of a lavish fortune.

The land will not bear the burdens which it bore well before this country became the dumping-ground of the world's surplus products. It is only reasonable, then, to demand easy means of redeeming tithes and land tax, and a readjustment of local taxation. No doubt there are parts of the country where rents might be further reduced; but there are millions of acres to be hired at five shillings an acre, and hundreds of thousands at half-a-crown, while a large area may be had rent-free by anyone who will pay the tithe and rates. No owner can do his duty in connection with estate improvements with such rents as these. There is a fanatical prejudice against doing anything that will benefit landlords; but those who foster it may be assured that they must overcome it if they mean to save our agriculture from ruin. First, then, I maintain that the burdens on land must be materially reduced to enable British agriculturists to hold their own against even fair and natural foreign competition.

Next we have to consider unfair competition, which should be annihilated with an unsparing hand. The sale of margarine, "filled cheese," and condensed skim milk as genuine and unsophisticated articles should be prevented by rigorous laws, to be compulsorily administered, instead of being left to be rendered ridiculous through the lazy indifference of local authorities; and the abominable preference rail rates on foreign agricultural and horticultural produce must be rendered impossible. The Merchandise Marks Act should be extended so as to meet that form of unfair competition which consists in the sale of imported agricultural and horticultural products as British.

Coming to the forms of competition which I distinguished as artificial, I place first the system of gambling in market prices, which should be prohibited in this country, as I hope it soon will be in America. In this category also may be included the exorbitant railway charges, which handicap the British producer in his competition with farmers in America and other countries where goods are carried at extremely low rates. Cheap marketing

is essential to agricultural success in such times as these, and I would have low rail rates on bulky farm and garden products, even if it be necessary to nationalize the railways in order to get them. The least that should be done is to give agriculturists a cheap tribunal for settling disputes with railway companies, such a court to have power to fix reasonable rates. The only other form of artificial competition which need be mentioned is that which arises from currency complications. It is absolutely certain that exporting from silver-using countries is stimulated by the fall in the gold value of silver, and if any means of removing this artificial advantage to some of the British farmers' competitors can be devised without injury to national interests, it ought to be tried.

Other disabilities which hamper the British farmer can only be briefly alluded to, as space for their complete treatment fails. First must be placed a thorough and effectual Tenant Right Law, which would not only secure to the tenant the full value of all his improvements, but would also give him free scope to improve, and freedom of cropping and sale of produce. Details cannot now be given, and all that can be added is that reasonable safeguards to landlords' interests should be included. The Agricultural Holdings Act is too hopelessly complicated and ineffective to be susceptible of satisfactory amendment. Market monopolies which hamper trade should be swept away, multiform weights and measures reduced to uniformity, and the law which prevents the establishment of Agricultural Credit Banks suitable for any but quite small holders of land amended.

As this article is written to show the need of legislation for the salvation of agriculture, suggestions as to what agriculturists might do to help themselves, by way of co-operation and otherwise, cannot be included. Such suggestions are best addressed to those who are invited to adopt them, whereas these remarks are of the nature of an appeal to Parliament and the masters of Parliament.

If the people could be made to realize the vast importance of agricultural revival, we might have a Ministry placed in power to produce that beneficial recovery, and a Session of Parliament, or more than one if necessary devoted to agricultural legislation.

William E. Bear.

"THE ACTUALISTS. SOME IMPRESSIONS OF SHILITO JESSOP, ARTIST."

We called ourselves "the Actualists." The name did not quite satisfy us, though we had given a great deal of thought to the subject, and had convened three special meetings of the school to discuss objections that had occurred to three of the members. We felt that there was a lack of poetry in the designation, and that it did not wholly embody the ends, aims, and aspirations of a reforming school of art. Then the question arose—it was Hiram Nugent who started it—he was always of an argumentative turn, Were we Actualists at all? Could Art in sternest, strictest definition be indeed Actualism? But when we got to stern definitions and strict meanings we gave up. We felt that this belonged to the province of literature, and we did not profess to be literary. Besides the names we would have chosen—Impressionists, Naturalists, and so forth, had been already appropriated, and so there seemed nothing left for us but to be Actualists.

Accordingly Actualists we were, and when we wrote to each other, and to friends who were in sympathy with the Work—for us the social system was divided into those who were in sympathy with the Work and those who were not—we signed ourselves, "Actually yours." We wrote on special note-paper, which was of a peculiar tint, sacred to the school, and we had designed for it a special design. The design was, we thought, dramatic as well as decorative. It represented a steam-engine advancing, with a red light displayed—a danger signal to the Philistines to warn them that reformers were on their track. The design on our note-paper was our first effort to draw the world's attention to the existence of our school as a factor in art. Later on we got into such an artistic condition that before directing our envelopes, we formed a "scheme" for the name and address, and then we would "place" the stamp with a view to decorative effect. It may seem a little feverish, perhaps, but we were deadly serious.

We were intensely in earnest. That was the best and the saddest thing about us. We were boiling over with enthusiasm.

We thought of nothing else but the Work. We talked of nothing else but the Work. We lived—at first—for nothing else but the Work. We neglected our homes, our wives, and our children—those of us who had homes and wives and children—for the Work. We had ideas; we invented methods; we started theories. We dashed along blind alleys. We followed glow-worms, believing them to be guiding stars. We were so utterly enthusiastic that our enthusiasm led us, as it leads all young enthusiasts, into absurdities. At that early period one serious cause of disquietude to the more earnest-minded among us was that in the ordinary course of nature, we might not live long enough to carry out the great work of reform. We used often seriously to consider means of arriving at a healthy old age, and one of us—I think it was Lancelot Shand—used to take night walks to the top of Primrose Hill and there oil himself. He said the ancients did it—that is, they were in the habit of oiling themselves, and preferred doing it on a height. Anyhow, he fancied the practice would enable him to live longer. I remember, too, our calling a meeting of the school in order to discuss the method of an old man whom some of us had met on the Embankment when we were studying a night effect. He was a very old man, and a nice friendly old man with artistic tastes. He came up to us and talked about the lovely sky and the reflections on the water, and we became quite intimate. We felt instinctively that he was in sympathy with the Work. So we confided to him our objects in life, and he condoled with us on the density and dunderheadedness of a crass public whom it took a century to convert to a new theory.

"But you are young yet," he said, hopefully, "and you can manage it if you keep you health and energy."

And then he told us that he had found out a method of lengthening his days to a hundred years. He said that he would be glad to impart his secret to us, and asked us to go with him to his lodgings close by, and see what he called his hygienic implements. Of course we went. We felt it was a serious and important matter that we should each live a hundred years, it was not nearly a long enough time in which to perform our mission of reforming art, but still it was something. We looked upon the old man as a sort of heaven-sent wizard, and we quite expected that he would show us a crucible with the ingredients for the elixir of life. We were a little disappointed when he only showed us a row of brushes.

They were brushes of various descriptions, and in different stages of wear—from the soft brush for a baby's curls to the patent electric brush, and the hard steel implement employed, I believe, on the coats of collie and St. Bernard dogs. The old man then

told us that his secret was friction. He said that at twenty-one he had been given over as an incurable consumptive, and that by chance he had been led to discover the immense curative force of friction, and the best mode of employing it. He had begun with a baby's brush to rub himself from the head to the toes, and from the toes to the head, and had gone on gradually increasing the hardness of his brushes, till he had arrived at steel, and was now at ninety using the hardest brush that could be manufactured. He advised us to do the same, and assured us that we should live to be a hundred.

We called a meeting in order that the school should at once learn, and begin to practise the method of prolonging life by friction. We felt that being young and strong, and not incurable consumptives, we ought to develop speedily into steel brushes, and therefore laid in a stock—a series of three—soft, medium, and steel, for each member. We were none of us rich, but we subscribed in proportion to our means. For a week after that meeting there was not much work done, for we were all brushing ourselves. But somehow our enthusiasm for the old man's hygienic method didn't last. After a fortnight our skins became so tender that we were obliged to give it up, and by tacit agreement the subject of brushes was dropped.

We were a little clique of the fringe of the art world, attracted together in the first instance by artistic sympathies. At the most we never numbered a dozen. We were all painters of the purely modern type—impressionists I suppose we might have said—we were all young, all ardent, all aspiring, all poor. We all had our way to make in the world: we all had ambition, and we all had intentions. Just at present we had not much else. Severally and collectively we intended to be great. We intended to be immense. Of course we intended to be rich, but that seemed an entirely frivolous consideration. We looked upon money merely as an ultimate result. Our immediate object was the Work. The Work as I have said was the regeneration of art.

The work we did in our leisure—I mean in the time that was not spent in discussing art—was not saleable. It consisted mostly of schemes of colour on prepared panels—we had a special way of preparing our panels and canvases—and if we did begin a subject, an idea as to technique would occur to us in the middle, and we would begin again to test inspiration. Of course it was understood that the work must necessarily be to a great extent experimental, and must lie a good deal in the discussion of theories that did not always turn out practicable. That is not to be regretted, though I feel the pathos of the wasted time. It is the law of progress to march through mistakes.

As soon as we of the clique found that we were in harmony as to our artistic aims, we felt it desirable that we should meet frequently to assist each other in feeling our way to a revelation, and that we should begin to put our ideas into operation, and thus set about the practical part of the work. We resolved, therefore, to form ourselves into a club, and to hire a room where we might meet of an evening for the general discussion of art. The room, which was in the Brompton region, cost us five shillings a week. We had a little difficulty at first in collecting the five shillings, but it was divided among seven of us, and when one didn't pay up the others did for him. Of course we had many other expenses in the school besides the club-room—the note-paper, for instance. It was the hiring of the room that first started us as an independent body of reformers and gave us the right to a name and a badge, and it gave us also an opportunity for putting into practice ideas on the subject of house decoration, which we felt to be of the utmost importance. In fact, they were a principal feature of the Work. We were convinced that the prevailing system of house decoration was against the laws of true art, and we were determined that our school should feel its way to a decorative scheme that would revolutionize the whole system in vogue.

Our theories on the whole range of art were naturally in the earlier period a little confused. They had not been duly tested and set in order. But we had certain first principles on which we based the reason of our being, and the greatest of these was the principle of actualism. "Go straight to nature" was our axiom, as it has been the axiom of many another school. But we differed from other schools in the way which we "went" to nature, and the manner in which nature appealed to us. "There is nothing in nature" we declared, "but colour and form." Colour and form became our Shibboleth. I heard the members of the school talk so much about colour and form, and I talked so much about them myself, that I got to believe there was nothing else in art. Form did not with us imply a knowledge of drawing or an appreciation of the antique. If there was one thing the Actualists despised it was the drudgery which the ordinary art-student has to go through with the antique. I had myself been trained in an art school of the conventional order, but I quickly saw that our school resented the idea of conventional art schools, so I said nothing about that fact of my career. I was ashamed to own that I had fallen so low. "Form," with us, meant being perfect from the decorative point of view. That was all that mattered. Nature, we said, is for the painter a decorative patch. A portrait is a blot of colour—merely an object in relation to a background. We held it a fundamental error to introduce into pictorial art elements belonging

strictly, as we supposed, to the literary art. "Nature," we said, "should for the painter be divested of all intellectual, human, and spiritual attributes—sentiment, philosophy, poetry, romance—these things belong to the literary art, and are not in the painter's palette. For him, nature should be tilted forward and without distance—a Japanese screen, a broad mass of tones, a piece of technique."

"Be broad, be simple," were two of our favourite axioms. We had a great many pet phrases; indeed, after a time, we developed quite an art language on actualist principles. "Nature never makes a mistake in matching her tones," we said; and we settled that we would go and match tones with nature for the decorative plan of our club-room. We wished for personal, as well as for artistic, reasons to demonstrate that the highest decorative art is not necessarily expensive, we decided that our decorative plan should be carried out in distemper. Distemper is cheap. Distemper is "broad and simple." Distemper is the best medium for putting colour on a wall, and in colour, we felt, lay our strength.

We were very enthusiastic about our room, and we met many times to discuss our decorative plan. Nature, we said, does not bewilder the eye and confuse the mind with incongruous detail and speckled effects, as is the way with upholsterers and bric-à-brac collectors and ladies who live in South Kensington. Accordingly we agreed that our walls and ceiling should be of one tone, and that the walls should be bare. Nature deals, we said, in broad masses for her backgrounds. The humblest wayside floweret, we told ourselves, presents a perfect decorative scheme—the ruling tint of petals for wall and ceiling; the darker tints and streakings for woodwork and carpet; the grey-green of stem or enfolding husk for curtains; the vivid green of leaves, the harmonizing shades of pistils and stamen, and even the yellow of pollen for draperies and furniture. In the small lies the infinitely great; and in the tiniest plant the range of a palette.

At first we thought that the school should set forth to wander in the fields, and, while like Arcadian innocents we gathered blossoms, be inspired with a scheme of decoration that should make the world wonder. The daisy, the bluebell, the wood violet, the dandelion, offered pleasing harmonies. We had almost decided in favour of the dandelion. Then it was borne in upon us that in this first and important step to reform there should be presented something even simpler, broader, and more massive. We proposed, thereupon, to take for our model the broad, simple, decorative scheme of the universe. Roughly speaking, our harmony should be that of sea and sky. One of the timid among us objected to this combination as too daring. He did not think that

sea and sky would mix well on a small scale. But he was overruled, and the School of the Actualists adjourned to the seaside.

We took with us a great many prepared canvases, and we spent separately and collectively an entire week in matching tones of sea and sky and in otherwise investigating the colour schemes of nature. Some of us grew so excited at the never-ending vista of colour schemes that we sent back for more canvases, and from broad nature went to detailed nature, finding in butterflies and blossoms and bits of seaweed decorative plans for our models' draperies and our wives' dresses.

It had been arranged that each member should select from his collection of "tone studies" a scheme that he should present on one canvas, and that the various canvases should be viewed at the empty club-room, and the most effective chosen by a ballot of the members. We found that we had to have six ballots to get a majority. Each member's confidence in himself was so great that five times each one voted for his own scheme. I think it was Lancelot Shand's scheme which was finally chosen.

The club-room was small, and we had already realized that to cut it up in patches of decoration would be inartistic. We decided to have no break in walls and ceiling, but to distemper both in one clear tone of calm sea-green, with a more rather murky sea-tone for the woodwork. The floor we covered with felt as near as possible to the blue sky-tone selected. It occurred to us afterwards that we might perhaps have been more true to nature had the walls and ceiling been blue and the carpet green; but this did not strike us till too late. The curtains were blue also—stormy blue, and the furniture was painted a sort of sandy white, a tone which we had matched with the Dover Cliffs. This was the ground-plan, so to speak. Further detail, allowing scope for sumptuousness of harmony, we left to be filled in according to taste, time, and means. Our aim being breadth and simplicity, meaningless excrescences in the shape of mouldings and ornamentation were avoided, and where we were compelled to sacrifice artistic principles to the exigencies of circumstance, we did so in an aggressive and uncompromising manner that left no room for doubt. We were somewhat embarrassed by a piano in walnut-wood, with spiral legs, which had been presented to the club by a lady who fancied herself in sympathy with the work. We sent it, however, to the frame-maker—he was a workman who had an open mind in questions of art, and he planed the piano all over, and painted it the colour of the Dover Cliffs, and put square legs instead of the spiral ones; and one of us composed a "harmony" in green-blue to replace the walnut fretwork, which, of course, was an abomination of detail. The planing and other alterations affected the tone of the instrument a good

deal, but as I was the only member of the school who was at all musical, and as I didn't care to play upon it, that didn't matter. There was no fireplace in the room—if there had been we couldn't have afforded coal,—and we bought a paraffin-stove, and in the winter evenings when we met we used to warm ourselves at its dingy flame. Poor little stove! I always fancied there was something pathetic in the way we edged round it while we discussed art, and in the friendly surreptitious rivalry between boots and knees as to which should get nearest the flame.

It was the peculiarity of the Actualists that they were always on the verge of some great discovery in the matter of method, pigment, or manipulation, touching, as it were, some hitherto unknown truth which was to revolutionize all the old canons of art.

If you met one of us round a street corner he would be excited and mysterious.

"Ah! my dear fellow, I have something to tell you. But just wait; I'm reducing nature to a system. I'm getting things to a state of absolute perfection. Just wait.

We always waited, but nothing seemed to come. That is, a great deal came, but nothing in the least degree approaching perfection. In fact, what generally did come was failure. But we were not disheartened. We never lost our enthusiasm. Balked in one direction we would bravely start off in another. If we hadn't been so earnest there might have seemed something absurd in this blind chase after the ideal, a chase through poor, dark, petty places where no ideal could possibly be found. But to me the pathos of our misguided energy, the tragedy even of our hopelessly clogged aspirations, lifts our school far beyond the realms of the ludicrous. We were mistaken from the first. It was method we were straining for, not art. No, it wasn't even method, we hadn't the patient courage to drudge for that. It was trick that we chose as the royal road, but we were perfectly sincere in persuading ourselves that trick was art.

We were thoroughly sincere when we declared that breadth and simplicity were the two important things to aim at, and equally sincere when we decided that the most effectual way of arriving at these qualites was by using the biggest brushes we could buy—we preferred the common paste-brush tied round with twine as being more simple. Samuel Lilis was emphatic on the "breadth and simplicity" axiom. It was he who gave out the "nature from a coal-cellar" theory. It was he who was always trying to reduce nature to system, he did reduce nature to five tones—though in that feat he was outdone later, and to what we afterwards called the "Japanese screen" system. He maintained that to see nature as nature absolute, one must, figuratively speaking, go into the

coal-cellar and look at her through a chink, it would then, he declared, be proved incontrovertibly that nature was composed of five tones, and no more—that distance, detail, gradations of tint, even of form, were degrading and false alike either in nature and in art. It was he who held so strongly that the human and intellectual must be eliminated from the painter's world. When Samuel Lilis talked at the meetings we all felt that there was a great deal in his ideas. He carried us away. We felt that we had not been simple enough. We felt the grandeur of simplicity. We felt that detail was a mistake, and that sentiment and romance were mistakes. Now when we began to paint a portrait we did not think, as we had been wont to do, of the soul of the sitter. We thought of him only as a blot of colour, and we brought him down to five tones—background, shirt-front, coat, hair, and flesh-tint. As for the eyes—oh! well, at that period we did, if possible, without eyes, they seemed unnecessary detail. That was the period when we didn't go in for features. Features, scattered or otherwise, belonged to a later period. We had an idea that it would be weak and puny to attempt any variety in flesh-tint, and we were sure that the master felt this also.

For, in silence and in secret, and from a respectful distance, the school worshipped a master. We knew that the master got a good deal of his inspiration from Japanese picture-books, and we went to Liberty's and bought up their stock. We found only five tones, and that settled the question. We called a general meeting to discuss Samuel Lilis's theories. We now saw the reason of painting our pictures on Japanese principles, and we felt that we better understood the master's method.

The master was too great to be approached on the subject directly. We had never mentioned to him the school or its aims. We feared that he would, perhaps, regard it as insignificant, and us, its members, as unworthy exponents of aims so serious. In the first stage of our enthusiasm we had such a reverence for the master that, highly as we esteemed Velasquez and Rembrandt, we still looked upon these persons as mere drivellers in art compared with the master. In fact, the only master with whom we could compare him was Ho-ku-sai, the Japanese painter. We felt that the master was in possession of tremendous secrets about art, but we never got within a certain crust of reserve and mystery in which he kept his real artistic self embedded. Still this was as it should be. How could we suppose that one so great would readily reveal himself? We were very grateful to him for giving some of us, to a certain extent, the freedom of his studio. We used to steal in, and furtively make sketches of his palette, and then meet to discuss the combinations of colour that he used. One of us found

out that he had been using black as a harmonizer, and that was so important a discovery that we called a general meeting at once to consider it. As a find, it was tremendous, and so were its results. No matter how fair the subject, the tones must be harmonized with black. This was the master's secret.

A further secret which we discovered about the master was that he was a spiritualist.

We now felt that all of his inspiration which did not come from Japanese picture-books was the effect of communications from dead and gone masters, notably, Ho-ku-sai. After that discovery we all became spiritualists, and turned tables and wrote with planchette. We were thoroughly in earnest over it. Of course we didn't like to ask the master. We felt it was a sacred and solemn subject, and we had too much delicacy to pry into his inner life. But we felt that spiritualism would advance the work, and that in this way we might, perhaps, get encouragement and instruction from Velasquez and Ho-ku-sai. We used to gather together and sit round the oil-stove quite still, holding clean panels all ready prepared, waiting for the spirits to move our brushes, and then suddenly one of us would have a cold shiver through his hand, and there would be a thrill of excitement at the thought that perhaps Ho-ku-sai was coming. Ho-ku-sai never came, nor did Velasquez, nor Rembrandt, nor anyone else. And we were obliged to go back to the ordinary means for gaining a clue to the source of our master's inspiration.

Another discovery that we made about the master's technique started us on a new theory as to the occult virtues of pen and ink superimposed on oils. One of us saw in the master's studio a sketch in oils, the study of an arm or leg or something of the kind of which he had corrected the drawing by a few lines put in with ink. I suppose he had used a pen as the most handy implement at the moment. But we fancied that this pointed to some wonderful secret in art, and forthwith we all began to scribble over our drawings with Stephens' blue-black.

It was pathetic, our appreciation of the master's genius. I remember on one occasion when he had a show of his pictures coming off, he invited some of us to supper the night before the private view to celebrate the event and for the more prosaic purpose of pricing the paintings. He gave us champagne. I do not know if it was good champagne, but it was undoubtedly exhilarating. Our pricing began on a modest scale, but as the champagne flowed more and more freely, the prices advanced in ratio. I am sorry to say that none of the master's pictures exhibited at that show were sold.

Perhaps it was a good thing that towards this decadent period of actualism, another master asserted his influence upon the school.

His specialité was ballet-girls; he was a Frenchman. Then there came in a craze for ballet-girls. We frequented music-halls to the detriment of our moral reputation, and for those of us who were married, the destruction of our domestic peace. We were loyal to our old master, and also to the theories inculcated by Samuel Lilis. We tried to blend the methods. We painted ballet-girls, whose various perfections of form and colour should have been made evident in brilliant limelight, on the "five-tone," "nature from the coal-cellar" principle. Low-toned ballet-girls were not a success. The critics fell foul of us and so did both the masters—especially the French one.

After this came a reaction in favour of the original master and the method of Ho-ku-sai, and then, to my shame I tell it, a demon entered into me and caused me to perpetrate a practical joke which for ever damned me in the eyes of the school.

A meeting had been called to discuss certain lately discovered combinations on the master's palette. We had been calling many meetings just lately for the purpose of penetentially gushing about the master's work. Perhaps it was the gush that did it, for I have always had a deep admiration for the master's pictures. I cannot account for it in any other way but that in me, too, a reaction was setting in—in a different direction.

Anyhow the blasphemous idea seized me. I determined to bring to this general meeting, for discussion and admiration, a sketch by the master. That sketch was painted by me—Shilito Jessop. It was a night scene on the Embankment. I called it a nocturne in grey and gold.

I prepared a rather dark grey panel—I prepared it with black, white, and raw sienna. Then with a fine film of colour, using plenty of medium, I stained the panel. It sounds thin—it sounds even vicious, but I knew it was the master's method. And thus I converted the grey panel into a nocturne. I wished to represent a fish-shop on the Embankment. I remembered how, when we had once been coming home from a First night together, the master had stood with me before a fish-shop, and fired with enthusiasm, had declared that he would paint that fish-shop and call it a nocturne in grey and gold. In the centre of the stained panel, I laid on some warm tones and made it luminous. Then inside the luminous patch I began to feel with my brush a little old woman. And then I put two more smaller luminous patches outside the larger one, which I intended for gas-lamps. And then I put the panel into a frame which had been designed by the master, took it to the meeting, and said,

"This is a picture by the master."

The members of the school gathered round the work, and gazed at it, and uttered ejaculations of delight and awe.

"Look," they said, "here are breadth and simplicity! See the power of the master! He can produce a great work without going to the extremes of his palette. See the exquisite drawing of that old woman! See the wonderful definition of the architecture! You feel the construction, though there seems nothing there. Only the master is capable of a work such as this."

I let them gush on for half an hour. And then I told them that it was I who had made that picture. I told them how I had made it. I told them they might all produce such a work if they followed my method.

They did not thank me for what I had done. They did not tell me that I was a worthy successor of Ho-ku-sai. A strange silence fell upon the school. Then Samuel Lilis burst into a hysterical peal of laughter. And Hiram Nugent said "Damn!" and Lancelot Shand gazed at me reproachfully in a way that hurt me, and said:

"Shilito! You call yourself an artist! And you say you are sympathetic!" And then he took his hat, and left sorrowfully.

They did not seem to want me at the meetings of the school any more.

Talking about the master has led me on further than I intended. Long before my treachery, the school, having embraced Samuel Lilis's "five-tone" theory with a feverish ardour, discovered that nature might be reduced to even yet smaller dimensions, and might be fitly represented in the three prismatic tints. It was two outsiders who gave this lead. Perhaps I, for one, should not have attached so much importance to the ideas of the Plants—Warner and Shenton Plant were their names—if I had not met them in the first instance at supper at the master's, and if the master, who slightly affected Americanisms, had not spoken of them as "brainy" young men. I and Hiram Nugent, who was with me I remember at that supper, both felt there must be a great deal in these young men for the master to call them "brainy." So when, after supper, Shenton Plant proposed that I should go round to their studio and see two of their paintings which had been rejected by the Academy because the Academicians had not been able to determine whether they were landscapes or figure subjects, I was sure that there must be something remarkable about those pictures, and I accepted the invitation with pleasure.

The Plants were not members of our school then, but they became Actualists shortly after this introduction. Warner Plant, the elder of the two, did not give one the impression exactly of being "brainy." He was extremely taciturn, and he was extraordinarily nervous. I never knew anyone so nervous as Warner

Plant. Shenton was nervous, but he wasn't like Warner. It didn't seem as if Warner could keep his body still for a moment. He was very tall and thin, and his limbs seemed as if they were set on wires. He had melancholy dark eyes and pale lips, with a suggestion of a moustache, and he had the most solemn dreamy way of staring at one without speaking. Shenton was tall and thin too, and though he was not nearly so vivacious in movement as Warner, he was very vivacious in tongue. He did all the explanations. Warner had a way of cracking his finger-joints and twitching his shoulder-blades as if to emphasize Shenton's explanations, and sometimes at the end of them he would put in a remark, which was usually, "We will demonstrate." And then Shenton demonstrated.

Shenton Plant explained, as we walked to the studio, that he and his brother relied, like nature herself, on the three primary colours. "Everything in nature," he said, "resolves itself into cobalt-blue, lemon-yellow, and rose-madder." Of the three, it would seem that rose-madder preponderated, judging from a story that my artist's colourman told me a day or two afterwards, and which in its way is rather funny. This colourman received one day a telegram from a place in Yorkshire which ran like this:

"Important. Out of rose-madder. Send twenty tubes here at once. "(Signed) PLANT."

Two days later another telegram arrived, this time from Penzance:

"Most important. Out of rose-madder. Send twenty-five tubes without delay here. "(Signed) PLANT."

Rose-madder being an expensive pigment, and one in the use of which artists are not as a rule extravagant, my colourman was perplexed, but he said to himself, "If this young painter can paint as fast as he can travel, and can use rose-madder at this rate per diem, he will probably become famous, and is worth the risk of serving." Accordingly the second order was despatched. It did not transpire till later that the two brothers were on sketching tours in opposite directions and had found nature exorbitant in her demands on rose-madder; and, as I have reason to believe the bill was never paid, my poor colourman had cause to regret his misplaced confidence. This, however, is digressing. Shenton Plant went on to explain that white might be used with the prismatic tones as a harmonizer.

"Though you must remember, Jessop," he said solemnly, "white is not white: it is pink."

I did not feel sure of this till Shenton explained further.

"Nature is luminous," he said; "compare lemon-yellow with

nature and it will be so low in tone that it will seem mud. It is impossible to raise the tone of any colour in nature and keep it pure."

Then Warner said, "We will demonstrate"; and Shenton went on, "The proof of white being pink is that it always greys green. Therefore white *must* be pink."

I hadn't thought of that before, but it seemed convincing. We had got to the house by this time, and a silvery voice called out from the upper landing, "Ah, I suppose you have been having your oyster supper at the master's," and then was silent. There was no trace of the owner of the voice, but it haunted me all the time that we were looking at the pictures, it was such a beautiful "singing" voice: and if I have a passion besides painting, it's music.

The studio was covered with black and white studies. They lay on the floor like autumn leaves, and we walked upon them. Nobody seemed to mind. Shenton told Warner to put his picture on the easel first, which he did with an air of mournful gratification. I quite appreciated the difficulty in which the Academicians had found themselves. I could not myself tell whether it was a landscape or whether it was a figure-piece.

"You see that road," said Shenton: "and now you see that white is pink." As there was a road I assumed that there would be a sky, and made an intelligent remark which delighted Warner and Shenton, who were now quite sure that I was in sympathy with their method. Then Shenton whisked the picture off the easel and threw it on the floor and put another on instead—his own picture which the Academy had rejected, upon which and his set principles he enlarged at some length.

"This," he said, "is the portrait of a beautiful girl leaning on a mantel-piece and looking at her reflection in a mirror."

I tried very hard to take the idea, but I couldn't succeed, the portrait seemed to me exactly the same blot in three colours as the landscape I had just seen. There was something pink up above, and there was a bluish patch in the centre which he told me was a black marble mantel-piece, and there was a lemon-yellow patch below.

"You see that marble," said Shenton: "now you observe that there is in nature no such thing as black. Black is blue."

I felt as if I should like to go home and think out the two propositions, "White is pink: and black is blue." But Shenton went on putting more pictures on the easel and throwing more on the floor, and explaining all the time, and while he was doing so the most lovely girl I have ever seen dashed into the room, and without a word sat down to the piano and began to sing. She sang a song right through. She had the most glorious voice I have ever heard,

and when she had finished, without a word or a look, she dashed out again.

"Who—who is that?" I gasped. But the brothers didn't seem to think anything of the occurrence, they were so busy with their pictures and their explanations.

"That—oh, that," said Shenton. "Oh, that's nothing—that's only our sister."

I haunted the house of the Plants for a time. But I never again saw their sister. I never again heard that glorious voice. The brothers asked me to stay with them in the country where they had taken a cottage for sketching purposes. I went, thinking that perhaps I should see their sister, but she was not there, and I did not stay long. There is, however, one incident of that visit that made an impression on me. We went one day out sketching. The brothers were both painting the same object—a river scene, and they took out their canvases and palettes. On the way we came upon another painter, who was at work upon a large landscape. He had built a sort of shed for it, and it was a very earnest picture—full of patient drudgery, a painting of the old laboured school—none of our modern impressionism. He had been months on it; it was nearly finished, and he was an old man. I knew him by sight, and I had seen his work at the minor exhibitions. There was real toil in that picture.

The brothers accosted him; they were not shy. They told him that they were fellow-artists, and that they would like to look at his picture. The old man was pleased at their interest, but he didn't seem quite able to understand them. He wore spectacles, I remember, and he blinked up at the brothers from under his spectacles in a dazed sort of way.

Shenton said, "That's not the way to paint a sky. You've fretted all the life out of it."

And then Warner spoke to back up Shenton, and said, "That foreground is niggled and foolish," and Shenton went on, "You're on the wrong principle altogether. Don't you know that there are only three colours in nature? All the rest is 'niggle,' don't you know,"——&c., &c.

Then Shenton expounded his theory, and when a pause came, Warner said, "We will demonstrate."

In the twinkling of an eye Warner had unstrapped the brushes and tubes and palettes. I think that the quickness of Warner's movements bewildered the painter. Then the brothers threw their hats on the ground and squeezed out their tubes—cobalt-blue, lemon-yellow, and rose-madder; and then they attacked the painter's canvas, Shenton the sky and Warner the foreground. They met on the sky-line in the middle, having smothered that canvas, the

result of months of patient labour, with the three prismatic colours in a few minutes. Then Warner strapped up the brushes and palettes again. They put on their hats, and before the poor old painter could pull himself together were on their way again.

I have always felt sorry for that painter, though, of course, the brothers were right in principle. His foreground *was* niggled, and his sky *was* fretted, and his method was the method which we had come into the world to annihilate.

Of course the Plants were eccentric, and I have been quite unable to fathom the mystery of that sister with the beautiful face and the divine voice. After a bit, Warner got so hopelessly nervous that we had to discourage his attendance at the club-room. He was disturbing, and he had a bad effect on the more frivolous of the members. It was a sight to see Warner Plant chasing a cigarette, his mouth pursed up to get at it, and his hand shaking so that he was obliged to run in order to get any way on at all. And then he couldn't read a newspaper, the crackle got so on his nerves. A mischievous member would give him *The Times*, because it was the stiffest, and then as the paper crackled, Warner would get more and more nervous, till at last he would double up altogether, and finally subside on the floor, tearing the paper in a frenzy. Quite latterly he went out of his mind, and one of the first signs of this was that he got a mania for sketching in black and white on any light surface that showed handy. He used to come to the club meetings with an Arab ink-pot slung round his waist. Our sea-green wall was soon covered, and one night he made a dab at a member's shirt-front and drew a sketch on the breast, which he declared was worth thousands of pounds.

Shenton was nervous, too, but he never got to that. And I couldn't help having a sort of respect for Shenton, because he was true to his artistic principles. He had once painted a portrait—the "Portrait of a Gentleman," which was exhibited, and among other flattering results brought him a commission to paint the gentleman's wife. The first portrait dated from shortly before the three-colours' period, and was a powerful piece of work—a sort of Rembrandt scheme in strong blacks and white lights. Had Shenton worked at the lady on the same lines, he would have given joy to the Philistines; but Shenton welcomed this opportunity as a means of at once proving to the world the superiority of his "three-colour" system. He went down to his patron's country-house and he painted the lady in brilliant sunshine, her hair cobalt-blue, and her face a combination of lemon-tones with rose-madder.

"But that is not my wife," declared the disappointed husband.

"It is your wife in sunshine," gently corrected Shenton.

"Then let me have my wife in shade," said the husband. "Paint her for me as I see her in my own house."

"But you have never *seen* your wife, remember," remonstrated Shenton, restraining himself to gentleness. "You have *looked* at her, but you have not *seen* her. It is only the artist who *sees* his subject."

They hunted the house to find a suitable background for the portrait in shade. The drawing-room Shenton said was a "bric-à-brac shop," and "niggle." All other ordinary backgrounds came under the same condemnation. Only in the whitewashed wall of the pantry were the requisite qualifications to be found. So the lady was painted in the pantry, but her hair was still cobalt-blue and her face still rose-madder. The end of the transaction was that the angry husband refused to have his wife's portrait on new art canons, and Shenton, faithful to his creed, ripped the canvas in pieces and shook the dust of that Philistine house from off his feet.

Certainly, when I think of it, there were some queer characters in the school. Cranks I suppose the Americans would have called them. No doubt we were all cranks, and I was the biggest, only I did manage to keep—most of the time—a certain sense of humour, which finally helped to restore the balance of my mind. There was a time, however, when I believed implicitly in some of the cranks. I believed, for a while, in Lancelot Shand. Lancelot Shand was undoubtedly a man of talent. If he hadn't been a crank he might have made a great name. He was so earnest. I never knew anyone so earnest as Lancelot. Whatever theory he started he worked to the bitter end. He once started a theory that "in art nothing matters." That was before the "nature from the coal-cellar" theory, when we hadn't formulated our ideas. He said that the whole principle of art was that you must be bold. You must be careless, indifferent, reckless. You must hit out. There was such a thing as technique. It did not matter what implement you used, brush, charcoal, dry point—you must be bold—he grew fierce in the emphasis he laid on "bold."—You must never stop to think. No great work was ever done by taking care. "In art nothing matters." You must be bold. Then you will produce a great work.

We all listened to Lancelot with enthusiasm. We were sure that he was right, and that we had not been sufficiently indifferent. He said that I had more sympathy than any of the school, and that he thought we might achieve something great by working together. I was pleased that Lancelot should think this, for I admired him greatly, and I did my best to be reckless, so Lancelot got into a way of coming round whenever an idea struck him,

though I used to wish sometimes that he would not come at the inconvenient hours he often chose. One night he came round much excited and at the same time very serious.

"Shilito," he said, "in art nothing matters——"

"Yes, yes, I know that, Lancelot," I said.

"Now, Shilito, you have got sympathy, and I am just going to prove to you that 'in art nothing matters'—as long as you are bold and determined. Now here, Shilito, I've started an etching of a beautiful woman,"—he produced a copper-plate—"and I'm going to finish it."

We were in the dining-room, and Lancelot picked up a fork with four prongs. "This, Shilito, will be a work of art," he said, and he dashed his four prongs into the plate. I could not help thinking to myself that if Rembrandt had been going to etch a portrait, he would have found it hard work enough to follow one point without following four at the same time. But Lancelot was reckless. He didn't care for Rembrandt. "Now, Shilito," he said, after a bit, "we'll go and bite it in."

So we went upstairs and bit it in. And Lancelot was quite satisfied, but I don't think the original would have been if she had seen her portrait.

Lancelot went in enthusiastically for the "five-tone" theory. He said it was a Revelation. After a little while, however, he found that the revelation was defective and went off into the other extreme. Instead of five tones he found that there were five hundred. He worked away by himself for a bit, proving his theory. I was beginning to get just a little low about "nature from a coal-cellar," when I got a telegram from him.

"Come at once. Imperative.—Lancelot."

I hurried to Lancelot's house. His wife met me in the passage, and I thought she looked sad. She very often did, but it seemed to me to-day that she had a hopeless expression.

"What is the matter?" I said. "Is anything wrong? Where is Lancelot?"

She looked sadder. "He's in the studio," she said. "He won't let me in. He's got a model there. You'd better go up." And then I knew that Lancelot had an idea.

Lancelot's studio was at the very top of the house. He said that up there he was less liable to interruption. I climbed the stairs which were dark and steep. On the first-floor landing I heard a sound of a faint dripping like that of water from a leaking pipe.

"There's something wrong with the cistern," I thought, "and Lancelot is too absorbed in his idea to send for a plumber."

On the next flight the dripping got louder, and when I reached

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the landing outside the studio I knew that it wasn't the cistern, for it came from the studio itself.

I knocked at the door. "Who's there?" said Lancelot.

"It's I—Shilito," I answered.

"Come in, Shilito," cried Lancelot, and I went in and there was Lancelot at his easel, and there was a model on the stand, and the easel and Lancelot and the model were barricaded with rows of milk-cans. The studio was full of milk-cans. There must have been over fifty milk-cans there. All round the milk-cans the floor was a mosaic of rings of coloured droppings. From the neck of each milk-can hung blobs of colour. I asked Lancelot what was in the milk-cans, and he answered shortly and triumphantly, "Tones, Shilito." It was the tones that I had heard making the drip-drip as I had come up the stairs.

"Look at the simplicity of it," cried Lancelot. "We've been wasting time; we've been fooling round—mixing our colours on *that thing*," and he pointed contemptuously to the palette which lay in a corner. "Don't you see that art becomes quite a different thing when you haven't got to work in broken tones. What you want is your tones already mixed—the whole series, and in a proper quantity. There!" Lancelot waved his hand towards the furthest row of milk-cans. "Suppose you are going to paint a portrait—dark woman, say—you take dark woman series. Dark woman, hair milk-can, dark woman, lip milk-can, dark woman, flesh-tint milk-can—milk-can—milk-can——"

I had come on a fair woman day. There she was—a magnificent model—hair reddish-gold, all towsled and with coppery shadows—it took several milk-cans for that—and the most exquisite flesh-tints you can imagine. Lancelot had twenty milk-cans for the fair woman series within arm's reach. And as for the brushes, he had three for each milk-can hooked on to the side. There was a fortune set out in brushes. At Putney just then you couldn't get a milk-can or a paste-brush. Lancelot had bought them all up.

"Now, just see here," said Lancelot.

He picked the brush out of the upper-lip milk-can and made a dab at the canvas. Drip—drip. He was so excited that he didn't hear the drip or realize that half of the upper-lip tone was on the floor.

"Now eye-tone," said Lancelot.

And he made another reckless dab at another milk-can. And this time the eye didn't go on the floor—he was too quick for that—but it went into the background. Lancelot didn't notice it, he was so sure that he had got everything perfect, and so he had, as far as the canvas.

"What do you think of that?" said Lancelot, and I'm bound to tell that I had got so morbid, I was in such a feverish state that I wasn't sure. I said it was very fine, I felt that the eye ought to be in the face somehow, and not in the background; but still it was an eye, and it was art, and in art nothing mattered as long as you were reckless and had your tones. Yet I did feel a little uneasy notwithstanding, and certainly I should have liked the features less scattered. I moved my hand very gently and pointed timidly to the eye. I didn't like to make a suggestion in words lest it should hurt Lancelot's feelings. And, besides, really at that moment I felt I might be mistaken.

"Lancelot," I said, "don't you think—not *now*—there's plenty of time. But by and bye—don't you think you might bring that eye a little nearer the face?"

Lancelot was hurt by my want of appreciation.

"Shilito," he said, sadly repeating a formula of his, "you call yourself an artist, and you tell me you have got sympathy. Don't you see that I've made a discovery? Don't you see that that eye is beautiful stuff? In art, Shilito, nothing matters. As long as one has got the tone of the eye perfect, can you suppose that it is of any consequence *where* the eye *is?*"

I did not argue the point with Lancelot, but somehow for a little while we didn't seem quite such good friends. Then we made it up, and Lancelot painted a portrait of me as a present for my father. It had my arm coming out of the waist, but that was of no consequence, he had the arm-tone perfectly mixed, and it was, he said, "beautiful stuff." The features weren't quite so scattered, however, and the eye was in the face this time. He didn't keep me in milk-cans. He said that he had got to find the milk-cans cumbersome, and he wasn't so enthusiastic about the number of brushes. Now he kept his tones in vegetable-dishes and soup-plates, and I used to hold the vegetable-dishes by turns for him as he worked—coat-tones in one dish, flesh-tones in another, as he required them, and then, when he had done, Lancelot's wife and I would carry the dishes back to the pantry.

In spite of his eccentricities, there was no doubt that Lancelot was very clever, only there never was a real Lancelot, he was a mixture of Whistler, and Ellen Terry, and Irving, and Mr. Pater, and Swinburne, and a heap of other people. Lancelot Shand pure and simple didn't exist, and he never should have become a painter. He ought to have been a critic.

A good many of the Actualists did become critics in the long run. When the school broke up several of us tried to start new schools, each teaching a particular method. One took to keeping a coffee-stall; that was poor Warner Shand, after he went crazy

and thought he had discovered a connection between temperance and art. Shenton went in for astronomy, and Hiram Nugent took to the stage. But in the main we became critics.

I had gradually been getting away from the Actualists. They hadn't cared much for me after the episode of the nocturne in grey and gold. I had got to feel that there was something unwholesome and enervating in these ideas, enthusiasms, theories, technique, and talk that didn't go any further. I began to wonder if this was art at all; and, if not, then what was I living for, and why was I wasting the precious energy of youth in chasing a shadow? I worked very hard, but my work did not satisfy me, I wanted something more. All that I did seemed weak, thin, flabby, trivial, and of no enduring avail. I craved for sympathy, and wondered if there were anyone in the world who would understand the longing I felt to go and bathe myself in a new Jordan and be washed clean—the yearning for depth and thoroughness, and reality and rest and strength—the hunger for true art. And yet it did not seem only the artist in me who yearned for sympathy and understanding, and it was not at first to the artist that the Someone whom I found at last appealed, but to the lonely and disheartened man. And this is how I came to realize how wrong we Actualists had been in the hard line we had drawn between the artistic and the human, and in eliminating all elements from our work, as Samuel Lilis would have it, but that which was purely technical.

Colour and Form! Decorative Quality, and Technique. That was all we Actualists had thought of. We had not taken into account that strange subtle quality which gives to Corot's landscapes the soul of Corot. We talked of Velasquez as a master, because his work is splendid in colour and form, but we did not take into account those things which are personal, and which cannot be taught or copied, because they are of the very genius of the *man*. We discoursed on the technique of Rembrandt, and we did not consider that Rembrandt might have drawn but three strokes, and yet no other man could draw those three strokes and put into them the individuality of Rembrandt. And so in all our talk of breadth and simplicity. We had never realized that the simple is the infinitely complex. We had looked at a portrait by Velasquez, and we had told ourselves that it was composed of a few broad lines, a few simple tones, and then we had tried to copy this simplicity, and we had found but emptiness. And some of us, like Lancelot, had seen our emptiness, and had sought to gain fulness and vigour by putting in the whole strength of our palette into our picture. We had not realized that strength can only be found by keeping, as nature does, within her range. This came to me while

I was sitting on a bank studying a little, still pool. A child threw a pebble into the pool. It was only a pebble, but it seemed to me, steeped as I was in stillness, that a cannon-ball couldn't have produced so great a shock. If two or three pebbles and then a cannon-ball had come, the cannon-ball would have caused a less convulsion than the first pebble. That showed me that it is not extremes which are required to produce an effect: it is the delicate handling between extremes. And as I worked and wandered in my loneliness and dejection, these things were borne in on me, and I went no more with the Actualists; but I had not yet found that which should give me sympathy and strength. One day, when the sense of hopelessness and degradation lay heavily upon me, I wandered into the Egyptian Court of the British Museum, and there I found a friend——

My best friend—the one dear and true friend which the world holds for me; the friend who lifted me out of the debasement into which I had fallen, and revealed to me the reality and the power of art.

When I am lonely now and dispirited, and soiled with the grime of modern London—its social and artistic vanities and pettinesses, its meannesses, its hypocrisies, and its sordid cringings—I go to my friend, and once more I am soothed and strengthened and cleansed. I have known Her in ages past, perhaps on the banks of the mysterious Nile, perhaps in further ages still. I have loved Her, and I shall love her again in ages to come.

To me She is a woman, no matter what name the catalogue bears. My friend is a little black woman's head, placed on a pedestal close by one of the windows. On its forehead is the serpent symbol of wisdom. She is of the Sphinx type which died before the Romans went to Egypt—the type which belonged to a past when there were gods among men. She has the Sphinx conformation of brow and nostril, and lip and chin, the majestic simplicity, the serenity and the might: She has the Sphinx smile, sweet, strange, and inscrutable—that smile which, but for its unutterable sweetness and sympathy, would have in its scornful curve the cynical contempt of a race of gods for the inexpressible littleness of a race of men, the smile on that black face seems to tell of a sublime pity too. She seems to say to me, "I have lived, I have loved, I have known. I, too, have followed art, and have despaired, and have found what I sought. I belong to all ages, and I am here to comfort and sustain you of a fallen race, who are seeking a buried ideal. I have found art, and I *am* art—art human and divine, and for all time. I will give you comfort. I will give you knowledge. I will give you strength."

The eyes look at me with wide pupils. And yet, when I peer

close, there is no definition of pupil. And the lips smile at me—that all-meaning smile: and yet so simple are the curves of the mouth that it is as if a child had modelled them: so simple, those grand restful eyebrows, that a child's finger might have laid them on. So strong and so simple the moulding of the nostrils and of the chin that it is scarcely possible to think of them as having been made by men. Here is breadth and simplicity in truth. How is it done? Where is the technique? There is none. Where is the art? We cannot tell; it baffles us, it is art itself. We know only that this thing *is*, and that it is great.

MORTIMER MENPES.

THE NIGER TERRITORIES.

When future historians have written the history of the reign of Queen Victoria, few things will strike their readers so much, we believe, as the enormous extension of area under British rule, protection, or influence that has taken place during that epoch, and of these additions to our empire, using that word in its broadest sense, none will be thought more remarkable than the great districts ruled by the Chartered Companies which have been established in West, South, and East Africa. Looking at the eldest of these companies alone, how many Englishmen are aware that the Royal Niger Company exercises sovereignty over an area larger than Great Britain, not to mention extensive powers of administration conferred by treaty over countries possibly four times the size of the United Kingdom; and how many British electors have thought of the responsibilities they have brought on themselves by their tacit assent to the sanction given by our Government to the acts of that Company? That there are responsibilities we hope to show later on; but for the present it will be sufficient to remark, now that Africa is being partitioned out amongst the different European powers, that we, by taking charge of certain districts, and by thus keeping the influence of other nations away from them, must acquire a different order of duties towards the inhabitants of these regions than towards the people of other parts of Africa.

But why, it may be said, should the English take on themselves any burden of responsibility with regard to these regions? Why not let other nations, who seem so willing to extend their "spheres of influence," have charge of these useless possessions? A brief description of this portion of Africa, together with some account of the part taken by Englishmen in the discovery of the course of the Lower Niger, and of their attempts at civilizing the countries on its banks, will be necessary before an adequate reply can be given to these disparaging questions.

In looking at any map of Africa published during the last century, it will be seen that the vast territories north of the Niger and the Benue, which are now under British influence, are there

represented by a nearly blank space of white paper, unless, indeed, the geographer had allowed his fancy to have free play where there was so little to fetter it. It is true that the coast-line was known, and that British traders had been established for some time on the Oil Rivers, as the mouths of the Niger were then, and are still, called; but what lay behind the coast no one knew, and none of the traders seemed to care; the connection between these streams and the great Niger River was not even guessed at.

First on the long list of explorers comes Mungo Park, a young Scotch surgeon, who, after reaching the waters of the Upper Niger on a first expedition, was sent out a second time early this century by the British Government to find out the true course of that great river. He first ascended the Gambia, and then passed overland to the Upper Niger, from whence he sent back word of his welfare, the last that was ever heard of him. We know that he succeeded in descending the river for a long distance to Busa, a point still between six and seven hundred miles from the sea; and that there he was drowned, the boat probably being upset during an attack by the natives. The next traveller in these regions was Hugh Clapperton, another Scotchman, whose rough training in the merchant service, in the navy into which he was pressed, and on service in Canada as a lieutenant, well fitted him for such work. But he, too, died on his travels in 1827, having in his first expedition succeeded in reaching Sokoto from Tripoli, on the north, and in his second, arriving at the same town from the south, after crossing the Niger at Busa; Richard Lander, his servant, was with him when he died at Sokoto, and brought home his journals to England. In 1830 Lander was again sent out by the British Government, with the double object of discovering the course of the Lower Niger, and finding Mungo Park's missing journals; he followed his old route to Busa, and from thence passed right down the Niger in a canoe to the sea, encountering great dangers on the way, and thus finally solving the question of its course.

It was but natural that so great a discovery should create a deep sensation amongst all those interested in the welfare of Africa and the Africans. An Association was soon formed, in which commercial and philanthropic ideas were combined, with the object of forming a settlement on the Niger. Mr. Macgregor Laird was the leading spirit in the Association, and also the leader of the ill-fated expedition organized by it,—ill-fated because only nine out of the forty-nine Europeans lived to return home, Lander being amongst those who were lost. Little was done by Mr. Laird on this occasion, except to show that the river was navigable for steamers for a long distance. But even this apparent proof of the terrible unhealthiness of the climate did not deter other English explorers

from following in their footsteps, for in 1840 Consul Becroft succeeded in pushing up the river in his steamer to beyond Rabba, and in 1841 the Government sent a carefully prepared expedition up the Niger in three steamers. The philanthropic objects of this last endeavour proved a complete failure, for though a strip of land near the confluence of the Niger and the Benue was obtained with the view of establishing a model farm for instructional purposes, the staff who were left there to carry on this good work had to be removed in the following year. As to the health of the expedition, it was almost as fatal as in Mr. Laird's attempt, for in two months there were forty-one deaths out of 155 Europeans, and nearly everyone on board had fever. Thus far the Niger seemed to be connected with nothing but a tale of death and failure, and this for a time no doubt did act as a serious check on the opening out of these countries; but in 1854 Mr. Laird, nothing daunted, with the aid of the Government, organized a second expedition, and succeeded in mounting the Benue river for some distance and in returning to the coast without any serious sickness amongst his crew. This was the first hopeful sign, and it led to the establishment of trading factories at several places up the river, and to the appointment of a British Consular agent at Lokoja,—the confluence of the Niger and Benue.

Trade had, as has been said before, been established for a long time on the Oil Rivers, but this may fairly be said to have been the commencement of commercial intercourse with the inhabitants of the interior. Progress in our relationship with the aborigines was, however, slow and irregular; at one time indeed it looked as if we were going to abandon our efforts altogether, for by 1861 all our factories or trading establishments had been destroyed or were removed, and in 1869 the Consular agency was allowed to drop. In the following years, a good deal of hostility was shown against us by the natives, those of the coast objecting to the opening up of the interior as tending to interfere with their trade as middlemen, and those higher up the river from various other causes; this resulted in two or three small expeditions being undertaken by our navy, in which the natives were punished for their treacherous attempts to close the river, and other unjustifiable proceedings.

It may be doubted, however, whether these lessons added very much to the security of the river, and in any case it is a fact that it was not until the rivalry that existed between the different firms trading on these waters was brought to a close by their amalgamation in 1879 into one big Company, that traffic up and down the river became much safer, and trade increased apace; this

result was no doubt due to concerted action on the part of the Europeans. This Company—the National African Company, as it was then called—found it necessary before long to extend its operations beyond mere trading, and to assume more or less the functions of a government by entering into treaty engagements with the various pagan tribes that border the lower river; this course was no doubt necessary in a country where no one governing body existed, and this was the beginning of the rule of the Royal Niger Company, though that name had not yet been given to it. In 1880 French traders appeared on the scene, which greatly added to the difficulty of the situation; for it was soon felt this condition of things could not continue unless the Company should receive a Royal Charter, which would ensure their treaties being recognized by foreign nations; and this Charter could not be obtained with the French in force on the river. A commercial struggle for supremacy ensued, from which the English came out victorious in 1884, the French having sold all their property to the Niger Company.

Little more remains to be told in order to bring this brief record up to the present date. In 1886 the Royal Niger Company was granted its Governing Charter, and assumed its present title. And now by various agreements, which have been ratified by our Government and the other Powers concerned, the Company finds itself, as it were, the representative of British authority over a vast extent of country where it will be free from all interference from other European nations as long as peace exists at home. Still waters run deep, and it must not be supposed that the Company has been idle because little has been published lately about its doings; if its records were all available, a history showing continuous hard work and much steady progress during recent years could, we feel sure, be written.

Not only are our countrymen as a rule ignorant of our special connection with these regions, but a great deal of misconception also exists as to the nature and character of the country,—of the Oil River districts under Consular rule, and of the interior where the Royal Niger Company are ruling or carrying on their trading operations. Near the coast, where the Niger forms its huge delta, the first appearance gives the impression of a hopeless fever-stricken swamp growing nothing but mangroves, and, although recent travellers have shown that better land exists away from the rivers and creeks, yet it is probable that this will prove a poor district and always dangerous for Europeans. Ascending the river, the country gradually and steadily improves in appearance, and at Idda picturesque mountains rise from its banks; above this we find a much drier climate, and one that is more possible for the

habitation of white men, though still, we fear, unhealthy. At Lokoja the western Sudan may be said to be entered, and from here northwards the countries composing the great empires of Sokoto and Gandu consist generally of large grassy plains, open woods, occasional patches of thick forest, with here and there rocky hills and steep watercourses; on the whole a fertile land, capable of supporting, and in parts actually supporting, a very large native population.

A curious and not unnatural parallel exists between the improvement of the character of the country as we go inland and the improvement in the type of aboriginal inhabitant. The distribution of the native races seems to have had its origin in the fact that there has generally been an advance of the higher and more civilized races from the east; the Arabs, Berbers, Fellatas, and Negroes have often been as waves, each driven slowly westward and southward towards the sea by the pressure of the one behind it; and the same causes have been at work amongst the Negro tribes themselves, for we always find the coast swamps (and also the mountain fastnesses in the interior) inhabited by the lowest types of their race, they having been driven into these undesirable quarters by their more powerful neighbours. As another result of this scattering and driving process to which the coast natives have been subjected, we seldom find them forming large nationalities, the tribes being nearly always small, and often speaking very distinct languages. Thus as we ascend the river, we first pass through the delta, inhabited by the lowest type of Negro; then, when higher ground and healthier lands are reached, we meet a higher type, but still a type of Negro undiluted. Above Lokoja the Negroes form more distinct nationalities, and here, though there is still a wonderful mixing and scattering of people, two races, the Hausa and the Fellata, are of sufficient importance to call for separate notice.

The Hausas are Negroes, but we should possibly not be correct in regarding them as being of unmixed black blood, for their language betrays distinct affinities with those of other races dwelling further eastward. They may fairly be described as a nation, though at present a subject one, and they are sufficiently interesting and important to be worthy of special study. This they are likely to receive before long, for "The Hausa Association" has been formed with the object of promoting the study of the Hausa language and people. From the circular issued by this Association we learn that "Hausa is the *lingua franca* of the Central Sudan, extending from the Sahara to the pagan tribes near the Gulf of Guinea, and from the Egyptian Sudan to the French colony of Senegal. . . . It is estimated that not less than fifteen millions of persons speak the Hausa tongue, and many of them can read

and write it in a modified form of Arabic character. . . . The internal commerce of these regions (the Central Sudan) is mainly carried on by the Hausa race proper, whose caravans travel northwards to the Mediterranean, eastward to the Red Sea, southward to the Gulf of Guinea, and westward to the Atlantic." A good deal is already known about the Hausas because they form the best fighting element amongst the Negro races, and furnished the most trustworthy and cheapest portion of our native troops during the Ashanti war. They are also employed in considerable numbers as armed constabulary by the West Coast Colonial Governments, and by the Royal Niger Company. As a people they are reported to be brave, active, intelligent, industrious, and readily becoming attached to their officers; some are pagans, but the majority are Mahommedans. Altogether they are a very interesting race, and it is to be hoped that more will be known about them when the Hausa Association student returns from his sojourn in their country.

As for the Fellatas, when pure in blood they have no connection with the Negro race. Northward of Lokoja we come across them for the first time, always in small numbers, generally dominant and aggressive, and wherever possible endeavouring to push their dominion over the more peaceful Negro tribes around them. The southward movement of the higher or more warlike races is clearly seen in the case of the Fellatas, whose advent to power in this part of the western Sudan is a comparatively recent event, and one which must be described if the present situation on the Niger and the Benue is to be understood; a few words about this race and the history of the foundation of the great Fellata kingdoms of Sokoto and Gandu are therefore necessary to make our story clear.

Although his work is now some forty years old, it is to Barth, the great German traveller (the funds for whose expeditions were, however, found by the British Government) that we still have to apply for much of our information about the regions to the northward of the Niger and the Benue, and about the races inhabiting them. Speaking of the Fellatas, the race we are now discussing, he describes them as deserving the "full attention of the learned European," and that "no doubt they are the most intelligent of all the African tribes, although in bodily development they cannot be said to exhibit the most perfect specimens." As a people, they are known by many names, such as Pul, Fulbe, Fulani, but to many readers they will be most familiar under the designation of Fula, their name in Senegal, where the French have come so much in contact with them in recent years. Senegal was, in fact, their original location in historic or semi-historic times, although their pre-historic home is believed to have been much farther east

from here they spread southward and eastward, an exception to the general westward drifting of the higher types, until at the present time they are found inhabiting, as a minority of the population, a vast extent of country from Senegal to Lake Tsad. The Fellatas are certainly higher and more civilized than the Negroes, and when pure in breed they show little or no affinity of race to them, being more like the Arabs or Berbers in appearance; but whilst spreading through the countries inhabited by pure Negro tribes they have become much mixed in blood, and the further south we go, the more nearly do they approach the Negro type: till near the Benue they are only to be distinguished from them by their language, and by their pride and arrogance. Further north they look on themselves as white men, and everywhere they despise the aborigines, even when their features most clearly stamp their relationship to them. The original calling of this people seems always to have been cattle-tending, combined with plundering expeditions when occasion served. In the last century they were often found living in subjection under the pagan kings of Negroland, in some cases having never acquired or having lost their faith in Mahommedanism, a religion they now all profess. In this way, as immigrants, they gradually spread through the old Hausa dominions, and dwelt in scattered groups more or less peacefully under the rule of the Negro kings until the commencement of this century, when a great change was in store for them.

It is hard to determine what was the political condition of this region at that time, but we hear of the "Seven Hausa States," a group of kingdoms or confederations of which Katsena was generally the dominant town, and also of "seven other provinces or countries in which the Hausa language has spread to a great extent, although it is not the language of the aboriginal inhabitants, and which were called jocosely the Seven illegitimate or Upstart Hausa States." Some of these latter, we know, never acknowledged the Hausa dominion, but others were no doubt more or less subject to the Hausa kings. Katsena itself paid tribute to the Negro kingdom of Bornu, but otherwise was quite independent, and "seems to have been the chief city of Negroland, as well in commercial and political importance as in other respects; for here the state of civilization which has been called forth by contact with the Arabs seems to have reached its highest degree."

But the Fellata population dwelling under the Hausa or Negro kings must have been both ripe for revolt and strongly tied together by their nationality, or the great revolution brought about by that remarkable leader of men Othman dan Fodio would have been an impossibility. Othman was a religious fanatic, as well as a leader in war; and when, in 1802, the Hausa king of

Gober (one of the seven States) summoned him to his presence to reprimand him for the pretensions the Fellata were beginning to put forward, the spark was struck, and the whole country was in flames. It took several years' desperate fighting before the Fellata minority succeeded in imposing their will on the Hausas, and an immense amount of life was lost in the struggle; but in the end the negroes were subdued, and a great Fellata kingdom was founded, including Hausaland, as well as many other principalities, and stretching from Sokoto, its capital, to beyond the Benue, a distance of over seven hundred miles. At the death of Othman the kingdom was divided between his sons, Bello and Abdallahi, the former receiving the northern and eastern part, with Sokoto as its capital, and the latter ruling the south-western part from Gandu. Thus, these two capitals, by the names of which the two kingdoms are most commonly known, are close together, whilst the two countries stretch far away in somewhat the same direction to regions with which communication is slow and difficult.

Such a curious partition of territory must, it would have been thought, have led to friction before long between these two powers; this does not, however, appear to have been the case, for, although none of the later rulers have shown the remarkable personal qualities of Othman or Bello, yet this arrangement has lasted till the present day, and shows no signs of decay; its permanence may in part be due to the fact that the rulers of Gandu have always acknowledged the spiritual, if not the temporal, superiority of the rulers of Sokoto, there being therefore in a sense only one chief of the Fellatas. It is true that some of the Hausa provinces rebelled in the reign of Bello, and have not since been re-subjected; but, on the other hand, there has been a considerable southward extension of Fellata power since Othman's days. The dominant race still forms a small proportion of the total population, but, on the whole, their power does not seem to decline. Under the Sultans of Sokoto and Gandu there are many powerful Emirs in charge of large provinces, and sometimes these Emirs seem to have exercised very independent power; but though there have been several revolts of Negro tribes, no very serious split in the Fellata ranks has ever occurred.

In the above sketch of the history of the Niger Protectorate, and of the character of the Lower Niger Basin, our one object has been to show why it is that Englishmen have a special interest in these regions. It has been seen that it was Englishmen who discovered this great waterway; it was Englishmen who opened the country to European trade; and it is Englishmen who are now endeavouring to introduce a better system of government into these districts, and increase the civilization of the people. Does it want

any further proof that it is our duty to carry on this good work, and endeavour to overcome the great and numerous difficulties that stand in its path? The view has often been urged, and urged with great force, that the prospect of benefits to accrue to us from a forward policy is so small that it does not justify us in any extension of responsibility in this part of Africa, and that, even if we cannot go back on what we have already done, we should at least throw cold water upon the idea of further progress. A rapid forward policy would, in my opinion, be most objectionable, for the misfortunes, or even disasters, which such a course would almost certainly entail, would more than undo any good results that might have been won in the advance. A policy of slow and steady progress, only pushing forward where we are certain of our ground, is the best policy; but even to this course there are some who still object, and whose objections may best be stated by quoting the words of one of the ablest advocates of such opinions.

Mr. Edward Dicey, in *The Nineteenth Century* for September, 1890, writes as follows:—

"Nor can I feel very sanguine as to the possibility of establishing any lucrative trade with the interior of Africa. The precedent so often quoted of the East India Company seems to me utterly inapplicable. In India our traders had to deal with a country densely populated, easy of access when once the coast was reached, possessing great national wealth, a high degree of oriental civilization, and any number of rich cities and navigable rivers. In Africa every one of these conditions is wanting. The moment you quit the coast the difficulties and dangers of travel are well nigh insuperable, except for small parties of hunters or slave-dealers. The climate is invariably unhealthy; in many cases deadly to men of European race. The interior is occupied by scattered tribes, one a little more, one a little less, savage than the other, but one and all destitute of the habits and tastes which constitute what we call civilization. Except in northern Africa, where the Arabs hold sway, there are, in the western sense of the word, neither towns nor cities. What are marked as such on the charts are mere collections of mud huts and hovels."

And a page or two further on, in a somewhat different strain:—

"I do not dispute for one moment that there is a large and a paying trade between the ports of the African sea-coast and the interior. As a matter of fact, this trade consists chiefly of arms, spirits, and blankets."

In fairness to Mr. Dicey, it must be stated that when he wrote he evidently had in his mind other regions of Africa rather than those which we are dealing with; but, as he did not exclude the Niger Protectorate, his words may be fairly quoted in this controversy. Whether or not his arguments are sound as regards other districts is not the subject now under discussion, but we hope that, as far as the Niger basin is concerned, what has already been stated proves how little weight should be attached to such objections. There is no difficulty in travelling hundreds of miles up country on the Niger, and in many places not much difficulty in

travelling overland away from the river; the population of the interior, which is in many places fairly dense, is not composed of scattered tribes, for there exist large countries owing allegiance to one ruler; there are towns of over one hundred thousand inhabitants, and the people have moreover acquired a kind of rudimentary civilization; and, above all, we have already succeeded in establishing a steady and increasing trade up the Niger, a very small proportion of which consists of arms, spirits, or blankets.

It is true, and the fact should be fairly admitted, that, at various points on the coast of West Africa, European establishments have been in existence for several centuries without very great advance having been made either in opening out a trade with the interior, or in the civilization of the native population. The causes of this partial failure may be disputed, but in my opinion, as far as trade is concerned, it depends mainly on the difficulty of communicating with the interior through the wide belt of forest land that fringes the coast, and on the excessively unhealthy character of that district. But the river Niger forms a great navigable highway leading right through the low fever-stricken swamps to the higher, and, we fear we can only say, comparatively healthy regions in the interior, thus making the whole commercial conditions far more favourable. And in connection with this subject it may be worth while calling attention to the fact that the configuration of the coast-line makes it certain that the Niger must in future bear a heavy traffic on its waters; in commercially free countries trade takes the shortest route to the sea as surely as water runs down hill, and this makes it certain that at all times when there is a settled government in the interior a huge area must find its chief commercial exit through the Niger delta. These considerations, and the fact that nearly all the conditions set forth by Mr. Dicey in his prophecy of failure are here wanting, make the outlook for the commercial prosperity of this great Protectorate most hopeful, whilst the success that has already been obtained should have far more weight in assuring us as to our future than any of these mere theoretical arguments.

And if trade is sure to flourish, and if we have a reasonable chance of improving the government to which the natives are subject, surely to push on steadily and with caution in our attempt to open up this region of Africa is our manifest duty. Looking to the British side of the question, whoever sees clearly the way in which foreign nations are in all directions endeavouring to close their markets against us by protective tariffs, and realizes the way in which the steady increase of our population makes it imperative that fresh employment should be continually forthcoming, must see the advantages of opening out these new fields for commercial

enterprise. It is true that these countries are quite unfitted for European colonization, but it is through the increased work given to our home manufacturies that the benefit to England will accrue. Then as to the natives, surely they will find an enormous benefit from the establishment of a strong power on the Niger, even if its action does not extend beyond checking the everlasting slave-catching wars which have so devastated its banks. Enough has been said to prove that the Niger Protectorates ought not and cannot be neglected, and that we have a special responsibility in pushing on the good work that has been commenced there. It only remains to be seen in what way we ought to show our sense of responsibility. All will agree that our main duty is to see that the government of the country, in so far as it is under British control, is properly administered,—a duty to be performed not, it is hoped, by endeavouring to foster a meddlesome and ignorant interference in details by Parliament, but rather by obtaining such assurances as we can that our administration is established on a sound basis, and that the character of those ruling under British authority is such as will ensure a just treatment of the natives. Great has been the responsibility thrown on the authorities of the Royal Niger Company under the terms of the Governing Charter, but we have every reason to believe that they have so far proved themselves worthy of the confidence placed in them.

Barth, the great German traveller, has said that "the final opening of the lower course of the Kwara (the Niger) has been one of the most glorious achievements of English discovery, bought with the lives of so many enterprising men. But it seems," he adds, "that the English are more apt to perform a great deed than to follow up its consequences." Let us prove that this is not a just censure on our race.

LEONARD DARWIN.

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

Although the Government have not formally pulled down their legislative advertisements, it is generally recognized that the Budget is the only heroic measure that will be passed this Session. It will probably occupy the whole time of the House of Commons until the middle of July, then a month will have to be devoted to Supply. A long holiday, earned by the exacting labours of the last two years, will probably commence in the middle of August. Under the circumstances it is difficult to see how any further legislation can be squeezed in this Session, although there is still some faint gossip on behalf of the Evicted Tenants Bill. If the Cabinet is prudent and abstemious, its life may be prolonged over the winter, and the dreaded appeal to the people postponed until the spring. The truth is that just now the country is heartily sick of the House of Commons, and no unpopularity would be incurred by its indefinite adjournment. The various sections of the Ministerial Party might make some show of annoyance at being baulked of their particular prey, but they would all be able to agree in heaping the blame on the Opposition. On the other hand, if Sir William Harcourt—to whom Lord Rosebery has delegated the task of settling the question of precedence—elected to proceed with one or other of the measures now before

the public, he would risk giving mortal offence to the disappointed sections, while he would have no hope of carrying it in the face of the present Opposition at the fag end of the summer. If the "gag" were resorted to in the case of such measures as Welsh Disestablishment, the Registration Bill, or the Evicted Tenants Bill, the House of Lords would be compelled to reject them.

THE DERBY. The most noteworthy event in domestic politics during the month of June was the easy victory of the Prime Minister's horse Ladas in the Derby, which was decided on the first Wednesday in the month. Whatever his shortcomings may be in other respects, Lord Rosebery has thus achieved the unprecedented and imperishable distinction of combining the Premiership with the Blue Ribbon of the Turf, both of which have fallen to him in the same year. Much political capital was anticipated from Ladas' triumph, and the Ministerialists were highly elated on learning the news, while the Opposition were proportionately depressed. It has certainly familiarised a large number of non-politicians with Lord Rosebery's name, and has greatly added to his reputation for good luck, which already stood high; he is more loudly cheered in the music halls than he was a month ago, and the "man in the street" looks upon him with a friendly eye, as he does on everyone associated with sport. On the other hand, the impression created by the Prime Minister's jocular speeches that he is a frivolous man has been deepened by his widely advertised association with the Turf, and there has been a growl of deep resentment from a section of the Nonconformists. Some of them have utilized the columns of *The Daily Chronicle* and *The Westminster Gazette* to declare their disaffection to a racing Premier, who is disadvantageously contrasted with his austere predecessor. This correspondence reveals in many letters the deep-rooted English Puritan feeling to which the Radical Party owes much of its prosperity, with its uncompromising and not altogether unwholesome detestation of the racing atmosphere. It is difficult, therefore, to say whether Lord Rosebery will gain or lose in political strength by the possession of Ladas; he will probably be more shouted for but not more voted for. There is an outside chance of his losing some of the most zealous and fanatical supporters of his Party, but having made their protest, they will probably convince themselves that the "Carnival of Rascality" on Epsom Downs is less wicked than the Established Church. Enthusiastic Gladstonians claim that Ladas is worth 100,000 votes to the Party, while equally sanguine Unionists expect it to destroy the Premier's influence in Scotland.

THE BUDGET. The House of Commons has spent practically the whole month in discussing the Budget to the keen resentment of the Ministerialists, the more reasonable of whom recognize, however, that the stalwarts' clamour for the gag is unpractical. Sir William Harcourt is most anxious to pass the one big measure associated with his name, apart from the Hares and Rabbits Bill and the Coercion Act of 1882; his sober counsel seems to have prevailed over his more impulsive colleagues, and there is no reason to anticipate a *coup de main*. Considering that every line of the Bill bristles with contention and possible litigation, and every debate brings further complexity to light, the rate of progress cannot be regarded as slow. An answer to the stereotyped charge of obstruction is furnished by the fact that in spite of unbroken Ministerial majorities rising to fifty, up to the time of writing, several important Opposition suggestions have been accepted, while numerous amendments have been moved by the promoters of the measure themselves. Progress has been much accelerated by the acceptance of an important amendment moved by Mr. Balfour on 15th June fixing the "principal value" of property in agricultural land at an open market value of not more than twenty-five years' purchase of the nett annual value, which ought to materially help the possessors of parks and much depreciated property. The fact is not to be disguised, however, that the Budget, as it is emerging from Committee, is calculated to strike ruinously at our most depressed industry. It equalizes the Death Duties on realty and personalty which is fair enough, provided the local burdens are similarly divided, instead of being entirely borne by the former as at present. The subject for Conservative financiers to tackle is the rating of personal property.

THE RURAL OUTLOOK. "I am the resident owner," says Rusticus in a letter to *The Times*, "of a small estate, and by dint of plain living have managed, for many years past, to keep a staff of six good workmen regularly employed in rebuilding or improving the farm houses, farm buildings, and cottages upon it, and in the improvement of the water supply, drainage, roads, and fences. It is needless to say that on £10,000 thus already spent I have not received one penny of rent or interest; instead of that, I have reduced my rents fully 35 per cent. during the last fifteen years. Should this Budget unhappily become law, I must at once begin to provide for my son a fund to meet the heavy fine which will be imposed upon the estate at my death. I have, therefore, had to countermand the little works which had been set out for the coming year, to the disappointment of those who would have profited by them, and have informed my workmen that in the

event of the Budget Bill becoming law four of them will no longer be required, as nothing beyond absolutely needful repairs can in future be taken in hand. There must be thousands of English villages where the same or worse will happen."

"DEMOCRATIC FINANCE."

We make no apology for reprinting *in extenso* the following remarks of the Duke of Devonshire, who is neither given to exaggeration nor fond of revealing his private or family affairs, and can only have uttered his warning under a stern sense of duty. The speech was delivered at Buxton on 13th June at a luncheon in connection with the opening of a small park, which he had joined with others in presenting to the town.

"I make no claim to any merit on our part when I say that neither my predecessors nor myself have looked upon the possession of the large revenues derived from these estates as a means of exclusive, or personal, or selfish, gratification. I do not make it a matter of boast—I do not claim it as a merit—that we have found it not only a matter of duty, but a matter of pleasure, to devote a large, and in some cases the largest, portion of the income derived from those estates to objects not of a purely personal character, but to objects in which those who live upon them are interested no less than ourselves—the maintenance in proper order of the estates themselves, of the buildings, of the farmhouses, of the farms and the cottages upon them, and the roads, the fences, and the drains. These matters we look upon more or less as a matter of business. We have also thought it was our duty to devote some considerable portion of the income of these estates to assisting in the education, religious and secular, of the people, and to promote any good or charitable or beneficent work that might be set on foot. Further, we have thought it a part of our duty to maintain in good order those ancient and historical residences and domains which we have inherited, not, I think, solely for our own personal gratification and benefit, but for the advantage and amusement and pleasure of those who surround us. When I tell you that financial proposals are now made which will in all probability very shortly become law, and will have the effect of imposing enormous exactions upon the owners of such large estates as those which I have referred to, I need hardly point out to you that those changes will inevitably lead, and as a matter of necessity will lead, not necessarily to the ruin of the proprietor, but to a very great and extensive change in the manner in which the revenues of those estates have hitherto been expended. When I tell you that in every estate with which I am connected no less than 30 per cent. of the income derived from it is locally expended; when I add that in many cases that 30 per cent. is extended to 50 or 60 or 70 per cent., and that in one case the expenses to which I have referred greatly exceed the revenue derived from the estate itself; when I tell you that from the surplus income derived from estates of this character have to be provided all such charges as those which I have inherited, encumbrances, family allowances, and so on; and when I further tell you that, according to the best calculations which I am able to make at present—it is a matter involving a great deal of uncertainty—the exactions which will probably be required by the State from my next successor will amount to from six to ten, and possibly twelve years of any available income which I have ever received from the estates which I have inherited—I do not think you will be surprised if I tell you that probably some very great changes are before very long impending in the manner in which the incomes derived from the Devonshire estates can be expended. I do not refer to these things as a matter of complaint. I do not ask your pity or sympathy.

It may be that I do not protest even against the justice of these proposed changes. I only refer to them as a matter of that frank interchange of opinion which has always existed amongst us. I think you ought to be as fully informed as I am myself. I do not contend that it is a necessity that I or my family or my successor should be in a position to keep up great places like Chatsworth, or Hardwick, or Bolton Abbey, or Lismore, in Ireland. I do not contend that it is a necessity that we should be placed it a position where we can enjoy the luxury of striving to be surrounded by a contented and prosperous tenantry and people. I do not contend that it is a necessity for us that we should have the privilege of aiding in every good and charitable work in every part of the counties with which we are connected. These things have been a pride and a pleasure to my predecessors and to myself; but they are not necessities. I think the facts I have brought to your knowledge will show that, not through any fault on the side either of myself or my tenantry, but solely from the pressure of causes over which we have no control, it will be necessary that great changes should be made in the future in the administration of these estates. I am unable to say until these measures pass into law, until we can see precisely the shape they may assume, how soon or how distant may be the period at which these changes will come into operation. I have only thought it my duty frankly to tell you, to warn you, that if the time should be approaching—I do not think the time can be deferred beyond the period of my own life—when the expenditure on this and neighbouring estates will have to be reduced, and when Chatsworth and the other places which are public resorts in this part of the country are shut up, it will not be due to any fault of myself or of those who succeed me, but it will solely be in consequence of the inexorable necessities of democratic finance.

LORD COLERIDGE.

The Lord Chief Justice of England closed his long career at the age of seventy-four on June 14th. The public had sympathetically followed his gallant struggle against illness, but when the news of a relapse was announced the end was felt to be near. In many respects Lord Coleridge was admirably suited to his great office; he was a ripe scholar of dignified appearance and silvery speech, whom it was nothing less than a treat to see and hear on those ceremonial occasions that frequently came in his way. His was not a commanding or cogent personality, but throughout his life he was irresistibly persuasive, and a fine literary flavour beautified every observation that ever fell from him. He never aspired to be a great judge, not being penetrated with a love of law, and it was often difficult to rouse him to an interest in the cases before him; his friends never ceased regretting that he had not been able to take up letters as a profession, though he showed in his famous cross-examination of the Tichborne claimant what forensic efforts his intellect was capable of. He is succeeded in his peerage by his son, Mr. Bernard Coleridge, Q.C., M.P., and his office will be allotted with general approbation to Lord Russell of Killowen. The former has an opportunity of contesting his compulsory retirement from the House of Commons, or, in the alternative, of fighting his supposed disqualification as a peer from practising in the courts. Mr. St. Loe Strachey addressed an interesting letter to *The Daily*

Chronicle, of June 19th, pointing out that writs of summons are not forced on heirs to peerages, but have to be applied for, and that there is nothing to compel Mr. Bernard Coleridge to apply for his writ. If he avoids a seat in the House of Lords can he be compelled to vacate the one he holds in the Commons? Mr. Strachey points out that this could only be accomplished by an "arbitrary and extra legal" vote of the House of Commons, and that, as a matter of fact, seats are never declared vacant until the writ of summons to the other House has been issued to the retiring Member. Perhaps if Radicals develop an unwillingness to enter the House of Lords, their own Lord Chancellor may discover a mode of compelling them to do so.

THE LEEDS CONFERENCE.

A somewhat unpromising meeting of the National Liberal Federation was held at Leeds on the 20th June, to inaugurate a fresh agitation against the House of Lords, those initiated by Mr. Gladstone at Edinburgh last autumn, and by Sir William Harcourt at Portsmouth in the early spring having expired. Dr. Spence Watson, of Newcastle celebrity, presided over the delegates, and considerable spleen was exhibited between the Ministerial wire-pullers, with their cut-and-dried programme, and the renascent cave of Laboucherites, who wished to coerce the Government into taking action this Session against the Upper House. After a heated discussion, in which the extremists did most of the talking, the official resolutions were carried by overwhelming majorities, with very trifling modifications. The principal one, as amended, runs as follows:—

"That this meeting therefore calls upon the Government to introduce, as soon as practicable during the present Parliament, a measure for the abolition of the House of Lords' veto, by providing that whenever a Bill passed by the House of Commons shall be altered or rejected in the House of Lords, such Bill may be reaffirmed by the House of Commons in the same Session or the same Parliament, with or without such alteration, and, subject only to the Royal Assent, shall thereupon become law."

It is hardly worth while discussing the statesmanship of this suggestion, which has no life in it, for the simple reason that whatever the future may have in store for the House of Lords, the country would decline to kill that assembly in order to make the House of Commons king. The House of Lords saved us from the Home Rule Bill, which passed the House of Commons by means of the gag—that is still the governing fact of the political situation, which no wire-pulling can explain away.

THE REFERENDUM.

There has been a most salutary and encouraging application of the Referendum in Switzerland. The electors, *i.e.*, the adult males of the Republic, were invited to express their opinion on a measure embodying

La droit de travail, or the right of the otherwise unemployed to obtain paid work from the State. This proposal, which has its attractions, was simply overwhelmed at the poll, 75,000 votes being cast in its favour as against 293,000 on the other side. We believe that half the follies our House of Commons is prepared to perpetrate would be knocked on the head if the people could be directly asked for their Yes or No. Under the present system the country is at the mercy of a few log-rolling groups who claim to speak in the name of those who have never been consulted. Lord Salisbury's adherence to the Referendum in his speech at the Grocers' dinner is an interesting step in the history of the movement.

LUNACY IN IRELAND.

The Times of June 16th called attention to a comparatively unnoticed report of an inquiry into Irish insanity, instituted by Mr. Morley, and conducted by the inspectors of Irish lunatic asylums, Dr. O'Farell and Dr. Maziere Courtenay. Between 1851 and 1891 the insane of all classes in Ireland increased by 200 per cent., in spite of a shrinking population. Part of this is attributable to the decrease of the unregistered insane, who used to be a burden to their friends and neighbours, but are now comfortably registered and housed. Apart, however, from the apparent increase, the Commissioners reluctantly report that "some absolute increase of insanity is taking place in certain districts." In Armagh there is a "greater tendency to insanity"; in Limerick there is an "increased prevalence of insanity." The type of insanity also appears to have deteriorated, thus in Dublin, Wicklow, and Louth "acute mania—the most curable form—has become comparatively rare, while melancholia is increasing in frequency, and also primary mental deterioration. Organic brain disease, general paralysis, &c., are also considered to be undoubtedly becoming more common than they were." In Londonderry district there are more hopeless cases than there were. The local authorities universally refer to two causes of this alarming phenomenon: emigration, which removes the robust, and the return of broken-down emigrants. The intemperate consumption of alcohol and tea are also prominent factors—the tea is stewed into rank poison and then eaten with dry bread, which produces "a peculiar form of dyspepsia," and "general debility of the nervous system"; this diet is unsparingly condemned. The supposed addiction to ether of the Irish peasantry is not dwelt upon. The worry of a prolonged agricultural depression, and the number of consanguineous marriages are thought to be partially blameable. The inquiry, which has been most laboriously conducted, is strongly corroborative of Max Nordau theory that the weaker brains are not fit to cope with the conditions of modern civilization,

and that an increasing percentage of the nation must expect to go mad—unless we accept the more cheerful view that politics, as known in Ireland, are calculated to unhinge the healthiest minds.

THE "OBSERVATIONS."

It will take the country years to digest the literature of the Labour Commission, and it is impossible for us even to sketch it in outline. The fifth and final report which has now been presented to Parliament contains, however, one document to which it is worth while drawing particular attention. It consists of a series of "Observations" signed by the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. David Dale, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Leonard Courtney, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. T. H. Ismay, Mr. George Livesey, and Mr. William Tunstill, a fairly heterogeneous body, recommending that Unions of employers or workmen should receive the option of entering upon a fuller legal personality, which would enable them to enforce their collective agreements and render them liable for their breach. If the suggested alteration of the law were effected, and an employer belonging to an incorporated association of employers insisted on a reduction of wages contrary to a collective agreement or to an arbitration award founded upon a collective agreement, then, instead of striking, the men would continue to work at the reduced wages, while their association sued the master or his association for damages. If, on the other hand, workmen belonging to an association of similar status demanded an increase of wages contrary to the agreement, then, instead of locking them out or discharging them, the employer would pay the increase and recover it at law from the funds of the association. The incorporated associations would also be liable for the illegal acts of their officers. Without wishing to express off hand an opinion upon this highly technical and complex subject, we hope the Trade-unionist leaders will fairly consider the "Observations." The names of the assenting commissioners make it childish to treat the document as a mere effort to attach the funds of the Trades Unions. The savage strikes of recent years make the moment particularly opportune for raising the subject.

THE MATABELE CAMPAIGN.

A sentence of fourteen years' penal servitude was passed at Buluwayo on May 29th upon two infamous troopers, Daniels and Wilson. These ruffians had suppressed Lobengula's message of submission to Major Forbes, and had stolen a peace-offering of £1,000 from the king's Indunas; in consequence of this outrage hostilities were prolonged, Lobengula was pursued to the bitter end, and the gallant force under Major Wilson was destroyed. This ugly incident seems almost to have escaped

attention amid the excitement of the Derby and the Budget, but we doubt whether Englishmen have ever perpetrated a more abominable crime, and agree with *The Spectator* that for such an offence in time of war the troopers ought to have been publicly executed by order of a court-martial.

THE UGANDA PROTECTORATE.

It is at least something that we have obtained from the present Government a declaration of a Protectorate over Uganda. This will save that country from becoming a scene of carnage and relapsing into the "native institutions" which Sir Charles Dilke and the "Aborigines Protection Society" plead on behalf of. Enterprising Englishmen who are the pioneers of civilization, the lowest form of which is an improvement upon a state of African horrors, can continue at their posts. It is true that the Government shrinks from a railway, notwithstanding that Sir Gerald Portal used these words:—

"I have no hesitation in saying that until this step (of constructing a railway) is taken, any organization, system of administration, or plan for the improvement of those countries which may be devised must be of the nature of a makeshift."

The argument in favour of a railway has become much stronger since the debates on Uganda which took place on June 1st. Sir Edward Grey took credit then for the improvement which had been secured by the Anglo-Congo agreement, whereby "a strip of territory some miles in width had been reserved which would afford a complete means of communication between Uganda and the territories under British protectorates." Since these words were spoken the strip of territory with its "complete means of communication" has been abandoned in consequence of the German objections. Uganda's communication is therefore restricted to the old route through British territory, which it now takes three months to traverse, while the cost of goods along it amounts to £300 a ton. Lord Rosebery's statement that it is not proved that the railway should be constructed on the survey that has taken place is the only sort of reason which has been urged for delay. He gave no explanation of the statement, and should be pressed to do so. It may mean that an alternative line of country has been suggested. He would probably admit himself that since the Southern or Lakes junction route alongside the Congo State has to be abandoned there is a much stronger argument for the South Eastern Railway to Mombassa.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FARCE.

The Newfoundland crisis has degenerated into a farce. It was an extremely mean proceeding on the part of Sir William Whiteway, when he was Prime Minister, to apply to the Governor for a dissolution of an assembly just elected in order to enable him and his

colleagues to escape from the consequences of the pending election petitions, which would have lapsed had a dissolution taken place. The petitions declared that no less than seventeen seats out of the total of twenty-four held by the then Ministerial party in a House of thirty-six members, had been obtained by bribery and corruption. The Governor was perfectly justified in refusing to grant the request; whereupon Sir William Whiteway, still commanding a majority of two to one, resigned, and a Government whose supporters were in a minority was called to office. The ex-Prime Minister, at the head of his illegal majority (it may be thus described, because ten seats have already been declared forfeited out of the seventeen petitioned against), revenged himself by refusing to pass the Revenue Bill, so that no customs' duties could be levied, which constitute the chief source of the colony's revenue. The Bill expired on the 11th, but the duties have been collected since this date under a clause of the Customs Management Act without any trouble, until Mr. Emerson, Speaker of the Assembly, a partizan of Sir William Whiteway, whose own seat is attacked—moved by patriotic indignation—determined to put the legality of levying duties to the test, and appeared with four men at the Customs House, from whence he and his band carried off forcibly a box upon which duties had been demanded. A solitary policeman present was apparently so overawed by the majesty of a live Speaker that he did not interfere. The following day a similar attempt was made by others, but the solitary policeman had been reinforced, and the attempt was frustrated. As far as it is possible to judge from the accounts we receive, Sir William Whiteway has played a mischievous and undignified part. He had been spoken of as a future Governor of Newfoundland, but his conduct during the recent proceedings has deprived him of all chance of obtaining this post.

Morocco. The death of Muley Hassan, Sultan of Morocco, caused some diplomatic perturbation. It was assumed, as a matter of course, that there would be rival claimants to the throne and anarchy in the country, which might have caused the massacre of Europeans and the intervention of the Powers. The late Sultan named Abdul Aziz, his son by a Circassian wife, who is only fourteen years old, as his successor, and so far he has been quietly accepted by the Vizier, the chiefs of the Army, and the Shereef of Wazan, while the British, French, and Spanish Ministers at Tangiers have been ordered by their respective Governments to acknowledge him. The solitary rival to the throne, Muley Mohammed, the elder brother of the new ruler, whose character for ferocity renders him rather undesirable as a

Sultan, has been imprisoned. He has since given in his adhesion. No Europeans have been molested. At Fez they were placed under the protection of the troops. Everyone knows that France has her fraternal eye upon Morocco with a view to a family embrace. She has been stealthily making her influence felt along the coast for some time, and has taken some of the richer inhabitants of the towns—who have not been unwilling to obtain this guarantee against pillage—under her protection. The time is, however, not ripe yet to put her design into practice: so long as Morocco is tranquil there is no excuse for it, and the tranquillity is apparently not likely to be disturbed by the death of the late Sultan. The position in Morocco should facilitate the Congo negotiations.

A Warning.

The death of the Sultan of Morocco gave the French a welcome opportunity of displaying the zeal and efficiency of their Navy. A division of the Toulon fleet was immediately despatched under an admiral "to safeguard French interests in Morocco waters," while a second division was held in readiness to sail at an hour's notice. No other European Power considered such "an alarum and excursion" called for, and the French have given us another reminder of the need of keeping our Mediterranean fleet up to the highest modern standard at all times. The French division sailed from Toulon with a month's provisions and a full supply of ammunition five hours after the receipt of telegraphic orders in a time of profound peace and without previous warning. The boulevard politicians might at any moment force a weak Ministry—and what French Ministry is strong?—to strike a sudden blow at us in the Mediterranean, believing their fleet to be a match for ours. From *their* point of view a blow at our Naval Supremacy might be worth attempting, and in any case it would not involve France in the horrors of invasion, of which the people have a wholesome dread.

French and British Navies.

It cannot be repeated too often that the French have not confined themselves during the last twenty years to the cultivation of a magnificent army which may fairly be represented as a defensive weapon. They have spent very large sums on their Navy, which can only have been grown for offensive purposes considering that there is very little commerce for it to protect. We have been compelled to keep pace with them, and this costly competition must continue so long as we are menaced, for our Naval Budget is an insurance premium against the starvation that would ensue at any serious interruption of the ocean highways. We have nothing to gain in attacking the

small French carrying trade which hardly competes with our own, but if a war is forced upon us we must defend our frontiers which lie off the entrances of all hostile arsenals from which commerce-destroying ships can issue. It is often asked why we maintain a fleet with its base at Malta. The answer is because in a naval war with France our frontier is close up with Toulon. No one knew this better than Nelson, and, as in the years of warfare which ended at Trafalgar, so in these days of steam power we shall have to maintain a squadron of battleships within striking distance of Toulon, and plenty of fast cruisers to watch that arsenal and report the departure of every hostile warship. These must be met and fought at sea—away from the torpedo-boats—by a British fleet adequate for the purpose. If the enemy's squadron got to sea without our admiral's knowledge and pursuit, it might do us incalculable injury while we vainly scoured the seas on the off chance of finding it. Malta or a dockyard nearer to Toulon is essential to our strategy. Our Mediterranean fleet has become—but only since Lord George Hamilton's Naval Defence Act came into force—a model of what a modern fleet should be, and the very disasters and minor accidents it has suffered give a positive proof that its officers have the nerve and the sagacity to test thoroughly the efficiency of the complicated monsters committed to them. This is no party question, and the Morocco incident abundantly vindicates the wisdom of the present Government in declining to stint the Navy.

THE FRENCH CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

Since we last went to press, there has been another change of Cabinet in France. Monsieur Casimir-Perier's Ministry, which seemed strong enough, and certainly deserved support, was defeated upon the side question as to whether employés of the Government should be permitted to attend a Workmen's Congress. Amid the chaos of groups, the Ministry was defeated by 265 votes against 225. French politicians are an intractable race. The Right, which claims to be the party of order, is always ready to join the Radicals and Socialists in upsetting order. It was a motion on the part of a member of the Right which condemned the Government and caused its resignation. After some negotiation, Monsieur Dupuy, the President of the Chamber, succeeded in forming a Cabinet which became styled "The Youthful Cabinet," on account of the ages of its members. Monsieur Dupuy is but 42, Monsieur Delcarré, the Colonial Minister, is 41, and Monsieur Hanotaux, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, is only 40. The appointment of the latter is probably the most interesting, and is certainly the one which chiefly interests England and Europe. Monsieur Hanotaux possesses the great advantage of having never been heard of in politics; he was not even a Deputy

when appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs. He was well known, however, as a laborious and able official at the Foreign Office, as the author of an interesting volume on Richelieu, and as one of the best talkers in France. It would be difficult to find a man better qualified to act as Foreign Minister. Lord Dufferin will find in his conferences with Monsieur Hanotaux that all his wits are needed in order to cope with his brilliant adversary, who is some thirty years his junior. It is a fact of some significance that France should have commenced to draw upon her permanent officials for Statesmen, irrespective of any Chamber reputation. Yet it may be said that the practical Government of France has been for many years entirely dependent upon the permanent official. He has administered while ephemeral Cabinets have merely glided over the surface of affairs. The political chiefs of departments have been received by their nominal subordinates with bows, and installed in the most sumptuous apartments of the official palace. They have been coached in the business of their office, and in the principles of administration, and when just becoming experienced and useful, there came the inevitable Ministerial collapse, and they were bowed out again by the permanent official, who remained to carry on the business of the country and to coach the departing Minister's successor. During the last twenty-four years there have been no less than thirty-two Ministries in France.

CONTINUITY OF FRENCH FOREIGN POLICY.

Yet the continuity of French Foreign Policy through all the shifting administrations has been remarkable. A good steady hatred of England seems to be its fundamental basis. It is true that there are officials at the French Foreign Office, and enlightened Frenchmen elsewhere, who have learnt by intercourse to respect and to like the English, and who have discovered that we are not perfidious; but these few soon become known as "*des Anglais*" and lose much of their influence. "Fraternity" may be very well as an ornamental phrase, but no French politician dreams of putting it into practice. There is one circumstance in French politics which is favourable to a continuity of Foreign Policy. There is no party in the French Chamber or in France which corresponds to our "Little England" party. There is no irrepressible Labouchere to rise and revile the Foreign Minister who speaks of upholding French interests: the fundamental sentiment of all Frenchmen is that French influence should be paramount. Let it be said also that the business of the French Foreign Office is too methodical to permit any such breach of continuity or etiquette such as we have recently displayed over the Anglo-Congo agreement.

THE ANGLO-CONGO FIASCO.

That agreement was simply the breach of a previous understanding with Germany. The German objection to our leasing a highway some fifteen miles wide, which is to become the boundary of her territory, for some 200 miles in the place of the present Congo boundary is not unintelligible. So long as this territory remains subject to the Congo State it belongs to a weak Power, and nobody knows what the future of this artificial creation may be. Its disappearence has almost been anticipated in a clause which gives France a right of pre-emption: a right which may be disputed both by Germany and England, since the Congo Free State is the anomalous result of international agreement. If Great Britain once established a highway marching with German territory, the position of the latter would be undeniably affected. Anyhow, Germany has inflexibly insisted upon regarding any such British boundary as an infringement of her rights, and only four years ago the British Government acquiesced in her remonstrance; and the question was considered settled. Nevertheless, the British Foreign Office, without a single word to Germany, recently entered into a separate agreement with the Congo State to carry out the project, or one of a similar nature, which only four years previously had been abandoned by Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister, in deference to German remonstrance. Then there are the French objections to the Congo Treaty. Monsieur Hanotaux made his first appearance on this subject, and at the outset of his career has fallen in with the anti-English feeling prevalent in France. He declared that the Anglo-Congo agreement was a violation of the treaty of 1885, by which the Congo State was constituted, and that it must be regarded as void. It was instructive to find the French Foreign Minister upholding the suzerainty of the Sultan as against the acquisition of Wadelai, when we bear in mind the French defiance of a similar suzerainty, though one which was far better established, in Tunis. It is needless to say that the French Chamber unanimously supported Monsieur Hanotaux, who skilfully concealed a weak case with strong language. The French protests are now under discussion between the two Governments.

THE HUNGARIAN CRISIS.

This crisis has terminated as we anticipated it would. The Emperor of Austria acted with his usual sagacity, and exercised influence so as to cause Court functionaries in the House of Magnates to abstain from voting, after a Ministerial crisis had shown that Dr. Wekerle was the only possible Premier. As far as can be judged by any system of representation, the Hungarian people were in favour of the Civil Marriage Bill, as there was a majority in the elected assembly of

three to one on its behalf. It seems to us to have been very impolitic on the part of the Church to have challenged the supremacy of the State upon such an occasion. Marriage, above all other institutions, is a legal contract, and one that probably brings the law into operation more than any other; the civil ceremony which solemnizes it appears to be a natural and indispensable preliminary to which no rational objection can be urged. The wisest course would have been for the Church to have lain low. The religious sentiment would always secure the religious ceremony, especially with the women, who are generally able to decide what the formality to consecrate the contract shall be. Even the militant atheist is marched docile to church upon the occasion, that is, if he has a spark of chivalry in him, because it is his bride, not he, who will be called upon to suffer the penalty of alleged heresy as well as for the breach of decorum. The Church has committed the error of courting defeat, and it has provoked a public conflict of principle which was not in the least necessary. In its largest aspect this is part of the Papal attack on the Triple Alliance, which is conducted with sleepless assiduity. The Chamber of Magnates only accepted the situation by a majority of four in a full house.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT CARNOT.

The President of the French Republic was assassinated at Lyons on Sunday evening, June 24th, at half-past nine, as he was getting into his carriage after taking part in a ceremony at the Palais de Commerce. The assassin was a young man, apparently of Italian nationality. His weapon was a dagger. The landau in which the President sat was moving slowly through the illuminated streets when the assassin sprang on the step of the carriage brandishing a package which was looked upon as a petition, and we know the sacred right of petition on the part of the people. The petition was, however, a poniard, which was swiftly buried in the heart of a blameless man, and the appointed chief of the French people. The details are nothing after this hideous fact has been related. The pale young maniac or criminal was forthwith struck down, seized, and with difficulty saved from the fury of the crowd. The dying President was immediately driven to the Prefecture, where he was carried up to the room in which he had slept the previous night. The wound was discovered at once to be a mortal one, and at a quarter to one the President expired. Madame Carnot had been telegraphed to, and was at this very minute getting into a special train at Paris, accompanied by her two sons, to join her husband. All England sympathizes with her and the French people. If there is any lesson to be derived from this ghastly deed it is that Presidents of the Republic have to be guarded as carefully from assassination as

Autocrats: it is not the "People" which kills either one or the other, but a "person" who is not of the people, though he may belong to a sect of social lunatics who posture, like some others, in the name of the "People."

ACCOUCHEMENT OF THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

By a truly extraordinary coincidence, the same newspapers that announced the unspeakable tragedy at Lyons contained the joyful news that the Duchess of York had given birth to a male heir, who, in the years to come, will reign over the noble dominions of the Queen. The event has given the British people a further opportunity of testifying their attachment to the Throne to which the unconscious infant has given additional stability. Its present illustrious occupant is in the unprecedented position of seeing three male descendants in the direct line of inheritance. The universal rejoicing is, however, heavily clouded by the great French sorrow and the news of a fearful colliery explosion in the Taaf Valley, whereby 250 miners have lost their lives. The only merciful feature of this calamity is that it occurred on a Saturday afternoon. The mine usually employs 1,500 hands.

THE COLONIES AND MARITIME DEFENCE.

*Contributed on behalf, and by authority of, The Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee.**

The main features of the Colonial Question and of that solution of it which is proposed under the name of Imperial Federation are so familiar nowadays that there is no necessity for any lengthy review of the situation before coming to the special aspect of it, with which this paper deals. It will not, however, be superfluous to examine very briefly the circumstances under which the existing position of affairs has been reached, and the reasons which render some political changes imperative in the near future.

The Colonial Empire of Great Britain, as we know it now, is the growth of the present half-century. When responsible Government was conferred upon what are now called accordingly the self-governing Colonies, they were yet weak and struggling communities of whom no one thought in connection with a share in the direction of matters of Imperial policy or in the corresponding responsibility for Imperial burdens. With the most absolute right of local self-government, the Colonists were at the same time endowed with broad lands, till then the property and heritage of the people of Great Britain, and were accorded the right of levying their own taxes, including even that of putting Customs Duties on the goods of the Mother Country and of other parts of the Empire. With all this they were given no constitutional voice in Imperial affairs, that is in foreign relations or any other matters external to their own local jurisdictions. Nor, on the other hand, were they called upon to contribute in any shape or way to the great Imperial services supported by the people of the United Kingdom—the Army and Navy, the Diplomatic and Consular Services, of which, nevertheless, they enjoyed the full benefit in peace and war. Such an arrangement, natural enough and workable enough at the outset, was one which, it should have been obvious, would be grown out of in course of time; and suitable provision for expansion would probably have been made if the course of events which has

* This Committee is an entirely non-party body, containing several Members of Parliament from both sides of the House.

actually happened had been foreseen. But when these arrangements were made, the belief, indeed the hope, of the statesmen of the Mother Country who framed them, was that the movement of these Colonies would be towards independence, and the provisions made were calculated accordingly to facilitate development in that direction rather than along the path in which affairs have actually travelled.

With the enormous growth of the self-governing Colonies, not, as was expected, into Independent States, but into great Protected States of the British Empire, the arrangements made to suit other circumstances have necessarily become altogether obsolete and anomalous. Political anomalies may not always be open to grave practical objections; but the existing anomalies in the "Imperial Constitution" (if the phrase may be admitted to express the relations between the different political systems of the British Empire) are fraught with very real danger to the permanent maintenance of that Imperial Unity, the desire for which has superseded, both at home and in the Colonies, the policy of separation at one time in favour. In the first place, the Colonies have become too large and important to remain without a voice of some sort in Imperial affairs. Possessing no constitutional right to such a voice, but being sufficiently influential to make their voice heard in effect, they exercise now an unconstitutional power in the control of Imperial affairs. Similarly, though they have relieved the Mother Country of one portion of the responsibilities at first undertaken by her on their behalf—the burden, namely, of their own local land defences—the Colonies still bear no part (or no appreciable part) in any of the other services which are supported by the United Kingdom on behalf of the whole Empire. Their population and the extent of their commerce and revenue render this, now, a second anomaly of a very glaring description. Formerly, Great Britain paid indeed, but also controlled. Now she still pays but has ceased to control. The dominating influence of the self-governing Colonies in Imperial affairs has, of late years, been emphasized both by Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery; whilst the burden of Imperial responsibility for their ever-growing interests borne by the people of the United Kingdom is becoming heavier with every year that passes. Instead of seeking to cast the Colonies off, and with them this ever-increasing burden, which was the "Little-England" policy of a generation ago, the remedy proposed under the name of Imperial Federation is to supersede the obsolete arrangements of fifty years ago by others suited to the circumstances of the time. If all the self-governing Colonies become partners with the rest of the Empire (the Mother Country and her dependencies) in Imperial concerns, taking their fair share

of the responsibilities and expenditure attached to these concerns, both anomalies are removed at once—an equitable adjustment of burdens is effected, and the voice of the Colonies in the control of Imperial policy can be thenceforth exercised in a constitutional manner, as of right and not by usurpation.

Present Dangers and the Remedy.

The dangers of putting off such political alterations as this requires are twofold. The present Imperial relationship is so slight and precarious that it may be destroyed at any moment upon the occurrence of some sudden and unforeseen event—and the anomalous and hand-to-mouth system, or want of system, at present obtaining is eminently calculated to produce conditions which would precipitate such a crisis. By placing the relations of the Colonies to the Empire on a basis constitutionally sound and materially equitable, the danger of internal disruption would be at once minimized. By a system of common Imperial Defence by which the Colonies would become partners with the Mother Country and joint-owners of the means of defence, not only would the causes of friction be removed, but their interests and ours would be identified and bound together by a nexus of all others the most indissoluble. There is another reason for taking early action in this direction. It is the danger in actual war to which the Empire is exposed and most of all the outlying parts of it. The Navy of Great Britain alone cannot keep pace with the constant additions made by the growth of the Colonies to the calls upon its war services. At present the people of the Colonies show no anxiety to assist in the Imperial work of Maritime Defence, because they have an unbounded faith in the all-powerful protection of the British Navy. If the Navy continues to be the Navy of Great Britain alone they may find some day they have been living in a fool's paradise. The power of the Navy has its limitations. The people of the United Kingdom are generous and long-suffering in the bearing of burdens, but they are also human; and if in war it were found impossible to protect the interests of all the people of the Empire, it can hardly be expected that it would be those of the people who provide such means of protection as exist that would be sacrificed.

It was the recognition of the danger and insecurity resulting from such a condition of things—of actual danger in war and of insecurity in the bond that holds the Empire together—that led in 1884 to the formation of the Imperial Federation League. The influential Conference under the presidency of the late Mr. W. E. Forster, which founded that Society, based the need of action, and established the policy of the League wholly on con-

siderations of the character here referred to. The following are the fundamental principles upon which, by the resolutions passed by the Conference of 1884, the Imperial Federation League was established: "That in order to secure the permanent unity of the Empire some form of Federation is essential." "That no scheme of Federation should interfere with the existing rights of local Parliaments as regards local affairs." And "That any scheme of Imperial Federation should combine on an equitable basis the resources of the Empire for the maintenance of common interests and the organized defence of common rights." The combination of resources for an organized common defence formed, therefore, the single keynote of the League's policy from the outset; and it is important to note this, because those who continue to treat this as the one essential part of any scheme of federation to be adopted with the object of maintaining the unity of the Empire are sometimes charged, by those who differ from them in their view of the question, with taking some new departure, whereas they are in reality consistently following out the original lines upon which the whole movement, summed up in the phrase Imperial Federation, was started. There is no occasion here to refer at any length to the work of the League founded in 1884 and dissolved in 1893. Its influence upon the political thought of the last ten years is undeniable. But it made less definite progress in the precise direction in which it set out by reason of its extreme catholicity, and the consequent marked diversity of opinion represented in its councils. The particular circumstances under which the League was dissolved at the end of last year were recapitulated in the pages of this Review last February. It is not necessary to refer to them here, further than to remind our readers that the issue by the Council of the League of the Report of a Special Committee which sought, though in a moderate and tentative manner, to expand the principles laid down at the inception of the League, and to give more defined and to some extent more concrete and practical effect to those principles, was the immediate cause of the disruption. The attitude assumed towards that Report by the sections of the League just referred to convinced the leaders of the movement and others who had the future of the cause itself most at heart that the cause of Imperial Federation was being retarded rather than advanced by the inertia of the existing machinery.

It was hoped and believed at the time that the disruption of the League would afford an example of what is known in physiology as fissiparous generation; that each of the parts thus detached from one another would continue its life as a distinct organism. And this has already to a great extent proved to be so in the

result. The Canadian and some of the home branches have gone off upon trade and tariff lines; while the advocacy of the principles and policy of the original movement is being conducted by other branches at home and in Australia, and in an especial manner by the recently formed Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee. This Committee has adopted the fundamental resolutions of the original League, as set out above, and the expansion of the principles of those resolutions by the Special Committee of 1892, as expressed in the following summary of the main propositions contained in that Committee's Report:—

"The essentials of a United British Empire may be thus briefly described:—(*a*) That the voice of the Empire in peace, when dealing with Foreign Powers, shall be, as far as possible, the united voice of its autonomous parts. (*b*) That the defence of the Empire in war shall be the common defence of all its interests and of all its parts, by the united forces and resources of all its members. In order that the Empire may speak with the greatest authority to foreign nations, there ought to be a body in which all its autonomous parts are represented. In order that the voice of the Empire may be supported in peace, and the common defence of the Empire assured in war, its resources must be combined. This entails, as regards its self-governing portions, both a representative body and common property in the means of defence. *How shall a Council of the Empire be constituted?* Without limiting or defining the functions the exercise of which a Council might attract to itself in process of time, for practical and immediate purposes the following propositions are submitted: The Council should consist of members appointed by the United Kingdom and the self-governing Colonies. The three great groups of self-governing Colonies—North American, Australasian, and South African—should be directly represented in that Council. India and the Crown Colonies would be represented through Her Majesty's Secretaries of State at present charged with the administration of their affairs, and in such other manner as might become desirable. The Council might include—on the part of the United Kingdom, the Indian Empire, and the Crown Colonies—the Prime Minister, the Secretaries of State (for Foreign Affairs, War, Colonies, and India), the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and—on the part of the self-governing Colonies—of representatives of the three groups. Such a Council, being furnished with adequate information relating to matters of foreign policy, should deal with Imperial Defence; and in matters of defence should supervise the appropriation of any moneys provided for the defence of the Empire by the common contribution of the United Kingdom and the Colonies. *By what means can the resources of the Empire be most effectively combined?* The sphere within which combined defence is necessary is confined to those common interests the defence of which cannot be provided by local means. It is in the maintenance of the sea communications of the Empire that the community of interests is most absolute. The primary requirements of combined defence therefore are a sea-going fleet and naval bases. It may be laid down as a leading principle that as all parts of the Empire enjoy the benefits of Imperial Defence they should contribute to its cost. In the case of India and the Crown Colonies the United Kingdon would continue to be responsible for all matters relating to their respective contributions. While, however, in the present and in the near future no large readjustment of burdens is called for, the time must inevitably come, through the rapid development of the Colonies themselves, when further provision must be made for their defence by naval means. It would be only fair that the self-governing States should make contribution towards the cost of those additional defensive preparations. There is no reason to doubt that, if the necessities of the case were made clear, the Colonies would be prepared to take their share in the cost of the general

defence of the Empire, provided that they were given a proper share in the control and expenditure of the common fund. In proposing that the self-governing Colonies should bear the enhanced cost of their own defences, and thereby share the cost of the defences of the Empire in common with the people of the United Kingdom, it is to be pointed out that by so doing those countries would be undertaking an incomparably smaller financial expenditure than would be required for their own defences if these did not form part of the general scheme of defence adopted for the Empire. The method of raising contributions would probably, by general consent, be left at the outset to the choice of the individual self-governing States. But future developments may disclose a means of raising the necessary contributions upon some uniform principle throughout the Empire, by the allocation to this purpose of special sources of revenue or otherwise. The several amounts should be fixed in the first instance for a term of years by a Conference, subject to periodical revisions."

How Maritime Defence is Provided.

The first aim of the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee will be to call the attention of the people of the United Kingdom to the anomalous and precarious state of affairs now existing, and it will endeavour to induce Her Majesty's Government to make to the Governments of the self-governing Colonies, in an official manner, such statements as to the present means by which defence is provided, and such proposals regarding the future as would elicit from them an expression as to their willingness to take part in such a combination.

That the time has fully come when some such steps should be taken is, in the opinion of the Committee, very plainly demonstrated by an examination of the means by which Imperial Defence is at present provided, regard being had to the proportions of the Colonial interests to be protected, and the relative ability of the Colonies, as shown by their population and revenues, to take their share in the general burden of common Maritime Defence. The annual value of the commerce of the Empire carried upon the high seas in 1891 was 970,000,000 sterling. Six hundred and ninety-six millions of this belong to the United Kingdom, and 143,000,000 to the self-governing Colonies (the balance being attributable to other parts of the Empire). Of the 143,000,000 belonging to the self-governing Colonies, no less than 95,000,000 represent trade done by them with countries other than the United Kingdom. In other words, one-seventh of the total commerce to be protected at sea belongs to the self-governing Colonies in Australasia, North America, and South Africa, and two-thirds of this is trade in which the United Kingdom is not concerned in any way. Nevertheless, the protection of the whole of this commerce is virtually paid for by the people of the United Kingdom alone. In the present Session of Parliament the sum of £17,000,000 has been voted as the annual provision for the service of the Navy, and this sum, it is safe to say, is not likely to be reduced in future years. Hitherto the ordinary

annual expenditure upon the Navy may be put at £15,000,000; but to this must be added no less a sum than £33,000,000 of extraordinary expenditure, provided by the taxpayers of the United Kingdom for increasing the strength of the Navy since the year 1882, bringing up the total to £18,000,000 per annum during the eleven years included. And what do the self-governing Colonies pay? Official returns (Parliamentary Paper, No. 372, of 1893) show the following naval expenditure for the year 1891:—

North American Colonies	...	5,000,000 people	...	Nothing.
Australasian Colonies	...	4,250,000 ,,	...	£85,000.
South African Colonies	...	2,000,000 ,,	...	Nothing.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION

Even the small sum spent by the seven Australasian Colonies is for local ships for coast and harbour defence. They have besides undertaken to pay since 1889 a sum not exceeding £126,000 per annum towards the maintenance of a certain number of additional ships of the British Navy on the Australian station. These ships, however, are tied to Australian waters, and are *not* available for the general protection of commerce on the high seas in the same way as are the ships of the Navy at large provided by the people of the United Kingdom. But, even allowing these sums to stand on the same footing as the United Kingdom expenditure, it will still appear that while thirty-eight million people in the United Kingdom spend on the general Maritime Defence of the Empire and its commerce £18,000,000 a year, eleven million people (of European race, exclusive of native populations) in the self-governing Colonies spend £200,000 only. The proportion therefore contributed to the Naval Defence of the Empire by the people of those Colonies represents 2¾d. in every £1 so spent. Or, viewed another way, their contribution per head of population is 4½d. against 9s. 6d. per head contributed by the people of the United Kingdom. Nor can allowance be made on the score of disproportionate revenues. The self-governing Colonies, which thus contribute to the maintenance of the Navy that protects them and their property throughout the world just one-ninetieth part of its cost, enjoy among them revenues amounting to £43,000,000, very nearly half that of the United Kingdom, which finds the remaining eighty-nine ninetieths, in addition to supporting the Army and the Diplomatic and Consular and other Imperial services, the benefits of all of which, as well as of the Navy itself, are enjoyed by all subjects of the Queen alike. It may perhaps be necessary to explain that these various statistics are printed to illustrate the real facts of the situation, and not as necessarily forming the basis of any computation of the share which the Colonies should at a future time be invited to take in the burden

of Imperial Defence. Value of commerce, revenue, and population would obviously be factors in such a computation, but it is fully recognized that various other considerations would have to be taken into account in dealing with the question.

Some Colonial Arguments Answered.

Now, as has been hinted already, there are some who consistently strive to prevent facts like the above being brought to the knowledge of the people of the United Kingdom. Whenever any of these awkward figures do come out, if it is found impossible to pass them over in silence, those who hold a brief for the Colonies judiciously avoid combating the facts and figures themselves, and endeavour to meet the case raised by them by what lawyers call a plea of confession and avoidance. That is to say, without attempting to deny the facts (for they are beyond dispute), they argue that, though it is true the Colonies do not contribute to the cost of the Navy, they do other things which relieve them of any obligation to do so. It will be not out of place here to recapitulate briefly some of the arguments most commonly used to justify the continuance of the existing system, and at the same time with equal brevity to examine their validity. The main argument may be put thus:—

"The Colonies, having fortified certain ports in their own countries and established a Militia, have made a proper contribution to the defence of the Empire, and should not be called upon to do more." This is *not* a question of local defence, but of the general defence of the Empire and its commerce on the high seas. The United Kingdom has also fortified its ports, and has not only a Militia, but a standing Army. It has also fortified and practically bears the whole cost of maintaining the fortifications at Gibraltar, Malta, Halifax, Bermuda, Simon's Bay, and other strong places which very directly aid in protecting Colonial interests. Where the Colonies spend thousands upon these objects, the United Kingdom spends millions. Moreover, in many of the Colonial harbours which claim to be fortified—as Esquimalt, King George's Sound, Thursday Island, Cape Town, &c.—the United Kingdom has had to provide the guns for these fortifications, probably the most expensive part of the work. On behalf of Canada in particular it is claimed that: "Canada contributes seven million dollars per annum to the defence of the Empire, in that certain canals and railways have been made there, and in that she maintains a Militia, some Mounted Police, and some Police Boats for the protection and regulation of her inshore fisheries, and subsidizes a line of steamers which place her in communication

with Japan." And especially it is said: "Canada has built the Canadian Pacific Railway—'an Imperial highway'—an important contribution to Imperial Defence. Is not this enough?" Now, the Canadian Pacific Railway belongs to the Company that owns it in precisely the same manner as, say, the London and North Western belongs to its shareholders. It was built as a commercial undertaking to pay dividends to its shareholders, and its construction was subsidized, encouraged, and supported by the Canadian Government of the day in order to increase the prosperity of the country, and to make a real union of the provinces of which the Dominion is composed. The Imperial Government has no authority over it, and pays for its servants who use it occasionally, like anyone else. The Suez Canal is used for British purposes a thousand times more than the Canadian Pacific Railway, yet we recognize no such obligation to France who made it. With regard to the other items, if they are to be reckoned as contributions to Imperial Defence, so likewise must Great Britain's expenditure on Imperial Defence be increased by the addition of the cost (say) of the Manchester Ship Canal and fifty other "navigations" and waterways, and of some £900,000,000 spent upon railways in the United Kingdom, the cost of Militia, standing Army, Reserves, and Volunteers, the cost of the Irish Constabulary and other special police forces, and the subsidies paid to all the steamship lines that carry her mails. And *yet* the British taxpayer pays something over nineteen and ninepence in the pound sterling of the cost of the Naval Defence of the Empire, and Canada nothing. Seriously, of course, the fact is that it is idle to put forward such arguments at all. Some of the items of expenditure enumerated to swell the budget of Colonial contributions to Imperial Defence—and there are others even more absurd, as, for example, the maintenance of lighthouses and "expenditure in connection with Indians" which Sir Charles Tupper has sometimes pressed into the service—have no connection whatever with Imperial Defence or any other Imperial service or interest. Others that have some connection with the defence of the Empire as a whole, as fortifications, Militia, and the like, are balanced, and a hundred times outbalanced, by corresponding items of expenditure incurred by the people of the United Kingdom, apart altogether from Naval Defence; and are, moreover, of that class of local defensive measures which every self-governing country in the Empire has undertaken to provide locally. Naval Defence remains untouched by any of these. It is still left outside, the care and burden of the people of the United Kingdom alone.

The main argument used specially on behalf of Australia takes different ground, and may be stated thus: "We Australians do

not need your Navy. We are so far away that nobody will attack us. We can deal with a stray cruiser, and that is the utmost danger we are likely to incur." Now even if it be admitted, for the sake of the argument, that this is all that Australia can have to fear upon her own coasts, the argument is worthless, because it leaves out of account altogether the danger to Australian ships and cargoes afloat on the high seas everywhere, which surely require naval protection in precisely the same degree as those of other people. Nor, however useful it may be as an argument, when occasion requires, against making a contribution for Naval Defence, does this view correspond with that really held and expressed by Australian statesmen, when not addressing themselves to the particular question of contributions. When the Victorian Minister of Defence, Mr. Reid, was despatched on an official mission to this country at the end of last year, Mr. Service, formerly Premier of Victoria, said on a public occasion just before his departure: "It would be well for Mr. Reid to take every opportunity of backing that party in the Mother Country who are striving, tooth-and-nail, to put the Navy of Great Britain on a proper footing. It would be difficult to say what would be the position of Australia if war should break out; but if the Navy of Great Britain was kept at its proper strength, relatively to the Navies of other countries, the Colonies would have nothing to fear." The Premier of the Colony, Mr. Patterson, speaking on the same occasion said: "The control of the ocean is of importance to every man who grows a bag of wheat in the Colonies. What is the good of producing and exporting if the produce is not to be secured a safe transit across the water?"

Another argument sometimes heard is that "The Navy is maintained for the defence of English commerce; defence of Colonial commerce is only incidental. If England were without her Colonies, she could not reduce her Navy by one ship." This involves more than one fallacy. Although it may be true that in no case could England afford to reduce her Navy by a single ship, it nevertheless needs no demonstration that if the Navy were relieved of the defence of thousands of miles of coast-line in distant Colonies its effective strength for other purposes would be proportionately increased. Nor is it only the defence of the coasts of the Colonies that is added to its duties, but the defence of their commerce, including that large part of it which is entirely independent of British interests. Relieve the Navy of these added duties and there would be vastly less reason than at present to question its ability to cope with the work that is expected of it. Moreover, and this is the second fallacy involved in the argument, even if it were true, which it is not, that the defence of Australian

and other Colonial interests adds nothing to the demands upon the British Navy, that would afford no better reason for exempting those particular parts of the Empire from paying their share of the common expense than for extending a like immunity to any other given part. It might as well be said by Kent or by Cornwall that they need not contribute to the cost of the Navy, because if they were submerged the Navy would still have to be kept at its present strength. Every part of the Empire that enjoys the advantages of defence is under an equal obligation to contribute to its cost. Somewhat the same argument is sometimes put another way, thus: "England maintains a squadron in every sea to protect her own commerce. It would be as reasonable to ask the United States or China to contribute to the expense of the Navy because a British squadron was maintained upon their coasts, as to ask the Colonies." The fallaciousness of this reasoning is equally transparent. Neither the coasts nor the commerce of America or China are defended by the British squadrons, but on every sea a British squadron protects Colonial as well as British commerce, and protects their coasts and harbours also. But perhaps the sublimest specimen of all the arguments put forward is that used in a letter published by a writer, who said: "Rightly or wrongly, the Colonies think they are taxed enough already." Possibly. "Rightly or wrongly," this view is somewhat generally held in various parts of the Empire, and not least in the United Kingdom, where the people have to bear the whole burden of so much Imperial expenditure in addition to their own internal expenses.

But, although it is impossible not to deprecate the use of such arguments as these by politicians and writers who speak on behalf of the Colonies in these matters, yet it must be remembered that the whole discussion is as yet unofficial only, and it may be hoped that the same men if called upon to give an official reply to an official proposal emanating from the Imperial Government would so far feel the weight of their responsibility as to abandon the attitude they assume in the public but unofficial discussions that have hitherto taken place in the Press and on the platform. Nor, it is to be borne in mind, is this attitude universal among Colonial statesmen and public men. The late Mr. W. B. Dalley, at one time Chief Secretary of New South Wales, whose Imperial patriotism won him the distinction of admission to Her Majesty's Privy Council, said long ago:—

"Britain's fleet is the instrument of power and the symbol of her unity. British ships of war are the safeguard of Colonial liberty, and the natural chain which holds the scattered communities together. The Fleet, therefore, ought to be one. Division is weakness, and the old story of the bundle of sticks has here its proper

application. Let there be one Navy, under the rule of a single Admiralty—a Navy in which the Colonies shall be as much interested as the Mother Country, which shall be theirs as well as hers, and on which they may all rely in time of danger."

It is some years ago, too, that Sir Graham Berry, recently Agent-General for Victoria, and more than once Premier of that Colony, declared that the maintenance of an efficient Navy was an object for which, more than any other external one, the people of the Colonies would be ready to tax themselves. And only a few months ago Sir Julius Vogel, formerly Premier of New Zealand, wrote in *The Times*:—

"I do not think the Colonies would be disinclined to contribute towards the cost of the Imperial Navy on well-defined terms. . . . I believe an able Government of the United Kingdom would, if it tried, succeed in bringing the whole of the outlying possessions to a satisfactory agreement with the Mother Country."

And such utterances do not stand alone. It would be altogether unfair, therefore, to judge the temper of all Colonists by some of the most active of their spokesmen, or to blame the Colonies, solely or primarily, for the continuance down to the present time of the existing inequitable state of affairs. They have never been asked to take their share. Until they have been asked to do so in such a manner as to let them feel the full weight of their responsibility in replying, no reproach can justly be levelled at them in this respect. But they need to be asked. It is for the people of the United Kingdom to call upon their own Government to afford to their countrymen in the Colonies the opportunity of taking their just share in the cost and in the administration of the finest defensive force in the world. At the present time the responsibility for the precarious state of things which now exists owing to this question never having been faced lies with the Government and people of this country. Let the case be fully stated and the Colonies invited to consider a fair proposition. If after that the Colonies, or any of them, upon mature consideration decide to decline the offer, they will, in effect, be taking upon themselves, with their eyes open, the full responsibility for any deficiency there may be in providing for the safety of their countries and their commerce. At the same time, having thus once put the case before the Colonies, the United Kingdom will be relieved of the moral responsibility which, until that has been done, still devolves upon it, of itself making complete provision for their defence.

The Ottawa Conference—A Golden Opportunity.

The present time affords a most appropriate and convenient opportunity of raising this question. Whilst the self-governing Colonies, as has been seen, contribute nothing to the British Navy or

to various other services supported exclusively by the United Kingdom, the benefits of which they none the less equally enjoy in peace and war, they are at this very moment asking the Government of the United Kingdom to contribute to the cost of certain undertakings they have themselves originated, on the ground that these are of an Imperial character and calculated to benefit the people of the United Kingdom and of other parts of the Empire besides those immediately concerned. During the past year active negotiations have been carried on between the Governments of the Dominion of Canada and of the Australasian Colonies for the establishment of a cable across the Pacific, uniting Canada with Australasia, and for the purpose of subsidizing a line of steamers between the same places. As the result of these preliminary negotiations a Conference was arranged to meet at Ottawa towards the end of June, and this Conference will, accordingly, before these lines are published, have commenced its sittings. In addition to the two points referred to it is understood that other subjects affecting the trade and commerce of the different groups of Colonies with one another will be discussed, and delegates were expected to attend from South Africa as well as from Australasia and Canada, between which groups alone the Conference was first arranged. Canada is represented by the Prime Minister of the Dominion Government and three or four other Cabinet Ministers of the first rank, and the other Colonies are proportionately represented. The Imperial Government was approached last April by a deputation of the official representatives in London of the three great groups of self-governing Colonies in Canada, Australasia, and South Africa, who laid before the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for the Colonies outlines of the proposals made for the steamship and cable lines referred to, and asked, among other things, for the co-operation and aid of Her Majesty's Government for these purposes on the ground of their great political, strategical, commercial, and defensive value. The deputation was assured that its representations would receive the most careful consideration of the Government, and that a representative would be sent to attend the Conference at Ottawa. Lord Jersey, who was recently Governor of New South Wales, has been selected for this mission.

Here then is an opportunity, ready-made to the hand of Her Majesty's Government, for raising in a direct manner, and in a concrete form, the whole question of contribution for Imperial objects. The Colonies, by their own action, distinctly recognize the principle, and ask the Government of the United Kingdom to act upon it. Obviously, before consenting to do so, that Government is entitled to ask the Colonies whether they are prepared to recognize and act upon the same excellent principle all round?

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION

What the Colonies are Asking.

The actual request which (as formulated in anticipation of the Conference in the language held by the deputation to the Government, and by some of the members of it, such as Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian High-Commissioner, and Sir Saul Samuel, the Agent-General for New South Wales, on less strictly official occasions, when writing or speaking on the subject) it is proposed by the Colonial Governments concerned to make to Her Majesty's Government, is that the latter should contribute out of the revenue of the United Kingdom a sum of £75,000 per annum for ten years, to subsidize steamers in connection with the new service, and further, that the Government should guarantee interest at 4 per cent. upon one-third of the estimated cost (£1,800,000) of laying a Pacific cable between Canada and Australasia—which would amount to another £24,000 per annum, or £99,000 in all, as a maximum, and £75,000 as a minimum, if no payment at all should be required under the cable guarantee. The third point upon which the Imperial Government is called upon to take action is in connection with clauses in our commercial treaties with foreign countries, which are said to place obstacles in the way of special tariff arrangements being entered into between different parts of Her Majesty's dominions. It is proposed to ask the Government to take certain measures which would enable Canada, and any of the Australian Colonies, for example, to enter into mutual arrangements between themselves alone, to the exclusion of the United Kingdom, or any other country in the Empire, if they should so desire, for reciprocal trade and tariff advantages.

It is not intended here to enter into a discussion of the intrinsic merits of any of these schemes and proposals. The present paper is not written in the least degree in any spirit of hostility towards any one of them on its merits. They are dealt with here simply and solely in their connection with the general subject of inter-Imperial co-operation, and because of the very direct bearing which the Colonial request for the co-operation and contribution of the Government of the United Kingdom in carrying them out has on the correlative right of the United Kingdom to expect reciprocal co-operation and contribution, in respect of Imperial objects, at the hands of the Colonies. It may be permitted, nevertheless, strictly in connection with this question of reciprocity of treatment, to point out some considerations from which it would appear that the Imperial character of the undertakings for which the co-operation of the United Kingdom is now sought, is by no means so clear, nor their importance so great, as in the corresponding class of Imperial services rendered by the United Kingdom to which the Colonies do not contribute. The question relating to the commercial treaties

and inter-colonial trade stands on a somewhat different footing from the others, inasmuch as it is not concerned with any pecuniary contribution. It is, however, germane to the argument to point out the bearing which this also has on the main question of contribution by the Colonies to the cost of Maritime Defence. The object of the alterations desired by the Colonies is, avowedly, to enable them to increase their trade among themselves. It has already been seen that two-thirds of the trade of the Colonies is done with one another or with other countries—not with the United Kingdom. The request they now make, therefore, has for its object the increase of that very commerce which the people of the United Kingdom have to protect without having any interest in it themselves whatever.

With regard to the undertakings for which pecuniary assistance is asked, though both are without doubt excellent things in themselves, and calculated to be of the greatest commercial advantage to the two groups of Colonies on either side of the Pacific, which desire to promote them, their Imperial importance in general or their value to the people of the United Kingdom in particular, who are invited to contribute to their cost, are less clearly established. Commercially, a Pacific cable may be of general utility, but it has not been the policy of the Government to subsidize cables on commercial grounds. Strategically it may also prove of Imperial value, but expert opinion does not place any very implicit reliance upon the use of any submarine cables in actual maritime warfare. In connection with the subsidy of £75,000 a year for ten years, asked for in respect of five steamers, it may be pointed out that the sum charged on the Navy Estimates (as this would be) for similar purposes at present amounts only to £34,000, and this is distributed over no less than twelve ships. The request for £75,000, and that to be distributed among only five ships, does not, therefore, err on the side of modesty. Moreover, without entering into any question of the general policy of subsidizing individual steamers, for the sake of the right of taking them up as cruisers in time of war, instead of subsidizing a *line* of swift armed steamers to continue running and keeping the route open in war, it is necessary to point out the confusion of thought that exists in respect of the present proposal. This confusion appears to arise from a failure to grasp the elementary truth that not even the swiftest liner capable of steaming twenty knots can be in two places at once. Yet this is virtually what is claimed for the steamers it is desired to get subsidized. When it is asked who is to protect the line in war, we are told that the steamers will be so fast and their armament such that they will be able to give a good account of themselves against any hostile cruisers, and will not, in fact, need any naval protection. In the

next breath we are told that, so far from making any further demand on the Navy on the above ground, these steamers are on the other hand a positive addition to the Navy itself, inasmuch as they are available to be used (under the terms of the Admiralty subsidy) as armed cruisers in any part of the world. The subsidy is claimed, in fact, on two incompatible grounds—first, that these steamers will provide "a new route in war," and second, that they are available to act as war cruisers in any part of the world. They cannot, obviously, do both. The dilemma is complete; and it may be hoped those who are impaled on its horns will make up their minds which of them to give up before a bargain is struck. Otherwise, if the Admiralty, by-and-bye, on the outbreak of war, enforces the conditions of the subsidy by taking those ships off the line, mercantile men in the Colonies, who have put faith in having the new route to rely on in war, will perhaps think it is the British Admiralty that is playing them false, and the Agents General would be instructed to enter vigorous protests against the line being interfered with.*

Conclusion.

In conclusion, it may be necessary to repeat that the observations made on the Colonial requests for the co-operation of the United Kingdom in the schemes being discussed at the Ottawa Conference are not based on any hostility whatever to the proposed undertakings themselves; nor is it intended in any way to prejudge the question whether the Government of the United Kingdom should or should not contribute to them. The sole object is to call attention to the fact that, when this claim for co-operation and contribution is made upon the people of this country by their fellow-subjects and kinsmen in the Colonies, the time is opportune for raising the very important question of the co-operation and contribution which we, on our side, have the right, and more than the right, the duty, of asking from the people of the self-governing Colonies, in respect of the vast Imperial services, the whole burden of which the people of this country alone have hitherto borne for the common good. These are not matters that can be settled or even discussed at the purely Colonial Conference now being held at Ottawa. But the Imperial

* It is to be noted that Canada and Australia do not propose to ask all parts of the Empire to contribute to these undertakings, the benefits of which are said to be "Imperial," but only the people of the United Kingdom, whose revenues have, very erroneously, come to be regarded as the public property of the Empire at large. The different senses in which the words "Imperial" Government, "Imperial" Revenue, &c., are used, is answerable for much of the misconception that exists.

Government can raise the question there. They are Imperial matters, and demand discussion and settlement at a Conference convened by the Imperial Government. The discussions at Ottawa will, if proper advantage be taken of the opportunity, show the necessity for such a larger Conference; and it is earnestly to be hoped that the occasion will not be let slip. To place the question in a formal manner before the people of the Colonies is, as has just been said, a duty as well as a right, because it is for the future safety of the whole Empire, and for that of the Colonies themselves quite as much as any other parts of it, that a settlement needs to be arrived at. Without such a common system of defence, as is here advocated, no part of the Empire and its vast commerce—and least of all its most distant parts—can, in the future, be safe in war. Without a common agreement in peace the internal harmony of the Empire is liable to be broken at the first crisis that occurs to bring these questions into sudden prominence. And every year that such an agreement is delayed makes such a settlement more difficult.

One word more is perhaps needed. It cannot be too earnestly declared that there is no intention in raising these questions of throwing any blame on the people of the Colonies or accusing them of meanness because they have not hitherto done their share, or of laying the blame of the present condition of affairs at their door. It may be necessary, sometimes, to criticize the attitude of some of those public men who are accustomed to champion the cause of the Colonies in these matters. But happily it is not necessary to assume that such a spirit or such methods of political action are those which commend themselves to the great body of our kinsmen in the Colonies. There is, on the contrary, every reason to believe that the people of the great Colonies, if fairly approached, would be perfectly ready to face the question in an honourable and patriotic spirit. The blame for the fact that the question has never been raised lies not with them, as has been already pointed out, but nearer home; and the object of calling the attention of the people of the United Kingdom to it now is because it lies with their own Government to take action, and because, whatever Party be in power, in order that Government may take action it lies with the people themselves to move it to do so. Hitherto the people of the United Kingdom have not known or recognized what the situation really is. When they do they will not be slow to move. But there is a danger lest, if the movement be too long delayed, a strong revulsion of feeling may take place, rendering difficult such a satisfactory and entirely amicable agreement with the Colonies as at the present moment would, it is confidently believed, be attainable. Is it too much

to hope that the Government will use the present opportunity and instruct Lord Jersey to inform the Colonial delegates at Ottawa, before the close of the meeting there, that Her Majesty's Government have it in contemplation to lay the whole question before them at an Imperial Conference in London in 1895 ?

"FAIR WOMEN" AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

THE "Fair Women" Exhibition at the Grafton Gallery is a memorable one, successful beyond all precedent, both with connoisseurs and the general public, and less than happy only in its name. This is not only just a little misleading, but calculated to repel those who, until they come face to face with the reality, interpret it to mean a mere beauty show, an exhibition of "keepsake" loveliness, irrespective of art and irrespective of historical interest. Such a show is every day to be found in the photographers' windows, both at home and abroad, and with them the promoters of the Grafton Gallery have wisely declined to enter into competition. One thrills with horror at the thought of what the Exhibition might have been had a more literal interpretation been given to the *ad captandum* title. The few specimens of the mere beauty portrait which have crept in serve to show how mediocre in quality are the limners-in-chief whom the fair ones of to-day, less wise in their generation than their ancestresses of the last century, delight to honour. The first duty of the beauty in the last century, if she could afford it, or get anyone else to afford it, was to have herself painted by Boucher, La Tour, Carle Van Loo, Nattier, Tocqué, Drouais, Greuze, or Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, if she were a Frenchwoman; by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Cotes, Romney, Lawrence, or Hoppner, if she were an Englishwoman. The first duty of the beauty of to-day—there are of course many honourable exceptions—appears to be the exact contrary. The great desire with those who have a reputation for loveliness to keep up is, if we may judge from results, to avoid any artist of such originality and commanding merit that he will not content himself with the mere transcription of outward characteristics, but insists on a personal interpretation.

It must be said, too, with all due respect, that there have not been wanting august examples of the persistent lack of that instinct which enables those endowed with it to distinguish the portraitist of the higher class from the more or less successful painter of fashion-plates on a large scale.

The true scheme of those who promoted the Exhibition has been

to display, in a succession of works of first-rate quality, dating from the fifteenth to the very end of the nineteenth century, and illustrating so far as possible all schools and styles, the portraits of women celebrated in history or in the social annals of their day for beauty and charm; and canvases illustrating the standard of beauty in various lands, at successive periods, as interpreted by the great representative schools of European art.

Of course, to carry out this great scheme adequately in every branch and sub-division would require not one exhibition, but many. As it is, though those disposed to hypercriticism may point to important gaps here and there, to the absence of this or the other illustrious dame or famous beauty, to the failure to represent certain schools of art and the national types that go with them, the Grafton Gallery has obtained a surprising success in its effort, on the one hand, to show a succession of fair and famous women from the great period of the *Quattrocento* in Italy down to the present time; on the other, to illustrate the great groups of painters and schools of painting covering a corresponding period, and practically constituting the art of modern Europe.

And first let us pay a tribute of thanks to those generous owners who have consented to deprive themselves during a whole season of many priceless works of art for the benefit of the public. A noble example has always been shown in such matters by Her Majesty the Queen, who, whether from the semi-public gallery of Hampton Court, or from her own State residences, Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, has always consented to lend on the proper occasions her choicest treasures. The chief collectors of England, whether their galleries have come to them by inheritance, or have been built up by degrees by themselves, have as a body taken the higher and more enlightened view that they are only legally absolute owners of their great possessions, but morally remain trustees in respect of them for the whole world, whose not least precious legacy from the past these possessions are. Some few of those who have either inherited, or themselves accumulated, things of beauty and price—but these are happily the minority—take the other, the narrower view, and seem to think that a picture or a work of art unveiled to the gaze of the many is already half profaned. Like the giant-dragon Fafner in Wagner's *Siegfried*, they sit close on their treasure, and to the solicitations of the wily reply only: "*Ich sitze, und besitze.*" Such an attitude is not only comprehensible, but, considering all things, very excusable in the uneasy possessor of great pictures; yet by contrast it causes to appear more splendid still the *beau rôle* of the free and generous lender.

Once more, too, there is reason to wonder at the uninterrupted stream of fine works which, fed from every corner of the land, con-

tinues to flow into the public exhibitions. The drains upon the great private collections of England have been terrible lately; to enumerate those which have lately been dispersed, or robbed of their chief adornments, would only be to renew the pangs suffered by all art-lovers. All the same, whenever there is a call, there is an answer, and on no occasion have we had more conclusive proof of Britain's inexhaustible wealth in this respect than within the last six months. The winter exhibition of works by old masters at the Royal Academy was this year not less various or less remarkable than heretofore; that of early Italian art at the New Gallery was in many respects of unsurpassable interest. No sooner have these exceptional displays, due to private generosity, been dispersed, than comes the extraordinarily rich loan collection of the Guildhall, and then, close upon this last, the "Fair Women" Exhibition presently to be discussed, and the singularly important gathering of works belonging to the Ferrarese-Bolognese branch of early Italian painting at the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

At the Grafton Gallery one looks at once for the *dea loci*, Aphrodite herself, and she is, indeed, several times represented, though not in the most convincing fashion. She is to be found, in the first place, in a fine Cinquecento bronze, reproducing the head and shoulders of the Medicean Venus; and then in three modern canvases. First, a "Venus and Mars" by Etty, rich in colour, but characteristically vulgar, and, what is more, introducing the only male figure to be found in this Adamless paradise; then in the "Aphrodite," in which Mr. Calderon has sought, not without success, to emulate the mannered graces of Cabanel; and last, in the "Venus" of Albert Moore, a too cold and statuesque representation of the goddess, which was seen at this same Gallery in the winter.

We could not fairly expect that the famous "Fair Women" of antiquity should be found here otherwise than in modern pictures. True, a representation of Helen of Troy of the Pheidian style and period has recently been found on a pedestal, sculptured in relief, which once supported the statue of the goddess Nemesis; but otherwise she must be sought for in such recent efforts as the pictures of Jacques-Louis David (in the Louvre), of Gustave Moreau, and of Sir Frederic Leighton. The wiles and the voluptuous charm of Cleopatra are well suggested in Mr. Alma-Tadema's profile presentment of the Serpent of Old Nile. The haughty, hard-featured Roman dames, seared and soured by self-indulgence, intrigue, and the habit of command—the Livias, Agrippinas, and Faustinas are not here even in plaster reproductions of extant works; they must still be sought in the Vatican and the Museo Nazionale of Naples, in the Louvre, or, at home, in the British Museum. The art of

Egypt, the Roman province, as it was in the second or third century A.D., is shown in two genuine encaustic paintings, portraits of ladies, youthful and in their way comely, which were taken from mummy-cases found in the Fayoum. The style is here late Græco-Roman or Roman, but the personages portrayed are of the land, though, probably, not of the ancient Egyptian race.

Then, however,—taking the exhibition in the chronological order in which, so far as possible, it is arranged—we make a great leap, and find ourselves in the latter half of the *Quattrocento*. The famous beauties of the *Trecento*, whom the poetic genius of their admirers almost divinized while they yet lived, are not represented. Giotto may no doubt have seen and depicted Beatrice Portinari, and Simone Martino certainly painted the portrait of the Laura of Petrarca in a fresco of St. George and the Dragon, once in the portico of the cathedral at Avignon, but now no longer existing. In any case, however, the art of the fourteenth century was still too impersonal, too much lacking in the power of exact realization to portray successfully what was individual in feminine loveliness. The nearest approach to this power is shown in the works of the great Sienese masters, Pietro and Ambrogio Lorenzetti, and in the frescoes of that puzzling *Anonimo*, the master of the wonderful Trionfo della Morte in the Campo Santo of Pisa, whom some have identified with the Lorenzetti, others more recently with Francesco Traini.

The series proper of "Fair Women" at the Grafton Gallery commences with an interesting profile portrait ascribed to Piero della Francesca, but really by a contemporary Florentine master, and the fascinating presentment of Giuliano de' Medici's mistress, La Bella Simonetta, attributed to Botticelli, and certainly of his school. This leads to the remark, by the way, that the Exhibition necessarily, and quite unobjectionably, contains a large proportion of *Dames Galantes* of the higher order, as well as of *Dames Illustres*; for the presiding divinity—it has been already said—is, after all, Aphrodite, and neither Pallas Athene nor Artemis. Florentine art of the fifteenth century is also recalled in the wonderfully dexterous little study made by Mr. J. S. Sargent, after the *Tête de Cire* of the Lille Museum. All sorts of wild attributions used to be current with regard to this exquisite little masterpiece of the fifteenth century. It was actually put down by some to the palmy days of Roman or Græco-Roman art, by others with as little reason given to Raphael; it is now, in our saner and calmer age of scientific criticism, assigned to a Florentine modeller in wax of the early Renaissance.

The type of mysterious, disquieting loveliness which reigned supreme in Milanese art, grafted on to it by Leonardo da Vinci, who

had himself evolved it from Verocchio, is well represented by Mr. R. H. Benson's "Portrait of a Lady," attributed to Bernardino Luini. Yet it would have been interesting to see here also some repetition or reproduction of Leonardo's world-famous "Monna Lisa" in the Louvre—that most perfect instance of the type and the school—or a picture of the class of Giampetrino's "Flora" at the Hermitage, or Luini's "Susanna" in the Borromeo collection.

Venice holds its own against all comers with a splendid array of canvases showing what is in many respects the greatest pictorial art of the world at its zenith. The master hand of Titian himself is seen in the "Catarina Cornaro," from Dorchester House, an example the sumptuous colour of which, by its depth and glow, atones for a certain emptiness, and absence of true characterization. This, if indeed it be intended as a presentment of the Queen of Cyprus, must be taken as an idealized portrait, painted long after her death in 1510. The real Catarina, in the period of her obese maturity, is depicted with unflinching realism by Gentile Bellini in the portrait at Buda-Pest, and again in the "Miracle by a Relic of the True Cross" in the Accademia delle Belle Arti, of Venice. But the finest example of Venetian art here is the so-called "Lucretia," by Lorenzo Lotto, which also enriches the collection of Dorchester House. Some dark and it may be tragic history is referred to in this picture, which shows, fronting the spectator, a beautiful woman with delicate features and a physiognomy of almost classic regularity, such as Giorgione and Titian in his Giorgionesque period loved to paint. Her charms are set off by a rich dress of red and green, with a curious turban-like headdress, such as was worn by the ladies of the mainland, but not, it would appear, by those of the Queen City of the Lagunes herself. She stands fronting the spectator, holding a drawing of Lucretia stabbing herself, to which she points with a significant gesture. Underneath is the curiously worded inscription: "Nec ulla impudica Lucretiæ exemplo vivet." This tragic mood, too manifestly genuine to be put in for the occasion, enhances rather than distorts the beauty of the noble lady presented, and the canvas is, independently of its import, a splendid example of the various, always interesting master who was one of the glories of Venice, and yet, at the same time, stood a little outside the usual range of her art. The superb "Portrait of Isabella d'Este," lent by Mr. Ludwig Mond, was once, like most things of its kind, ascribed to Giorgione, but is now, with more propriety, given to Pordenone. But have we really here the counterfeit presentment of that ardent patroness of the arts, of that indefatigable collector, whom Leonardo da Vinci has portrayed in a large black-chalk drawing in the Louvre, and Lorenzo Costa in a classic pastoral.

now in the same great gallery, and which originally adorned the apartments of the dilettante Marchioness of Mantua herself? An authentic example of Palma Vecchio, which at one time narrowly escaped forming part of the national collection, is the so-called "Flora"—one of those splendid blonde courtezans of Venice, whose charms the greatest painters of the city did not scorn to perpetuate at the bidding of their worshippers. Another of these same ladies is most likely seen in the arbitrarily-named "Violetta Palma," by Paris Bordone,—once, we may infer, a fair example of this Venetian among Venetians, but now very inferior in all respects to the well-known examples in the National Gallery and at Longford Castle.

The schools of the North, in the fifteenth and even in the sixteenth century, were much less propitious to beauty than those of the South, unless it be that ascetic, chastened fairness, which we find in the "St. Ursula" of a Memling, in the "Holy Women" of a Quentin Matsys, in the Martyrs of the later School of Cologne, in the unforgettable "St. Elizabeth of Hungary" of the elder Holbein. When the effort was to portray beauty of the more mundane order—as when Jehan Foucquet, with a singular lack of fitness, represented, on the wing of a diptych now in the Antwerp Museum, Dame Agnes Sorel, the official mistress of Charles VII. of France, as the Virgin—the result was to repel rather than to attract. As further instances of this, one need only recall the full-length "Eve" of the Van Eycks, formerly part of the St. Bavon altarpiece, the bath-pieces of the school of Van der Weyden and Memlinck, the engravings of Albrecht Dürer and Lucas van Leyden.

Lucas Cranach alone knew how to impart a full measure of the true feminine charm to his quaint Teutonic versions of the heathen divinities and the women of Scripture, as we see them in his delightful "Judgment of Paris" (Carlsruhe), his "Delilah" (Town Hall of Augsburg), his innumerable Venuses.

The Grafton Gallery contains some notable examples of Flemish, German, and French portraiture. Nothing new remains to be said about the Duke of Norfolk's great full-length "Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan," by Holbein, which has been temporarily removed from the National Gallery to grace this Exhibition. There is something *sournois* yet singularly attractive in the physiognomy of this youthful lady, whose portrait more nearly deserves the epithet "Fair Woman" than any other picture painted by Holbein, save perhaps, the "Lais Corinthiaca" and the "Venus" of Bâle, in both of which he has depicted a liberal-hearted beauty of that city, by name Dorothea Offenburg. The beautiful, though injured, portrait which appears here as "Margaret Tudor, Queen of Scotland," is not by Holbein, and reveals in many passages,

such as the delicate hands, the flesh modelled almost without shadow, the hood with its raised adornments of goldsmith's work, a French rather than a German or pure Flemish origin. Lord Spencer's brilliant, and finely preserved picture called "Lady Jane Grey," and ascribed to Lucas de Heere is an amusing example of what tradition may gradually do to affirm misdescription and wrongful attribution. It really represents, in the costume of the sixteenth century, the Magdalen reading, as is proved by the ornate vase by her side. Moreover, it is neither by, nor at all in the style of, Lucas de Heere, but is by a Flemish master, having certain affinities with Van Orley, whom the German critics are content for the present to describe as "*Der Meister der Weiblichen Halbfiguren.*" A picture of exactly the same class, showing three ladies playing on musical instruments, is in the Harrach Gallery at Vienna; and the "Magdalen Reading" in the National Gallery, put down to Van Orley, is in all probability from the same hand.

The "Portrait of a Lady," given apparently for no other reason than because it is in a Florentine frame, to Il Bachiacca, is of Flemish or French-Flemish origin, and, as to style, has much in common with the "Diane de Poitiers, Duchesse de Valentinois," sent by Sir Francis Cook from Richmond. This last is one of the most interesting French pictures of the sixteenth century, and the undoubted original of a number of repetitions, among which are that in the Gallery at Versailles, and another version in an English University collection, where it is, or was, quaintly misnamed "Jane Shore." The lady who is here seen seated in a half-covered bath, upon which is placed fruit, is certainly no other than the fair Diane, as may easily be proved by a comparison with her full-length statue, as the divine huntress, by Jean Goujon, which was formerly one of the adornments of her château of Anet, and now graces the Louvre. The ascription to François Clouet, on the strength of a manifestly apocryphal signature, cannot, however, be maintained. The painter of the panel is a Frenchman, grounded in the style of the Low Countries, but who has subsequently been strongly influenced both by the Milanese and the Florentine school of the sixteenth century. This conjunction of styles leads us to think, though without any absolute justification, of Corneille de Lyon, to whom nothing can at present be ascribed with certainty, but whose fame is nevertheless kept alive by a well-known passage in which Brantôme celebrates his portrait of Catherine de Médicis surrounded by her children.

Midway between North and South, with the *naïveté* and quiet strength of the former, with the majesty and elegance of the latter, stands Antonio Moro (Antoine de Moor) whose "Elisabeth de Valois," though certainly no fair woman, is one of the finest

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portraits of the kind in England, and as a Moro worthy to rank with the great canvases of the Prado Museum at Madrid, and the portrait-groups which, with the other Duchâtel pictures, passed some years ago into the Louvre.

At the Grafton Gallery the seventeenth century is represented almost exclusively by the art of the Low Countries. This was the golden age of Spanish art also, but the hideous fashions which succeeded each other in the land of Ribera, Velasquez, Alonso Cano, Zurbaran, and Murillo, had the effect of completely obscuring such charms as the ladies of the higher classes may have possessed. It is in the naturalistic studies of the people, such as those in which Murillo indulged, or in the Madonnas, Magdalens, and other female saints, of truly Spanish type, which adorned the altars of the great florid churches, that the beauty of the period must be sought for; and, unfortunately, works of this class it would not have been seemly to include in the Exhibition. It would have been interesting to see here the admirable "*Femme à l'Eventail*" of Velasquez, from the Wallace collection, since in this aggressive coquette of the Spanish *bourgeoisie* we have the nearest approach that the great master made to female beauty in portraiture. A surprise to most people will be the superb "Portrait of a Spanish lady as St. Elizabeth of Hungary," by, or attributed to, Zurbaran. The deep rich glow of the colour, the living character of the charming head, make of this one of the most attractive canvases in the whole Exhibition. The real authorship of the picture remains more or less a mystery; of Spanish origin it certainly is, but the touch is broader and looser than in any known work of Zurbaran's, while the lady's splendid court costume of blue and gold and her coiffure are in the French or Italian rather than the Spanish fashion.

Rembrandt's magnificent "*Femme à l'Eventail*," from Buckingham Palace—the pendant to which, for ever divorced from his fair partner, is the less agreeable "Portrait of a Gentleman," in the Brussels Gallery—is perhaps the most attractive presentment of refined and comely womanhood that we owe to the master of noble and pathetic realism. The "Portrait of Saskia" is by no means one of the best of the extended series to which it belongs, but it deserves, nevertheless, as an authentic likeness of the wife upon whom Rembrandt lavished love and wealth, to be brought forward. No one would vindicate for Ravensteyn's "Portrait of a Dutch Lady" the title of fair woman, even according to the standard which obtained in the Holland of the seventeenth century. The force, the unquestioning simplicity of the likeness, the breadth and finish of the handling, give it, however, a status of its own in the Exhibition. Of unusual stateliness and beauty, though it may be a little rubbed

and faded in the flesh, is Rubens' important "Portrait of Anne d'Autriche," formerly one of the great series by the Antwerp master in the Blenheim collection, and now owned by Lily Duchess of Marlborough. By the way, the masterpiece by Rubens, in the Louvre, apparently representing the same lady, but in an entirely different costume, is there catalogued as "Elisabeth de France, épouse de Philippe IV.," while a repetition of this last-named work in the Van der Hoop section of the Ryks Museum, at Amsterdam, is named like the Blenheim example, "Anne d'Autriche."

This is, unfortunately not an occasion to judge Van Dyck, either as the masterly executant that he was in all his successive styles, or as the portraitist without a rival in his own day in the representation of female loveliness refined by race and breeding. We have here nothing in the Genoese style like the exquisite "Lady of the House of Balbi," at Dorchester House; nothing like the noble Flemish dames to be found at Munich, Cassel, in the Liechtenstein Gallery, and in the Louvre; nothing to illustrate that lower but more self-assertive order of female loveliness, which Sir Anthony depicted, with so evident an appreciation of its sensuous charm, in the "Rachel Countess of Southampton," of Panshanger, and the "Mistress Margaret Lemon," of Hampton Court. The best things here are the "Henrietta Maria," lent by Lord Wantage, though this is by no means equal to the examples at Windsor, Longford Castle, and elsewhere, and the "Marie Claire d'Urfé, Duchesse de Croy," belonging to the Marquis of Lothian—the latter showing a lady whose aristocratic grace stops far short of beauty, and does not exclude a certain peevishness. "Dorothy Sidney Countess of Sunderland"—Waller's much-sung Saccharissa— is represented as a modish shepherdess, in a canvas for which neither Sir Anthony himself nor indeed his workshop can be made answerable. A certain clumsiness and stolidity in the painter has prevented him from doing full justice to his famous sitter. The picture may well, as has been suggested, be by Dobson, to whose painstaking imitations of Van Dyck the above epithets well apply. For once, Sir Peter Lely quite overtops his predecessor and avowed model; for we have here the very cream of that mannered yet seductive art which was developed, be it remembered, from the lower phase of Van Dyck's own. The Queen lends from Hampton Court the best —by which is meant the fairest—of the so-called Windsor Beauties; ladies who display their opulent charms with a liberality such as gives an added *vraisemblance* to the gossip in Anthony Hamilton's witty, mischievous Grammont Memoirs. We have here Lely's masterpiece, the exquisite "La Belle Hamilton"; then "Nell Gwynn"; and "Barbara Duchess of Cleveland as Minerva"—a

rôle which the royal favourite must have adopted by way of a complete novelty; "Mrs. Jane Middleton" (collection of Earl Spencer); and "Diana Kirke Countess of Oxford," a Lely, belonging to Mr. G. Drummond, which equals all but the very finest in the royal collection. A refreshing contrast to these is the pure and charming "Princess Mary as Diana," which is in but not of the series of Windsor Beauties.

Not the least interesting feature of the "Fair Women" Exhibition is that it includes an attractive, if not a complete, series of French portraits of the Louis XV. and Louis XVI. periods. French art of the eighteenth century has rarely been adequately represented at the Royal Academy, and the National Gallery has still more completely turned the cold shoulder to it. That private collectors in England have not altogether taken the same view is proved by the present display at the Grafton Gallery. True we have neither Watteau, Lancret, nor Pater; but we have Largillière, Boucher, La Tour, Tocqué, Drouais, Greuze, and Mme. Vigée-Lebrun. The contrast with the English art of the corresponding period is a very complete one, and, on the whole, greatly in favour of our masters on this side of the water. The French painters of the period with which we are dealing were much the more complete draughtsmen, and their sitters have as a set off against the languishing graces of our beauties, a certain cheerful optimism, an idealized good sense which are all their own. On the other hand, in splendour of colour, in originality of conception, in the power to render with infinite variety the charm and the modest graces of womanhood, the English school proves itself far ahead of its rival.

Largillière belongs equally to both centuries, and his "Madame de Parabère" is an admirable specimen of his accomplished if rather frigid art. The favourite of the profligate Duc d'Orléans, Regent of France, appears in a court dress, the cut and material of which still recall the formal splendours of Louis XIV., but with a close, thickly-powdered coiffure which already heralds the Louis XV. period. A pastel by La Tour is a great rarity in England, but in any case this "Portrait of Maria Gunning Countess of Coventry," dated 1752, would have proved attractive in virtue of its freshness and distinction. At first, doubts arise as to whether this half-length can really represent the celebrated professional beauty, but a comparison with the well-authenticated portraits of the sisters by Cotes, renders us more inclined to accept the attribution as genuine.

Even those who are most inclined to protest against the hardly diminished vogue which Greuze enjoys both in England and France will succumb to the fascination of his "Madame du Barry," which gives just the charm of *mutinerie*, the seductive grace of Louis le Bien-Aimé's last mistress. The "Girl with Doves," from Dorchester

House, is perhaps the best and most artistic example of a class in Greuze's works, which includes such universally popular canvases as "La Cruche Cassée" and "L'offrande à Vénus." Hanging with the two Greuzes, and affording a curious contrast to them with its modest, sedate charm, is Madame Vigée-Lebrun's so-called "Madame Elisabeth." On the one hand irresistible seduction and every charm which appeals to sense; on the other a serene, unaffected dignity, a distinction without *hauteur* which belong to the great lady of the period immediately preceding the Revolution. In all probability we have here not Madame Elisabeth, whose features, in the authentic portraits by Mme. Lebrun and Mme. Guiard (recently at the Marie Antoinette Exhibition in Paris), are much fuller and rounder, but Marie Antoinette's devoted friend, the Princesse de Lamballe.

But, after all, to the majority of those who visit the "Fair Women," the central attraction will be the display of English art of the eighteenth century, which, take it all in all, has only on very rare occasions been surpassed.

No first-rate Hogarth, no important Zoffany is here, but there is a good though small example of Hudson. Allen Ramsay could not be better represented than by the "Lady Susan Louisa Fox Strangways" and "Elizabeth Gunning Duchess of Hamilton." The subdued charm, the quiet distinction of Cotes are well seen in the "Elizabeth Wingfield Lady St. Aubyn," and still better in the pastel "Caroline Matilda Queen of Denmark," recalling the Struensee tragedy, the sad fate of the royal lady, and the violent end of her audacious lover.

Sir Joshua Reynolds holds his own against all comers with a comprehensive selection from his finest works, and under the circumstances it is impossible not to regret the intrusion into the Exhibition of certain canvases indubitably not his, yet sheltered by his great name. Sir Joshua is so indissolubly connected with the beauties of his time—not less the divinities of the stage and the half-world than those of society—that it may be as well to note here some of those fair ones, immortalized by him, who are conspicuous by their absence. Among the ladies of the *grand monde* we miss Lady Sarah Bunbury, Lady Louisa Manners, those inseparables Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Bouverie, the Ladies Waldegrave, Mrs. Musters; among those Aspasias and Phrynes of the higher order whose place was so well defined a one—a little, but not so very far, apart from the more orthodox society of the time—we have no Kitty Fischer, no Nelly O'Brien, no Polly Kennedy; among the stage-queens we lack Mrs. Yates, the Tragic Muse who preceded Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Abington, the Thalia whose memory Sir Joshua and Dr. Johnson have so much contributed to

keep fresh. *En revanche*, have we not from Chatsworth the ever popular, "Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire with her Child"; and the less striking but even more exquisite "Lady Elizabeth Forster, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire," showing in a simple muslin dress, with blue and pink ribbons, the alluring widow, of whom Gibbon said "that no man could withstand her, and that if she chose to beckon the Lord Chancellor from his woolsack, in full sight of the world, he could not resist obedience." Among early Reynoldses hardly any is more beautiful or more unusual than the "Miss Jacobs," an exquisite blonde, attired in a low dress of pale sheeny blue, and seated in a violet-purple chair. The Exhibition can further show, among other celebrated pictures, which it is not necessary on the present occasion to do more than name, "Mrs. Hartley with her Child"; The "Snake in the Grass," which is not much more than a brilliant improvisation, but has kept its colour infinitely better than the example in the National Gallery; and "The Nymph and Boy," which was chosen out of Reynolds's artistic remains by the Earl of Upper Ossory, in pursuance of a special bequest in the master's will, and now belongs to the Dowager Lady Castletown of Upper Ossory.

Most irresistible in its fascination of all the Sir Joshuas here is the celebrated "Collina," a fancy portrait of little Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick, the daughter of this last-named nobleman. Here the master, while maintaining that exquisite charm in depicting the graces of childhood in which he has never known an equal, pushes to the extreme verge which divides *espièglerie* from mannerism. He does not, however, overstep the border line, as in "Muscipula," "Robinetta," and many another portrait-study that could be cited. An admirable example of the painter's late manner is the glowing and still well-preserved "Mrs. Robinson (Perdita)," belonging to the Marquis of Hertford, of which a fine copy by Hoppner is contributed by the Duchess of St. Albans. The last is so good that it was very generally accepted as the original when it was in error put forward as such in the Guelph Exhibition of 1891.

It would not be safe to judge Gainsborough, the painter of fashionable beauty,—of the "Mrs. Graham" in the National Gallery of Scotland, of the "Mrs. Siddons" in the National Gallery, of the "Perdita" in the Wallace collection—by the canvases which here represent him; although among them are his brilliant sketch-portrait of the unfortunate Mrs. Fitzherbert, the half-length of Philippe Egalité's mistress, Mrs. Grace Dalrymple Elliot, and a superb full-length, "Mary Bruce Duchess of Richmond." This great canvas, as uncompromisingly blue in its general colour-

scheme as the "Blue Boy" itself, represents a lady, *distinguée* but far from beautiful, with hair which compliment might call ruddy gold, but truth would describe as carroty. The peculiar tint of red has no doubt been retained undimmed by powder, so as to afford the necessary relief to the shimmering blue of the robe, and the blue-green of the landscape.

It may be doubted whether Romney, as a painter of fair women, has ever been so finely and so comprehensively represented as on the present occasion. Though a harder and a much less subtle colourist than either of his great contemporaries, he at his best approached Reynolds in English sweetness and grace, Gainsborough in sprightliness and elegance. He emulates the former in the elegant full-length "Charlotte Frances Bentinck Lady Milnes," and the "Anne Montgomery Marchioness Townshend," which last was in the Dorchester House collection long catalogued as by the greater master. He is all himself in the pathetic "Mrs. Anne Carwardine and Child"—one of his masterpieces,—in the lovely "Lady Hamilton as Ariadne," in the "Elizabeth Lady Forbes," in the admired "Louisa Cathcart Countess of Mansfield," which is a typical example of the Romney treatment of high-bred English beauty. By Raeburn, who is rarely seen to the highest advantage as the portraitist of women, is "Contemplation," a noble example of serene matronly comeliness; by Sir William Beechey, the pretty "Evelina," and the very individual full-length "Mrs. Siddons with the emblems of Tragedy," here, as it was at the Guelph Exhibition, wrongly attributed to Sir Joshua. Lawrence, in the freshness of his youthful prime, when he had the personal charm and the initiative which were afterwards in a great measure replaced by an imposing conventionality, is incomparably well represented by the famous "Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby," made so familiar to all by Bartolozzi's engraving, but of which the original has not for many years been seen in public.

If Hoppner is not exactly entitled, even at his best, to take equal rank with the greatest of his fellows, he can claim to have presented English womanhood with an irresistible charm, though it may be of the lower order—such as none of his contemporaries surpassed. The full-length "Mrs. Michael Angelo Taylor as Miranda," is one of the great attractions of the Exhibition, and were the general public called upon to play the part of Paris to the beauties now collected in the Grafton Gallery, it is more than probable that the apple would become hers. Not less charming in its way is the same painter's half-length "Charlotte Legge Lady Feversham."

Regretfully we must, on the present occasion, hurry past the moderns with less than the respect which is their due.

Luckily, however, most of the pictures here are well known to the world, and have many a time already been described and discussed. Mr. Watts's inequalities are strongly brought out by a comparison of his beautiful "Bianca"—a reminiscence of Palma Vecchio and Bonifazio—with the lifeless, invertebrate "Mrs. Langtry." How much imagination and charm he can, without loss of simplicity and truth, infuse into a modern portrait, is evidenced in the little-known "Miss Prinsep," which must be an early example. Two phases of Sir J. E. Millais's art are shown in the brilliant, and in colour unusual, "Miss Eveleen Tennant, now Mrs. Frederick Myers," and the more trivial "Cinderella." By Rossetti is the characteristic "Veronica Veronese"; by Sir E. Burne-Jones, the well-known "Circe," which counts among his finest performances; by Mr. Frederick Sandys, the curious "Portrait of a Girl." Professor Hubert Herkomer's now famous "Miss Katharine Grant," which has been seen in exhibitions all over Europe and America, is again here; Sir Frederic Leighton is represented by "Corinna of Tanagra" and "The Frigidarium"; Mr. Poynter by "High Noon"; those masters of French academic art, M. Jules Lefebvre and M. Bouguereau, are respectively answerable for "Biblis" and "Pandora."

End-of-the-century art in its higher variety is illustrated by Mr. J. S. Sargent's powerful "Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth," which hardly looks its best here, and suffers from the excessive chalkiness of the flesh tints; it is, nevertheless, a conception magnificent in its audacity, showing the popular actress in this overpowering part, not as she was, but as the artist conceived that she might and should have been. The lower variety of *fin de siècle* portraiture has its representative in Signor Boldini, whose extreme cleverness is beyond question, but whose full-length, "The Lady Colin Campbell," is an unfortunate example of his style at its worst. He is here even more aggressive, more reckless, in manner than usual, and less sure, less interesting, in execution.

It is necessary to leave untouched one whole department of the Exhibition, and that certainly not the least interesting. Not even in passing can the vast collection of miniatures be touched upon, of which the better examples so happily complete the great series of portraits on canvas and panel. Nor can more than a bare mention be made of the notable drawings by Boucher, Jacques-Louis David, Downman, Russell, Cosway, and many others which are somewhat eccentrically disposed in the End Room. A separate article would be required for the discussion of these supplementary sections of the collection, as well as of those which illustrate more particularly the industrial arts sacred to women, the exquisite fans, the no less exquisite laces, the goldsmith's work and

jewellery the boxes the caskets, the relics, and the embroideries. These, though in their present arrangement they form a heterogeneous, and, as it were, an imperfectly digested series of objects, are, nevertheless, full of interest; they serve to complete in appropriately piquant fashion one of the most brilliant special exhibitions that have been seen in London.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

AN IRISH LANDLORD'S BUDGET.

THIS budget differs in more than one respect from those which have been published in former Numbers of *The National Review*. The authors of those financial statements appear to be blessed with a very good conceit of them, and to regard them as models worthy of admiration and imitation by readers in the enjoyment of similar incomes to their own. The following statement may be taken as a warning, or as a conundrum, or as a mystery which, like a Greek tragedy, may (according to Aristotle) be useful in purifying the mind by exciting pity and terror; or it may be taken as furnishing collateral evidence on matters now being investigated in Committee Room No. 17 in the Palace of Westminster. In short, it may be studied in any light the reader pleases, except in that of an example to be commended and followed. If any benevolent reader who may be disposed to look upon it either as a riddle or as a sad case deserving of help, or, at least, of good advice, will make out a reformed budget for an Irish landlord, showing how he may, without deserting his post at this crisis, provide a surplus out of which enough may be put by to save the future owners of the estate from the ruin which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is at present occupied in compassing for the landed gentry throughout the United Kingdom, the present writer will be most grateful.

CAPITAL ACCOUNT.

The landed estate forming the basis of the budget here set forth, figures in Blue Books and in Thom's Almanac as consisting of over 10,000 statute acres, valued for purposes of local taxation at upwards of £5,000, and for purposes of legacy duty at upwards of £6,666 per annum; and all that is "expected of" the landlord, as a man of "position" in the counties in which the property lies, is calculated on these figures, which circumstance the reader is requested to bear in mind when he comes to compare the expenditure with the actual income in the following Revenue Account.

When the estate was inherited by the present owner there had been an almost uninterrupted gradual increase of rent going on for two centuries, and there appeared to be every prospect of an indefinite continuation of the process. The rental was still somewhat approximate to the valuation, and promised substantially to exceed

it before long, the tenants were perfectly contented, and it was a common saying in the district, both on the eve of the legislation of 1870 and on the eve of that of 1881, that no Land Act could possibly render the tenants on this property any better off than they were. Competitive popular politicians have since imparted to Irish tenant farmers quite different notions of what Land Acts ought to do for them.

At that time the property could have been sold without difficulty for £130,000, though there was no residence on it, the family mansion having been destroyed by fire many years before. The only thing the tenants, with one voice, proclaimed that they required to complete their happiness was a constantly resident landlord of the old family. So, instead of selling the property on the favourable conditions he could then have commanded, as he was advised to do by many wise friends, the landlord sunk £12,000 in building a house and enlarging and improving the garden, &c., with a view to depriving himself and his successors of any further excuse for being absentees. For the result of this expenditure he could now realize absolutely nothing, and the tenanted part of his estate has been rendered totally unsaleable in the open market, chiefly, if not entirely, by the confiscation of landlords' legal rights by the Land Acts; rights for the deprivation of which Mr. Gladstone refused to consider any claim on the landlords' part for compensation, on the ground that the measures would be sure to raise rather than to lower the selling value of Irish landed property. With exceptional luck, after long and difficult negotiations, the landlord might now possibly hope to realize £70,000 by the sale of the tenanted portion of the estate under the Land Purchase Acts.

Putting aside the increased difficulty of finding remunerative investments open to trustees for money received for land sold, and also the virtual impossibility of raising money on mortgage on Irish land on reasonable terms at the present time, the account in round figures stands thus:—

——	£	——	£
Selling Value of Property in 1864	130,000	Selling Value of Property under Land Purchase Acts in 1894	70,000
Money spent on improving Residential Value of Estate	12,000	Present Selling Value of Residence, &c.	
Sundry Improvements on Property, and Revenue Deficits paid out of Capital in recent years ...	8,000	Present Saleable Value of Results of Miscellaneous Expenditure	
		Loss and Deterioration of Capital Value in Thirty Years	80,000
	150,000		150,000

Revenue Account.	Expenditure. £
Income Tax (will be higher next year)	140
Crown Rents, Quit Rents, and *Head Rents*	35
Tithe Rent Charge Redemption Instalments	120

It is expected of the Irish landlord that he should be very grateful to Mr. Gladstone for the privilege he enjoys of paying these instalments, in addition to having to contribute largely out of his own depleted pocket to the support of the Church, which was formerly maintained out of the tithe (saddled recently on the landlord under the name of Tithe Rent Charge), instead of continuing to pay a slightly smaller amount of Tithe Rent Charge annually for ever. Such gratitude as he may have been disposed to feel on behalf of his posterity, who will thus be freed from this impost, has been recently mitigated by the discovery, made by actuarial calculation, that Mr. Gladstone and the officials of Her Majesty's Treasury so arranged the instalments and sinking fund, that the Treasury will net about two years' instalments, clear gain, over and above the amount necessary to repay the advance to the landlord for the redemption of his Tithe Rent Charge, at such a rate of interest as the Treasury charges on advances on much worse security.

Poor Rate. In Ireland the landlord pays half the Poor Rate on all holdings over £4 annual valuation (with insignificant exceptions) and the whole Poor Rate on all holdings under £4 annual valuation, as well as on land in hands; such portions of the latter as are mainly ornamental and, therefore, unprofitable, are exceptionally highly valued. Under the head of Poor Rate this landlord is more fortunate than many. The number of holdings on the property valued at less than £4 per annum is small. Moreover, most of the property is situated in Poor Law Unions in which Protestants and Unionists command a substantial majority on the Boards of Guardians, and where the rates are kept at or below a shilling in the pound. A small portion of the property lies in a Union where Nationalist Poor Law Guardians reign, so the rates run up to half-a-crown in the pound. The boon of general reform of local government is promised us shortly. Such anomalies as *ex-officio* Guardians, and apportionment to some small extent of the voting power of a ratepayer to the amount of his contribution to the rates, are no longer to be suffered to exist, and so we may consider ourselves within measurable distance of the time when the shilling in the pound Unions will be raised to the level of those paying half-a-crown in the pound 105

Expenditure.
£

County Cess (a County Rate payable on the valuation of Land and Premises in hands, &c., to the extent of one-half, on some of the tenanted land) 100

Insurance (this item ought to be much larger, but the dampness of the climate is depended upon in lieu of fire insurance, as regards a good many buildings) 25

Government Main Drainage Charges, Interest on Land Improvement Loans under the Irish Board of Works, &c. 60

Estate Pension List (partly charity, partly small annuities, payable in consideration of the surrender to the landlord of the tenants' interest in bits of land) 30

Agents' fees on rent collected 200

Bailiffs' salaries 35

Gamekeepers' salaries 25

NOTE.—These are watchers on various stretches of grouse-moor or mountain. The head-keeper, whose services are badly wanted to preserve the game there ought to be, and once was, on the estate, was discharged some years ago from motives of economy; and the guns, sporting dogs, &c., are looked after by the butler and the coachman between them.

Law Expenses 100

Two-thirds at least of this are due to the operation of the Irish Land Acts of 1870, 1881, and 1887, or rather to the mode in which these Acts have been administered by the Land Commission, and to the encouragement given to tenant farmers by rival politicians, bidding for votes, to use the Land Acts as instruments for acquiring slices of the landlord's property, which, left to themselves, they would never have coveted, and which the authors of the Land Acts never meant them to have. To add insult to injury, the landlord is held up to odium for defending, under dire necessity, his patrimony from attempted encroachments, and is accused of taking advantage of "legal technicalities" to deprive the tenants of the advantages of the Land Acts. Sidney Smith once said that "landed gentlemen have molar teeth and are destitute of the carnivorous and incisive jaws of political adventurers," but the ruminant, like the worm, will turn at last.

Market and Court-house Keepers 10

Repairs to tenement houses let for short terms, &c. ... 100

Subscriptions to the sustentation of the Church, formerly maintained out of the tithe and other revenue, the tithe being still payable by the landlord (see above) 87

	Expenditure. £
Subscriptions to sundry Church purposes (improvements, repairs, Sunday School, Poor Fund, &c.)	20
Subventions to National School teachers	60
Subscriptions to sundry local charities	20
Subscriptions to Farming Societies, Hunts, &c.	10
Subscriptions to county and provincial clubs at places where attendance for public business is frequently necessary, and to one London club	24
Subscriptions to Unionist organizations	50

NOTE.—A large portion of this is spent in securing the return of Members of Parliament pledged to support measures to further reduce the present attenuated income of Irish landlords, by approximately one-half. Some of the Members and candidates so pledged call themselves Liberal Unionists, some Conservatives. The Irish landlord continues to spend money, time, and labour, in helping to return these demagogues in order to prevent the return of demagogues of a still worse type, who are pledged to support measures that would ruin the whole country, and who, were their measures carried, would try to stave off ruin from their supporters for a year or two by confiscating the whole remaining property of the landlords. The landlord finds great support and consolation under the unpleasant necessity of pursuing this course in the frequent use of strong language in private.

Interest on Mortgages and Family Charges.—Under this head, also, this landlord is exceptionally fortunate; having been able to pay off a substantial portion of charges similar to those by which most Irish estates are encumbered, out of moneys which exceptional circumstances placed at his disposal at the time of his accession to the property 500

Pin-money.—Out of this and a very small revenue of her own, making less than £300 per annum altogether, the Lady of the Manor pays her own maid's wages, and clothes herself in apparel less gorgeous, indeed, than her personal attractions and merits deserve and would warrant, but of sufficient splendour to hold her own among her Christian equals wherever she goes, to subjugate her husband, and dazzle many admirers. Out of it she also runs three "Home Industries," a small farming enterprise on her own account, and two extensive local charities of a most useful character, builds glass-houses, supplements her children's pocket-money, and does a hundred other things. If the Editor of *The National Review* wants to continue his series of model

	Expenditure. £
budgets for imitation, he should apply to this lady for her private financial statement	150
Allowance to elder sons in the Army, &c....	250
Education and allowances, &c., to younger children ...	600
Clothing for said younger children	60
Clothing for men-servants (liveries and working clothes)...	20
Clothing for self (chiefly boots and underclothing) ...	10

NOTE.—The greatest, and perhaps the only, substantial privilege conferred by "position" in this country nowadays is that the possessor of it can attire himself in as old and as shabby clothes as he likes. Thirty years' experience of Irish country life has taught the present writer to regard any man of any note, landlord or tenant, who does not avail himself of this privilege to the fullest extent with grave suspicion. A man who wears a new coat in his own countryside does so, as a rule, because he counts on escaping payment for it by early bankruptcy or flight, or he is actuated by some concealed sinister motive.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Eight Servants.—Wages ...	161	0	0			
Beer money	30	0	0			
Cook and kitchen-maid.						
Nurse and lady's-maid.						
Butler and footman.						
Two housemaids.						
				191	0	0
Washing.—All done in private laundry, except visitors'.						
Laundresses wages	40	0	0			
Fuel, soap, and sundries	25	0	0			
This includes all house linen and washing for nine persons all the year round, and five others for about four months.				65	0	0
Oil.—Nine barrels a year for house, stable, and laundry ...	10	0	0			
				10	0	0
Housekeeping.—						
Butcher, for beef only	90	0	0			
Mutton, pork, and poultry, all from farm, comprising 30 sheep, 200 chickens, 15 geese, 20 turkeys, 45 ducks, 2 pigs.						
Milk, eggs (about seven dozen per week), &c.						

							Expenditure. £
Groceries, including candles ...	70	0	0				
Baker.—Best bread, made at home	18	0	0				
Baker's bread... ...	9	0	0	£	s.	d.	
				187	0	0	
Vegetables and fruit from garden.							
Garden.—Fuel and seeds... ...	20	0	0				
Total ...							493
Wages (Garden)							60
„ Grounds, Woods, &c.							60
„ Farm							300

Purchasing back from sundry tenants, rights of occupation of lands, which were the landlord's property till Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Balfour's Land Acts, between them, vested them in the tenants, without payment of any compensation to the former owner 300

Expenditure on land from time to time taken up from enants, with a view to restoring it to a state in which it can be made to produce something, after a long course of those "tenants' improvements" in consideration of which the land commissioners have substantially reduced the rents, thereby increasing the value of the tenants' interest which the landlord has had to buy back for a great price (see above).

N.B.—Mr. T. W. Russell, and other popular legislators of divergent views on general politics, seem agreed in holding that these improvements have not been sufficiently considered by the courts in fixing so-called fair rents. These gentlemen may be right, but if the rents had been raised to "prairie value" it might not have been possible, in many cases, for the tenants in possession to have paid them out of the holdings as they now stand 300

Purchases of cattle and sheep 150

„ of feeding stuffs, seed, manure, and machines, and repairs to same and to buildings... 150

NOTE.—A comparison of these figures with the sixth item in the income column shows a result not entirely pleasing. The Irish small farmer can afford to give a large price for tenant-right; that is, for the privilege of holding and farming land at a rent which he usually professes to consider far too high. Nine out of ten country gentlemen can show a handsome annual loss on such land, as they farm themselves rent free. The opinion freely expressed in old times by sundry landlords and land-agents, but nowadays only

Expenditure.
£

whispered in strict privacy as if it were of the nature of high treason, that the best manure for Irish land is a smart rent, is as true as it is unpopular. Within certain limits, and with certain exceptions on very bad land, the higher an Irish farmer is rented the better he farms, the more money he has in the bank, and the longer the farm continues to be held by the same family. There are, however, other reasons why land in the landlord's hands is usually farmed at a loss, often at a heavy loss. In the first place, as I think Sir Herbert Maxwell once pointed out in this Review, the one thing that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred forms no part of the education and training of men destined to end their days as land-owners, is any knowledge whatever of their own proper business. In the next place, except in the case of the largest estates, the "good" Irish land-agent, is a man who undertakes to manage a dozen or a score or more properties, of all sorts and sizes, scattered all over the country, and who has enough to do to collect the rents from hundreds of small tenants, settle their disputes about turf bog (where this is not left to the bailiff), and, in recent years, to protect the landlord from utter spoliation as regards his tenanted land, at the hands of tenants and land commissioners, by negotiations out of court, and by collecting and producing evidence in the many cases that have to be tried before the Land Commission and other tribunals. Thirdly, the old-fashioned Irish land steward, whose services are retained from love and affection as well as from habit, is usually a staunch upholder of the honour and reputation of the family of his employer, a churchwarden and pillar of the Church, the right-hand man of the Conservative political organizer of the district, and so forth, but holds no part of his creed more firmly than the belief that no "gentleman's place" *pays*, or ought to be expected to pay. The honour of the family must, before all things, be upheld by strict avoidance of anything "mean" in the management of the homestead. It is not to be endured that any labourer or old retainer, or pensioner or *laudator temporis acti*, should be able to draw invidious comparisons between the present management and the days "when a gentleman's place *was* a gentleman's place," when there was always what in the idiom of the country is called a "roughness" of everything a poor man might want about such a place, in the way of a can of milk, a crate of turf, a few sticks (whether by that phrase is meant sufficient home-grown timber to roof a new farm-

Expenditure.
£

house and offices, or the making of a fire), a glass of whisky, and a hundred other odds and ends. A small but daily increasing number of landlords are developing such talents for the business of farming as nature, unassisted by education, has endowed them with, and more under the pressure of the growing lop-sidedness of their budgets, or rather of the increasing sternness of the remonstrances of the long-suffering bankers at the proportions overdrafts are assuming, and of the impossibility of obtaining loans on puny mortgages on Irish land, are hardening their hearts against old retainers and "roughnesses," and attempting to introduce business-like and economical methods into the conduct of their indoor and outdoor establishments. No one who has not tried it, however, knows how hard this is to accomplish, how long it is before it begins to tell on the position of their balance in the account, and how often the struggling victim of circumstances, past and present, is inclined to regard the old land steward's dictum, that "no gentleman's place can ever be made to pay," as having been the enunciation of a true and eternal law of nature.

Drink.—The cheap and nasty modern habit of inviting your guests to destroy their palate for wine by beginning to smoke tobacco as soon as the last morsel of dinner has passed their teeth, is not yet universal in Ireland, and it is therefore still necessary for a country gentleman, who is given to such modest hospitality as may reasonably be expected of him, to keep his cellar stocked with some decent wine, as well as with such beverages as people drink when they are thirsty, as they sometimes are in Ireland in spite of the dampness of the climate. Moreover, one of the last "roughnesses" to be pruned will probably be the accustomed supply of sound port wine for the sick poor in cases when the doctor recommends it 80

Stables.—The distances, both to the towns to which the Squire is often called on public business, and to the houses of those neighbours whose company is most congenial to him and his family, being great, four carriage horses used to be kept as well as a pair of good ponies for "the mistress." The establishment is now reduced to two horses, of a far from showy character, and one pony, all of which take their turn at farm work when extra help is required. The farm supplies, hay and oats and the miscellaneous expenses connected with the stables and carriages, including vet.'s fees, come to about 35

Expenditure.
£

The wages of the coachman and stable-boy, with the latter's keep, reach 76

Fuel.—Owing to the dampness of the climate, fires are required at frequent intervals, if not for part of every day all the year round, in most of the rooms of a large house, in order to keep the fabric itself and the contents of the rooms in order. The same holds good with the harness-room, coach-house, servants' quarters, in the stable buildings, &c. The heavy charge for inland carriage brings the price of coal up to from 20s. to 25s. per ton. Peat furnishes the small farmers with cheap and convenient firing, but when the landlord has paid "what is expected of him" for cutting, drying, and stacking, when the expense of carting and the large bulk required to produce the same amount of heat as a ton of coal is considered, peat is quite as dear a fuel to him as coal, and the dust from peat fires and the more frequent attention they require to keep them up in grates, give an appreciable amount of extra work. There is a supply of wood fuel from the plantations, &c., but labourers in a country where the preparation of wood for fuel is not commonly practised and understood, are so clumsy and slow at cutting it up (the woods not being extensive enough to make a private saw-mill pay) that home-grown wood is as expensive fuel as any other. Counting coal and turf (the wood is included in the labour bill) for house, stable, garden, boiling-house, and the "roughness" for various hangers-on, fuel costs fully 100

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

Sundry expenses connected with the performance of public duties, county business, committees sitting in Dublin, &c. 25

Interest on bank overdraft 50

Doctors, dentists, &c. 35

Postage 20

Pocket money, including railway journeys, cabs, tips, tobacco, stationery, occasional hotel bills, theatre or concert tickets, books and newspapers (exclusive of *The National Review*), wedding presents (these ought to have been entered above, between income-tax and poor rates), &c., &c., &c. ... 100

Expenditure. Income.
£ £

The Government valuation of the estate is £5,000 and odd per annum, but the actual yearly rental of tenanted lands and premises has been reduced by the Land Acts to £4,200. Sundry allowances to tenants for various mis-

	Expenditure. £	Income. £
fortunes, bad debts, &c., leave the actual amount collected in good years at barely		4,000
Land in hands let temporarily for grazing, &c., in conacre brings in		80
The tolls of a local market		60
Rent of small portions of turf bog (the bulk of the turbary on the estate being enjoyed by the tenants, free of rent, as an appurtenance to their farms and houses)		8
Dividends on a few railway and bank shares and other sources of income		100
Cattle, farm produce, and timber sold ...		300
It is told of a certain accountant that, having an account placed in his hands to put into shape, and having received a full explanation of its nature and contents, he stopped his client, who was about to take his leave, with the remark, "but you have forgotten to tell me on which side you wish the balance to appear!" The accountant is believed to have been an Irishman, but the present writer is unacquainted with his name and address and any details respecting his methods, and is only able to say that the balance here given seems to bear some relation to an increased overdraft that appears in the landlord's bank pass-book		732
	5,280	5,280

THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE GENERAL ELECTION.

During the past ten years there has been a continual series of attempts to form a working-class political party. The results have not been very encouraging, but the fact that the object has been persevered with in spite of all discouragements is some proof that the idea has taken hold in the country. A brief consideration of the history of these attempts will show what the tendencies are, and may indicate whether success is or is not within reach.

Over ten years ago a society called the Democratic Federation received a considerable infusion of Socialist ideas. One of the first and most significant results was the withdrawal or conversion of the political Radical section, and the differences between the Socialist and Radical elements has been strongly and distinctly marked ever since. The agitation carried on by this and other Socialist societies for several years made a strong impression upon the country. The propaganda of ill-digested theories of wholesale social revolution soon, however, began to flag; the more practical spirits left the movement, those who remained quickly degenerated into a sect—a sect with very broad ideas, very narrow prejudices, and with neither the will nor the capacity for practical political work. Perhaps the most singular feature of this period was that the most violently impracticable proposals were preached by the well-to-do persons in the society. The workmen, though inferior in personal ability, were among the first to take a common-sense view of the matter.

The Socialist workmen then made a strong effort to act in harmony with the Trade-Unionist movement, and to develop it into a separate and independent working-class party. A Labour Electoral Association was formed by a number of the Trade-Union Congress delegates. For sometime it remained inactive, until Mr. H. H. Champion, Mr. Tom Mann, and others joined it. Under Mr. Champion's influence an energetic and independent line of action was pursued for about twelve months, including the Deptford and Mid-Lanark bye-elections in 1888. In this campaign a new line was struck out which was a very considerable advance on previous

methods. A programme of a fairly practical kind was drawn up and submitted to the Party candidates, and the Labour vote was given to whichever candidate came nearest to being in accord with the views of the Labour Electoral Association. Another important condition was that the candidate's conduct as an employer of labour, if he had such a capacity, was investigated in order to compare his practice with his professions. It will easily be believed that this condition led to endless complications. It was sometimes found that the most ready and hearty assent to the Labour programme was given by a candidate whose "record" as an employer was very, very far removed from any suspicion of philanthropy. The results of this campaign may, however, be summarized thus: the Conservative and Liberal Unionist candidates were fairly satisfactory on questions of social reform; the Gladstonians, practically without exception, swallowed the whole programme, and almost asked for more. The inferiority of the Unionist Party at making promises was demonstrated beyond doubt or cavil, and in the majority of the cases, in nearly all, the Labour vote went to the Gladstonians. In those cases, however, where the Gladstonian was opposed, or where an Independent third candidate was put forward, the Liberals, quite unmindful of the support they had got, poured out to the dregs the vials of their wrath upon the Labour Party. In consequence of this, many of the Labour Party crept back to the Liberal fold, and Mr. Champion, Mr. Hardie, Mr. Mann, and others set about forming an Independent Labour Party. The lessons of this period were not wasted. The intolerance and bad faith of the Gladstonians were fully displayed and will be long remembered; the uselessness of extracting pledges from individual candidates, who, in most cases, had no influence in the House of Commons, and who, in any case, dare not assert themselves against their Party, was clearly demonstrated; the conduct of the Irish Party, too, was found to be such as called for no gratitude from English and Scotch workmen. The Irishmen could not argue, and were not content to abuse, but resorted to disorderly interference with our meetings, and, from then till now, they have perpetrated, with the approval of their Gladstonian friends, many brutal assaults upon our speakers. When posing as a victim of coercion, the Home Rule politician becomes a farce.

I wish here to emphasize two points. First, that there has been, all along, a vital difference between the Labour Party and Constitution-tinkering Radicalism. The Labour Party has always recognized the justice of many of the demands for Democratic political reforms, but it has also recognized that the main business of Parliament is with social legislation, and it is, and always has been, against the idea that the revision of the machinery of politics should

be the sole purpose and occupation of a political party. Secondly, the Labour Party has from first to last dissociated itself from the knot of ex-workingmen in the House of Commons who speak for Labour and vote for Liberalism. It has never concealed its disapproval of the attempt to degrade Labour into the position of a camp-follower to Liberalism. When Mr. Chamberlain said at Bradford "that the present so-called Labour Members are notoriously, and in the sight of every man, mere fetchers and carriers for the Gladstonian Party," he stated exactly our view, and stated it in language much more moderate than we have been wont to use.

I now come to the present position of the Independent Labour Party. I wish to state it quite fairly, and therefore I expect to displease many of my fellow-members in it, and to disappoint many of its enemies. But the Independent Labour Party commands no veneration from me. I regard it only as an instrument of social reform, and when I say that it is at present the best instrument at hand for that purpose, I pay it the highest respect and the only homage that I care to pay to any Party.

In its present form and spirit it represents a great advance upon all previous attempts at a separate Labour Party. It has very nearly outgrown the narrow sect-like spirit of the earlier Socialist parties. It has very nearly risen above the "fetcher and carrier" conduct of the Gladstonian-Labour clique. Much of both of these taints survive; but the ambition to improve upon the first and the decency to be ashamed of the second, are strong within it. Its title to be the distinctive voice and spirit of working-class interests has yet, however, to be earned.

The object of the Independent Labour Party is thus defined: "The collective ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange." This is intended to be Socialism in disguise, but it is equally clumsy as a disguise for, or a definition of, Socialism. Why not have added the means of illumination? Is that part of the industrial machinery to be left under individualist control? It would have been better to have defined the object as "Socialism"; better still to have said: "the organization of an independent working-class party"; and best of all to have said nothing. The latter course would have shown the truest "political instinct" (as the new journalists would phrase it).

The programme is as follows:

(1.) Restriction by law of the working-day to eight hours.
(2.) Abolition of overtime, piece-work, and child employment.
(3.) State provision for sick, disabled, aged, widows, and orphans.
(4.) Free unsectarian education, right up to the universities.
(5.) Properly remunerated work for the unemployed.

(6.) Extension of electoral rights, and democratizing of the system of Government.

(7.) Abolition of indirect taxation, taxation to extinction of unearned incomes, and a graduated income-tax.

This is not a programme that will stand uncharitable detailed criticism. But it is very much better than any previous programme of the Labour Party. A very noteworthy fact is that a proposal to include adult suffrage, second ballot, payment of Members and of election expenses, triennial Parliaments, and the abolition of the Monarchy and the House of Lords was rejected with practical unanimity by the Independent Labour Party Conference. The programme as it stands at least indicates very clearly that the Party is determined to devote itself to measures of social reform, and that it believes that such measures can be obtained without further waste of time in trying to effect constitutional changes.

It will be observed that the programme contains no definite legislative proposals. All of the points, except the first, are general propositions; each point would require to be dealt with by a series of Parliamentary Bills; some of the points could be realized by merely administrative reforms, and other points are incapable, from the wording, of any definite interpretation whatever.

From this review of the growth and present position of the Labour Party we may now attempt a plain statement of its position and probable action as a force in practical politics, and to consider how it would be regarded by the various parties in the House of Commons. I should put the statement in some such form as this:

(1.) *The ideal state of society is a Socialist one.* If anyone asks what Socialism means I would merely reproach him for doing so, and advise him to study the Bible and "Capital," and the speeches of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Chamberlain.

(2.) *The immediate work of Parliament, in addition to carrying on the ordinary business of the country, is to devise such measures as will improve the material conditions in which the people work and live.* The direction which this legislation should take is roughly but clearly indicated by the Independent Labour Party programme.

(3.) *The working-class can best secure attention to its wants by the independent use of the vote.* This means that it must formulate its demands in a practical spirit, and give its support to whichever party will undertake to realize those demands, either in whole or in part, provided that the part is a reasonably substantial instalment worth accepting. This support to be given both by the Labour Party vote throughout the country and by the votes of Independent Labour Members in the House of Commons. The

"independence" means that the Labour Party preserves its individuality of principle and organization, and that it allies its forces with other parties in order to put in and maintain in power such a Ministry as will assist to realize its programme.

In order to ascertain how other parties will regard the Labour Party, we must now proceed to render our programme into intelligible English, and to state how much of it may be considered practicable within the limits of a Parliament.

Clause (1) is first in both order and importance, and, indeed, many of the other clauses, especially (2) and (5), are covered by it. The purpose sought to be attained by a normal working-day is that the economy effected by improved industrial appliances and processes shall be in part secured to the wage-earning portion of the community. It might be stated in a different form : viz., that these industrial improvements shall be used to decrease the general working-day, instead of, as their present effect is, to increase the proportion of unemployed and maintain the long working-day of those left in employment. This can only be brought about by gradual legislation. The case of miners is ripe for legislation. Operatives in chemical and other dangerous and vitiating employments would readily gain support, even from those who do not approve the principle of a general eight hours day. But I do not agree that the only concessions to the demand for a general eight hours day must take the form of dealing with particular occupations. A measure for instituting a general nine or ten hours day would be a practical proposal, and would, as conceding the whole principle of a legally enforced normal day of work, represent a very satisfactory concession.

Clause (2). The abolition of overtime and piece-work could only be applied by the Government to work done directly under State control. Any general effects are included under Clause (1). The limitation of the employment of children requires attention, and does not involve points on which any great disagreement would arise.

Clause (3) would have to be simplified. Widows, who are not sick, disabled, or aged, are already the most fortunately situated class in the whole community, and can be trusted to push their own fortunes—even if they are orphans. State provision for the sick had better be left over for one or two Parliaments at least. Orphans are already cared for by the community, and administrative reforms would be sufficient to meet all reasonable complaints. Provision for disabled and aged is, next to the eight hours day, the most vitally important part of the Labour programme.

Clause (5) is, in the main, covered by clause (1); the rest can be effected by administrative reforms and by the local authorities.

Clauses (4), (6), and (7) can only be taken to mean that on these points the Labour Party makes no detailed demands; but that if any legislation is brought in the Labour Party influence would be used in the direction indicated: viz., to insist upon it being thoroughly democratic.

We now come to the questions: Should the Labour Party attempt to influence the General Election in favour of one or other of the great parties? If so, with which Party can it co-operate consistently with its independence and the realization of its programme? And finally, presuming a satisfactory answer to the first two questions, in what ways could it use its influence, and to what effect?

My answer to the first question is in the affirmative. There is a considerable disposition amongst the working-class to back up the Labour Party. A clear policy and a spirited lead would find tens of thousands of supporters. Parties are very nearly balanced at present, and either of them would go a good way to meet any reasonable demands which were put forward by an independent party which could turn the balance in, say, even thirty constituencies. The Labour Party can do that, and it might do twice as much, if its leaders have the courage to attempt, and the firmness to persevere with, the right policy. The Labour Party cannot hope to initiate legislation for many years to come; but it can give a straightforward and roughly accurate expression of the needs of the working-class; it can influence many working-class voters to free their minds from Party prejudices and use their political power to obtain the redress of just grievances. If the Labour Party fails to make this attempt to exercise an independent influence on the General Election it will be for one of two reasons: either it has not confidence in its power to face the difficulties of the political situation—in which case its leaders and organs would do well to cultivate a little more modesty, or it is more concerned to babble in the desert its vague generalizations about ideal social states than to put the working-class on the straight road to the promised land—in which case it had better find a smaller and more suitable name for itself. For my own part, I believe that the Labour Party will be strong enough to face and to fulfil its mission. The fact that it has decided to summon a special conference to decide upon its policy for each General Election is some proof that it understands very well the way in which to go about its work.

In considering which Party we can co-operate with, it will be in form to deal first with the Party in power. It seems to me that co-operation with them is impossible. It is quite true that nine out of every ten of their candidates would pledge themselves to our programme, but our experience has already taught us that individual pledges, however well meant, are valueless. The pledges

must come from the Party leaders; they must come in a definite form, and we must consider whether the other pledges which the Party leaders have given are such as may impede the fulfilment of the Labour programme pledges. The Government is committed to the manufacture of a new constitution for Ireland—a measure involving a serious modification of the constitution of the whole of the three kingdoms. It is also committed to Local Veto, Disestablishment of the Church in Scotland and Wales, and to force a squalid wrangle with the House of Lords. Now, none of these things have any place in the Labour programme. On the contrary, the Labour Party is determined to put its own programme in front of these and all similar measures, and it regards the Gladstonian espousal of these measures as being largely influenced by a desire to keep the attention of Parliament away from Labour questions. A pledge to carry out the Labour programme after Home Rule, Disestablishment, Local Veto, and the House of Lords are disposed of, is all that the Gladstonian leaders could offer us, and I cannot imagine even Sir William Harcourt guilty of the levity of making, or the Labour Party capable of the folly of listening to, such a proposition. It would, I fear, be equally preposterous to imagine that the Government would deliberately undertake to put all these questions on the shelf for a whole Parliament and devote itself to Labour questions. It is clear, therefore, that, assuming all other difficulties removed, the programmes of the Gladstonian and the Labour Parties are in deadly enmity to one another.

But in addition to this there are other matters which would entitle the Labour Party to act in antagonism to the Government. In the first place, the Government Party has made itself our especial and bitter enemy. It openly and insolently questions our constitutional right of sending our own candidates to the poll. In many cases it has encouraged its Irish allies in riotous and brutal conduct at our meetings. In every case it has refused to discuss our position, has loaded us with personal abuse, and has plainly told the electors that our professed independence was a falsehood, and that we were the hirelings of the Conservative Party. All this is still persevered in, and it has created great bitterness in the ranks of the Labour Party. For my own part I regret this, as it increases the difficulty of working with the Liberals even if our programmes were in any way reconcilable. Under the circumstances the happiest course would be that the Labour Party should take part, which it could do with a whole-hearted enthusiasm, in inflicting a thorough defeat on the Gladstonians at the polls. Five years of meditation in Opposition might bring a change in the manners and methods of these gentlemen. If it did not, there is always the chance of our being able to give them a second term. I have, how-

ever, some hopes that one term would work a great change, and that it might afterwards become possible for us to co-operate with the Liberal Party if it suited our purpose and theirs to do so.

The Conservative Party does not bewilder itself or attempt to bamboozle the electorate with any programme. It has very good reason to be satisfied with maintaining the present order of things, and applying itself to the better government of the country, in accordance with its own principles. It is pledged to resist Home Rule, Church Disestablishment, the exceptional treatment of the Liquor Traffic, and the abolition of the House of Lords. None of these points are likely to raise any difficulty with the Labour Party. None of them find a place in our programme. The Labour reforms which we propose we are quite prepared to see extended to Ireland on the same terms as to the rest of the country, and we are definitely pledged to resist all attempts to occupy the time of Parliament with constitutional changes. As we wish to nationalize so many other things, it is not likely that we shall assist in denationalizing the Church, which is certainly the most socialistic institution in the country. From our point of view, there are many industries which are as much open to reform as the Liquor Traffic, and we should deal with the liquor trade on the same principles as we would with any other trade. We have consistently opposed the doctrine that the publican is either only a sinner or the only sinner, and we regard the assertion that drink is the cause of poverty as being one-tenth a platitude and nine-tenths a lie. The House of Lords has rejected no measures to which we attach special importance. Our difficulty is with the House of Commons, and our worst obstacles and enemies are there. The fact also that Lord Salisbury is pledged to the Referendum should be quite enough for all practical purposes.

So far there are no serious difficulties in the way of co-operation with the Conservative Party; but neither are there any positive reasons for it. None of the Conservative leaders have placed any Labour programme before the country. We have the fact that the Conservatives have generally treated demands for social reform in a better spirit than the Liberals. We have also the fact that the Conservatives lay the greatest stress upon maintaining the present social order: and this, to mean anything, must mean that they believe that all just demands for social amelioration can be sufficiently dealt with under the present social order. The best way to put this to the proof is to proceed to deal with the social questions which are admitted on all hands to be sorely in need of attention. There is some reason to believe that it is the intention of the Unionist Party to devote its next term of office to the Labour question; but it is only from the Liberal-Unionist section of the Party

that any distinct expression of opinion has yet come. What these opinions are, and whether they are such as should command the support of a Party pledged to put the interests of Labour before all other interests, is well worthy of consideration.

In the November, 1892, issue of *The Nineteenth Century*, an exhaustive and closely reasoned criticism of the Labour Party movement appeared from the pen of Mr. Chamberlain. The fact that he is the one leading statesman who has taken the trouble to examine and discuss our position is something to command our respect. Why has no such treatment come from Lord Salisbury or Lord Rosebery?

Mr. Chamberlain's Labour programme, as set forth in the article referred to, is as follows:—

1. Legislative enforcement of proposals for shortening the hours of work of miners and others engaged in dangerous and specially laborious employments.
2. Local enforcement of trade regulations for the earlier closing of shops.
3. Establishment of tribunals of arbitration in trade disputes.
4. Compensation for injuries received in the course of employment, and to widows and children in case of death, whenever such injuries or death are not caused by the fault of the person killed or injured.
5. Old age pensions for the deserving poor.
6. Limitation and control of pauper immigration.
7. Increased powers and facilities to local authorities to make town improvements and prepare for the better housing of the working-classes.
8. Power to local authorities to advance money and to afford facilities to the working-classes to become the owners of their own dwellings.

To this Mr. Chamberlain adds the qualification:

"It is not pretended that this programme is a final or complete one, although it deals with all that is most urgent and practical in the general demands of Labour."

Further on in the same article Mr. Chamberlain adds:

"It is therefore to the Unionist Party that Labour must look for even the partial realization of its hopes. The Unionists are free to act, and to act at once."

These declarations have, at least, the merit of being quite explicit and straightforward. The programme is almost entirely taken, and avowedly taken, from the various programmes of the Labour Party. The declaration that these things shall be put in the forefront, and not shunted aside till all manner of lame and lumbering political schemes are passed, exactly fits in with the Labour Party policy. It will be for the Labour Party itself to decide at its special conference whether it will co-operate with the Unionists on these terms. In the meantime the matter is open for discussion.

A very strong case can be made out in favour of such an alliance. If our independence means anything at all, if it means what Mr. Parnell meant by independence in 1885, we should dismiss all other considerations but these: Will such an alliance

promote the interests of the working-class in an honourable and effective manner? Will it, whether successful or otherwise, impair that independence of action which is the very essence of the Independent Labour Party's position?

The duty of a separate working-class Party is to make itself an efficient instrument for securing satisfaction of the material everyday political needs of the wage-earners. In proportion as it shows its capacity for this work, it will secure a larger and better disciplined working-class vote. It may base its practical work upon such theories as it pleases, it may associate itself with such economic idealism as it pleases; but it is by its efficiency as an engine of immediate social reform that its strength will grow, its theories be justified, and its idealism have power to inspire the masses. If it fails to acquit itself nobly in its prosaic everyday duties, its theories will be ridiculed and its ideal scoffed at.

Its power to promote reform can only be effective if thrown in the balance in favour of one Party or the other. It is equally necessary that this power to turn the balance should be exercised in the constituencies and in the House of Commons itself. Both actions are similar in kind and the complement of one another. It is only by doing both that the Labour Party could make its interference effective and justly claim a share of the results if they turn out good, or gain and wield the influence to reverse the process if they turn out bad.

Whatever is done must be done openly and for good reasons, which can be publicly stated, and argued, and justified. It is only in this way that co-operation can be honourable in politics. Nothing did more to damage the Gladstonian-Irish alliance than the secrecy in which their plans were hatched. Mr. Dillon allayed the suspicions of his Irish friends on a recent occasion by assuring them that the Irish Party had "understandings and agreements" with the Government which would bring everything right in the end. I hope that the Labour Party will never tolerate insolence of this kind from its leaders, for nothing could be more insolent in a democratic country than that the business of the House of Commons should be a matter of secrecy and intrigue between factions. Had Lord Salisbury used such an expression in reference to the course of business in the House of Lords, the ears of the nation would have been split with the howlings of the Liberal Press. The reasons why all Party alliances should be clearly and publicly stated are of especial force where a Party struggling into existence and consisting of poor men is involved. If we do assist the Unionists, we can justify our action on the grounds that we wish to turn out a Government which has not only callously neglected the interests of labour, but treated the Labour Party with derision by admitting

the justice of its demands, and then placing those demands at the tail end of a programme of impossibilities, and, on the second ground, that by turning out this Government we make way for a Party "free to act, and to act at once" in realizing a very substantial part of our demands. We can only assist the Unionists for one or both of these reasons, and the sooner the soundness of these reasons is put to the test of public discussion the better.

The Labour Party is jealous, and rightly and honestly jealous, of any proposal which would compromise its independence at present or impair it in the future. A Labour Party that is not independent is an imposture. But an independent policy is different to a policy of isolation. Open public alliance for a given time and purpose is very different to a fetcher-and-carrier servitude. Such assistance to the Unionist Party, as I propose, would be given in good faith, and would only be continued if the good faith were reciprocated. It could be consistently withdrawn and turned into opposition if the Unionist Government treated us, say, as the Liberal Government and its "Labour" friends have treated Mr. Pickard and Mr. Woods. When the Eight Hours Bill for miners was endorsed by a majority of over seventy, and wilfully strangled in its next stage; when the Shop-Assistants Hours of Labour Bill was persistently edged out of the way; when the Employers' Liability Bill was deliberately dropped into the fire by the Liberal Party, on the mere chance of kindling a flame that might singe the House of Lords—when these and many similar infamies have been enacted during the past two years, "Labour representatives," like Mr. John Burns, Mr. Pickard, and Mr. Woods, went on fetching and carrying with their usual cheerful servility. Independent Labour Members who valued the interests of labour higher than Party trickery would have acted very differently towards any Government under such circumstances.

One further point must be made clear. It will be said by some of the Labour Party, presuming that this alliance is carried out, that it works well, and the Labour measures are passed, what will be the position of the Independent Labour Party at the end of that chapter of its history? My answer is that it will then be as free to act as it is now. The credit attaching to the Unionist Party for passing the measures will be shared by the Labour Party. We need not grudge the Unionist Party their share of it, and it would profit them nothing to deny ours. When that work is done the Labour Party will make its plans for another Parliament, and the fact that it has assisted in realizing distinct and vital Labour reforms will make it more powerful and its assistance more sought after. If the Unionists are weary of well-doing, the Gladstonians may perhaps have mended their

manners and given up their moon-baying proposals. If the Gladstonians are still bent upon their present schemes and methods, the Unionists will, of necessity, be glad of our assistance, and there will be plenty of useful legislation to carry which the working-class will support in preference to vague and valueless political changes. The Unionist Party has objected to General Elections being fought in the dark. It protested against the Liberal Party tricking the electorate by promises to do everything in general, and nothing in particular. This is another point on which the Labour Party is at one with the Unionists, and it will be our duty to see that at all future General Elections the leaders of parties give a clear and practicable programme of the measures which they intend to pass, and upon which they seek the confidence of the country. An Administration is entitled to credit for any good work it may do, but if it has done well in one Parliament, it is none the less bound to say what it will do in the next, before it seeks a renewed term of office.

In submitting these ideas for discussion I should like to reiterate that I care for neither Liberal nor Conservative Parties in themselves. My own associations have always been with the wage-earners, and I have no desire or hope to change them. My only ambition is to help the wage-earners to change the conditions in which they live and work, and no change will be beneficial or permanent which does not come in response to their own thought-out demands and in consequence of their own striving. No benefit can come from a blind and prejudiced adherence to any Party—even if it be a Labour Party. The true Labour Party is not the one with the most labourers in its following: it is the one in which there are the most labourers thinking out their own problems, formulating their own schemes of social regeneration, and realizing those schemes by their own initiative. That kind of Labour Party will forbid Governments to squabble for ever about the reconstruction of political machinery, and compel them to proceed with the work of governing—to redress injustice, ease the overburdened, and soften the discords that rend the community.

The Unionist Party has made much of its determination to maintain the integrity of the Empire. The labouring people are intensely patriotic, and they have answered well to this call. But patriotism is not entirely love of country—it is also pride in one's country. When employment is hard to get; when children cannot be decently provided for; when low wages or the fear of unsteady work drives men into the cheapest and most cheerless houses; when sickness or accident bring the most trying privation or humiliating dependence; when the infirmity of

age brings no honourable rest—when these hardships menace or seize upon the poor at every turn, they begin to ask themselves whether their devotion to national interests is appreciated, and their pride of country is liable to be wounded. And on whom will the blame rest if the neglect shown towards the people by the leaders of the nation induces indifference on the part of the people to the national interests?

Whether our finest frenzies be for the establishment of an ideal social state or the advancement of our power amongst the nations of the world, our first and greatest duty is plain—to place a useful livelihood and an honoured old age within the reach of every industriously disposed citizen. We can each cherish our own fancies of what the millennium will be like. If we can unite in making the life of to-day cleaner, brighter, less care-ridden, if we can remove the plague spots from our towns, and people the desert places of our country, we shall have made a firm ground on which those who come after us may build as they will.

J. L. Mahon.

GOGOL, THE FATHER OF RUSSIAN REALISM.

Curiously enough in the very country where realism in fiction has most assumed the proportions of a cult, its high-priests, with the exception of Balzac, have shown no great capacity for an impartial observation of life. Even Balzac, with his magnificent pretensions to completeness, saw life through a glass that was somewhat darkened. Of Stendhal, who is reckoned as the joint founder of the school, even his ardent admirer, M. Zola, says that his greatness consists in his having introduced the note of realism into seven or eight scenes. Flaubert, it is true, wrote a great realistic novel, but his realism was rather in his artistic method than in his view of life, and the romanticism which was always in his heart betrayed itself by a passion for the abnormal. Guy de Maupassant, Flaubert's spiritual descendant, was a great artist, a consummate writer of short tales, but as an observer of life he was about as impartial as an umpire who could see only one wicket and gave every appeal against the batsman on principle. Of M. Zola's claims to be a realist it is unnecessary to speak; the world is rapidly finding out that his powers are quite other than he himself supposes. He has imagination, he has epic breadth and lyrical inspiration, he can stir our passions and move our feelings; but his knowledge of human nature is meagre and fragmentary, his passion for the abnormal almost grotesque, and his method, admirable when he is dealing with broad effects, in its treatment of details has all the unfaithfulness of a photographic camera. After all, in spite of the pæan with which twenty years ago this writer celebrated the coming triumph of naturalism as the art of the future, his countrymen have singularly falsified his predictions. Indeed the whole literary history of France would seem to show that the French care more for originality and artistic workmanship than for scientific truth. It is Pierre Loti who is received among the Immortals. In fact, English novelists are, as a rule, as much superior to their French brethren in knowledge of life as they fall below them in artistic qualities. It is to Russia rather than to France that we must look for a true realistic school. Of Tolstoy beyond all novelists it may be said that his art is like life itself; no

imaginative writer, except Shakespeare, has ever studied human nature under more varied aspects or with more steadfast impartiality than Turgéniev; and such bias as exists in his writings is due to the inherent melancholy of his temperament and not to any preconceived theories of life. But it is of Gogol, the founder of the school, that I wish now to speak,—of Gogol, whom Turgéniev called "the master of us all."

Nikolai Vasilievitch Gogol was born in the year 1809 at Sorochintsi, in the province of Poltava, in Little Russia. His father, who appears to have been a man of fair position and fortune, was fond of literature and an excellent *raconteur*. He was also given to private theatricals, and wrote several plays which were acted on the family stage. There was also a grandfather, who was a mine of stories, not only of warlike exploits, but of devils and witches and all the weird lore which played so prominent a part in the Little-Russian world. Nurtured on such fare as this, it was no wonder that the young Nikolai grew up to be a story-teller. At the age of twelve he was sent to school at a large gymnasium at Nyezhin, a town in the neighbouring province of Chernigov. The ordinary studies of the place made little impression on him; he disliked mathematics, and had no taste for languages. But he read voraciously, started a manuscript journal, which he called *The Star*, and wrote entirely himself, and organized a theatre and a library for the students. As librarian he made the admirable rule, more needed in a Russian school even than in an English one, that no one might read a book without wrapping his fingers in paper.

His humour and love of fun made him a general favourite. In 1828 he graduated, and in the following year he went to St. Petersburg with all the hopes of an ambitious young man who first sets foot in the capital of his country. The usual period of disillusion followed, and it was only after a year's waiting that he obtained a humble clerkship in a Government office, where he kept his chief's pens and papers in order and stored up some experiences which he afterwards reproduced in his stories. His literary efforts were equally unsuccessful. Romanticism was the order of the day; Pushkin, the leader of Russian literature, had some years before published his Byronic poem of *Onegin*, and was now writing prose romance under the influence of Scott. So Gogol, an ardent admirer of Pushkin, produced works of an ultra-romantic type. A severe criticism of one of them opened his eyes, and led him to look for inspiration elsewhere than to his own unaided imagination. As many beginners have done before him, he found it in his native land. With the help of his own recollections of his father's and grandfather's stories, and of such printed legends as he could

procure through his friends, he wrote several tales, the scene of which is laid in Little Russia, in the neighbourhood of his own home. After appearing in the St. Petersburg journals, where they attracted considerable attention, they were collected under the title of *Evenings at a Farm near Dikanka*, and published in two parts; the first in 1831 and the second in 1832. Each part contains four tales; the first, *The May Night, St. John's Eve, The Fair at Sorochintsi* and *The Missing Paper;* the second, *Christmas Eve, A Terrible Revenge, Ivan Feodorovitch Sponka and His Aunt*, and *An Enchanted Spot.**

At first sight the majority of these tales seem to be purely romantic in type, the supernatural element playing a large part in them. In *A Terrible Revenge*, a Cossack story, it runs utterly riot. But in the others we find behind the naïve hocus-pocus of devils and witches a carefully-drawn background of Little-Russian life: indeed the supernatural element itself is only an additional trait of national character. Very noticeable are the magnificent descriptions of scenery, true lyrical outbursts, which testify to the writer's passionate love for his native land. The most celebrated are that of the Dnieper in *A Terrible Revenge*, that of the Ukraine night in *The May Night*, and that of a hot summer's day at the beginning of *The Fair at Sorochintsi*. One of the stories, *Ivan Feodorovitch Sponka and His Aunt*,† stands by itself. The supernatural element is entirely absent; it is a purely realistic picture of Russian country life, and though there is as little attempt at a plot as there is in its companions, the characters are drawn with great care and incision. Sponka is one of those negative, nondescript, unheroical heroes in whom Gogol delights, but the aunt is a notable woman, of marked energy and originality.

The publication of these stories brought their author into repute, and it was partly on the strength of them that he was appointed Professor of Mediæval History in the University of St. Petersburg. His first lecture was a great success; but, except on one other occasion, when Pushkin and another well-known man of letters were present, he was dry, tedious, and desultory. He never lectured for more than twenty minutes, and frequently did not appear at all. His class, says Turgénicv, who belonged to it, were

* *St. John's Eve* has been translated into English by Isabel F. Hapgood, in a volume bearing that name, which also contains *Old-fashioned Farmers, How the two Ivans Quarrelled, The Portrait*, and *The Cloak*, on the whole a good representative selection of Gogol's short tales. An English translation of *Christmas Eve* will be found in *Cossack Tales*, by G. Tolstoy. Others of the "Dikanka" tales have been translated into German in four volumes of the Reclam collection, entitled *Fantasien und Geschichten*. Of *The Fair at Sorochintsi* I only know an Italian translation.

† Translated into German both in the Spemann and the Reclam collections.

persuaded of two things—one that he knew nothing about history, and the other that he had no connection with the author of the *Evenings at a Farm near Dikanka.* However, in less than a year he resigned, and devoted himself exclusively to literature. In the same year, 1835, he published his next work, called *Mirgorod,* after a village in the government of Poltava. It is divided into two parts, each containing two tales, the first, *Taras Bulba* and *Proprietors of the Olden Time,* and the second *Vyi* and *The Story of how Ivan Nikiforovitch and Ivan Ivanovitch quarrelled. Proprietors of the Olden Time* is a masterpiece of its kind. It is a simple sketch of an old couple—a sort of Philemon and Baucis—who live in a country house far from the world, with no ideas beyond eating and drinking and loving one another, and showing hospitality to chance guests.

The Story of how Ivan Nikiforovitch and Ivan Ivanovitch quarrelled is almost as admirable a picture of town life as the other is of country life. It has more movement than its companions, and there is some attempt at a story. Ivan Ivanovitch and Ivan Nikiforovitch were dear friends, till one day Ivan Nikiforovitch called Ivan Ivanovitch a gander, and they went to law, but there were many delays, and the case was never decided. This is all the story; but it is admirably told. The tone is more comic than in the country idyll, the irony is more pronounced, and, though it is perfectly good-natured, it has a spice of malice which reminds one of La Fontaine. The comic effect is often heightened by the grave, matter-of-fact air with which the most absurd things are said.

Most effective, too, is the adoption of an intimate button-holing tone which, by means of skilful little touches, helps to create the illusion that the narrator is telling something that he actually saw. Finally, it should be noticed that, as well as the story last mentioned, it concludes in a somewhat melancholy key, and that the more laughable story is at bottom the sadder of the two; for the years roll on and the two old friends are never reconciled. "Monotonous rain: a tearful sky without one gleam of light! It is a dull world, gentlemen."

Vyi is a story of the supernatural, after the manner of the earlier volumes. The remaining story, *Taras Bulba,** which was republished separately in a developed form, is Gogol's first attempt at something more ambitious than a short tale. The outcome of his grandfather's stories and of his own studies in Little-Russian history and folk-lore, it is a striking picture of the life of the Zaporozhian Cossacks in the sixteenth century. Readers of it have

* Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood.

complained of its too-palpable imitations of Homer; but of Homer Gogol knew little or nothing, and the apparent Homeric reminiscences are due partly to the folk-songs which form the basis of much of his narrative and partly to the naïve freshnesss of his genius, with its natural capacity for vivid and soul-stirring narrative. Truly has the book been called the Little-Russian epic. Though in many respects it differs widely in manner from the works of our own great epic novelist, it recalls him in the vigour and colour of the descriptions and the rapid movement of the narrative. Taras Bulba himself is cast in a heroic mould. His manners are barbarous, even to ferocity, but by his love for his country, his devotion to his comrades, and his heroic death, he compels our sympathy and admiration. A romantic love-story serves like a thread of gold to relieve the deep hues of the main texture. But let readers taste and judge for themselves.

In the same year as *Mirgorod* was also published a volume called *Arabesques*, containing, amongst other miscellaneous pieces, four stories of no great merit. *Nevski Prospect* opens with a masterly description of the street from which it takes its name. *The Portrait* is a fantastic tale, in the manner of Hoffmann, which promises well at the outset, but dies away to nothing. It is chiefly noticeable for the absence of the fun and kindly irony which had hitherto distinguished Gogol's humour. *The Memoirs of a Madman* has plenty of fun on the surface, but it is a gloomy tragedy at bottom, for it is the self diagnosis, in the shape of a diary, of the growing madness of a humble Government clerk. There is something, no doubt, of personal recollection in the story, and, alas! something of prophecy. In the following year (1836) Gogol produced two short stories, *A Nose** and *The Calash*,† both sharp satires in the guise of high comedy, the one of St. Petersburg, the other of provincial life. It is this vein of humour, this blending of laughter and irony, which appears fully developed in his well-known play, *The Inspector*, which he completed and produced on the stage in the same year (1836). It is the one of his writings which is best known in this country, for it has been translated into French by Prosper Merimée, and twice quite recently into English.‡ The plot is extremely simple. A provincial town, in which the officials are steeped in corruption, is thrown into consternation by a report that an inspector (*revizor*) is on his way from St. Petersburg to make a searching investigation into their conduct. Then it is rumoured that he is actually come, and is stopping at the hotel. At once the mayor hurries off to pay

* Translated into German in both the Spemann and the Reclam collections.

† In Vizetelly's Russian novels.

‡ *L'Inspecteur Général*, in the same volume of Merimée's works as *Les Deux Héritages*; by Hart-Davies, 1891, by A. A. Sykes, 1892 (best).

court to him. The supposed inspector, however, is a young Government clerk, who is travelling in the province, and having lost all his money at cards, is waiting for fresh supplies from his father, and meanwhile being unable to pay his hotel bill is treated by the landlord with contumely. Under these circumstances the mayor's visit alarms him considerably; but when he finds that his explanations are misunderstood, and that even his frank avowal that he has not a *sou* only produces the offer of a loan, he accepts the situation, and plays the part of inspector *malgré lui* with infinite zest. He borrows money from everybody, flirts with the mayor's wife, and proposes for the hand of his daughter, while he exhibits astonishing feats in that art of gratuitous lying in which Russians are such adepts. The play ends with his hurried departure, and the arrival of the real *revizor*. The simplicity of the plot has provoked a smile from more than one countryman of Scribe and Sardou, but the plot is a mere peg on which to hang a scathing satire on the corruption of Russian official life. A rollicking farce on the surface, at the bottom it is bitter, serious truth. The Czar Nicholas is said to have sent for the author, after the first performance, to the royal box. "I have never laughed so much as I have done this evening," said the Czar. "I confess, Sire," replied Gogol, "that I had a different object in view." The play is still often given on the Russian stage, and the public still laughs, and the Augean stables of Russian official life remain uncleansed.

But though St. Petersburg, as it was bound to do, laughed with the Czar, it was none the less angry. Gogol was discouraged. "Now I see," he wrote to a friend, "what it means to be a writer of comedy. The least spark of truth, and all are against you,—not one man, but all classes. Imagine what it would have been if I had described St. Petersburg life, which I know even better than provincial life." As he wrote to another friend, he was no longer the same man after the production of *The Inspector*. The nervous malady and the hypochondriasis from which he afterwards suffered so cruelly had begun to torment him. He left Russia in 1836, and after travelling for some time over Europe settled in Rome. During this period he was occupied with the composition of his longest and most elaborate work. It was completed in 1840, and appeared in 1842 under the strange title of *Dead Souls*, a title which needs some explanation. Before the emancipation of the serfs, real estate in Russia was valued and taxed according to the number of male serfs or "souls" (*dushi*) that the owner possessed; and, as a census was only taken at long intervals, he continued to be rated for the serfs who had died since the last census, and whose names still appeared on the schedule of his property. The hero of Gogol's novel conceived the brilliant idea of begging or buying a large number of

these "dead souls" from the owners, and then on the security of the imaginary estate which they would represent borrowing a large sum of money from the State. This framework, Gogol tells us, had, like that of *The Inspector*, been suggested to him by Pushkin, and as in the former case was merely a pretext for an elaborate description of Russian life and society. But the humour is more subtle, the range of observation wider, and the characters far more carefully drawn. The hero, Chichikov, a custom-house officer who had been dismissed for embezzlement, is described chiefly in negative terms. He was neither stout nor thin, old or young; he had the manners of a man of the world, he was rude only to his inferiors; to those from whom he had anything to gain he was exquisitely polite. At whist he never said "You played such-and-such a card," but, "You were good enough to play such-and-such a card," and "I have the honour to take your seven," and so forth.

The various proprietors whom Chichikov visits in the course of his strange quest are drawn with masterly skill.

"Manilov belonged to that class of people which do not belong to any class, which are neither fish nor fowl. . . Everybody has a hobby of some sort, but Manilov had none. . . Though he and his wife had been married eight years, they often came to one another with a little bit of apple or a bonbon, and said in the tenderest accents, 'Open your little mouth, my pet, and let me pop this morsel in.'"

The widow Korobochka, we are told, was one of those little gentlewomen who are always complaining of the failure of the crops and of hard times and yet all the while are filling their chests with money. When she wishes Chichikov good-night she says, "Perhaps you are used to having someone to scratch the soles of your feet; my dear husband could never go to sleep without it." Nosdrev's weaknesses were less amiable. He had a passion for play and invariably cheated; but though he was often found out and thrashed, the men whom he had cheated played with him again. This, Gogol tells us, is peculiar to Russia. He was also a tremendous liar, lying for pure pleasure, was much addicted to practical jokes, and was always wanting to swop something.

The last visit is to Plushkin, the miser, perhaps the best drawn character in the book. He had not always been a wretched old miser; when his wife and children were alive he was only what is known as a careful manager. His gratitude to Chichikov for relieving him of his dead souls is so great that he determines to give him a clock which won't go. But on second thoughts he will leave it him in his will instead. Besides the various proprietors there are several other characters which are drawn with equal care, notably Petrouchka, Chichikov's valet, and Selifan, his coachman, a delightful person who is always talking to his horses. Even the horses have their distinctive characteristics.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION. NEW SWINDON.

It is said that Pushkin, at a private reading by Gogol of part of his work, involuntarily exclaimed, "My God! what a sad country Russia is!" That is the impression which everyone must feel after reading the book. And that the picture is on the whole a true one Gogol's countrymen themselves admit. "He revealed us to ourselves," they say. But, true or not, it was received at the time with a storm of disapprobation; the plain speaking was as little relished as it had been in *The Inspector*. Gogol in vain implored his critics to wait for the continuation; for the "poem," as he called it, was to have three parts. But this intention was only partially fulfilled. Though he lived ten years longer, the best part of his life was over. He became more and more despondent; he practised asceticism and was subject to religious melancholy; at times his mind altogether lost its balance. About the year 1846 he left Rome and returned to Russia; in 1848 he visited Jerusalem. The last years of his life were spent at Moscow, where he died of typhoid fever on February 21, 1852. Turgéniev in his *Reminiscences* gives an interesting account of his appearance a few months before his death.

"His fair hair, which, Cossack fashion, he wore combed smooth over the temples, would have given him a youthful appearance, had it not become so thin; his white and high forehead still showed intelligence. His small brown eyes gleamed sometimes with mirth, not with mockery; generally, however, they expressed weariness. The long sharp nose gave his features a cunning, fox-like appearance, and the full open lips under the clipped beard made an unfavourable impression: at least it seemed to me as if the shapeless mouth pointed to the dark side of his character. When he spoke, his ugly teeth showed themselves unpleasantly; his small chin stuck out over his velvet stock. His bearing and demeanour were not those of a professor, but reminded one rather of a teacher in a provincial school."

During his latter years he wrote a second part for *Dead Souls*, but in a fit of frenzy he burned the manuscript. A copy, however, escaped the flames, and it was published after his death. There are many gaps in the narrative, and there is no conclusion. It is but a pale reflection of the first part. The characters, indeed, are far less uniformly sombre; if they have their follies, they have also their virtues; but with the exception of two or three there is little humour about them, and some are quite vague and shadowy. The descriptions, too, are spun out, and much of the book reads rather like a record of travel than a novel. It may be interesting to a student of Russian life, but as a work of art it is a melancholy witness to the decay of Gogol's powers.

"What a marvellous talent we Russians have for ending thus!" says Turgéniev in one of his saddest stories. Pushkin and Lermontov killed in duels at the ages of thirty-eight and twenty-six, Gogol's genius paralyzed when he was little over thirty! One may say, indeed, "What a sad country Russia is!" But the rapid

development of Gogol's genius is no less remarkable than its decay The man who had begun his literary career in glowing romanticism became, within half-a-dozen years, a thoroughgoing realist; another half-dozen years and he was an exaggerated realist. The two most characteristic features of his realism are well brought out in two passages from his own letters, which are cited by M. Melchior de Vogüé. In one he writes that Pushkin said of him that no one had such a faculty as he had of throwing up into relief the trivial aspects of life, of describing all the platitudes of an ordinary man, of bringing before the eyes of the world the infinitely little who are hidden from sight. In another he writes to a friend begging him to send him notes of every daily incident bearing upon human nature that he comes across. Regard for humble or commonplace people, regard for apparently insignificant details—these are two of the leading features which the Russian realistic school has inherited from Gogol. The first feature is especially conspicuous in his story of *The Cloak.** It is the story of a poor St. Petersburg official, "short of stature, somewhat pock-marked, rather red-haired, rather blind, with a small bald spot on his forehead, wrinkles on his cheeks, and a complexion of the sort called sanguine."

"The young officials laughed at him and made fun of him so far as their official art permitted; they told in his presence various stories which they had concocted about him, and about his landlady, an old woman of seventy; they said that she beat him; asked when the wedding was to be; and strewed bits of paper on his head, calling them snow. But Akaki Akakievitch answered not a word, as though there was nobody there. It even had no effect upon his work: amid all these molestations he never made a single mistake. But if the joking became intolerable, as when they jogged his hand, and prevented his attending to his work, he would exclaim, 'Leave me alone! Why do you insult me?' And there was something strange in the words and the voice in which they were uttered. There was something which excited pity."

He spent his days in copying. Once a superior, thinking to do him a kindness, gave him something more important than mere copying—a report to draw up, which involved changing a few words from the first person to the third. But this frightened him so that he begged to be allowed to return to his copying.

"Something was always sticking to his clothes—a piece of hay or some trifle. Moreover, he had a peculiar knack, as he walked in the street, of passing under a window when all sorts of rubbish was being thrown out of it, so that he always carried about on his hat melon-rinds and other such stuff. . . . . On arriving at home he sat down at once to table, supped his cabbage-soup quickly, and ate a bit of tripe with onions, never noticing the taste, eating it all with flies and anything else which the Lord sent at the moment."

Such is the unpromising individual in whose favour Gogol contrives to enlist our sympathies and interest. His only ambition is to buy a new cloak, not from any notions of vanity, but simply to

* Translated by I. F. Hapgood.

replace his old one, which had been patched and repatched till it was on the point of falling to pieces. But how he saved and scraped, and how at last the new cloak came home from the tailor, and how one of his fellow-clerks gave an evening party in its honour, and how he went to the party and what happened to the cloak, readers must find out for themselves. "We all started from Gogol's story of *The Cloak*," said a Russian novelist to M. de Vogüé. It is very true. That note of sublime pity is to be found alike in Turgéniev, and Dostoïevsky, and Tolstoy, in *The Living Mummy*, in *Poor People*, in *The Power of Darkness*.

The second feature, the careful observance of details, which at first sight appear trivial and insignificant, has been somewhat misunderstood both by imitators and critics. The thumb of the tailor in *The Cloak*, which had "a deformed nail, thick and strong as a turtle's shell," has raised a contemptuous smile. But it should be noticed first that what Gogol asks his friend to send him are notes, not of every kind of detail, but of "incidents bearing upon human nature," and, secondly, that he only uses for the purpose of his art those incidents and details that are really characteristic. This talent for physiognomy he no doubt owed in a great measure to his father, who, in order to make him a good actor, used to make him observe peculiarities of face or gait or action in the persons he met, and then try and reproduce them. He often uses it with delightfully comic effect, as in the description of the two Ivans. "Ivan Ivanovitch has large expressive eyes, of the colour of snuff, and a mouth shaped something like the letter V; Ivan Nikiforovitch has small, yellowish eyes, quite concealed between heavy brows and fat cheeks; and his nose is the shape of a ripe plum." The same faculty was possessed by Turgéniev; we have seen an instance of it in his sketch of Gogol. Another characteristic, not only of Gogol's, but more or less of the whole Russian school, is consciously affected by some would-be realists, as if it were an essential quality of realism. I mean the absence of a plot, or at best the barest pretence of a story as a framework upon which to construct studies of human character and society. Mr. Howells, for instance, has spoken with fine scorn of a regard for plots. But he forgets that it is not the absence of plot which makes a story realistic, but the realism of a story, or rather the realistic handling of human character, which makes the absence of plot endurable. Further, let him notice that Gogol's execution is always lively, pregnant, and artistic. There is no plot in *Vanity Fair*, but let some one write a novel after the manner of that famous work without Thackeray's touch and Thackeray's style, and the result will not be difficult to prophesy.

Another conspicuous feature which Gogol has in common with

his successors is his passionate love for his country. It is this very love which makes him so keenly alive to her faults. Like the Athenians and the French, the Russian writers combine with intense patriotism great frankness in their observations on national shortcomings. In Gogol this love of his country often, as I have already remarked, takes the form of magnificent descriptions of natural scenery, and an account of him would be incomplete without a specimen. I choose the famous description of the steppes in *Taras Bulba*.

"The steppe grew more and more beautiful. The whole south, all the region which includes the new Russia of the present day as far as the Black Sea, was a virgin desert of green. Never had the plough passed through the boundless waves of vegetation. Only a few horses, concealed in it as in a forest, trod it under their hoofs. Nothing in nature could be finer. All the surface of the earth was like a green, golden ocean, from which emerged millions of varied flowers. Amidst the delicate tall stalks of the grass gleamed azure, purple, violet cornflowers; the yellow broom lifted on high its pyramidal tower; the white clover, with its umbrella-like bonnets, mottled the plain; a wheatstalk, brought from God knows where, was waxing full of seed. Under their slender roots the partridges were running about, thrusting out their necks. The air was full of a thousand different bird-notes. In the sky hung, motionless, a cloud of hawks, stretching wide their wings, and fixing their eyes silently on the grass. The cry of the wild geese moving in clouds was heard from God knows what distant lake. From the grass arose with measured strokes the prairie gull, and luxuriously bathed herself in the blue waves of the air. Now she was lost in immensity, and was visible only as a lone black speck. Now she swept back on broad wings, and gleamed in the sun. The deuce take you, steppes, how beautiful you are!"

Gogol was essentially a humourist; that is to say, he viewed the topsy-turvydom of life rather with sympathetic laughter than with savage indignation or scientific neutrality. But the quality of his humour underwent a considerable change during the ten years which separated *Dead Souls* from the *Evenings at the Farm near Dikanka*. He began as an observer of the human comedy: he ended as a lasher of national vices. His earliest mood resembles the gentle malice of Jane Austen, his latest has the bitterness, though not the savageness, of Swift. Truly he said that after *The Inspector* he was no longer the same man. His self-imposed task of stemming the tide of national corruption proved, as well it might have done, too much for his strength. He had not that inexhaustible reserve of good humour, which enabled Molière, when he found the world crying out on him, to turn the laughter against himself and produce his masterpiece. He became himself not a misanthrope, for his pity for human nature saved him from that, but a melancholy recluse. And it is noteworthy that the more serious and bitter his criticisms of life became the more he laughed outwardly. *The Inspector* is on the surface a roaring farce; in *Dead Souls*, if the laughter is not so loud, it is, so to speak, more out of place. Even Molière grows serious in the presence of

a Tartuffe or a Don Juan, but Gogol in *Dead Souls* laughs at fools and villains alike, so that Merimée has well observed that his weapon is at once too sharp for the one class and too blunt for the other.

It is, in fact, often a forced laughter. "Amidst laughter which is visible to the world I drop invisible tears," says Gogol, in words which are inscribed on his statue at Nyezhin; but in *Dead Souls* the tears are sometimes visible behind the laughter.

And if the laughter is somewhat forced the realism is also forced; it has become conscious and militant. Gogol contrasts in one place the happy lot of the idealist with the hard, ungrateful task of the realist, whose business it is to make a picture out of the sordid and contemptible elements of life. But realism does not consist in seeing only shadows. *Dead Souls* may be a true picture in the sense that it represents actual facts, but it cannot be a complete one. Even in Russia, under the Czar Nicolas, there must have been some public honesty, some domestic unselfishness. Thus, from the point of view of truth, and still more from that of art, the picture wants lights. Gogol, in short, has ceased to "see life steadily and see it whole." But, in spite of some elements of weakness, he is a great genius. The amount of his work, practically finished by the time he was one-and-thirty, is naturally not great; but take the best of it—take *Taras Bulba*, *The Inspector*, *Dead Souls*, and the best of the short stories, and you get a marked impression of strength and variety. There is truth, humour, imagination; he unites, in a rare degree, power with delicacy of observation: his touch is as light as it is firm.

ARTHUR TILLEY.

CAMPAIGNING IN MATABELELAND.

MANY views of the above subject have been presented to the British public at odd times; to my mind, however, there has been too much of the *couleur de rose* about them. In one respect, of course, the war pleased those at home and abroad; it showed what could be done by a small but resolute body of Englishmen in the face of great difficulties and enormous odds.

But the war, on the whole, appears to one who has been through it as a member of the Imperial force, and therefore strictly impartial, to have been for the sole object of aggrandizing and enriching the great Chartered Company. Other reasons are given; *e.g.*, the desire to civilize savages, the stamping out of barbarism, the defence of cowardly Mashonas. All these are to some extent true, but gold and glory are the incentives to all such movements; and the grabbing of cattle and loot, the appropriation of land, the apportionment of mining claims, are what the leaders allow, and no doubt calculate on.

In fact, though it may be heresy for me to say so, there is much going on up country now which one cannot approve of. Without approving of Mr. Labouchere's sentiments, or endorsing his somewhat reckless charges, I venture to say that there are many men like myself, in a position to judge, who feel that there is a broad substratum of truth in some of his accusations.

Having thus relieved my mind to some extent, I will proceed to the main object of this paper, viz., to give my unbiassed account of various matters of interest which are within my own knowledge.

And first let me pay poor old Lobengula a small tribute of praise. It was not his fault that he was involved in war; he behaved all through in a most chivalrous manner for a savage, and though I was one of those who, under Forbes, pursued him to the Shangani river, I make bold to say that a general feeling of sympathy for the poor old King pervaded the whole force, as we tracked the wheel-prints of his old bath-chair, intent on his capture or destruction. And whether he died of gout, or fever, or hardship and exposure,

he died with the consciousness of unfair and harsh treatment at the hands of Englishmen.

Much has been written of this pursuit of Lobengula, and indeed it appears to have excited more interest in England than any other event in the campaign. It was certainly a miracle that our small band was not wiped out after the fashion of Major Wilson's, but we owed our escape to the fact of the Matabele being well supplied with rifles and ammunition; had they been armed with the assegai alone one determined rush would have finished us, but they abandoned their old method of fighting at close quarters, and were content to harass us day and night with their rifle fire.

After nearly all our horses had either been shot or had died, we had to abandon everything of any weight, and took with us simply our rifles, ammunition, and what little food we could scrape together. We had to leave camp always in total silence so as to get off on the march unknown to the enemy, and as an instance of the quietness with which this was done, on two occasions men were left behind in ignorance of the march having begun, either asleep or on picket, but on each occasion they managed to follow and overtake us, we being ignorant till then of their absence. Commandant Raaf addressed us to the effect that it was a case of the devil take the hindmost. If a man could not keep up with the column he must perish, as it was a matter of life or death for the whole body, and march thirty miles a day we must, hungry, tired, and ragged as we all were. It is a matter of common knowledge that we were reduced to eating our horses. Nobody who has not tried it can realize the odious taste of such food without flour, salt, or any kind of vegetable. It was as much as we could do to get it down our throats. One day I unexpectedly unearthed some coffee from the bottom of my food-bag, and to see the poor hungry fellows standing round us as we cooked it, looking so wistfully at the smoking beverage, would have been a ludicrous sight if it had not been so serious. I fully believe the whole camp smelt out that coffee.

One of the most provoking things about this war was the way one had to reluctantly leave one's food to the tender mercies of the fire on a sudden alarm. It was heartrending, after a long and hungry march, to have to rush away to your station empty, only to return after the fight and find your food burnt to a cinder. It may easily be guessed how wretched this makes one when constantly repeated, as it was on this particular march. The enemy never left us alone. We became perfect adepts in the art of concealing the person. It is a fact that when once we gained our stations on an attack, not a man of us could be seen except when he raised his head to fire, so close did we lie, and this no doubt saved us many casualties, though all of us had numerous narrow

escapes. I had a pipe cut in two. On a sudden alarm we used to drop down just as we were, smoking or not, and on this occasion I happened to have it in my mouth. I forgot all about it till a bullet knocked it out.

The constant wet—it rained nearly all the time during our return march, *i.e.*, twenty-one days—rotted our boots, and we were reduced to tying leather round our feet to protect them. In the hurry and scurry of leaving camp, too, one left overcoats, tunics, &c., behind; throwing them off in the heat of the day they got lost, and we arrived ultimately at Buluwayo in rags.

To show the care with which we husbanded our ammunition, I may mention that we had on an average thirty rounds per man still left, though we had started weeks ago with only eighty, and had countless opportunities meanwhile of shooting it all away. We never fired a shot unless we were "dead on" a Matabele, and the natural consequence was that they gradually became in mortal terror of showing even a wisp of hair. To jump up and rush us would have been their best plan, and this we constantly heard their Indunas calling on them to do. "Throw away your guns and take up your assegais," was their constant exhortation, but fortunately for us they hadn't the pluck to do it.

Of course we lost our way completely coming back, and were guided entirely by the river, whose windings we followed closely, partly because, although it would have been a great saving of time and strength, we could not run the risk of taking short cuts, and partly because by keeping the river on our flank it seemed to form some sort of protection on that side. We met the relief party about a day out of Inyati, and there I am happy to say our troubles ended.

As regards some of the earlier incidents of the war, for instance what is known over here as the massacre of Lobengula's envoys, I was in the camp at the time and so can speak with some personal knowledge of the matter.

It was the general opinion in our camp that these Indunas on arriving from Buluwayo, nominally in the company of Mr. ——, should either have been treated with the respect due to their dignity and apparent mission (I say "apparent" because it was thought that their mission was a mere pretext to gain time for Lobengula), or, having been made prisoners as spies, should have been properly secured, because they were no doubt under the impression that they were to be put to death. But on the contrary, they were merely placed under arrest unbound, and immediately an opportunity occurred, they made what they considered the attempt to save their lives at any risk, which ended so disastrously for them. Concerning the so-called brutality in shooting them down,

I would say this, that the guard had distinct orders to shoot them if they attempted to escape, and of this the prisoners were informed.

Very little information appears to have reached England as to what we knew as the fight at Impadine, that is to say when the column under Major Gould Adams was attacked by Gambo and several thousand Matabele. This was undoubtedly the force which had been lying in wait for us in the Mangwe Pass, as we subsequently discovered a large number of their camp-fires there. But when, under the guidance of Selous, we disappointed them by skirting the Pass as too dangerous, and proceeded in a westerly direction, they all came down on us at Impadine. Our main body had gone right forward, leaving the majority of the waggons to follow from our last stopping place under an escort of about fifty of our men with Khama and his followers. There seemed to be some mismanagement here. A new camp was selected in the worst possible strategical position, although the enemy were known not to be far off. It was whilst we were here and the waggons were on their way to join us that the Matabele descended on them and forced the greater part to form a rough sort of laager about two miles from our camp. The rest came in at a run and reached camp safely, but why the Expedition was divided and the waggons left to follow on in an enemy's country with only a small escort has always remained a mystery. It is a remarkable thing that the Matabele did not succeed in burning most of the waggons, and cutting up their escort on this occasion. It will be remembered that this was not the mode of progression adopted by the other columns on their advance into the country, and I make bold to say that if it had been, the whole force would have been wiped out.

I was in camp with the advance or main force. Khama's men, who were supposed to be convoying the waggons, had arrived. Suddenly shots rang out a mile or two away, and the word passed that the waggons were attacked. Our horses, which were grazing all over the place, were cleverly collected and driven in, each man eagerly seizing his own as it came through the gap in the laager. Saddling up in double-quick time, we fell in, and the ordinary formalities of the parade were gone through. Then off we went helter-skelter over the laager fence without waiting to go through the gap, and away in the direction of the firing. Just as we were settling down to a good steady gallop we were brought up sharp by the enemy, who appeared unexpectedly right ahead of us. Fortunately as we found out afterwards, they committed a bad error in tactics, and after coming down on the centre of the straggling line of waggons and cutting through, they advanced on our main body instead of devoting their whole energies to the small body of men guarding the rearmost lot of waggons.

When the line was thus broken most of the waggons turned back and formed up, as I have stated, in the rear. Some came on at a run and got to camp, whilst one in the middle was unable to escape either to the front or rear, and was looted and burnt; poor Corporal Mundy, who was with it, got cut up, but there were traces of his having made a plucky struggle for his life. When we were thus brought up about 400 yards from our camp by the advancing Matabele, we opened out, dismounted, and let drive at them, but they outflanked us and threatened to cut us off, so we retired. They were at length driven back, and, remounting, fifty of us again attempted to get to the waggons whilst the rest outflanked the enemy on the left. We reached them after a gallop of two miles, passing on the way a burning waggon with the poor oxen slowly roasting in the yoke and poor Mundy lying on his face close by, gashed with their assegais.

We could not stop, as we were anxious about the others, but we found them well prepared with hastily thrown up cover and the Maxim with its skipper perched on the top of one of the waggons, ready to sweep the bush all round. We then all proceeded together towards the camp, keeping up a fire on the hills to the right. In the meantime the seven-pounders in camp were shelling the enemy on the hills, when, by some stupid error of judgment, our dust was seen in the bush, and, taking us for the enemy, two shells were sent right at us, and burst over our heads. We got out of the way, and our bugler blew the "Cease fire" at once, but it was a mistake which might have been serious, and certainly ought not to have been made.

It will thus be seen that on this occasion our column was taken by surprise under circumstances which might have led to disaster. Happily, fortune favoured us here, as it did right along considering the risks we ran.

Commandant Raaf personally counted 280 dead the next day, and many more must be added to this number, excluding the wounded, who were carried off. Although little was heard of this engagement, owing, no doubt, to excess of modesty or some other reason yet this was really one of the sharpest fights in the war, and if the enemy had attacked us with the same determination with which they attacked the Salisbury and Victoria columns, situated as we were matters would have gone hardly with us, no doubt.

With respect to Khama's defection, I and a good many of us have our own private opinions about this. In the opinion of some he was not treated with the consideration which was due to him. Neither small-pox nor cowardice caused his retirement.

After the fight related above at Impadine, Khama had been

given to understand that we were to stay some few days, and his men had expended great labour and ingenuity on their fort. But we left the following day and proceeded together to a place called Ramaquabane, where much the same thing occurred. Khama's men again built a secure fort on the understanding that a stay was contemplated, but the column moved on the following day, and here Khama left us, probably disgusted with such inconsiderate treatment. This caused some anxiety at the time, for the rank and file at any rate were utterly ignorant of the fact of another white force being in the country, and it was felt very strongly that to advance under these circumstances 350 strong was madness.

However, that very day, whilst I was on picket duty, several white men were observed making their way through the bush towards us. They brought the news of the success of the troops of the Chartered Company, and naturally all our anxiety disappeared. Just previous to this some natives had come into camp with the news of a big fight in which the white men had been successful, but no credit was given to their statements at that time. It is wonderful, though, how quickly news flies about among these people, and as a rule native reports were generally pretty correct.

The column arrived at the Khame river, fourteen miles from Buluwayo, on November 8th, and seventy of us immediately went on to join Major Forbes in his pursuit of Lobengula, which I have said something of above. That expedition, as we all know, terminated unsuccessfully, almost disastrously, but it was not without its good results. The moral effect of overrunning the country in this way was tremendous; we destroyed their kraals and took possession of their cattle right under their very noses, and it seemed to take all the heart out of them. Men of their temperament lose their pluck when they see their most precious possessions thus ruthlessly dealt with, and it had the effect of forcing them to come in and surrender; whereas men of a different temperament will fight desperately for their hearths and homes. Accustomed as they were to destroying at their pleasure the wretched Mashonas without any serious resistance whatever, they could not stomach the way we rode rough-shod over them. They gradually began to realize that, powerful as they were in their own sphere of action, when it came to a match between their fighting power and the white men's, the odds were all in favour of the latter.

On the whole, no doubt South Africa has gained by the suppression of the Matabele, and British prestige has certainly been raised to a high pitch by this little campaign, but I still think that it

would have been better if the Imperial Government had kept a stricter hand on the Chartered Company.

The country is eminently suited for agricultural purposes, and in most places it is well wooded and watered, resembling in some degree an extensive English park, but it is by the gold that it must stand or fall, at any rate for many years to come. I am inclined to believe that there is not so much gold as is generally supposed, but undoubtedly there is a certain amount, and I have myself taken up a handful of sand from the river containing a good proportion of alluvial gold. When I left Inyati a short time back, I passed through Buluwayo on my way down country, and prospectors were out on all sides pegging out claims and searching for likely spots. When once it is known as a positive fact that there is gold in sufficient quantity to pay for the working and cover the initial outlay required to get up country, there will be a rush of all sorts and conditions of men, as has always been the case with newly discovered gold-fields. But it is not this class of men who will make the country. It does not want the needy, penniless adventurer, but the men with a little capital who will set up farms with the hope of a paying market at the gold-fields.

The Matabele are, or have been, brought up as warriors and warriors only. Their women do most of the cultivation, but there seems no reason why, relieved from the military yoke of savagedom under which they have groaned so long, they should not become useful and peaceful servants of civilization. It is certain that the country will be practically worthless unless the natives can be brought to work like decent Christians, and it is admitted on all sides that the worst fate which could befall the country would be the migration of the Matabele nation to parts farther north across the Zambesi.

The physique of these people is not so good as we might expect from their Zulu descent. You may see them of all sizes, big, medium, or small, but though I have seen men amongst them standing 6 feet 4 inches high, they would not compare favourably with an Englishman or a Boer of the same height. They are mostly lean and loosely knit as far as my observation went, and their legs are thin, though it must be admitted that they are capable of great endurance when put to it. The way in which they have intermixed themselves with the Mashonas must account for this to a large extent, and breeding with a miserable race like these Mashonas are is not calculated to improve them, either morally or physically. Their sole wealth consists in cattle, and although these numbered many thousands, so precious were the animals considered that it was a most rare thing for them to

slaughter cattle for eating purposes. They live almost entirely on grain, which they store up in large quantities in tubs, or rather big earthenware pots, which they bury in the kraals. We used, when destroying these kraals, to forage round with assegais, which we dug into the ground in every direction, and when we came on a store of grain we either appropriated it or destroyed it.

They managed to get most of their women and cattle away out of our reach before the war had fairly begun, but we often cut off parties of them marching their cattle off into more secure quarters. Altogether, at a rough estimate, I should put the capture of cattle by us at about 30,000 head, more or less, but it is difficult to guess accurately as they were scattered about all over the country.

The sale of sites for the township of Buluwayo has been recently announced, and many men are already trooping up from the south, but it is a case of each one bringing his own necessaries at present, and the sole accommodation consists of huts run up quickly. One building of this description is dignified by the title of an hotel, and I had dinner here as I came through. On my way down I met the materials for a large number of corrugated iron stores and shanties; also, marvellous to relate, a billiard-table on a waggon in the Mangwe Pass, which had been stuck in the mud for some time, or rather, to be strictly accurate, was progressing at the rate of about three miles a week. Waggon after waggon was passed on our downward journey to the coast, and at this rate it should not be long before there is a township at Buluwayo, after the same style of those at Victoria and Salisbury, in Mashonaland. As I have already said, in my opinion, the success of those two big properties of the Chartered Company, Matabeleland and Mashonaland, depends on the amount of gold found there. As far as agriculture is concerned, pure and simple, there is land in abundance uncultivated much farther south, and unless the magnetic attraction of gold-mines continues to draw men up country, it will progress but slowly. The prospects of farming alone will certainly not draw men up there in large numbers.

A Member of the Bechuanaland Border Police.

HARROW CRICKET.

For the first time for a great number of years I cannot help wishing that my birth had taken place a little earlier in the century, as there are a great many developments of Harrow Cricket about which I should like to write, and cannot, owing to my unfortunate want of years. Even during the thirty years of which I can speak, my opportunities for observation have been intermittent, and therefore this must not be taken as an historical review, but rather as the sketch of an outside observer. If ever a reliable history of Harrow Cricket should come to be written, it should be compiled from the notes of those grand old Harrovians Lord Bessborough, Honourable R. Grimston, and Mr. I. D. Walker, to whose patient and constant teaching, generations of Harrow cricketers owe their skill and success.

I.—The Cricket-grounds.

There are certain physical conditions,—namely the slope of the Hill and the soil of the cricket-grounds, together with the area available for play and its gradual growth,—which are so inextricably mixed up with Harrow Cricket as to make it necessary to dilate upon them at some length.

The slope of the hill on the original eight acres has been gradually modified, and although even now about three acres of hilly land never will be available for cricket, yet the remainder has been made into as good a ground as needs be. The advantages of the slope as a training for batsmen has often been written and spoken of by our Eton opponents on those fortunate anniversaries in July, when the chances of war have gone against them, but I have never, on the unfortunate anniversaries, heard much about the corresponding disadvantages from the same source.

The principal disadvantages are as follows: The difficulty of learning how to judge a run owing to the ball, on the one side, being stopped by the hill, and, on the other side, travelling at more than normal speed, so that for many years Harrow boys while at school have been notoriously bad judges of running. From observations only very recently taken I regret to say that this unenviable

reputation is still kept up. The slope, which is such excellent training for our batsmen, is, for the same reason, bad training for our bowlers, who are apt to allow far too much for the natural "work" on the ball derived from the hill, and to feel the want of it when they come to more level ground.

The soil, which is a stubborn London clay, is most difficult to deal with either in a very dry or a very wet season. Moreover, after a wet February, at the time when cricket grounds should be rolled, the ground is often ankle-deep in mud. When this is followed by the drying winds of March, the surface of the ground becomes rapidly hardened, and the skill of the ground-man, in making the most of the few days on which the roller can be effectively used, is severely taxed. I can remember two years in particular—1868 and 1879—during which cricket was only carried on under the greatest difficulties. In 1868 we had no watering appliances, and the summer of that year was almost as dry as that of 1893. Great earth-cracks made their appearance, the ground became absolutely dangerous, and we had to confine our practice to very slow bowling. In contrast to this, in 1893, an even drier year than 1868, with watering appliances in full swing, the Eleven had good wickets to play on throughout the summer. In 1879, the wettest year within the memory of living man, the grounds were often unable to be played on for days together.

I will now give some account of the additions to the area of the cricket-grounds and will endeavour to show that, although we have often been envied for having no counter-attraction of boating to interfere with our cricket, the impossibility of more than a limited number taking part in the game at the same time caused the serious counter-attraction of "loafing" to be an almost necessary evil.

In 1863, Harrow possessed the freehold of the original cricket-ground, of about eight acres of which, as I have before mentioned, about a third was too hilly for any sort of cricket, and the "Philathlet," then about nine acres, was only rented by the School. Three School games, Sixth Form, Fifth Form, and Shell, were played on the old ground, and the Philathletic game and about seven House games were played on the "Philathlet." But as football was played on the latter ground constantly during the winter, and there was only one man to look after the whole of the grounds, it may be imagined that they were as bad as could be. Indeed, worse grounds for a school of the size and importance of Harrow cannot be conceived. These House games were continued daily until the various grounds were so much cut up as to be unusable, and then they gradually dwindled away, so the army of loafers reached alarming proportions towards the end of the summer term.

In 1866, through the efforts of Messrs. Ponsonby and Grimston, the freeholder was persuaded to sell the "Philathlet," and the purchase was carried out the next year; subscriptions were invited from Old Harrovians and Masters, and the purchase money subscribed in an incredibly short space of time. The land was vested in Trustees, who shortly afterwards began to improve the grounds and apportion them to the different games. Two characteristic anecdotes of Bob Grimston which occurred during the course of the negotiations have, I believe, never been recorded, and would not, I think, be out of place here. Someone was asking him how the obdurate freeholder was to be persuaded to sell. "I shall go and see him myself," said Bob, "and I think he will yield to me, as I flatter myself that I have a *peculiarly persuasive manner* about me when I like."

When the purchase had been arranged, a committee meeting was held at the head-master's house to arrange certain formalities. These had been settled, and the meeting was just breaking up—"Oh, don't go yet," said Bob; "I was getting comfortable, and had just made my hexameter verse." Everyone begged him to tell it. "Here it is," he said—

"'Stet fortuna domus* antiqui gloria ludi';

only I'm not quite sure of the 'mus' before the 'an,'" he went on, appealing to the head-master, who was simply convulsed with laughter.

The remaining portion of the "Philathlet" was bought as a memorial to dear old Bob Grimston after his death in 1885, and a more fitting memorial could not have been conceived.

About this time, and with a portion of the money subscribed for the Grimston memorial, the road between the two grounds was diverted, and more room given for play in the old field. This widening of the ground, though expensive, has been a most valuable improvement.

In 1892, a piece of land called "High Capers" was bought by Mr. William Nicholson, and practically presented to the School. It was covered with scrubby trees, and the ruins of an old house, but under the auspices of Messrs. I. D. Walker and M. C. Kemp, and by the aid of small subscriptions from many old Harrovians and large ones from himself, and Mr. F. D. Leyland, about half of it has been levelled, the trees grubbed up, the foundations of the old house cleared away, and three or four cricket-grounds laid out. In the following year an additional paddock, containing nearly two acres, adjoining the Philathlet was purchased, and presented to the School by Mr. E. E. Bowen, one of the senior masters, whose devotion to the School knows no bounds.

* The school motto is "*Stet fortuna domus.*"

The Field House, part of which is used as an old Harrovian Club, and is a great convenience to visiting cricketers, was bought and made over to the Governors of Harrow by Lord Bessborough and Mr. Nicholson. In 1883, a new pavilion was built on the old ground, and, in 1884, a small one on the Philathlet. In 1893-4, two new pavilions were built, one at the far end of the Philathlet, the other on "High Capers," now called the "Nicholson ground." The former as a memorial to Mr. C. D. Buxton, the latter to the Rev. W. Law. It will thus be seen that, in the course of thirty years, the freehold space available for cricket has been increased by twenty acres, the grounds levelled, fenced, and improved, the road diverted, and four new pavilions erected, besides the comforts of Old Harrovians being cared for by the purchase of Field House, and all through the devotion of Old Harrovians and Harrow friends. The cost of these improvements and enlargements has rather exceeded £20,000.

II.—The Games.

In 1863, the games consisted of four School games and about seven or eight House games. In the course of the next ten years, two new School games sprang up, called respectively the Second Fifth Form game and the Trustees' game. When these and the various House games were being played simultaneously, it may be imagined that the space was somewhat circumscribed. "Cover-point" of one game often overlapped "short-leg" of another, and had "long-leg" been in his proper place, he would have had to stand between the wickets of a third game. Notwithstanding these precarious manœuvres there is, marvellous to relate, no record of any serious accident having occurred in consequence. About this time the First Fifth Form game was removed from the old ground to the Philathlet, and was taken in hand by Bob Grimston, who zealously guarded its interests:

> "He swayed his realm of grass, and planned and wrought;
> Warned rash intruders from the tended sward.
> A workman, deeming for the friends he taught
> No service hard." [In Memoriam R. G., by E. E. Bowen.]

No labourer's work was too hard for him. He would often come down to Harrow in the morning, roll and prepare the wicket, and stand umpire in the game the whole afternoon. Many a promising bowler has he discovered while thus officiating, and nursed him carefully until he was moved up into the Sixth Form game. He was particularly anxious that these discoveries of his should not be noised abroad. One especial bowler he had found out was suddenly taken from this game and rapidly promoted to play for the Eleven. An enthusiastic but indiscreet old Harrovian, hearing of this, came up to Bob at Lords one day and said in the presence of several

Eton cricketers, "I hear, Mr. Grimston, there's a capital new left-hand bowler at Harrow this year." Bob clutched hold of him, pulled him aside, and almost struck him. "You fool!" he said; "that's a dead secret!"

The Second Fifth Form game was under the special charge of Lord Bessborough, and an annual match was played between eleven of the First Fifth game and fifteen of the Second Fifth, some capital cricket being often the result. When the Grimston ground was purchased, a further addition to the games was made, and similar extensions resulted from the Nicholson and Bowen purchases, until at the present time no less than twenty different games can be seen taking place simultaneously on a half-holiday afternoon. The School games at present are the Sixth Form game, four divisions of the Fifth Form game, two divisions of the Remove game, two divisions of the Shell game, the Fourth Form game, and the Trustees' game. The remainder are Second Elevens of houses playing against each other, or House games. These games are captained by club-keepers, who are appointed at the beginning of each term by the captain of the Eleven, and they are responsible to him for the games being properly carried on.

III.—Instruction.

"Ponsonby and Grimston" were household words at Harrow in 1863, and had been for I know not how many years before. On all questions of cricket their word was law, an authority by no means self-sought but unanimously conceded.

In some very clever lines, written, I believe, by Dr. Butler, and sung at the Harrow Tercentenary Festival, they were thus compared to Damon and Pythias:

> "But Ponsonby and Grimston triumphantly compare
> With that somewhat sentimental superannuated pair."

Both of them had the exceptional gift of being able to teach cricket, and of unwearying patience when dealing with obtuse pupils. Some of Mr. Grimston's sayings are well worth preserving. On one occasion an impertinent young rascal thought he would "get a rise out of old Bob," and asked him "How used *you* to play a shooter, Mr. Grimston?" but Bob was quite equal to the occasion, "I used to put my bat in the block-hole and lean heavily on it," he replied, to the discomfiture of the youth and the delight of his audience.

He was very fond of working the catapult—an invention of Lillywhite's, long since discontinued—and considered it gave very good practice to certain batsmen. One of the Eleven, in 1867, named Walsh, a very small boy, but a good defensive batsman, one day remarked that he could play for a week to the cata-

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION. NEW SWINDON.

pult without getting out. This was repeated to "Bob," who lay in wait for him, and, as he was going out of the pavilion to practice that evening, called out to him, "Here! Come here! I hear you've defied the catapult. Come on!" and kept repeating to himself "He's defied the catapult." He kept him at it the whole evening, but, if my memory serves me right, Walsh triumphed over the catapult. Another favourite method of instruction of his was to peg down the right foot of a pupil, whom he might have observed drawing away his right leg from a fast ball, and so keep him during the evening's practice.

Lord Bessborough (the "Ponsonby" of the firm) had other methods of instruction which tended in the same direction. He had one gift, however, which I believe to be quite unique in the annals of cricket instruction; he could, and did on very many occasions, teach a boy to bat in a few days who had, to all appearance, absolutely no talent in that direction. To give an instance: in 1865 the captain of the Eleven, M. H. Stow, decided at the last moment to take in, as last choice for the Eleven, a boy named Boyson, who was a wonderful field and a fair change bowler but absolutely useless as a bat; this was about a week before the Eton match, and he told Mr. Ponsonby of his decision. The latter applauded it, but wished he had given him a little more time to make him bat. However, he set to work at once. I can remember being on the ground at the time, and seeing how he went to work. The sneer of the School professional also comes back to my mind, for the latter was indignant at the selection of a mere fieldsman, instead of a far better bowler and batsmen who was, however, apt to miss catches. The pupil was willing, the teacher was apt. He commenced by tossing up easy balls for Boyson to hit, instructing him all the while and placing wickets in the ground where the fieldsmen would be stationed. The pupil at first hit catches to the imaginary fieldsmen (the professional sneered again) but the teacher was patient, and, when they adjourned till the next day, some splendid hits had rewarded him for his pains. From memory I should say that Boyson got twenty-three at Lords, going in at rather a critical moment either last or last but one. Wonderful old firm of Ponsonby and Grimston! Harrovians always like to think of them together, and I am certain that the survivor would approve of this association being perpetuated. This was a firm whose stock-in-trade was pure love of Harrow, and whose working capital was boundless patience, kindness, and skill.

At a dinner given to Bob Grimston in honour of the opening of the new pavilion in 1883, to which he had been the principal contributor, Lord Bessborough practically appointed their successors.

He said: "You have spoken most kindly of Grimston and me, we cannot go on for ever, but here you have two ready to take our places—Walker and Webbe." And the trust thus bequeathed was there and then taken over. But although Walker and Webbe were only then publicly admitted to the new firm, they had been working partners for many years, and the splendid work they have done in conjunction with M. C. Kemp, an old Harrovian master, is present to the minds of all Harrovians. I. D. Walker has now for years past had the coaching of the Eleven under his careful supervision. He is at Harrow nearly every day throughout the summer term, and when not playing in the games is standing umpire and advising generally. He also stands behind the batsmen at the practice nets and points out their defects to them, or at other times bowls to them himself. Nothing connected with Harrow cricket escapes his watchful eye; no trouble is too much for him, and no day too long. One of the most noticeable features in his coaching is the final polish which he puts on the whole Eleven during the two weeks before "Lords." He takes extraordinary pains in giving them, individually and collectively, the very best possible advice, and it is satisfactory to think of the number of times of late years that his efforts have been rewarded.

After all there is no devotion comparable to the devotion of old boys to their school, and Harrow is more than ordinarily endowed with this blessing. Besides those above mentioned who, without living at Harrow, have passed most of their leisure time there, we have as master there M. C. Kemp, who, with unwearying energy and kindness, is "guide, philosopher, and friend" of the youthful cricketer. He is the "Father O'Flynn" of Harrow cricket,

> "Checking the crazy ones,
> Coaxing the aisy ones,
> Lifting the lazy ones on wid the stick."

IV.—Professionals.

With so many expert teachers always at hand, the School professional has never taken a prominent part as adviser, either in the selection of the Eleven or on the various departments of the game. It is, indeed, singular that school professionals should so seldom be able to impart the knowledge which they have mechanically acquired themselves. With the exception of H. H. Stephenson, whose brilliant successes at Uppingham are known to all cricketers, it would be difficult to name a school professional who, unaided, has been able to teach a sound style of batting or to adapt his teaching to his pupil. But it must not be taken for granted that the school professional can be dispensed with altogether. Harrow

has been fortunate in a succession of faithful servants who have done everything in their power to advance cricket.

Old Chad, who was ground-man many years before I can remember, has left behind him a record of many sensible, rough and ready, sayings of which the following is a specimen. He used, when bowling to the boys at practice, to play them imaginary matches, counting imaginary runs, and placing an imaginary field. If a bad, high hit were made, out of reach of the field, the batsman would say, "That was no chance, Chad." Chad would reply, "Not a chance? Why, I should have had time to go to Roxeth (a neighbouring village) and get a horse and cart and be back in time to catch it!"

Gilby, who succeeded Chad, was a wonderfully keen cricketer, and a most faithful servant to the School. The annual match between School and Town, with Gilby as captain of the latter, was in his time the keenest we played before "Lords." And Gilby used almost to cry when defeated. He was a cynic in his way. One day when standing umpire in one of the School matches, one of the opposite side led off with four "wides." Gilby whispered to me, "I think that gentleman allows a little too much for the *breek*" (pronouncing it to rhyme with leek). Heartfield, a Surrey player, was regularly engaged as School bowler from the summer of 1864. He was a capital practice bowler, but as bad a bat and judge of batting as could well be imagined, and this was the universal opinion. He thought otherwise, however, and when it came to his turn to bat in the School games, he would come in with a most important air, and, after taking guard, look carefully round the field, then turning to the wicket-keeper would observe, "I shouldn't be surprised if I didn't get (h)ever a one," and his prophecy nearly always came true. On one occasion, when batting against him, a certain unprincipled player took the unpardonable liberty of hitting a good pitched, straight ball of his to the on for three. It was a very good ball, as it had broken in from the off, and the hit was a lucky one in the extreme. "Why *h*ever did you make such a hexhibition of yourself as that," said Heartfield. "How ought that ball to have been played?" said the unprincipled one. "Why, if you'd of played that ball in a proper manner it would have bowled you howt," was the angry reply. Bob Grimston used to say that when he first engaged him at the Oval he was quite *H*-less, and that it must have been the classical air of Harrow that forced on him the indiscriminate use of the aspirate.

David Pollard has now for many years been engaged at Harrow, and has done excellent work there. He has great command of the ball, and is, therefore, very useful in being able to give boys constant practice in their weak points.

V.—*Style.*

The names of the various instructors of cricket at Harrow naturally leads one to consider the style in which their pupils have done their work. Mr. R. H. Lyttelton, writing recently on Eton Cricket in *The National Review*, somewhat contemptuously, but inaccurately, declared that, to anyone who knows anything of the game, "the style of Bob Grimston" was unmistakable in every Harrow cricketer between 1860 and 1880. This is a sweeping assertion which, possibly without the intention, is tantamount to saying that no Harrovian knows anything of the game. Bob Grimston certainly did a giant's share in the Harrow coaching, but he could not have moulded the style of even one-half of the Harrow cricketers. Lord Bessborough and he at one time shared the coaching about equally, and, as a rule, would commence and finish with a pupil, but since 1868 Mr. I. D. Walker had taken a large share in the cricket teaching, which he has continued to the present day.

To my mind, however, the remark, although showing ignorance of Harrow cricket, and ironically meant, may be taken as a compliment to us. For it would, I think, be impossible to teach sounder cricket than that taught by Bob Grimston. To keep the right foot firm, the left shoulder over the ball, to make the most of your height, and, keeping the bat straight, to hit every ball on the thickest or "driving" part of it, these were some of the maxims that he taught; and if, owing to the greater smoothness of modern grounds, and consequent elimination of the "shooter," and infrequency of the suddenly bumping ball, strokes can be made successfully now, which were dangerous then, the same maxims have to be adhered to in order to bat successfully when grounds become cut up, or affected by the action of the sun after rain. The real "shooter"—by which I mean a ball which never rises from the ground after pitching, and which, when straight, hits the bottom of the stumps and causes the bails to fall *in front* of the wicket—is almost as rare nowadays as the egg of the Great Auk; but thirty years ago, both on the Harrow ground, and less frequently at Lords, it was a ball that had always to enter into the batsman's calculations. At the same time the Harrow ground was very "fiery," and not particularly smooth, so that the batsmen had also to be constantly on his guard against the suddenly bumping ball. The Harrow coaches, therefore, taught their pupils to stand upright with their legs apart, not to lift the bat too high, to play forward when able to smother the ball, but to play other balls "half-cock," *i.e.*, neither forward nor back. The fault of this generation of batsmen was, perhaps, that, in the position above described, it was difficult to get the left foot in position to make the on drive

or push, that most effective stroke now practised by nearly all good players. But, then, it must be remembered that the bumpy nature of the Harrow ground would have made this a somewhat dangerous stroke in those days. In my humble opinion, the style which we are told bore the impress of Bob Grimston proved itself to be a very successful style after all, as was not infrequently demonstrated in that eventful match which takes place annually towards the middle of July.

The present style of Harrow batting has no characteristic feature to distinguish it from any other style. Harrow, no doubt, has moved with the times, and, with easier wickets, has adopted more modern methods. The forward drive, all along the ground, for four, off a fast bowler has lost three-quarters of its charms. For the long-stop is now a superfluous being, and, having taken up his position in the long-field, the four has become a single. Likewise the old Harrow drive, between cover-point and mid-off, is no longer certain of scoring, now that long-leg has been removed and bidden to go across to extra mid-off. Runs have therefore to be obtained in other ways, such as "hooking" the straight but short pitched balls, or "sliding" through the slips, and so forth; strokes which, I need hardly say, would have been attended with great danger in the days of the genuine "shooter" or suddenly bumping ball, and would consequently not have met with the approval, or borne the impress, of Bob Grimston. Let me not be misunderstood, however, with regard to the "hook," truly a most unorthodox stroke to mention in connection with school cricket. Let not the "hook" be lightly undertaken by young Harrow cricketers, unless they are quite sure of the quality of their "eye."

VI.—General.

There have been other alterations in the manner of conducting cricket operations at Harrow in the course of the past thirty years. Cricket fagging, although still in existence, is a totally different affair to what it used to be. In 1863, the Sixth Form practice wickets were pitched in a line along the northern boundary of the old cricket-ground. No nets were used, and therefore leg-hitting at practice was tabooed. The boundary fence of the ground was an open oak railing, and a fag was posted behind each wicket to save the ball from going through the railings. If he missed the ball he got a terrible "wigging" from the batsman. Other fags were placed in various parts of the field, and if one was successful in securing a catch, he was excused from further fagging. Without wishing to return to the old "netless" days and the open fence round the ground, there is much to be said in favour of that system. It had the great merit of compelling a boy to learn how

to field. Even now cricket fagging is a good institution, and causes many to take healthy exercise who would otherwise be spending their time and money in the pastrycook's shop. These fags are collected by boys told off for the purpose, called "slave-drivers," who are responsible for a sufficient supply of fags for afternoon and evening practice.

A great addition to the enjoyment of cricket at Harrow was introduced about twelve years since. In old days, on half-holidays, all, except the Sixth Form game, were obliged to leave off cricket and tramp up the Hill to four o'clock Bill (calling over), returning after they had answered their names. This was a terrible waste of time, entailing a long and tiresome walk, and it was often difficult to persuade some boys to return at all. The brilliant idea occurred to Mr. Bowen that the boys might just as well be called over *on* the ground. And this practice continues three times weekly during the summer term to this day. This simple bit of commonsense would never have been tolerated for a moment by the pedagogue of a few generations ago, who would have thought it derogatory to his dignity to call boys' names over without being duly arrayed in cap and gown, and indeed would have refused to recognise that such a thing as a cricket-ground was in the least necessary to a great public school.

And here I should conclude, but presume that, as the object of every boy who plays cricket at Harrow is to get into the Eleven, and as the moment that he is "given his flannels" is probably, nay almost certainly, the supreme moment of his life, some mention of the principal event of the summer term should be made. Lords (as the match with Eton is always called) would be a most enjoyable event were it not for one most intolerable nuisance—the crowd. The majority of the spectators have no interest either in the schools or the cricket, and of the remainder comparatively few take any interest in the latter. They crowd the ground during the intervals, and cause endless trouble and delay in clearing it again, and, even when they are seated, they make themselves odious, by their irrelevant chatter, to those who wish to watch the play; they hardly know a bat from a stump, or an umpire from a head-master. It is delightful after one of these "carnivals," as they are now called, to look on at a Rugby and Marlborough match, where "the play is the thing" and the picnic a secondary consideration.

After Lords, Harrow cricket is mostly confined to the House matches. These are now played in two divisions, those houses that have members of the School Eleven of the previous year playing in the first division. The respective winners of the two divisions then play for the "cock house" cup. The importance attached to these House matches has certainly largely increased of late years, some-

times, perhaps, to the detriment of School cricket, but they never quite equal the excitement and enthusiasm of House football matches, which cannot really be appreciated unless seen and heard.

In the foregoing pages I have purposely abstained from giving the names of the principal cricketers, and for this reason: I cannot hope that these lines, so redolent of Harrow "Shop" as they must of necessity be, will be read by any but Harrovians, and of course Harrovians know their own celebrated cricketers without requiring to be told. It may fairly be said, I think, that the list of good cricketers turned out by the "School on the Hill" will compare with that of any other school, but a still greater cause for congratulation for Harrow is the possession of those patriotic "old boys" who spare neither time nor pains in the interest of Harrow cricket, and who have contributed so lavishly for that purpose in the course of the last quarter of a century. While such is the case, Harrow can afford to smile when a very eminent Etonian, smarting at a Harrovian victory in the game of "Cabinet Ministers," retaliates by calling us "a vastly inferior foundation," or, again, when the writer on Eton Cricket before alluded to, solemnly informs us that the Eton coach (I need hardly say that he calls him "the greatest" of coaches) "discovered" some thirty years ago after a bitter experience of a Harrow bowler, that it was good policy to play forward to fast bowling, on fast wickets, and has taught this at Eton for five-and-twenty years. I say that Harrow can afford to smile; for has not this been the very essence of the advice given by Harrow coaches ("vastly inferior" coaches no doubt) to Harrow cricketers for upwards of half-a-century?

SPENCER W. GORE.

LORD SHERBROOKE AND SIR ALFRED STEPHEN.

Sir Alfred Stephen, G.C.M.G., of Sydney (a near kinsman of the late Sir James Stephen), is a striking instance of the vigorous longevity of our modern public men. Born in the West Indies in 1802, he held the high office of Lieutenant-Governor of New South Wales until quite recently, and was actually Chief Justice of that Colony when the then Mr. Robert Lowe was a young practising barrister in the Sydney Courts. Now in his ninety-third year, Sir Alfred lives, as he has lived for over sixty years, in Sydney (which surely cannot have such an enervating climate as certain English tourists assert), and though no longer playing a prominent part in public affairs, he still takes a keen and intelligent interest in the social progress and political future not only of Australia, but of the world-wide English Empire to which it belongs.

As far back as 1845, Sir Alfred Stephen was a frequent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lowe at their old antipodean seaside home on the South Pacific. Their house was named "Bronté," probably because it was situated on the shores of Nelson Bay. Here the late Lord Sherbrooke, as in later days he was wont to declare, spent the happiest years of his life. Chief among those early Colonial friends who met round his hospitable board at Bronté, were William Macleay, scholar and naturalist, Richard Windeyer, barrister and politician, Sir Thomas Mitchell, the famous explorer, then Surveyor-General of the Colony, and Sir Alfred Stephen, the leading Sydney jurist, who had just succeeded Sir James Dowling as Chief Justice.

Professor Huxley informs me that he remembers, when a very young man in Sydney, going out to the Lowes at Nelson Bay; and adds that never before nor since has he listened to more brilliant or suggestive talk than he then heard, especially on the part of Macleay and of Lowe himself. This quite bears out Lord Sherbrooke's own estimate of William Macleay, for whom he had such a sincere regard and lifelong affection, and whom he always considered the most widely informed, and best all round man he had ever known. The sole survivor of that interesting group, Sir Alfred Stephen, has been good enough to forward to me for publication the following letters received by him from Lord Sherbrooke in

later years. They are brief and somewhat fragmentary—for letter-writing was a painful labour to Lord Sherbrooke all his life,—but they form a not uninteresting link between the Colonial and the English careers of the remarkable man who penned them.

Sir Alfred Stephen writes to me from Hyde Park, Sydney, under date January 8th, 1894, as follows:—

"I have had many pleasant conversations with Robert Lowe and Mrs. Lowe at their little retreat at Nelson Bay, now some half a century ago; but my time was far too busily occupied on the Bench, and in the writing of Judgments, to permit me to enjoy oftener the marvellous extent of his acquirements and memory. I especially avoided all acquaintance with his political career in the Colony; and I believe that I never read his articles on Sir George Gipps' Administration—certainly I never read one line of the numerous political newspaper articles published about that period. Mr. Lowe's facility in political writing was prodigious; and I have recently read with increased admiration his paper in *The Edinburgh Review* in which some of my ideas on capital punishment are ventilated.

"I never can forget his friendliness and good nature in 1861, in relieving me from the unpleasant position of an applicant for honours; and I value exceedingly his complimentary words, on the occasion of his forwarding to me the C.B. decoration."

On this subject of titular honours, Sir Alfred Stephen, writing a few months ago to Lady Sherbrooke, explains his indebtedness to his old Sydney friend in these words:

"I have several letters from him. The last was in 1872. He wrote to me in 1863 on his having procured for me the distinction of C.B. I had passed some evenings at his house in Lowndes Square in 1860, on one of which occasions we spoke of the eagerness for decorations exhibited by official persons. On learning my refusal to advance my own claim, Lowe good-naturedly said, 'Then if you won't apply yourself, I will for you.'

"The next year brought to me the decoration with a very complimentary note of his own, cherished by me, I need hardly say, as one of my most valued possessions—an evidence of kindly feeling for which enemies might not readily give him credit."

This letter of Lord Sherbrooke's and the others referred to by Sir Alfred Stephen are now given in their due order. I have only to add that the few unsigned explanatory interpolations in brackets are my own, and those initialled "A. S." are Sir Alfred Stephen's.

No. I.

"34, Lowndes Square, London,

"October 21st, 1863.

"My Dear Sir Alfred,—

"You were quite right in supposing that I did not receive your letter by the *Colombo*. If I had I should have answered it at once. I am glad that the C.B. has given you pleasure. I am sure no distinction was ever better earned; and when I reflect on the 'G's' and the 'K's' which I have seen prefixed to those two letters, I am ashamed to think of the facility of obtaining rewards in the service of the Crown at home, compared with their niggardly dispensation in the Colonies. I am much obliged to you for the photographs. Your own is not flattering, nor that, I suspect, of your son: though he cannot in the nature of things have continued quite as pretty a boy as he was thirteen years ago. I am much flattered by your purchasing mine; though I am afraid you gave too much for it, for I feel quite confident that the article might be purchased in London for what I may venture without vanity to call, the very moderate sum of eighteenpence.

"It is curious that I never took any lively interest in the question of popular education; and yet that both here and in Australia it has been forced upon me by circumstances which I could not control, and has ended in both cases in involving my innocence and inexperience in a tremendous row. I may, however, fairly claim, in the English case at any rate, that I have come out of the battle substantially victorious; having settled a question which it was the fashion to say was absolutely insoluble.

"I am very sorry to hear that William Macleay has taken to seclude himself so entirely from the world. He writes me word that his health is very indifferent, and I feel sincerely sorry that one for whom I have so sincere a friendship should be passing the evening of life in so dreary and isolated a manner. My wife desires her love to you and Lady Stephen, and says she has forgotten neither you, nor Australia; her residence in which she considers the happiest time of her life.

"Believe me, my dear Sir Alfred,

"Very truly yours,

"Robert Lowe."

No. II.

"Sherbrooke, Caterham,

"January 24, 1865.

"My Dear Sir Alfred,—

"I am very much obliged to you for the two excellent letters you sent me on capital punishment. I entirely agree

with both; and hope they will do good service at this time when there seems to be a sickly sort of reaction in some quarters on the subject, to be followed, I believe and hope, by an oscillation of the pendulum in a contrary direction. I have endeavoured to turn them to account in an article which I have written in *The Edinburgh Review* of this month on Criminal Law, on which I should be very glad to have your opinion—than which I know none more entitled to respect.

"Let me ask you by-the-bye how you think the Ballot works in Australia. I have always been strongly opposed to it, because I did not believe, founding myself on American experience, that it really would lead to secrecy, and next because it would tend to corruption, and thirdly because I thought secrecy, if attained by relieving the voter from public opinion, would relieve him from a motive to do right which he could ill spare; he being, according to my experience, a very fallible person. I should be glad to know whether you have modified your views, or whether they remain in their former state.

"I have a letter from William Macleay which gives me very little hope of hearing from him again; though he promises me in any case, one more. He is the best, and I really think now, the oldest friend I have; and distance does not reconcile me at all to the prospect of such a loss. [Macleay died two days after the date of this letter.] My wife's health has been very indifferent. She has become very weak and unable to walk a hundred yards without the greatest fatigue. Remember me very kindly to Lady Stephen and to my old friend Rolleston if you happen to see him, and,

"Believe me,

"Always yours very sincerely,

"R. Lowe."

No. III.

"11, Downing Street, Whitehall,

"April 3rd, 1870.

"My Dear Sir Alfred,—

"I am much obliged to you for your kind letter. I have read your Lecture and cordially agree with your denunciation of drunkenness though I am not a convert to a Permissive Bill, being of the opinion expressed by Lord Neaves in a song he wrote on the subject:

'So this is my Permissive Bill,
Since you're a drunken dog,
To permit me to prevent you
From having a glass of grog."

. . . .

"I am in the agonies of a Budget, so cannot write a long letter.

We should never think of allowing a new Writ to issue till the time for petitioning had expired. I am surprised that His Excellency [the Earl of Belmore] made such a mistake. He never was in the House of Commons, which may account for it. Give my kind regards to Lady Stephen, and believe me,

"Very truly yours,

"ROBERT LOWE."

No. IV.

"11, Downing Street, Whitehall,

"January 17th, 1872.

"MY DEAR SIR ALFRED,—

"I sent your letter to Coleridge, who said what was of course true, that you had not seen the whole evidence. I have always thought the man an impostor [The Tichborne Claimant]; and shall do so, I think, whatever verdict may be found. It seems to me so much safer to go on general probabilities than on questions of opinion of identity, in which people are so apt to be deceived.

"I wish sincerely it were in my power to give you what you so much deserve, and would so admirably fill, a seat on the Judicial Committee; but unfortunately I cannot. I cannot learn that assessors are required.

"I have written you a letter which you have long since received about . . [A mutilation here.—A. S.] . . Moreover, I don't believe one-fourth of the House of Commons know that there is such a thing as a principle in the second degree in murder. So I have little hope of getting your ideas ventilated. Pray give . . . [The remainder of the page has been torn off.—A. S.]

This plain-spoken, friendly, and characteristic correspondence should effectually dispose of the silly but oft repeated calumny that Lord Sherbrooke—who was eminently a man of strong and abiding affections—after his return to England took no further interest in Australia, or in his old Australian friends and associates.

A. PATCHETT MARTIN.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

SOCIALISM AND THE RENTIER.

SINCE the days of the Great Revolution the mind has become familiarized with the idea that important social movements—the action of which is felt throughout the length and width of the civilized world—are apt to take their origin in France.

The question as to where the principles of Socialism are most likely to be put to a practical test, or where, at any rate, an attempt in that direction is more within the range of practical politics than elsewhere, would presumably by common consent be answered by a reference to that country.

Since the elections of last August what had formerly been a mere fraction, politically speaking, almost a *quantité négligeable* in the French Chamber of Deputies, was found to have developed into a compact and fairly homogeneous party, distinguishable from others by an unswerving fixity of purpose, an openly admitted determination of attaining its end with no undue squeamishness as to the means employed in thrusting its views upon the public, in and out of season, within and far beyond the precincts of the Palais Bourbon. Under the leadership of men gifted with a remarkable amount of moral courage, coupled with great quickness of perception as to the limits within which it may be safe or advisable openly to defy public opinion as represented by that of the *bourgeoisie*, the Socialist Party in the French Parliament has grown into a factor of no mean importance in contemporary politics.

What do the forces consist of that can be marshalled against the spreading of this new gospel, and that are—humanly speaking—absolutely certain to rise up in arms should any attempt be made to bridge the gulf that separates theory from practice? In the sceptical age we live in any calculations based solely on political persuasions or party discipline are obviously exposed to sudden and startling disappointments. The reversal of public form may be absolutely bewildering to the unbiassed looker-on, but the probability of such occurrences must be taken into account, on the banks of the Seine presumably in no lesser degree than elsewhere.

But stronger far and deeper rooted within the human breast is

the spirit of egotism, the purely animal instinct which causes a dog with a bone in its mouth to snarl viciously when any other dog looks covetously at it, and this spirit—an effective if not an elevated one—may collect stronger forces in defence of conservatism in its crudest and most literal sense than is commonly surmised.

One of the many plausible and *primâ facie* not easily controverted statements that form part of the stock-in-trade of the professional Socialist agitator is, that in the social structure such as it now exists the poor are daily becoming poorer and the rich richer; but is this statement in conformity with facts: anyhow, as far as France is concerned?

The innate love of the French *rond de cuir* (bureaucracy) for statistics is proverbial, and the accuracy of those published periodically in the *Bulletin du Ministère des Finances* never having been questioned as far as is known, it may reasonably be assumed that they convey a fairly correct notion of the distribution of wealth in France. Statistical returns are dull reading, and it may be doubted whether the audiences at Socialist gatherings are much addicted to that class of literature, otherwise the fact might be of interest to some of them, that whereas the population of France has increased by 15 per cent. within the fifty years from 1825 to 1875, the number of lots of agricultural land shows a rise of more than 36 per cent. during the same period.

The total number of lots into which the agricultural land is subdivided is stated in the latest returns to be 14,236,000, with an average of 3·50 *hectares* or 8·64 acres. In the following tables Paris and certain communes of the departments of Corsica and Savoy, of which the required returns had not yet been supplied, are omitted:

	Number.	Percentage.
Très petite propriété (0-2 hectares or under 4·94 acres)	10,426,368	74·09
Petite propriété (2-6 hectares or 4·94 to 14·82 acres) ...	2,174,183	15·47
Moyenne propriété (6-50 hectares or 14·82 to 123·55 acres)	1,351,499	9·58
Grande propriété (50-200 hectares or 123·55 to 494·2 acres)	105,070	0·74
Très grande propriété (exceeding 200 hectares) ...	17,676	0·12

Thus three-quarters of the proprietors of the soil of France may be said to own lots under 4·94 acres, and nine-tenths of them an area not exceeding 14·82.

This pulverization of landed property may have its drawbacks and undoubtedly has (its ludicrous aspect is occasionally illustrated by advertisements such as that of a garden with four trees being for sale); but its two-fold action as a check against the spread of Socialist ideas is obvious. The peasant proprietor troubles his head but little about the political questions of the day; newsvendors on the Paris boulevards may shout themselves hoarse, announcing the fall of successive cabinets, the latest start-

ling intelligence from Central Africa, or what not. Entrenched, so to speak, within the slender palings that enclose his little strip of land acquired and cultivated by the sweat of his brow, he has no wish to extend his mental horizon far beyond them; but let the question of the nationalization of the land be broached to him, he and his brethren will rise in their thousands.

The hard-working parsimonious land-grabbing peasant whom Balzac has immortalized may not be an altogether attractive type of humanity, but as a live bulwark against the spread of theories founded upon the redistribution of property he is second to none.

Again, the splitting up of agricultural land into infinitesimal lots, has another consequence, the salutary nature of which admits scarcely of a doubt. The rural population which inhabits and owns these liliputian homesteads, takes root, so to speak, in the soil it cultivates; and the continuous migration towards the large towns, which forms such a noticeable feature of the social question in England, has never assumed the same serious proportions in France. This statement is illustrated by the fact that the number of towns with a population exceeding 100,000 is in the United Kingdom almost treble what it is in France.

Though the information that can be gathered on the subject, from official sources, may not lay claim to the same amount of accuracy and reliability as the returns concerning landed property, nevertheless, all authorities agree that the diffusion of wealth, as represented by Government and other securities through the different strata of society, is steadily progressing.

In a remarkable speech delivered at the last Statistical Conference in Vienna, the French delegate, M. Alfred de Neymarck dwelt repeatedly on the marked tendency of the French Rentes, especially those of the 3 per cent. Irredeemable Loan, towards expansion in a steadily increasing circle, and towards their gradual transfer from the wealthy speculating capitalist to the hands of the thrifty rentier of the middle and lower middle classes.

As a proof of this feature the eminent statistician laid considerable stress on the fact that the number of *registered* Government bonds is increasing steadily in comparison with those to bearer, as results from the following figures:

	1889.	1892.
Interest on 3 per cent. Rente nominative	262,066,650	329,742,136.
,, ,, ,, au porteur	94,920,176	87,159,387.

And the remarkable diffusion of the former class of bonds may be gathered from the fact that, even in the notoriously impecunious department of Corsica, the annual interest on the 3 per cent. Rente attains the figure of 0·98 per head of the population.

The same downward motion, from the iron safe of the financier to the old stocking of the embryo rentier, can be traced in the securities of the principal Railway Companies and of the large institutes of credit, the majority of which are by no means in the hands of the large capitalists.

Railway Company.	Number of Registered Certificates.	Average of Bonds per Certificates.
Cie de l'Est	112,570	26
Cie de Lyon	227,142	33
Cie du Midi	55,733	35
Cie du Nord	57,511	39
Cie d'Orléans...	107,040	32
Cie de l'Ouest	96,918	28
Total	656,914	32

Thus each registered certificate represents an average holding of only thirty-two bonds, or a capital of say 13,600 francs and an annual income of 438 francs.

No less than 7,129 amongst the 31,395 shareholders of the Crédit Foncier own one single share, and the average holding does not exceed eleven shares.

Likewise in the general meetings of the Banque de France, the holders of from one to five shares form an undoubted numerical majority.

The national tendency towards thrift has been further stimulated, and the ranks of the mighty army of the small rentiers largely increased by the great development and extension of the Savings Bank System. According to the latest returns, the number of accounts opened at the so-called Caisses d'Épargne Ordinaires was 6,173,054, representing an aggregate value of 3,143,370,266 francs.

There appear thus to be 161 Savings Bank accounts for every 1,000 inhabitants, with an average deposit of about £20. The results for the year preceding the one referred to (1893) would have appeared more striking still, as the shock produced upon the nerves of the cautious depositor by the protracted Panama crisis must account for a considerable falling off in the business transacted by the Caisses d'Épargne. In addition, the Post Office Savings Bank has by now some 1,700,000 accounts open, with a total capital of 506,379,931 francs, 58 per cent. of which are owned by depositors of sums not exceeding 100 francs.

These figures may be wearisome to wade through, but they are in any case illustrative, not so much of the aggregate wealth of France as a nation as of the manner in which the national wealth is diffused and distributed.

They refer to facts stubborn and undeniable, too eloquent to be

silenced even by the occasional crash of the bomb thrown by the hand of the self-proclaimed victim of social iniquity.

Do they prove anything? No statistical returns will silence the cry of a hungry multitude inspired by the conviction—as genuine as was the faith of the Crusaders—that a redistribution of property and the nationalization of land will secure comparative ease to everyone of its members for all time to come. Statistics can but serve as a support to the conviction of those who have already cast their die one way or the other, and in no case can they be expected to illustrate more than one side of a singularly complex question, which in every civilized community is rapidly forcing itself to the front.

Nevertheless, when self-interest in its simplest form may shelter itself behind the shield of patriotism, sanctioned and hallowed by the Church, it seems hard to imagine that a population which numbers a landowner for every 3·8 inhabitants, and a Savings Bank depositor for every 6·2 should, according to human foresight, be prevailed upon to lend a willing ear to the social revolutionist *novarum rerum appetens.*

H. L.

THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

It is not without hesitation that I have undertaken to discuss in the pages of *The National Review* a subject so uninviting to the general reader as the Currency Question; and I should not venture to do so if I were not persuaded that the public are beginning to awake to the importance of the problem which now cries aloud for solution, and that a great change has occurred since the not very distant time when those who advocated the restoration of silver by international agreement to its old place in the currency of the world, were regarded by all but the few persons who had studied the subject, as victims of a craze, founded upon a denial of the most elementary principles of political economy, to which practical men of the world could not be expected to pay serious attention. The attitude of public opinion towards the Currency Question is, I believe, now very different. The fact is becoming generally known that the masters and teachers of economic science in this country are almost unanimous in admitting the theoretic soundness of the bimetallic theory and in recognizing the danger of attempting to alter the world's standard of value from silver and gold to gold alone. The injury done to trade by the absence of any common standard of value between the East and the West has become more conspicuous than ever. The critical financial position of India, resulting from the general demonetization of silver has arrested the attention of all thinking men who recognize the common responsibility borne by the citizens of a great empire; and even among those whose attention is confined to their own personal interests, an uneasy suspicion seems to be gaining ground that the creeping paralysis which has so long afflicted, and still afflicts, the whole world of commerce, cannot be fully accounted for by an off-hand reference to over-production and the Baring crisis. It is beginning to be felt, if not yet definitely admitted, that the great writers on political economy may after all be in the right. There may be a necessary connection, as of cause and effect, between the volume of the metallic currency, as compared with the work it has to do, and the general range of prices; and if so, the fall of prices, which, with occasional and temporary upward waves, has been going on for the last twenty years, may, as

bimetallists contend, be in great part due to the general adoption of gold monometallism, and may be destined to continue so long as the civilized world, growing rapidly in wealth and population, depends upon gold alone for its supply of standard money.

It is not my present purpose to discuss in minute detail any of the various points of controversy which have arisen between the advocates and the opponents of the double standard, or to consider the means by which the double standard, if approved in principle, could be practically introduced with the least possible disturbance of existing business relations. This difficult and complicated question could not be adequately treated within the limits of an article in a monthly review, and I merely propose on the present occasion to sketch as briefly as possible the monetary history of the precious metals, so as to make clear the nature of the monetary revolution which has now been in progress for more than twenty years. I shall also call attention to the evils to which that revolution has already given rise, endeavour to indicate the still greater evils which it is likely to inflict upon the world in the future, and examine some of the stock arguments against bimetallism.

It is only within the last quarter of a century that economists have successfully investigated the conditions under which a double monetary standard can be permanently maintained, but the joint use of gold and silver as money is as old as history. Here, as in other directions, practice preceded theory; men walked and swam and shot with bows and arrows long before they began to discover the principles of mechanics, and the two precious metals were used concurrently as money at a ratio fixed by authority thousands of years before the theory of bimetallism began to be studied.

It is not necessary to enumerate the various articles which have at different times, and in different places, been used as the standard of value. But it may be well to call attention to the fact that there is no obvious magical virtue in either gold or silver setting these metals apart, as it were by divine decree, for use as money. It was only gradually and by long experience that mankind came to adopt gold and silver as the most convenient materials for a standard of value and medium of exchange. The position which they have long held is the result of a process of natural selection, and there is no reason why the world should not reject either silver or gold, or even both metals, if any substitute could be found which would give on the whole, and in the long run, more satisfactory results. Our monetary policy should be regulated simply by considerations of expediency, using the word expediency in its widest sense.

There is no doubt that in the first instance gold and silver passed from hand to hand by weight, as they still do in some parts of China. In countries where both metals circulated in this manner trouble and confusion arose, as they have arisen in the present day, from variations in the relative value of the two metals, and the rulers found it necessary to declare the ratio of exchange at which gold and silver would be received in payment of taxes or tribute. The ratio thus declared was not an arbitrary one, but was supposed to be the market ratio of the day, and the object of declaring it was to prevent disputes between the persons who collected taxes and those who paid them, and no doubt also to get rid of the risk of fraud on the part of tax-collectors. The fixing of a ratio had, as we now know, a remarkable influence under certain conditions in preventing or limiting fluctuations in the relative value of the two metals, and was the origin of what has been known in recent years as bimetallism,—a system which has prevailed, in a more or less imperfect form, from the earliest times till some twenty years ago. It is a great mistake to suppose that it was only in the earlier portion of the present century that the fluctuations in the relative value of the two metals were confined within narrow limits. At various epochs in the world's history, and in many different countries, comparative fixity of relative value was secured by the authoritative declaration of a ratio at which the two metals could be used as money. Indeed, it seems to be impossible to use the two metals concurrently as money in any country, not in the purely savage state, unless the ratio between them for use as money be authoritatively declared. The ratios which prevailed in some of the great nations of antiquity have been accurately determined.

The following passage taken from an article by Professor F. Max Müller in *The Fortnightly Review* for March, 1889, is conclusive on this point.

"Thousands of ancient coins have thus been tested, and the result has been to show that the ratio between gold and silver was fixed from the earliest time with the utmost accuracy.

The ratio, as Dr. Brugsch has shown, was one to twelve and a half in Egypt; it was, as proved by Dr. Brandis, one to thirteen and one-third in Babylonia, and in all the countries which adopted the Babylonian standard. There have been slight fluctuations, and there are instances of debased coinage in ancient as well as in modern times. But for international trade and tribute, the old Babylonian standard was maintained for a very long time.

These numismatic researches, which have been carried on with indefatigable industry by some of the most eminent scholars in Europe, may seem simply curious, but like all historical studies they convey some useful lessons.

They prove that in spite of inherent difficulties, the great political and commercial nations of the ancient world did succeed in solving the bimetallic problem, and in maintaining for centuries a fixed standard between silver and gold."

The practice of coining, which is believed to have originated in Asia Minor some 700 years before the Christian era, was a great step in the development of the standard of value and medium of circulation, and I need not enlarge on the advantages which resulted from this reform, as the convenience of having the weight and fineness of the circulating medium certified by authority is obvious.

From the use of coined money issued by authority sprang the idea of legal tender, and so a creditor, who in very early times could demand his shekel of fine silver, subsequently became entitled under the law only to what the ruler of the country or his officers certified to be a shekel of fine silver.

The most valuable inventions are liable to be abused, and the invention of coined money issued as legal tender has not proved an exception to the rule. As rulers in early times were subject to little restraint, and not usually more enlightened than their subjects, they were readily induced to make a profit by certifying, as, say, a shekel of silver, a coin which contained less than the full quantity of metal, and it was an easy transition from a debased coin to a coin made of a totally different metal, and from that to something which was neither coin nor metal. The best example of such proceedings with which we are familiar in the present day is the issue of what is called inconvertible paper money, or, in other words, pieces of paper which the Government of the day declares to be legal tender, but which are not convertible into coin, and which depend for their value partly on the limitation of the quantity issued, and partly on the hope that they may some day be made convertible into coin on demand.

In England, silver was the monetary standard throughout the Middle Ages, and it was not till the reign of Edward III. that a successful attempt was made to put gold coins into circulation; but from that time both gold and silver coins circulated, the ratio of exchange between them being declared from time to time by Royal authority. The legal standard of the country continued to be silver, but coins of both metals were in circulation and were frequently debased, and the ratio of exchange between them altered. What I have just said of England might, I believe, be said with equal truth of most European countries at that time. The inconvenience and loss arising from such a state of things must have been very great, and such as would not be borne for a day at the present time. Business was, however, conducted on very different principles from those which now prevail; and those who made their living by trade and commerce had to take things as they found them, since they possessed no means of applying a remedy. Our gigantic modern system of manufacture, trade and finance, would

have been simply impossible under such standards of value as the traders and bankers of former times were forced to accept.

Among other fallacies which prevailed in those days, it was commonly held that the wealth of a country depended on the quantity of gold and silver money which it contained. It has been well said that the measure of wealth had come to be mistaken for the wealth itself. It was quite a common practice for a ruler to deliberately overvalue the gold coins with the intention of attracting gold from foreign countries, and great surprise was experienced when it was found that the overvaluation of gold necessarily involved the undervaluation of silver, and that, though gold was attracted by this device, silver was exported to an equal extent, and no alteration was effected in the aggregate quantity of gold and silver contained in the country. Laws were passed against the export of both gold and silver, but such laws were, of course, easily evaded.

It is difficult to imagine a more exasperating state of things than that under which both gold and silver circulated in different countries at rates fixed independently by the ruler of each country, and altered from time to time with the object of attracting gold or silver from neighbouring countries. These evils appear to have reached their climax in England in the reign of James I. There is no doubt but that the large influx of silver from America after the year 1545, tended to lower the value of that metal, but it has always seemed to me that the great alteration in relative value, which took place between 1620 and 1650, was largely due to the meddling with the legal ratio which took place in England and adjoining countries at that time. There was no such alteration in the relative production of the two metals during those years as would suffice to account for it.

After 1660 there was no serious fluctuation in relative value down to comparatively recent times, a fact which I ascribe to the growing recognition of the futility of attempting to attract the precious metals from other countries by altering the legal ratio. In the reign of William III., however, events occurred which have had a most important influence in shaping the monetary policy of Europe in the present century. In that reign the currency of England fell into a most extraordinary state of confusion owing to the fraudulent clipping of the silver coin; and the guinea, which was the gold coin in ordinary use, commanded for a time a very high premium. When the coins fraudulently reduced in weight had been called in and new full-weight silver coins were issued in their place, great trouble was experienced in reducing the premium on guineas. This premium was gradually brought down by orders of the Government, which declared the ratio at which the receivers

of the public revenue would accept either gold or silver coins, but the final order left the guinea overvalued as compared with the silver coins, with the inevitable result that the new full-weight silver coins were exported, and the currency of England became gold coins, supplemented by light-weight silver coins which it was not profitable to export. The legal standard of the country continued to be silver.

This state of things lasted till 1798, when the value of silver fell relatively to gold, and it once more became profitable to bring silver to the Mint to be coined. By this time the English people had become accustomed to the use of gold, and an Act was passed expressly prohibiting the free coinage of silver. In the beginning of the present century the currency of England was composed of inconvertible and depreciated paper, and when, after the close of the great war with Napoleon, a return was made to specie payments, the legal standard of England was declared to be gold, mainly, I believe, on the ground that by their use of gold instead of silver for over a hundred years, the English people had shown their preference for that metal. That the people preferred gold to silver as currency at that time was probably correct; but that preference arose from their having been accustomed to use gold for over a hundred years; and they were accustomed to use gold because gold had been overvalued in the first instance, and not, as has been sometimes said, because they were originally so strongly attached to gold that debtors preferred to pay their debts in gold at a loss to themselves rather than use silver. There never has been in the history of the world, and there never will be until human nature ceases to be what it is, a case in which of two sets of coins circulating side by side the dearer will drive out the cheaper.

The formal adoption of the gold standard by England had no appreciable effect on the relative value of the two metals, because the majority of nations still adhered to the silver standard, and the system of double legal tender prevailed extensively, especially in France, where there has always been a great store of the precious metals. This state of things lasted till the year 1873, and notwithstanding the great increase in the production of gold owing to the discoveries in California and Australia, the disturbance in value was comparatively slight. Indeed, so great was this stability, that its continued existence came to be accepted almost as a law of nature, which would never be broken; and Professor Cairnes placed the following opinion on record in the year 1872:—

"I may now say (1872) that I am disposed to assign much less importance to this question of a change in the monetary standard of India than I did when the above passage was written. The

reasoning assumes the probability of a serious divergence in the relative value of gold and silver, but I now believe that such a divergence is practically out of the question."

I call special attention to the fact that this opinion was placed on record by one of the ablest economists of the present century in the year 1872, or, in other words, just before the beginning of those fluctuations in the relative value of the precious metals, and of that depreciation of silver as compared with gold which have brought India within a measurable distance of bankruptcy. We can now see that in reality the position in 1872 was full of danger. Gold and silver were both used as standard money, and divided the monetary work of the world between them; for a long period there had been comparative fixity of relative value between the two metals, but the causes of this steadiness, the importance of maintaining it, and the readiness with which it could be destroyed were practically unrecognized and unknown.

On the other hand, the eminence which England, the sole gold-using country of any importance, had attained in manufactures, commerce, and finance had unconsciously led many people to believe that there must be some special virtue in the gold standard; and an abundant supply of gold seemed to offer to other nations the means of adopting the English system. In fact, the monetary system of the world was in 1872 in what may be termed a state of unstable equilibrium, and we were on the eve of a monetary revolution which is still in progress, and the force of which is far from being exhausted.

It is well known how the change was brought about. Germany altered her standard from silver to gold. France and the other States of the Latin Union closed their mints to silver. The United States, where the currency was for the time inconvertible and depreciated paper, abandoned the system of double legal tender, a change which had the most serious results when a return was made to specie payments. Other nations followed in the same direction, and India was suddenly brought face to face with the great currency problem in the most disagreeable form by finding that the gold prices of silver fell, while the exchange on England went down and became subject to excessive fluctuations.

It so happened that I was employed in the Finance Department of the Government of India at the time, and I distinctly recollect that in the first instance, the general impression was that the mischief was due to the great Comstock Lode, which was supposed to be pouring out unlimited quantities of silver. Discussion and enquiry followed, and gradually it came to be recognized that by far the most momentous currency change of which there is any record

in the history of the world had been initiated with almost complete failure on the part of the civilized world to recognize the nature of the change or to appreciate the consequences that must follow. The question has been investigated by a Special Committee of the House of Commons and by a Royal Commission. It has formed the subject of three International Conferences and given rise to a flood of currency literature. I will not say that no progress has been made in the education of the public mind, for I am satisfied that very much light has been thrown on the problem by the discussions that have taken place during the last twenty years. But unanimity of opinion has not been secured, and the great currency problem is still unsolved. A wrong solution would lead to widespread disaster of indefinite magnitude, and yet a solution of some sort there must be. The movement has begun, we are on an inclined plane, and if nothing is done we must roll to the bottom, though we neither know where the bottom is nor what our condition will be when we get there.

The disputants are divided into two camps—the bimetallists, who urge that silver should be restored to its old position as money and that the world should revert to the system of double legal tender; and monometallists, who maintain that financial salvation is not to be found outside the pale of the single gold standard, a position which necessarily involves the exclusion, wholly or partially, of silver from its former position as standard money of the world. Some monometallists, I believe, advocate the gradual extension of the single gold standard to the whole civilized world, silver having become, in their opinion, a discredited metal, unworthy to be treated as a standard of value. Another, and I believe a larger, section of the gold camp favour the adoption of the gold standard by one-half the world and of the silver standard by the other. The latter proposal has always appeared to me to be wanting in the elements of finality. It would leave the civilized world exposed to the evils of a break of monetary gauge, and I am unable to discover any principle on which it could be decided what countries should adopt the gold standard and what countries should adopt the silver standard; nor do I see how a country could be prevented from deserting from one standard to the other with all the attendant monetary disturbance which necessarily results from such changes. It has been said, and I believe quite seriously, that all the rich countries should choose gold and the poor ones silver, but a little examination will show that such a solution is impracticable. An International Conference, assembled for the purpose of settling the monetary affairs of the world on the basis of rich nations adopting gold and poor ones silver, would be unlikely to come to a satisfactory conclusion. Unanimity of opinion might,

for the first time in the history of such conferences, be secured, but it would be secured by the representative of every nation declaring that he appeared on behalf of an undoubtedly wealthy and solvent community, and one that was determined to march in the van of civilization. If by any accident a nation could be found willing to admit that it was too poor to enjoy the luxury of a gold standard, it would be necessary for it, in order to maintain the currency equilibrium, to admit not merely that it was poor in the present, but that it intended to remain poor in the future, as an access of wealth at a future date would involve the adoption of the more fashionable standard. For my part I have always recognized that there can be no permanent halting-place between a general return to the old system of double legal tender and the gradual extension of the gold standard to all civilized countries. The sooner England can be brought to recognize that in this case there are two courses open to her, and not three, the better for all the interests concerned.

In attempting to decide what course should be followed, the first question we have got to consider is whether it is possible to extend the gold standard throughout the whole world or throughout that portion of it which can lay some claim to be considered civilized.

To this question it seems to me that the answer must be in the negative. Of those nations which at present profess to have a gold standard, a great many have such a standard in name only and not in reality. Their standard is inconvertible and depreciated paper. Of the nations which effectively maintain the gold standard, several have large quantities of overvalued silver coins of full legal tender which now pass as money for more than double the value of the metal contained in them. I may instance the United States and the States of the Latin Union. India contains an immense mass of overvalued silver coin, while there is not a single gold coin in her legal currency. Gold in India, whether coined or uncoined, is simply a commodity at present. The evils of an inconvertible paper currency are obvious, and the existence of overvalued coin of full legal tender is contrary to sound principle and may at any time lead to disaster, though we cannot say when or how. Nobody has yet ventured to imagine such a thing as a gold standard in China.

No doubt there has been a large increase in the production of gold in Africa, and there is every prospect that the production of gold in that country has not yet reached its maximum. Any probable increase will, however, not do more than fill the void caused by the cessation of the issue of legal tender money in the United States under the operation of the Sherman Act.

The population and wealth of the world are growing at such a rate,

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and the use of gold for other than monetary purposes is so general, that the increased production of that metal is not likely to meet what we may call normal demands for it, apart altogether from the large amount that would be required to replace overvalued silver and inconvertible paper, and to meet the further demand due to the extension of the gold standard to such countries as India and the far East.

Whether India will succeed in establishing a gold standard or not is a question which only time can decide. The weight of opinion is on the side of those who hold that a gold standard cannot be established in India, but in such a matter, authority is not conclusive, and it seems to me that with good management, the gold standard may be established, though the bulk of the Indian currency can never be gold.

Whether India can or cannot succeed, in course of time, in establishing a gold standard, the permanent establishment of the universal gold standard throughout the world appears to be a mere dream, and not worthy of consideration by practical men.

Apart from the question of the possibility of establishing a universal gold standard, there is the still more important question whether it would be expedient to establish such a standard if it were possible to do so. The universal gold standard might prove, as an eminent authority once said, a false Utopia, a Dead Sea fruit that would turn to ashes on the lips.

We may form some opinion on this subject by considering what has happened since the process of excluding silver from the standard money of the world began in 1873.

The natural consequence to be expected from the exclusion of silver from the monetary standard is a great fall in prices, and such fall in prices has actually been experienced since 1873 in a degree which has been undoubtedly injurious.

It has been said that the fall in prices is due to the progress of human invention, and that, however much individuals may have suffered, the fall is a benefit to mankind; and bimetallists have been accused of wishing to put back the hand on the dial, and deprive the world of the benefits that follow industrial progress.

He must be blind to the signs of the times who would deny that there has been great progress in the last twenty years, and that such progress has benefited mankind. But bimetallists have neither the wish nor the power to stay the progress of invention. The general adoption of bimetallism would not deprive the world of the benefit of a single human invention. It would neither tear up our railways, nor destroy our steamships, nor break down our telegraph lines. On the contrary, one of the objects of those who advocate bimetallism is to remove that break of monetary gauge

which now obstructs the interchange of commodities and hampers the profitable investment of capital. If the adoption of bimetallism were attended by those consequences it would afford a wider field for the exercise of human ingenuity and enterprise, and by increasing the total production of the world it would benefit alike the capitalist and the labourer. Surely the presumption is in favour of a monetary system, which, while facilitating commercial and industrial progress, would have prevented so great a fall in prices as that which we have experienced since 1873.

A fall in the prices of commodities due to their production with a less expenditure of capital and labour is a good thing; a continuous fall in prices caused by a currency change is an evil. One may desire to remedy the latter evil without wishing to make commodities dear.

A general and continuous fall in prices has serious economic results. It increases the burden of all obligations fixed in terms of money; it also reduces profits and tends to produce conflicts between labour and capital. The industrial machine no longer works smoothly, and the production of material wealth is hindered. It is sometimes said that an appreciation of the standard benefits the working-man, because the prices of the articles which he consumes fall while his wages remain for a time as high as before. I venture to doubt the soundness of this argument, and I believe we should never have heard it but for the fact that the working-man has got a vote. In opposition I could point out that many of the payments made by the working-man are largely fixed by custom, and do not fall at all, or fall slowly; that a penalty on capital means a reduced demand for labour, and that all parties lose when disputes regarding wages draw to a head.

But I prefer to rest the argument on a broader and more general basis. If appreciation of the standard of value clogs the industrial machine and hinders production, as it undoubtedly does, and if it, at the same time, gives a larger share of the products of industry and capital to the sleeping partner, the debenture holder, and mortgagee, as it undoubtedly does, there must be less to divide between the manufacturers and the workers, and I doubt if the worker under such circumstances can really obtain a higher wage out of what is, in all strictness, a reduced proportion of a smaller total.

Evils arising from the growing burden of monetary obligations daily present themselves in this country. They have led to judicial interference with contracts, which may go further. No doubt these evils are due, to a large extent, to economic causes; but it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, and the fact that we are passing through a period of economic disturbance is no justification

for a monetary revolution which must intensify and aggravate what is in itself unavoidable.

All countries which have borrowed largely appear to be in difficulties. If prices fall by one-third it takes fifty per cent. more produce to discharge a money debt. If prices fall fifty per cent., it requires double the amount of produce.

Many countries may have borrowed more heavily than was prudent, others may have spent the borrowed money in a foolish or wasteful manner, but at the same time there remains the indisputable fact that it now takes from fifty to one hundred per cent. more produce to discharge many debts than was required at the time these debts were contracted. Cheapness of production may account for a portion of this increase, but not, as it seems to me, for all.

The objections, then, to the universal gold standard are: (1) that no means can be seen of supplying the amount of gold required for such a purpose; (2) that it is impossible to get rid of the overvalued silver coins now in the currencies of the worlds; and (3) that the monetary change now in progress has been attended with a great fall in prices which has produced injurious results, while it is quite impossible to estimate to what extent prices may fall if the present policy is persisted in.

I will now notice briefly some of the objections which have been taken to the re-establishment of bimetallism. Some of these objections destroy one another, but I will notice them separately.

The first objection is that the quantity of money has practically no effect on prices, or, as it was put by one authority, that there are £6,000 millions of credit in England and only £100 millions of gold; that credit has as much influence on prices as gold; and that any possible addition of gold to the £6,100 millions of circulating medium (credit and gold) in England would have no perceptible effect on prices.—Volumes might be written on the relation between prices and the quantity of money, but the argument to which I have alluded may be disposed of very briefly. I do not know how the figure giving the quantity of credit in England has been obtained, but if the circulating medium of England is comprised of £6,000 millions of credit and £100 millions of gold, and if credit and gold have, quantity for quantity, precisely the same effect on prices, the reduction of credit by £100 millions would have no perceptible effect on prices. Could the same thing be said if £100 millions of gold were withdrawn, or £80 millions or £60 millions? I think that any such withdrawal would produce not merely a greater effect than the withdrawal of an equal amount of credit but that it would shake our financial system to its foundation.

Therefore, gold must have a very different and a greater effect on prices than an equal amount of credit.

Again, let us assume that £6,100 millions of gold is added to our circulating medium. According to the theory about credit and gold which I have just stated, this increase in the total circulating medium should double prices, yet the man who holds that such an increase of gold would merely double prices is not a person with whom it is worth while to argue.

The cases which I have stated are, of course, extreme cases, but it is extreme cases which afford the readiest test of the soundness of a general law.

The development of credit during the last twenty years has been at least as great in gold countries as in silver countries. If, then, credit is the predominant factor in regulating prices (so far as they are affected by the circulating medium) gold prices should have fallen since 1873 as little as silver prices have fallen; we know that gold prices have fallen much more than silver prices.

It has also been said that the price of each commodity rises or falls under the operation of economic causes affecting that commodity, and that the influence of the standard of value is practically nil. This view will not bear examination.

The pound sterling at one time exchanged for ten rupees; at present it is worth nearly twenty rupees. If an article was worth a pound sterling twenty-five years ago, it was worth ten rupees at that time.

If the same article is still worth a pound sterling, it is now worth twenty rupees. If it is only worth ten shillings its value is still ten rupees. On the former supposition the gold price has remained the same while the silver price has risen one hundred per cent. On the latter supposition the gold price has fallen fifty per cent., while the silver price has remained the same. How is it possible under such circumstances to hold that the metallic standard of value has, practically, no effect on prices? It is a remarkable fact that men are to be found capable of asserting at one time that the quantity of money has no effect on prices, and at another that it is the increased production of silver that has caused its fall in value, or, in other words, a rise in the value of other commodities measured in silver; that is, in silver prices.

Another objection that has been raised is that war might occur after an International Agreement had been adopted for the use of both gold and silver as money, and that one of the parties to the Agreement might withdraw from it with a twofold object—to damage its opponent and to obtain gold, which is supposed to be of special value in time of war.

The answer is that a nation which withdrew from the Agreement

might possibly damage itself, but could not injure its opponent, which would still have the same standard as the rest of the world, and that a country can always get as much gold as it can pay for, whether gold is its standard of value or not.

I have never heard that the existence of a silver standard in Germany was an appreciable hindrance to that country in her last great war, and there are many instances of successful wars having been waged by countries that had an inconvertible and depreciated standard. Gunpowder is even more necessary for war than gold, but it is possible to get a sufficient supply of that material without elevating it to the dignity of a standard of value.

I have already alluded to the argument that a fall in prices due to diminished cost of production is a gain to mankind. A fall in prices caused by cheaper production is a totally different thing from a fall in prices caused by a currency change. Bimetallists could not prevent a fall in prices by increasing the cost of production, and would not if they could. Their objects are quite different; they wish to still further cheapen production and to enable mankind to obtain the necessities, the comforts, and even the luxuries of existence, at a minimum cost in labour and capital, and they hope to do something towards this end by giving the whole world the same standard of value, that standard being the one which prevailed up to 1873, and being also, in their opinion, the best standard which the ingenuity of man can devise under existing circumstances.

It has been said that a change has taken place in recent years which gives the working man a larger share of the products of labour than he formerly obtained, and it has been insinuated that it is against this result that bimetallists are fighting, and fighting in vain. The accusation is unfounded. Human invention has greatly improved the means of production. We all benefit by this change, and bimetallism could not deprive us of the benefit. The working man also gets a larger share of the products of labour than he formerly did, and so long as human invention remains unchecked and capital continues to grow his position will continue to improve. If bimetallism possess the advantages which its advocates claim for it, its restoration would still further improve the position of the working man and of everybody else.

It is remarkable that those who allege, and with good reason, that the position of the working man has greatly improved, so that he now obtains a larger share of the products of industry, and at the same time assert that there has been no appreciation of the standard of value, cannot see that under such circumstances the wages of labour should have largely risen. If the working man now obtains a larger share of the products of industry, and if wages

have nevertheless fallen rather than risen, the appreciation of gold is proved.

Very many people hold the opinion that even if the standard of value has appreciated, it is a good thing for England. We are a creditor nation, and the lower prices fall the greater is the quantity of commodities which our debtors must give us in order to discharge their obligations.

There are, however, some considerations which weaken the force of this argument.

In the first place a large proportion of the English capital invested abroad is invested in industrial enterprises where the return depends on the yearly rate of profit, and is not a fixed annual rate of interest. In such cases there has been no gain, but rather a loss, under the state of things that has existed since 1873.

Of the money invested abroad at a fixed rate of interest an appreciable portion is in silver securities, and on all such securities there has been loss and not gain.

Even those lucky persons who have foreign investments on which the interest is payable in gold at a fixed rate have not altogether escaped. The rate of interest has been cut down, or it has not been paid at all; in some cases the capital has been lost. Of course this result has often been due to the fact that the original investment was a foolish or unsafe one, but the greater the burden which the fall in prices imposes on the debtor the more likely he is to repudiate. I can find no evidence of the English investor in foreign securities having had a specially good time in recent years. Such evidence as there is points in the opposite direction.

On the whole it seems to me not only selfish but shortsighted for investors in gold securities at a fixed rate of interest to crow too loudly over the appreciation of the standard. The foreign debtor might apply the argument in a way the creditor would not like, and the vast majority of the English people have no foreign investments and might show but little sympathy for a Shylock who had over-reached himself.

For my part I do not believe that those who use this argument really attach much importance to it. They are opposed to a change which they do not understand, and they catch at the first weapon that comes to hand, regardless of the fact that it is double-edged and may wound themselves.

No intelligent man who looks at the question as a whole can seriously think that the disruption of the world's monetary standard could possibly benefit a manufacturing, trading, and financial nation such as England, or that it would be other than a gain to this country to have the Currency Question settled, in the manner most advantageous to the whole world.

In conclusion, there is one consideration to which I would invite attention. Some forty years ago, or thereabouts, great hope was entertained that free-trade would be universally adopted. That hope has been disappointed. About the same time the great nations of the world showed some inclination towards the settlement of important questions by International Agreement. In this respect also we have gone back instead of forward. We appear to have entered on an era of protection at home, and territorial greed abroad, of selfish isolation, international rivalry, and ever-growing armaments. No man can foresee what the end will be. The causes at work are various, and it is easier to perceive the danger than to suggest a remedy. But it may safely be asserted that a not unimportant factor in the present reaction against free-trade is the fall in prices which affects all countries that have a gold standard.

The Currency Question could have been settled by International Agreement with comparative ease in 1881. England failed to realize the magnitude of the responsibility which her position imposed on her, and put the question aside as one that did not concern her. It was an unfortunate decision. A different line of action would have settled the Currency Question and given monetary peace to the world; would have removed an obstacle that stands in the way of free-trade, and done something to promote international goodwill.

DAVID BARBOUR.

MRS. MARTIN'S COMPANY.

Mrs. Martin lived down a high-banked lane, which, as it led no whither in particular, was subject to little traffic, and which she occupied all by herself, though her cabin stood the middle one in a row of three. You could see at a glance that the left-hand dwelling was vacant, for the browned thatch had fallen in helplessly, and the rafters stuck up through it like the ribs of a stranded wreck. The other was less obviously deserted; still its plight could be easily perceived in weedy threshold and cobweb-curtained window. It testified strongly to the lonesomeness of the neighbourhood that no child had yet enjoyed the bliss of sending a stone crash through the flawed greenish pane. Both of them had, in fact, been empty for many months. From the ruined one the Egan family had gone piecemeal, following each other westward in detachments, until even the wrinkled parents were settled in California, where they blinked by day at the strange fierce sunshine, and dreamed by night back again under the soft-shadowed skies of the ould counthry. Soon after that, the O'Keefes had made a more abrupt flitting from next door, departing on the same day, all together, except little Kate and Joe, whose death of the fever was what had "given their poor mother, the crathur, a turn like agin the place." Since then no new tenants had succeeded them in the row, which was, to be sure, out of the way, and out of repair, and not in any respect a desirable residence.

The loss of her neighbours was a very serious misfortune to Mrs. Martin, as she had long depended upon them for a variety of things, which she would have herself summed up in the term "company." She had been early widowed and left quite alone in the world, so that through most of the inexorable years which turned an eager-eyed girl into a regretful-looking little old woman, she had found herself obliged to seek much of her interest in life outside her own small domestic circle—all forlorn centre. This was practicable enough while she lived under one thatch with two large families, who were friendlily content that their solitary neighbour should take cognisance of their goings out and comings in. Upon occasion, indeed, she had unforebodingly grumbled that

the young Egans and O'Keefes "had her moidhered wid the whillaballoo they would be risin' continyal." But when they were gone a terrible blank and silence filled up their place, as well might be, since her kind had thus suddenly receded far beyond her daily ken. A weary Irish mile intervened between her and the nearest cottages of Clonmacreevagh, and it was only "of a very odd while" her rheumatics had allowed her to hobble that far, even to Mass. Seldom or never now did she make her way at all down the windings of the lane, where the grass from its tall banks encroached monthly more and more upon the ancient ruts; and other passengers were hardly less infrequent. The lands about lay waste, or in sheep-walks, so that there was nothing to bring farm-carts and horses and men lumbering and plodding along it, and to attract anybody else what was there but a mournful little old woman in a dark cavernous kitchen, where the only bright objects were the fire-blink and the few bits of shining crockery on the dresser, which she had not often the heart these times to polish up? So week out and week in, never a foot went past her door, as a rule with just one exception.

Michael O'Toole, a farmer on the townland, did her the kindness of letting his cart drive out of its way every Saturday and leave at her house the "loaves and male and grains of tay," which her lameness would have otherwise made it difficult for her to come by. This was, of course, a great convenience, and ensured her one weekly caller But, unluckily for her, Tim Doran the carter was a man quite singularly devoid of conversational gifts, and so grimly unsociable besides, that her provisions might almost as well have been washed up by the sea, or conveyed to her by inarticulate ravens. If he possibly could, he would always dump down the parcels on the road before her door, and jog along hurriedly unaccosted; and though Mrs. Martin could generally prevent that by keeping a lookout for him, she never succeeded in attaining to the leisurely gossip after which she hungered. Beyond monosyllables Tim would not go, and the poor little wiles by which she sought to inveigle him into discourse failed of detaining him as signally as if they had been gossamer threads stretched across his road. She had so often tried, for instance, to lengthen his halt by telling him she thought "the horse was after pickin' up a stone," that at last he ceased even to glance at the beast's feet for verification, but merely grunted and said: "Oh, git along out of that, mare." Then the mud-splashed blue cart, and sorrel horse, and whity-brown jacket, would pass out of sight round the turn of the lane, and the chances were that she would not again set eyes on a human face, until they reappeared jogging from the opposite direction that day week.

In the long afternoons, which sometimes began for her before twelve o'clock if she got expeditiously through her "readyin' up," the lag-foot hours seemed dismally empty, and during them she was especially prone to crown her sorrow with memories of her happier things: of the time when she need only slip out at her own door, and in at Mrs. Egan's or Mrs. O'Keefe's, if she wanted plenty of company, and when "themselves or the childer would be runnin' in to her every minute of the day. If there was nothin' else," she mused, "the crathurs of hins and chuckens foostherin' about the place looked a thrifle gay like." Mrs. Martin herself kept no fowl, for "how would she get hobblin' after them, if they tuk to strayin' on her?" And she had attempted vainly to adopt the O'Keefes' cat, which became unsettled in its mind upon the departure of its late owners, and at length roamed desperately away into unknown regions. Thus, nowadays, when the little old woman gazed listlessly over her half-door, all she could see was the quiet green bank across the road, with perhaps a dingy white sheep inanely nibbling atop. Then she would sometimes feel at first as if it were only a dreary Sunday or holiday, when the silence and solitude being caused by her neighbours' absence at Mass would end on their return; but presently she would be stricken with the recollection that they were irrevocably gone, and that, watch as long as she might, she would never more hear their voices grow louder and clearer coming up the lane, preluding their appearance anon, a cheerful company, round the turn fast by.

One afternoon, however, her hopeless lookout did result in something pleasant. It was a Christmas Eve, and dull, chilly weather, overclouded with fleecy grey, thinned here and there into silvery dimness, a sheath from which a fiery rose might flush at sunsetting. She was just turning away with a shiver from the draughty door when she caught a glimpse of Father Gilmore's long coat flapping between the banks. It was a welcome sight, which she had missed through six tedious months and more, for his Reverence, after a severe illness in the spring, had been somehow provided with funds to go seek lost health abroad, and had fared southward upon that quest. His travels, indeed, seemed to have been inconceivably extended. When to Mrs. Martin's question: "And was your Riverence, now, anythin' as far as Paris?" he replied, with a touch of triumph, "A long step *further*," her imagination recoiled from so wild a track, and she could only stare at him as if astonished to see no visible traces of such wanderings, except maybe a slight tawny tinge like the rust-wraith of many hot sunbeams, superimposed on the normal greenish hue of his well-worn cloth.

Father Gilmore spared her half-an-hour of delightful discourse, to which his own foreign adventures and the home news from Clonmacreevagh gave an animated flow. But when Mrs. Martin's turn came to give an account of herself the conversation fell into a minor key. And the theme that ran through all her despondence was the plaint that she did be terrible short of company. "She had middlin' good health, barrin' the rheumatiz, thanks be to God, but sure she did be cruel lonesome. It's lost she was there, wid niver sight nor sound of man or mortal from mornin' till night; she might as well be an ould wether left fallen in a gripe for all she seen or heard of anythin'. 'Deed now 'twas just the one way wid her as wid the waft of smoke there up her ould chimney that went fluttherin' out on the width of the air, and sorra another breath anywheres nigh it, since ever the crathurs quit. Many a mornin' she'd scarce the heart to be puttin' a light to her fire at all, she was that fretted, ay bedad, she was so."

To these laments Father Gilmore listened with a patience made more difficult by his consciousness that he could suggest no remedy of the practically appropriate sort which is to general consolatory propositions as a close and cordial hearth-glow to the remote and mocking sunshine of a wintry sky. If you want to warm your cold hands those league-long flames some millions of miles away are so much less immediately to the purpose than your neighbouring screed of ruddy coals. This drifted mistily through his mind, as for lack of a more satisfactory remark he said: "You wouldn't think of moving into the town?" But he was well aware that he had spoken foolishly, even before Mrs. Martin answered: "Ah, your Riverence, how would I, so to spake, be runnin' me head out from under me penny of rint?" For her husband, a gamekeeper up at the Big House of the parish, had lost his life by accident at a shooting party, and the family had pensioned off his widow with five weekly shillings and her cabin rent free.

"True for you, Mrs. Martin," said Father Gilmore, standing up. "But sure, lonely or no, we're all under the protection of God Almighty, and I've brought you a little ornament for your room." Mrs. Martin's eyes sparkled at the last clause of his sentence, while he took out of his pocket a small parcel, and began to strip off its wrappages, which were many folds of bluish tissue-paper, with layers of grey-green dried grass between. "The man I got it from at Marseilles," he said, "told me a lot of them came from Smyrna, and I never stirred these papers that were on it, thinkin' I mightn't be able to do it up so well again. I only hope it's not broke on us." As the thin sheets and light grass-wisps fell off, the blast whistling under the door-sill whisked them about the uneven floor, and Mrs.

Martin drew in her breath expectantly. At last the treasure was discovered in perfect preservation, an alabaster statuette of the Virgin, some two fingers high.

I do not know that it was a very fine work of art, but at worst you cannot easily make anything ugly out of alabaster. The Child lay placidly asleep, and the Mother looked young and happy and benignant. For a few moments Mrs. Martin's admiration was quite incoherent, and when she found words Father Gilmore sought to stem the tide of ecstatic gratitude by saying, "And where will you put it? Why, here's a niche looks as if it might have been made for it." The place he pointed to was a little recess beneath a tiny window-slit, formed partly by design, but enlarged by the chance falling out of a fragment from the stone-and-mud wall. A long ray, slanted from the clearing west, reached through the half-door, quivered across the dark room, and just touched the white figure as he set it down. Against the background of grimy wall it shone as if wrought of rosed snow.

"Bedad, then, it's there I'll keep her, and nowhere else," said the little old woman, and he left her in rapt contemplation. As he trudged home he felt sure that his few francs had been well bestowed, and his conviction strengthened with each tedious twist of the deserted ways which lay between Mrs. Martin and her company. By the time he had gained his own house his uppermost thought was a regret that such a trifle had been all he could do for the poor ould dacint body—the Lord might pity her.

It was, however, by no means a trifle to the poor old body herself. For the first few days after her acquisition of the image it took up a wonderful deal of her time and thoughts. Even when she was not standing at gaze in front of it she but seldom lost it from her sight. Her eyes were continually turning towards the niche, whence it seemed strangely to dominate the room. Its clear whiteness made a mark for the feeblest gleam of ebbing daylight or fading embers; it was the last object to be muffled under bat's-wing gloom, and the first to creep back when morning glimmered in again. She dusted it superfluously many times a day, with a proud pleasure always somewhat dashed by the remembrance that she could exhibit it to no neighbours, who would say, with variations, "Ah! glory be among us, Mrs. Martin, ma'am, but that's rael iligant entirely. Och woman, dear, did you ever see the like of that now at all, at all?"

Still, the most marvellous piece of sculpture ever chiselled would probably betray deficiencies if adopted as one's sole companion in life; and Mrs. Martin's little statuette had obvious shortcomings when so regarded. As the winter wore on the weight of her solitude pressed more and more heavily. The bad weather increased

her isolation. Some days there were of bitter frost and snow, and some of streaming rain, and many of wild wind. Once or twice Tim Doran brought her a double supply of provisions, and did not return for a fortnight, and then she felt indeed cut adrift. By-and-bye her vague disconsolateness began to take shape in more definite terrors. She was beset with surmises of ill-disposed vagrants tramping that way to practise unforbidden on her wretched life, and she crept trembling to and from the pool where she filled her water-can. Or ghostly fears overcame her, and she thought at night that she heard the little dead children keening in the deserted room next door, and that mysterious shadows went past the windows, and unseen hands rattled the latch. But through all her shifting mist of trouble the alabaster Virgin shone on her steadily with just a ray of consolation. Every night she said her Rosary before the niche, and almost always her devotions ended in a prayer of her own especial wishing and wording.

"Ah, Lady dear," she would say, "wouldn't you think now to be sendin' me a bit of company? me that's left as disolit as the ould top of Slieve Moyneran this great while back. Ah, wouldn't you then, me Lady? Sure if that's a thrue likeness of you at all, there's the look on you that it's plased you'd be to do a poor body e'er a good turn, ay, is there, bedad. And I couldn't tell you the comfort 'twould be to me, not if I was all night tellin'. Just a neighbour droppin' in now and agin', acushla, I wouldn't make bold to ax you for them to be livin' convenient alongside of me the way they was. Sure I know the roof's quare and bad, and 'twas small blame to them they quit; but to see an odd sight of one, Lady jewel, if it wouldn't go agin you to conthrive that much. Ah, darlint, supposin' it was only a little ould poor ould wisp of a lone woman the same as meself, it's proud I'd be to behould her; or if it was Crazy Christy, that does be talkin' foolish, the crathur, troth, all's one, the sound of the voice spakin' 'ud be plisant to hear, no matter what ould blathers he tuk the notion to be gabbin'. For it's unnathural still and quiet here these times, Lady dear, wid sorra a livin' sowl comin' next or nigh me ever. But sure 'tis the lonesome house you kep' yourself, Lady dear, one while, and belike you'll remimber it yet, for all you've got back your company agin, ay have you, glory be to God. And wid the help of the Lord it's slippin' over I'll be meself one of these days to them that's gone from me, and no fear but I'll have the grand company then. Only it's the time between whiles does be woeful long and dhrary-like. So if you wouldn't think too bad, Lady honey, to send me the sight of a crathur——." Thus she rambled on piteously, but in answer seemed to come nothing more companionable than the wide-winged gusts of the night wind roving the great grass lands at the back of her cabin

where the tiny window-slit peered out. And day followed day with not a step or voice.

It was on a mild-aired morning midway in February that Mrs. Martin, when dusting her precious image, noticed a vivid green speck dotted on the grey wall near its foot. Looking closer, she saw two atoms of leaves pricked up through the cracked mud, belonging no doubt to some seedling weed, she thought, and she would have brushed them away had not some other trifle just then diverted her attention. A few days afterwards, when she happened again to take heed of them, they were crowning a slender shoot, fledged with other delicate leaflets, film-frail, and semi-transparent. She thought the little spray looked pretty and "off the common," and next morning she was pleased to see that it had crept a bit further on the dark wall. Thenceforward she watched its growth with a deep interest. It throve apace. Every day showed a fresh unfolding of leaf-buds and lengthening of stalks, which seemed to climb with a purpose, as if moved by a living will. Their goal was indeed the narrow chink which let a wedge of light slant in just above the Virgin's glistering head, and in making for it they caught boldly at anything that offered tendril-hold. One morning the little old woman untwisted a coil of fairy cordage that was enringing the Virgin's feet, and often after this she had to disengage the figure from the first beginnings of wreathings and windings amongst which it would speedily have disappeared. As it was, they soon filled up the niche with a tangled greenery, and overflowed in long trails and festoons drooping to the floor. Never was there a carven shrine wrought with such intricate traceries. When the early-rising sun struck in through them, the floor was flecked with the wavering shadows of the small fine leaves, whilst they themselves took a translucent vividness of hue that might have been drawn from wells of liquid chrysoprase and beryl; and amid the bower of golden-green steadily glimmered the white-stoled Virgin.

All this was the work of but a few weeks, scarcely stepping over the threshold of Spring. The little old woman watched its progress with pleasure and astonishment. She had never, she said, seen the like of any such a thing before. As the wonder grew, she felt more and more keenly the lack of someone to whom she might impart it. She did try to tell Tim Doran, but the opposite turf-bank would not have received the intelligence much more blankly, and could not have grunted with such discouraging indifference in reply. The man, she thought bitterly, was "as stupid as an ould blind cow. If you tould him you had the Queen of Agypt and the Lord Lieutenant sittin' in there colloguin' be the fire, he wouldn't throuble himself to take a look in at the door." However, no less stolid listeners were forthcoming. Father Gilmore was paying the

penalty for his ill-timed return to northern climes in a series of bad colds, and the other neighbours never set foot up the lane.

At last she bethought her of communicating with Father Gilmore by a letter, which Tim Doran might carry, and she laboriously composed one in time for his next weekly call. Whether he would deliver it or not was a point which his manner left doubtful; but he actually did so. Mrs. Martin's letter was "scrawmed" on a bit of coarse brown paper, which, when I saw it some time ago, still smelt so pungently of tea, that I think it must have wrapped one of her parcels. The writing on it ran as follows:—

"Your Reverence. Hopin' this finds you in good health, thanks be to God. Plase your Reverence, the Quarest that ever you witnessed has got clamberin' inside on the wall. I dunno what at all to say to it; never the like of it I seen. But the creelin' of it and the crawlin' of it would terrify you. Makin' offers now and agin it does be to smoother the Houly Virgin, but sure I'd be long sorry to let it do that bad thrick, after all the goodness of your Reverence. And I was thinkin' this long while your Reverence might be maybe steppin' our way yourself some day, for creepin' over all before it it is every minute of time. Such a terrible quare thing I never heard tell of, and the sorra another sowl except meself have I about the place.

"Your obedient,
"MARY MARTIN."

This letter caused Father Gilmore considerable uneasiness, for it filled him with misgivings about the mental condition of the writer. Her account of "the Quarest that ever you witnessed," sounded, he feared, painfully like the hallucinations of a mind distempered by over long solitude. "Indeed it's no way for the poor ould body to be left, if one could help it," he mused. Even in his meditations I am sure that Father Gilmore must have used his soft southern brogue—"I've thought many a time it was enough to drive her demented—and now there's some quare sort of delusion she's taken into her head, that's plain, goodness pity her. I'd have done right to go see after her before this, as I was intendin', only somethin' always happened to hinder me."

He was determined now against any further delay, and he set out that very afternoon to visit his afflicted parishioner. The expedition was rather formidable to him, as he had a natural shrinking from stormy scenes, and he fully expected that he would find poor little Mrs. Martin if not downright "raving in no small madness," at least labouring under some frightful delusion, in the shape, apparently, of a hideous monster infesting her abode. This prospect made him so nervously apprehensive that he was glad to fall in with a small youth, one Paddy Greer, who seemed inclined to accompany him upon his walk. All the way along, between the greening hedges of the lane, he remonstrated with himself for letting the gossoon share unwittingly in such an errand, yet he

could not make up his mind to dismiss Paddy, or to feel otherwise than relieved by the continued bare-foot patter at his side.

But his relief was far greater when on reaching the cabin he saw its mistress in her little green plaid shawl and black skirt and white cap, standing at her door among the long westering sunbeams, without any signs of excitement or aberration in her demeanour; and his mind grew quite easy when he ascertained that the creeping thing indoors was no horrible phantasmal reptile, but only a twining tapestry of bright leaves and sprays, which trailed a fold of Spring's garment into the dark-cornered room. Still, satisfactorily as the matter had been cleared up from his former point of view, he could suggest nothing to lessen Mrs. Martin's wonder at the mysterious appearance of the creeper on her wall. His acquaintance with such things was slight, and he merely had an impression that the fashion of the delicately luxuriant foliage seemed unfamiliar to him. So he promised to return on the morrow with the national school-teacher, who was reputed a knowledgeable man about plants. Before that came to pass, however, Mrs. Martin had another visitor. For little Paddy ran home to his mother with the news that "the Widdy Martin was after showin' his Reverence a green affair she had stuck up on her wall, and that he said it was rale super-exthrornary altogether, and he'd get Mr. Colclough to it." At that hearing the curiosity of Paddy's mother incited her to call without losing a moment at Mrs. Martin's house, where she inspected the marvellous growth as well as the falling twilight permitted, and admired the gracious-looking little image quite to its owner's content. Thus Mrs. Martin enjoyed a sociable cup of tea, and an enthralling gossip, which sent her to bed that evening in much better spirits than usual.

Next morning arrived Father Gilmore with the schoolmaster, who was unable to identify the strange creeper, but called its appearance a phenomenon, which seemed somehow to take the edge off the admission of ignorance. His failure only served to heighten a sense of awe and wonderment among several of the neighbours, who also looked in on her during the day. For the village rapidly filled with reports of "the big wrathe of green laves that was windin' itself round the Widdy Martin's grand image of the Blessed Virgin, and it inside on her wall, mind you, where 'twould be a surprisin' thing to see e'er a plant settlin' to grow at all." And about the same time they discovered that the Widdy's house was "no such great way to spake of onst you turned down the lane; you could tramp it aisy in a little betther than ten minutes or so from the corner, if you had a mind." In the days which followed numbers of them were so minded, vastly to the comfort of the little old woman, who welcomed them with unbounded joy, and as many cups of tea

as she could by any means compass. She harboured no resentment on the score of their long and dreary defection. That was all ended at last. For as the spring weather mellowed into April, and the imprisoned creeper daily flung out profuser sprays and tendril-spirals, the fame of it spread far and wide over the townland, until its habitation became quite a place of resort. So many people now turned down the lane that they soon wore a track, which you could see distinctly if you looked along a stretch of its grass-grown surface. The Doctor came, and the District-Inspector, and the Protestant clergyman. Even "higher-up Quality" arrived, and satin-coated steeds have been seen tossing their silver-crested blinkers at the little old woman's door under the supervision of grooms resplendently polished. Seldom or never in these times had she to weary through a long, lonely afternoon; more often she held a crowded reception, when the clack of tongues and clatter of thick-rimmed delft cups sounded cheerily in her kitchen. They scared away all her fears of tramps and ghosts; and she no longer ended her Rosary with mournful petitions for company. Her company had duly assembled.

Towards the beginning of June a fresh development of the marvel occurred, for then the creeper blossomed. Thickly clustered bunches of pale green buds broke swiftly into fantastic curven-throated bugles of a clear-glowing apricot colour, which made gleams as of beaded light in the dark places where they unsheathed themselves. Mrs. Martin said it looked "like as if somebody was after tyin' knots in a ray of the sunshine." Just at this crisis a Professor from one of the Queen's Colleges, chancing to be in the neighbourhood, was brought to pronounce upon the case. As behoved a learned man, he gave it an ugly name, which we may ignorantly forget, and he said that it belonged to a species of plants, rare even in its far off oriental habitat, but totally unexampled beneath these northern skies.

However, soon after he had gone, leaving no luminous wake behind him, the little old woman made a brilliant discovery. It was on that same evening, while she was drinking tea with a few of her good gossips, for whom she entertained as strong a regard as did Madam Noah in the ancient Morality. Naturally enough, the "quareness" and general inscrutability of the strange creeper had been under discussion, when Mrs. Martin suddenly said: "Ah! women, dear, what talk have we then at all, at all? Sure now it's come clear in me own mind this instiant minute that whatever it may be, 'twas the Virgin herself, Heaven bless her, set it growin' there wid itself, just o' purpose to be fetchin' me in me company. For, signs on it, ne'er a day there is since folk heard tell of it, that there doesn't be some comin' and goin' about the place, and makin'

it plisant and gay like. And sorra a thing else is it brought them, except to be seein' the quare new plant; aye, bedad, 'twas them twistin' boughs on it streeled the whole lot along in here to me, same as if they were a manner of landin'-net. And sure wasn't I moidherin' her every night of me life to be sendin' me some company? 'Deed was I so, and be the same token ne'er a word of thanks have I thought of sayin' to her, after her takin' the throuble to conthrive it that-away, more shame for me, but I was that tuk up wid it all."

"Thrue for you, Mrs. Martin, ma'am," said Mrs. Brennan; "aiten bread 's soon forgotten, as the sayin' is. Howane'er there's nothin' liker than that that was the way of it as you say. What else 'ud be apt to make it go clamber all round the image of her, as if 'twas her belongin'? And didn't the gintleman tell you 'twas nothin' that grows be rights next or nigh this counthry? Ah, for sure 'tis from far enough it's come, if 'twas the likes of them sent it. And a kind thought it was too, glory be to God."

Mrs. Martin's theory gained almost unanimous approval, and was generally accepted by her neighbours, Father Gilmore sanctioning it with a half wistful assent. It had the effect of enhancing the interest taken in the flourishing creeper and the little withered dame, the pledge and recipient of so signal a favour from those who are still the recognised powers that be in such places as Clonmacreevagh. The idea gave a tinge of religious sentiment to the soon established custom of visiting Mrs. Martin, and on the weekly market-days you often might have supposed some kind of miniature *pattern* in progress at her cabin, so great was the resort thither of shawled and cloaked and big-basketed country-wives. These guests seldom came empty handed—a couple of fresh eggs, or a roll of butter, or a cake of griddle-bread would be reserved for her at the bottom of the roomy creel. Other visitors were fain to carry off slips of the many trailing sprays, and would leave payment for them in silver coin, which sometimes had the comfortable portliness of half-crowns. But I do not believe that the little old woman valued these very highly, and I think most of them went in providing the strong black tea with which she loved to refresh her friends. And there was never an evening that she did not add to her Rosary: "And the Lord bless the kind heart of you then, Lady jewel, for sendin' me the bit of company."

JANE BARLOW.

CORRESPONDENCE.

An Unpublished Episode of the Peninsular War.

To the Editor of "The National Review."

Sir,—

I think your readers may be interested in the following letter which I received when commanding the Coldstream Guards from an old officer of the regiment, Lord Stradbroke. Lord Stradbroke was a well-known member of London Society and eldest brother to Admiral Rous. He was born in 1794 and died in 1886. As he sold out of the army soon after the Battle of Waterloo, few people ever knew that he had served as an officer. He joined the First Battalion Coldstream Guards just before the Battle of Salamanca, having travelled to Spain in the company of his commanding officer, Colonel Brand, father of the late Speaker. As an ensign in the Coldstreams, Lord Stradbroke took part in all the battles of the Peninsular War in which his battalion was engaged subsequent to Salamanca. He possessed an extremely retentive memory, and when I commanded the regiment in 1880, I asked him to put on paper his recollection of the celebrated *sortie* from Bayonne, when six of his brother officers were killed. This he did in the following letter which I can see no impropriety in making public. I may mention that the Captain Crofton whose romantic death he describes was kinsman to the present Lords Charlemont and Crofton.

I am, sir,
Yours faithfully,
Arth. Lyon Fremantle.

The Palace, Malta, June, 1894.

Dear Colonel Fremantle,—

I knew Captain Crofton well, having served with him in the Peninsular three campaigns, 1812-13-14. A more gallant officer and more popular man did not exist.

His death occurred in this way: he commanded the Grenadier Company of the Coldstream Guards when the *sortie* at Bayonne took place; our pickets were formed in a lane, in parties of thirty or forty. The French

attacked us nearly an hour before daybreak, advancing in three columns; when they reached to us, they became mixed with our troops, firing at each other. Crofton was left with only three or four soldiers near him, when a French officer ordered him to surrender; he replied, "Never to a Frenchman," and ordered his men to fire. The French officer was obliged to order *his* men to fire, and Crofton was killed.

The curious part is, how did I know this to be true?

I should here state that when daylight appeared, the battalions rushed to the front and drove the French back in the town.

After all was over, and not a shot being fired, a French officer came to the front, about thirty or forty yards from where I was with the sixth company, which I on that day commanded, and he appeared anxious to speak to some person. Ensign Moore, a brother to the present Lord Mountcashell, was close to me; I proposed to advance with him and meet this officer; we did so.

The French officer, more gentlemanlike in appearance than many of them, said he came to enquire after an officer, explaining where he (Crofton) stood and asked whether he was killed. I replied that he was; the French officer expressed much regret, and explained that it had to be done in self-defence. This officer had received a shot in his epaulette.

On the following day I was appointed to command the Grenadier Company; and, although sixty years have elapsed since this event took place, it is as clear in my mind as if it had happened yesterday.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

STRADBROKE.

33, Belgrave Square, July 14, 1880.

NOTICE.

All communications to the Editor of THE NATIONAL REVIEW should be addressed to the care of Mr. EDWARD ARNOLD, 37, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

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THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH.

PARTISAN PROPHECY.

The Gladstonian Party have now held office and successfully defied their opponents for a period of two years, and there does not seem to be the remotest prospect of a General Election until next spring. It would be uncandid to deny that the hostile prophets have been taught a lesson. Time after time the imminent downfall of the Ministry has been anticipated and gloated over by ardent leader writers and omniscient lobby correspondents, and we have hardly ever been free from "The Cabinet Crisis" or "The Radical Revolt." Lord Rosebery and his colleagues do not, it is true, excite any dangerous amount of popularity in the country, while their majority in the House of Commons is narrow and heterogeneous beyond precedent; for purposes of prophecy it is composed of mutually mistrustful and incompatible groups, all pulling different ways, who are frantically eager to tear the Ministry limb from limb on the smallest provocation, and to dissolve a distasteful bond. They steadily manage, however, to live together in the same lobby, and their tellers continue to return an adequate majority over the Opposition. So the predictions of catastrophe have hitherto been signally falsified, and the Ministry have undoubtedly gained from our weakness for anticipation. What Unionists have to realize in

revising their forecasts is that even the most pronounced mutineers of a political Party only vote against it when they are confident of being beaten. Mr. Labouchere, for instance, who criticizes the Cabinet more vindictively than most of its opponents, has not hitherto given a hostile vote when it could by any possibility inflict serious damage, and Mr. Keir Hardie could, at any rate prior to Attercliffe, be counted upon at a real pinch. Don't let us be misled any longer by the growl of the groups.

THE ROSEBERY "INTRIGUE."

However amenable Mr. Labouchere may be in the lobby, his newspaper loses no opportunity of being disagreeable to the Peer-Premier. An article in *Truth* of July 19th professes to give an account of the intrigue to which Lord Rosebery owes his present position. "For years Lord Rosebery had set himself to the task of becoming Prime Minister," either "as a Tory, or as a Liberal, or as a professing Radical," but, like our old friend Cincinnatus, perpetually insisted that he preferred retirement to office. In the meantime "his personal adherents worked for him in the Press, and he always reluctantly allowed himself at the last moment to be induced to foot the rungs of the official ladder." Sir William Harcourt's supersession is attributed by the writer, presumably Mr. Labouchere, to the offence his vigilant guardianship of the public purse had given to colleagues with expensive departmental fads, who, in revenge, determined to carry on the Government without him if he declined the leadership of the House of Commons under some Peer. "Thus matters stood when Mr. Gladstone, before his journey to Biarritz, announced to his colleagues that the state of his eyes would render it necessary for him to abstain from work for a time." The Cabinet did not suggest, as expected, that "he should lay up for a time instead of resigning the Premiership . . . on his return he perceived that all had been arranged for his retirement, and he soon found that his hold over his colleagues had disappeared." The House of Commons was sounded as to who should fill the vacancy. The Irish replied that it was not their affair; "a large majority of the Welsh objected to Lord Rosebery"; among the Radicals, none beyond the little clique of personal adherents and some of the most tepid Radicals approved his selection.

"What then was to be done? If the Party were appealed to, it was evident that Sir William would be the selection. It was therefore determined to effect the change during the short prorogation between the last and the present Session, and thus to meet objections with an accomplished fact. This scheme was carried out. Not until within an hour of the prorogation was it known that Mr. Gladsone's resignation was actually sent to Her Majesty. The next day the Queen sent for Lord Rosebery, and the transformation scene was effected. There is always a tendency to worship the sun when it has risen, and to bask in its rays. Besides this, many felt it was too late to protest against what had been done. Thus, by a clever intrigue, Lord Rosebery became Premier and Sir William

Harcourt, perceiving that his withdrawal would wreck the Party, patriotically accepted the second place. Lord Rosebery's Premiership is, therefore, due to the following causes :—(1) The jealousy and the personal objections to Sir William Harcourt on the part of some of his colleagues, who preferred as their Leader a King Log in the Lords to a King Stork in the Commons ; (2) the belief of some of his colleagues that Lord Rosebery would be more likely to stem the advancing wave of Democracy than Sir William ; (3) the notion of the wirepullers that a sort of sporting Lord Palmerston, coupled with the sacrifice of advanced Radicalism, would win over votes of moderate men, and would lead these moderate men to subscribe to the Party funds ; (4) the active exertions of what may be termed the Rosebery gang, who had selected him as their Mahommed, on the understanding that things should be made pleasant to them as his Apostles."

MR. LABOUCHERE'S VALOUR.

The article winds up with a demand for Lord Rosebery's resignation, which "would be approved of by nine-tenths of the Radical Members of the House of Commons, and by all Radicals outside that House." What the writer seems incapable of realizing is that although there may be lacking elements of beauty and unselfishness in Lord Rosebery's political career, the country at large has far more confidence in him than in Sir William Harcourt, who would not in any case have been tolerated, and whose chances have been irretrievably destroyed by the persistent backing of Mr. Labouchere. Nor is it to be forgotten that when a Northampton "cave" was formed during the crisis of the crisis, its occupants abandoned it in a panic almost as soon as they entered it. The fact is that, with all his bluster, Mr. Labouchere has not the courage of his opinions, and politicians are afraid of associating themselves with him in any adventure for fear of being left in the lurch. As a leader of men, Mr. Labouchere is at a considerable discount just now.

THE BUDGET.

Sir William Harcourt's heroic Budget was read a third time in the House of Commons on July 17th, by a majority of 20 (283—263). It contains some popular, some pernicious, and many uncertain elements. Two hundred amendments have been added to it in the Lower House, and no expert cares to prophecy what its effect will be on the revenue. It is quite clear that if wealth is frightened graduation will prove to have been a snare, though we agree that the principle is defensible on the theory that a citizen should contribute according to his ability. Sir William Harcourt's two main blunders have been (1) to ignore the burden of local government borne by land ; (2) to treat land as a marketable commodity. The Parliamentary stage is now chiefly occupied by the Evicted Tenants Bill, which proposes to reinstate the dupes of the Plan of Campaign at the expense of the State and to the detriment of the sitting tenant.

Sir William Harcourt's Illustration.

One passage in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's reply excited a sensation. In explaining that a millionaire would be able to meet the new Death Duties by a paltry insurance of £1,000 a year, he exclaimed, "Why a man with that fortune loses more money than that in an afternoon upon a racecourse": when the storm of cheers and counter-cheers had subsided, Sir William Harcourt, instead of retrieving himself, deliberately added, "it is the price of a very moderate two-year-old." This is taken to have been a direct jeer at Lord Rosebery, for whom Sir William Harcourt is supposed to cherish less than a colleague's affection.

A Midsummer Programme.

The day after the Third Reading of the Budget Sir William Harcourt announced a Government programme which would have been more appropriate to February than July. The Registration Bill, Welsh Disestablishment, and, of course, Local Veto, are postponed; but besides a whole string of "non-contentious" measures and heavy arrears of Supply the Cabinet proclaimed their intention to press forward the Evicted Tenants Bill, the Equalization of Rates Bill, and the Scotch Local Government Bill, while assistance is to be given to the Miners' Eight Hours Bill. All this is to be got through by the end of August, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer fixes as the limit of the Session. Mr. Chamberlain, in a brilliant and relentless criticism, exposed the absurdity of expecting to accomplish such a task in such a time, pointing out that, of thirty-two Government days left, twelve must be devoted to Supply, not less than two to the Indian Budget, and two more to the Vote on Account, leaving sixteen. Then there are Sir William Harcourt's nine "non-contentious" measures, dealing with schools, building societies, labour disputes, &c., to pass through an aggregate of twenty stages. This will consume five days, leaving eleven. Mr. Chamberlain, who convulsed the House and maddened its Leader, suggested two days for the Scotch Local Government Bill, reducing the total to nine. Then there is the Equalization of Rates Bill "not even passed a second reading"; "it alters the whole finance of London," "it transfers property in the shape of rates from twenty-eight districts to forty-two"; the twenty-eight will have "something to say on the subject." "I think I should be very moderate indeed if I put the whole four stages down as likely to occupy six days." In deference to the anger of Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Chamberlain eventually reduced this item to three days, leaving six days for the Evicted Tenants Bill and the Eight Hours Bill! Mr. Chamberlain, in fact, made it palpably clear that the Government is still addicted

to Bill-sticking. The Equalization of Rates Bill and the Eight Hours Bill, upon which Mr. Morley, greatly to his credit, remains firm, are expected to go the way of Registration and Local Veto. The Evicted Tenants Bill, an infamous measure, and the Scotch Local Government Bill, which the Opposition has somewhat modified in Committee, will probably be carried.

THE LONDON MUNICIPAL SOCIETY.

The London Municipal Society has been formed for the purpose of developing the policy which found expression in the Local Government Act of 1888, creating the County Council as an instalment of Metropolitan administration. Since Mr. Ritchie's Act was passed, with the unanimous sanction of the Party, Unionists have for the most part contented themselves with abusing the London County Council and boycotting its author. Naturally enough the Council has fallen into the hands of the enemy, who treat it as a powerful political machine, to be worked in purely Party interests. It aspires to autocracy in the Metropolis, but the growing wants of this huge population are far beyond the administrative capacity of any single body. We are glad to see that the Unionists are alive to this. The most important plank in the Municipal Society's platform is the creation of municipalities for the different parts of London. Mr. Chamberlain, Sir John Lubbock, Sir Henry James, Sir Richard Webster, and Lord George Hamilton have identified themselves with the movement, which has the approval of Mr. Balfour. It has already had one considerable stroke of good fortune, for the very day of its initial meeting appeared the announcement that Mr. Courtney's Commission would be found reporting in favour of local devolution. Those who are intimate with the state of the County Council's business know that it has degenerated into unspeakable chaos. The Municipal Society intends to take up a strong position on social questions. Among the items specified in the programme are municipal old-age pensions, and loans to enable working-men to become proprietors of their homes. The Unionist Party are at last making a serious effort to shake off their lethargy as regards London and its inhabitants, and their opponents are proportionately perturbed.

THE IRISHMAN'S PIPE.

Englishmen should note the evidence of Mr. Herbert Murray, Chairman of the Board of Customs, given before the Royal Commission on the Financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland, reported in *The Freeman's Journal* of July 6th. He stated that in the year 1892-93 the amount spent on tobacco per head of the population was in England 5s. $1\frac{3}{4}$d.; in Scotland, 5s. $6\frac{3}{4}$d.; and in Ireland over 6s. Better tobacco, moreover, is consumed in the south and west of

Ireland than the north. He suggested, as the only explanation of the increase in the consumption of tobacco by the Irish since 1889, that Ireland has been less depressed agriculturally than England. As *The Spectator* says: "The situation is very Hibernian. While we have been weeping over the poverty and misery of Ireland, the Irishman has been consoling himself with an extra pipe of specially fine tobacco. He doubtless needs it to help him keep up the solemn farce which has to be daily played for the edification of the Gladstonian tourist."

THE OTTAWA CONFERENCE.

A most important Intercolonial Conference sat at Ottawa during the early part of July to discuss Intercolonial and Imperial affairs. A most loyal spirit pervaded the proceedings from the day they were opened by Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General of Canada, until the delegates broke up with "God save the Queen." Indeed, before coming to actual business, the Conference, which included representatives from Australia, South Africa, and Canada, carried an enthusiastic address to Her Majesty, testifying to the earnest desire of Colonial statesmen and administrators "to uphold the ancient monarchy under which it is their happiness to live, and to do their part in handing down to later generations this great symbol of their union and their strength." Their critics expected the delegates to carry hot-headed resolutions calling upon the Imperial, *i.e.*, the British, taxpayer to contribute a handsome subsidy to a Pacific cable. However, the Conference contented itself with an invitation to the British Government to divide with Canada and Australasia the cost of a survey. The most important general resolution submitted was moved by the Hon. G. E. Foster, and seconded by Sir Henry Wrixon, recording the belief of the Conference "in the advisability of a Customs arrangement between Great Britain and her Colonies, by which the Empire may be placed upon a more favourable footing than that on which trade is carried on with foreign countries." Feeling this for the present to be perhaps somewhat academic, the delegates passed a further resolution in these terms: "That, until the mother country can see her way to enter into a Customs arrangement with her Colonies, it is desirable that, when empowered so to do, the Colonies and Great Britain, or such of them as may be disposed to accede to this view, shall take steps to place each other's products, either in whole or in part, on a more favoured Customs basis than is accorded to like products of foreign countries." This last resolution expresses the natural and healthy desire of the Colonies to place their mutual business relations and their relations with Great Britain on a more favourable footing than is at present permitted by restrictive treaty obligations entered into by the Foreign Office on behalf of the Empire.

UNIFICATION OF TARIFF.

We believe there are very few Englishmen outside the Cobden Club who are not heartily in sympathy with the spirit of both these resolutions, the first of which advocates a commercial union within the Empire, and the testimony of a desire on the part of the Colonies to tighten the bonds between us is gratifying in the extreme. The most tangible form in which the subject has been raised is to be found in Mr. Hofmeyr's original scheme, which suggested that the United Kingdom should lay a small tax upon all the foreign imports, thus giving to colonial produce a differential advantage in her markets. In return, the Colonies are to impose a similar tax upon all their foreign imports in addition to any tax they lay on British and foreign imports alike, thus reciprocating a differential advantage to British produce, and leaving them unhampered in raising their revenue. The tax was to form an Imperial Defence Fund which should give the scheme a hearing in this country. In an article entitled "The Colonies," in *The Times* of July 16th, the policy of closer commercial relations is very ably discussed, and certainly the business side of it is discouraging from the British consumers' point of view. In round numbers the foreign imports into the United Kingdom total £320,000,000, those into the Colonies £80,000,000, consequently an all-round tax on foreign imports would fall upon the British consumer as compared with the colonial consumer in the proportion of 4 to 1. Again, as the United Kingdom is the principal market of the Colonies, (but they are not our principal market), they would gain a double advantage. We import about £95,000,000 worth of colonial produce, *i.e.*, about £15,000,000 worth in excess of the foreign produce on which the Colonies are to lay the tax, while our exports to British possessions amount to £85,000,000 upon which we should have the benefit of a differential duty; but this figure must be set against the £320,000,000 of foreign produce upon which we impose the suggested duty. Again, our exports to the Colonies are not generally the same as their foreign imports, whereas we import from them raw materials similar to that forming the bulk of our imports from elsewhere. "Therefore," adds the writer, "from the point of view of the manufacturing population, whether capitalist or artisan, the proposal to impose preferential rates for the benefit of intercolonial trade is one which can hardly expect to obtain a hearing until the proportions between intercolonial and foreign trade have greatly changed. Whether these proportions are changing so rapidly as to give serious ground for a reconsideration of the position is a matter still of some dispute between accredited authorities." It is very remarkable to find *The Times*, instead of knocking Mr. Hofmeyr on the head, as though he were a bimetallist, dis-

passionately discussing the possibilities of the case, and actually going into figures. We fully agree with the writer that the time is ripe for considering the second resolution of the Ottawa Conference, which is, in effect, to permit the Colonies to give tariff advantages to each other and to Great Britain. The telegraphic report have been very meagre, and until we are in possession of the Report of Lord Jersey, who represented the British Government, the subject cannot be threshed out.

ATTERCLIFFE. An interesting three-cornered contest for the Sheffield seat vacated by Mr. Bernard Coleridge, on accepting "the office of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds," was brought to an issue on July 5th, when Alderman Langley, the official Gladstonian candidate, was returned. Here are the figures:—

Alderman Langley (L.)	4,486
Mr. G. Hill Smith (C.)	3,495
Mr. Frank Smith (Ind. Lab.)	1,249
Majority	991

The history of the contest is not uninstructive. On the imminent retirement of Mr. Bernard Coleridge, the local Labour Party selected Mr. Charles Hobson, the President of the Labour Electoral Association, as their candidate, feeling tolerably confident that in a purely working-class constituency the Gladstonian Association would recognize the claims of a representative working-man to the vacant seat. Being dubious, however, of Mr. Hobson's obedience to the Ministerial Whip, the Gladstonians declined to accept him, and proceeded to nominate Alderman Langley, a popular employer, to the high indignation of the Labour Party throughout the country. *The Daily Chronicle* simply foamed at the mouth, but the Langleyites stubbornly held their ground and declined arbitration on the footing of the future concession of the seat to the Labour Party. Mr. Hobson withdrew, upon which Mr. Frank Smith, a London journalist contesting Hammersmith, came forward under the auspices of Messrs. Keir Hardie and Mann, as an Independent Labour candidate. Mr. Labouchere, who is ready for anything in pursuance of his hatred of Lord Rosebery, gave his blessing to this revolt, but Mr. Pickard, the President of the Miners' Federation, pronounced in favour of Alderman Langley. Mr. Philip Stanhope and Mr. Allen unsuccessfully sought to intervene, so altogether it was one of the prettiest political quarrels we can remember. The Unionists expected to score by this internecine feud, and the more sanguine foresaw the triumph of Mr. Hill Smith, who is a good platform speaker on the Irish question. The result was a signal triumph for the Langleyites, who kept the seat by a majority very

little short of Mr. Coleridge's 1,144 in 1892. There has been great rejoicing in Ministerial circles at this victory, and as it may tempt other associations of Langleyites to follow the risky precedent of Attercliffe, we do not grudge our opponents their temporary enjoyment. In their wrath Mr. Keir Hardie and his friends are selecting candidates right and left, but we must not count too confidently on their all going to the poll; still, for the present "Liberalism" despises "Labour," and "Labour" does not love "Liberalism." An influential and intelligent section of the working-classes are beginning to weary of a political alliance dominated by wirepullers whose sole object is to pull the machinery of the Constitution to pieces. Home Rule, Disestablishment, and Abolition of the Lords are not great battle-cries. Both *The Daily Chronicle* and *The Westminster Gazette*, the cleverest Ministerial champions in the country, appear to be conscious of this, and both papers fell foul of Langleyism.

THE COAL SETTLEMENT.

The Coal Conciliation Board was able to make the highly-gratifying announcement, on July 19th, that a settlement of the long-debated wages question had been arrived at. The miners' wages are to be reduced from August 1st, 1894, by the last two advances of 5 per cent. each, but are to be fixed at this figure, which is 30 per cent. above the 1888 rate, until January 1st, 1896, while from January 1st, 1896, until August 1st of the same year, the Conciliation Board is empowered to regulate them, on the principle that they shall not be lower than the 30 per cent. advance, nor above 45 per cent. over the 1888 rate. Both sides have had considerable difficulty in coming to terms; they have evidently made sacrifices for the sake of peace, and any inclination to crow over either party to the compromise is much to be deprecated. The miners have been reluctantly induced to assent to an immediate 10 per cent. deduction from their wages, and the coalowners, many of whom regard the concession as hazardous, have agreed to try the experiment of a high minimum wage for the next two years. Some of the flighty newspaper economists seem to regard this settlement as an industrial revolution, inaugurating a new era in political economy, from which the odious terms supply and demand will be banished. Wages are to regulate prices, while wage-earners become debenture holders having a first charge on the business. Unfortunately for this view the miner's is only a daily wage, and the coalowners merely undertake that it shall not be reduced; they don't contract to pay it so many times a week, and we fear the miner will have, even while the settlement lasts, to take his chance of bad times like the rest of the community. Mr. Pickard

seems unable to learn that what his clients stand in need of is not a high nominal wage *per diem* coupled with the chance of fitful work, but certain employment so many days a week—we trust he has not won a Cadmean victory. It is only fair to add that according to the advocates of the "living wage" the past troubles in the coal industry have been due to the cut-throat competition among owners, who have recklessly undersold one another, relying on being able to recoup themselves out of the wages fund: they estimate that an unalterable wage will put an end to the more disastrous contracts, and so benefit the employers without injuring the employment. The members of the Concilation Board seem to have parted on the best of terms after paying each other some very handsome compliments, and the experiment will be watched with universal sympathy and interest.

CRITICISING THE PRESS.

Mr. Balfour presided on 27th June at the annual meeting of the British Economic Association, when Professor Shields Nicholson read a brilliant paper on "Political Economy and Journalism," in which he courteously rebuked newspaper writers for their ignorance of Economic Science, and half anticipated the time when journalists will be so well versed in the theory and history of taxation that we shall be "spared the ignominy of seeing a Chancellor of the Exchequer having to become his own journalist." Mr. Balfour, in a following speech, dotted the i's and crossed the t's; he defined the Press as "an institution under which we live, which we submit to, which we profit by, which we suffer from, but which we do not criticize." Mr. Balfour, however, pronounced one very telling and unusual piece of criticism, which has given much unreasonable offence, by reminding his hearers that a newspaper is primarily a commercial speculation which exists for the purpose of paying dividends, and that it is more important for it to get readers than to instruct them. This is a perfectly just remark which no one is entitled to be offended with; every sensible editor wishes to maintain and improve his circulation, and is fully alive to what will "take" and "pay." He knows that unremitting currency would ruin the most prosperous paper in a year, and however anxious he may be to bimetallize mankind he dare not administer the drug except in sparing doses. Mr. Balfour is entitled to regard the modern newspaper or review as a moral censor with an eye to business, and we have no sympathy with the outcry he has provoked; at the same time we admire his courage, for as a general rule our politicians live in terror of their newspaper, and would as soon provoke an earthquake as incur the displeasure, or still worse, the indifference, of *The Times*.

LORD SALISBURY'S ALIENS BILL.

The object of Lord Salisbury's Aliens Bill, which was introduced in the House of Lords on July 6th, is to arrest the influx of destitute aliens into the country, and to give the Government power to expel foreigners who avail themselves of the liberty of asylum to plot assassinations abroad. It is impossible to imagine a saner project. At present the whole refuse of the Continent is shot on our shores. Lord Salisbury proposes that officers of the Board of Trade shall be empowered to prohibit the landing of any alien who is an idiot, insane, or suffering from a dangerous or contagious disease. This is just what is done by the United States officials, with the result that a certain number of undesirable Europeans have been sent back across the Atlantic, and an incalculable number have been deterred from attempting to cross. Lord Rosebery was foolish enough to make a Party question of this, and treated it in the flippant tone which has become habitual to him. He paraded figures to show that the number of pauper aliens who have settled among us has been exaggerated, and that there has been no competition with native industry. Statistics are valuable according to the honesty with which they are used; but when we are told that the Board of Trade, under the friendly instruction of Professor Bryce, has "sweated down" (this was the Prime Minister's own expression) the pauper alien returns furnished by Lord Salisbury and has discovered that they may be reduced, we are not entirely satisfied. Professor Bryce had to assist his chief in controverting Lord Salisbury, and "Board of Trade" figures of the right sort were immediately produced. As another statistical feat, Lord Rosebery, in dealing with a purely London question, irrelevantly informed the House of Lords that the proportion of aliens to the population of the United Kingdom was extremely small! Still, statistics are statistics, and careless readers as well as hasty journalists accept them as they are given. Partisans, of course, only ask to be misled. On the day following the debate that impartial organ of the democracy, *The Daily Chronicle*, declared that Lord Rosebery had "smashed and pulverized" Lord Salisbury's case, while *The Westminster Gazette*, which often tries to be fair, spoke of Lord Rosebery's "crushing reply." Thus is Party instructed. The truth is that both sides are only heard inside Parliament. The Unionists should not let this matter drop.

LORD ROSEBERY'S INDISCRETION.

Upon the question of conferring power on the Government to expel Anarchists, Lord Rosebery was equally unsatisfactory. He took refuge in tradition, dwelt on the ancient "privilege of asylum," and deprecated legislation during a time of "profound

tranquillity"—the profound tranquillity which follows successful assassination! Lord Rosebery then committed the extraordinary indiscretion of treating foreign governments and peoples as necessarily inimical to England. There is not a single government organ on the Continent, and there is hardly an ordinary newspaper which has not expressed approval of Lord Salisbury's attempt to clear out the malefactors who plot their crimes in London. "That was just what I was afraid of," said the Prime Minister of England, "all the time the noble Marquis was speaking I heard the distant hum of the applause of the foreign Press, which is unfriendly to this country." Was there ever such clap-trap? The people abroad do not like to be blown up in their restaurants or to see their public functionaries murdered. "Liberty of asylum" has rendered London the refuge of criminals, and because there is a general expression of relief at the prospect of English remedial legislation being adopted which will clear out this refuge, the Prime Minister attributes it to national enmity! He had then the hardihood to declare, of course on "official authority," that no anarchical crimes were hatched in this country. How is official authority to be cognizant of conspiracies which are necessarily "hatched" in secret? It has, however, been proved beyond a doubt that anarchial crimes are hatched in England. It was proved by the demonstrations in Grafton Hall—by a meeting of Anarchists in Trafalgar Square, which was tolerated by Lord Rosebery's Government—by the evidence produced during the Walsall trial—by the repeated seizure of anarchical literature—and by the raid on the Autonomie Club! "Official authority," however, knows none of these things. It seems impossible to awaken the Gladstonian Party to the new and formidable danger which threatens society. The new Radicals are encrusted in traditions and ancient shibboleths. "Liberty of the Press" acts like a spell, and commits them to the toleration of public incitement to murder; and "liberty of asylum" is invoked to protect the conspiring assassin because it has been held inviolable for political refugees. *Le Petit Journal*, a newspaper which has by far the widest circulation of any newspaper in France, exclaims with justifiable indignation: "We and all the other peoples and States are now warned. England looks with the same eye on the case of Mazzini and on that of Caserio."

THE FRENCH ANTI-ANARCHICAL BILL.

While we remain inert and indulge in ancient saws, France, the victim of successful outrages, is compelled to act. We almost forget the horrors which have been committed there: the explosions in the Rue de Clichy, at Véry's Restaurant, at the Police Station in the

Rue des Bons-Enfants, at the Chamber of Deputies, at the Terminus Restaurant, at the Madeleine, and at the Restaurant Foyot—one long tale of houses wrecked and inoffensive people barbarously murdered or mutilated,—culminating in the murder of the French President. France has to act. The Government has, therefore, introduced a stringent Bill, substituting, in anarchial cases, summary procedure for trial by jury, rendering the defence of Anarchy punishable, and giving tribunals the power of prohibiting Press reports of trials. Monsieur Lasserre, the reporter on the Anti-Anarchial Bill, said: "It seems to us indisputably necessary to prevent Anarchists from making the Court a public tribune for reading documents which the newspapers print by millions of copies, and which serve as Anarchist propaganda." This is, probably, the most effectual part of the Bill: the notoriety of the dock—its giddy elevation—and means of addressing the world, constitute one of the strongest incentives to crime among obscure fanatics. Emile Henry, the Anarchist, who said he selected the restaurant most crowded with people for the discharge of his bomb, evidently gloried in the display of his sentiments when he was tried: Caserio persistently refused to speak until "before a jury." Of course, the daily Press, whether French or English, do not quite like this proposal. This is not surprising when we consider the circulation promoted by the reports of sensational trials. We hear of the "guarantee of publicity," but the guarantee of publicity is dispensed with in cases of indecent outrages, and it is not in the least necessary in cases of still greater outrages. The French Bill does not propose that anarchical trials shall be private, they will still be open to the public—but newspaper reports of them will be prohibited when deemed necessary.

THE LIBERTY TO EXIST.

The French Socialists and Radicals have stormed over this Bill, which they declare means the "destruction of Liberty." The liberty they are concerned about is the liberty of criminals who are bent upon massacre. There is, however, another sort of liberty worth protecting, and that is the liberty to exist, a liberty in which the majority of human beings are chiefly interested. A public propagandism of systematic massacre has never yet been tolerated in this world's history. It is an entirely novel apparition which requires novel treatment. The Radical pedant is invariably frightened at a phrase, and what he calls "exceptional" legislation exercises a peculiarly terrifying effect on him; but it is exactly exceptional legislation which is required for exceptional circumstances.

THE NEW FRENCH PRESIDENT.

On June 27th the National Assembly met at Versailles, and elected Monsieur Casimir-Perier President of the French Republic. He received 451 votes as against 195 given for Monsieur Brisson, 97 for Monsieur Dupuy, 53 for General Février, 27 for Monsieur Arago, and 12 for Monsieur Cavaignac. The President of the National Assembly was Monsieur Challamel Lacour: after he had declared the poll he proclaimed Monsieur Casimir-Perier "President of the French Republic for seven years." There was no serious competitor. France could not have chosen better. The new President is only forty-six years of age. He is a man of considerable ministerial experience as well of unblemished and independent character. He distinguished himself by an act of brilliant courage during the siege of Paris. No better words could have been selected than those with which he accepted the Presidency. "The weight of responsibility is too heavy for me to speak of any gratitude. I love my country too sincerely to be happy on the day when I become its Head." It is not surprising that he was reluctant to accept a candidature for the Presidency. He passes into a life of gilded slavery, and lives under the constant menance of assassination by the Anarchists. His person will have to be guarded as jealously as that of the Autocrat of Russia. There was no change of Cabinet in consequence of the accession of Monsieur Casimir-Perier. Monsieur Dupuy, the Premier, was foolish enough to stand for the Presidency, with a rather humiliating result; but Monsieur Casimir-Perier bore him no grudge, and requested him to remain in office with his Cabinet. He said he did not wish to form a Casimir-Perier Cabinet. Monsieur Burdeau, a strong supporter of the new President, was elected President of the Chamber by 259 votes against 157 given for Monsieur Brisson. Monsieur Burdeau is an illustration of the saying that the highest offices of the Republic are open to merit, for he commenced life as an apprentice to a blacksmith. He has worked his way up by his great natural talent and strength of character.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER.

Europe from end to end testified a profound regret at the death of M. Carnot, whose remains were accorded a gorgeous and impressive funeral, in which all Paris participated on July 1st. The Emperor of Germany touched the heart of France by releasing two French naval officers recently imprisoned as spies, as a tribute of sympathy to a sorrowing neighbour, and our own Queen addressed the following letter to Madame Carnot:—

"WINDSOR CASTLE, June 27th, 1894.

"MADAME,—Although I have not the pleasure of knowing you personally, I cannot refrain from writing to you, and attempting to express the deep and sincere

sympathy that I feel for you in this terrible moment. I cannot find words to tell you how my widow's heart bleeds for you, and what dismay and what horror I feel at the crime that has robbed you of a beloved husband, and the whole of France of its most worthy and respected President. If universal sympathy can in any measure assuage your intense grief, be assured it is yours, Madame. May God give you the strength and courage, and also the resignation, so necessary to enable you to bear such a misfortune."

THE LITERARY ANARCHIST.

The Daily Chronicle has been publishing several columns of pernicious stuff by Count Tolstoi, under the title of "Patriotism and Christianity." The Patriotism consists in abjuring country and the Christianity consists in exciting hatred between classes, and in formulating charges which justify revolution. Count Tolstoi obtained a great literary reputation by writing three or four admirable novels, and the advertisement he obtained thus makes his name a good one to float remunerative "copy": but we think that a sense of justice and responsibility should have deterred a right-minded Editor—even if he discards Patriotism—from circulating the doctrines and vile aspersions which are flung out broadcast by the dilirious Russian recluse. The *Chronicle* is, however, proud of its achievement, and informs us that the diatribe has been "translated exclusively" for its columns. According to Count Tolstoi, Patriotism is not only a "fraud," but it is one which is deliberately imposed on the people, that is, on the working-classes, for the profit of all other classes whom he enumerates as follows—Members of Parliament, Government Officials, Capitalists (whether great or small), Bankers, the Clergy, Professors, Men of Science, Artists, and "particularly Authors and Journalists." All these people, he says, "spread the deceit of patriotism," and regard the people as "food for powder." After this it is not surprising that he declares military heroism is successful murder and that the army is merely a name for a body of "disciplined murderers." Governments, he says, only exist to excite animosity between nations. Such is the latest progressist delivery which *The Daily Chronicle* is not ashamed to circulate in the land among poor duped working-men. Every intelligent observer of the history of mankind knows perfectly well that patriotism has been a factor in promoting progress. Its general tendency has been to keep the peace over greater areas of mankind, and to suppress the internecine strife of tribes. It is difficult to stigmatize as it deserves Tolstoi's distortion of words by which he wrings out a falsehood. War is a thing quite different from murder. The former is the killing or the being killed on behalf of a national cause and by national authority; the latter is the individual's solitary undertaking, a defiance of the law and the act of a cowardly tyrant. To assert that Caserio, who assassinated President Carnot, is on the same

moral level as Wellington and Nelson is the natural deduction from Tolstoi's utterance, and one that he would not disclaim. Altogether, a more wicked manifesto has rarely been published in the English Press. It is such raving as this which produces the Anarchist.

KOREA.

Korea, a place of pressing interest just now, is a peninsula which juts out from the most northern of China's provinces to within eighty miles of Japan. It is a kingdom over which both China and Japan claim a vague suzerainty which they consolidated by treaty in 1885, when China recognized that Japan had an equal right with herself to occupy the country with troops. From this the present situation has arisen. Japan has stationed over 10,000 men actually at Sëul, the capital, with the object of enforcing certain reforms on the Korean Government; and China has landed a force which she is rapidly reinforcing at A-san on the coast for the purpose of checking Japan. For nearly a month these troops have been encamped within forty miles of one another, with a determined and warlike nation at the back of each, and on going to press we learn that the inevitable conflict has commenced. If China and Japan had been left to themselves, the former would probably have agreed to draw off and accept compensation elsewhere, leaving the Japanese to renovate the unhappy kingdom. Unfortunately, Russia wants a more southern port in those seas; and Lazaref, in Korea, with its excellent harbour, would just suit her, Vladivostock being ice-bound during several months of the year, and we trust that our Foreign Office is better informed than our Press as to what part she has played in inspiring Chinese opposition. Under these circumstances, what should be our policy? In 1887 we abandoned Port Hamilton (an island and harbour 15 miles S.E. of Korea) in order to concentrate our sea-power at Hong-Kong. Russia was less menancing in those days: but now? Can we afford to let her fortify Lazaref? Unfortunately we distrust the pacificness of Russia's desire to establish an arsenal in Korea.

THE MEANING OF NAVAL SUPREMACY.

It cannot be too often repeated to the Party politician, and, by him, to the British elector, that the "living wage" depends upon our "living trade" all over the world, and upon that alone. Our cardinal axiom is that Great Britain's frontiers are definitely situated close up with any and every hostile port from which an enemy's cruisers can issue to destroy our ocean commerce. We have no alternative frontier, for it is a delusion to suppose that as "mistress of the seas" we can scatter our naval forces over the globe. All we can do is to hold "interior lines" in strength.

We pointed this out last month in our observations on the Mediterranean question, and we repeat it with regard to the China seas. To maintain our frontiers we must be able to cruise off hostile ports continuously, and the mordern cruiser requires a defended harbour within striking distance and well supplied with coal. If Russia establishes herself in Korea we shall some day have to possess ourselves of an adjacent port. If she abstains we can do likewise. All over the world we are engaged in this vast game of chess in defence of our Empire, and our statesmen must see to it that we are not out-manœuvred. The struggle between China and Japan will be watched with the keenest interest, and we shall have an opportunity of testing the judgment of those who regard China as the future conqueror of the world.

INDIA. The inevitable reaction against the mutiny scare has tended to divert public attention from the very serious difficulties with which the Indian Government is struggling. Fortunately in Lord Lansdowne the Indian Empire has a masterly spokesman, whose political detachment and acknowledged ability enable him to speak with unrivalled authority on Indian affairs. He gave an impressive epitome of the situation in the House of Lords on July 20th. At the opening of the year, Mr. Westland, the financial member of the Viceroy's Council, found himself confronted with a deficit of 350 lakhs of rupees—say three and a half millions sterling—the rupee having fallen to 1s. 2d. To meet this the Famine Insurance Fund has been laid under contribution to the extent of 107 lakhs. In Lord Lansdowne's judgment, which is endorsed by that of every expert who has expressed himself on the subject, there is only one source from which the remaining 240 lakhs of rupees could be provided by the Indian Government—an all round 5 per cent. *ad valorem* duty on imports. This solution, however, was frustrated by Lord Kimberley (then Secretary of State for India), who, in deference to an importunate deputation of influential Lancashire electors, insisted upon the exemption of cotton goods from the proposed duty. The Import Duties have consequently yielded only 114 lakhs of rupees, leaving a further deficit of 130 lakhs. The next economy was to appropriate the provincial balances to the tune of 40 lakhs. In Mr. Westland's words,

"The Government of India were most unwilling to have recourse to a measure which practically means the stoppage for the time of all administrative improvements; a measure which they feel must take the heart out of provincial Governments by making them surrender all the fruits of careful administration to fill the yawning gulf of our sterling payments."

A further 20 lakhs have been saved by reducing expenditure on military works, and an additional 17 or 18 lakhs have accrued from stopping all civil works to which the Government of India was not absolutely committed. Speaking on March 27th of this forced retrenchment, Sir Griffith Evans, a member of the Viceroy's Council, said:

"It means totally to arrest all development. . . . . The barracks required in Upper Burma will not be built . . . . . the sanitary measures required for the army in India will not be carried; and worst of all, the proposed improved arrangements for water supply for the troops all over India must stand over. This means preventable sickness and preventable deaths among our troops. The dreadful scourge of enteric fever is to run its course unchecked."

Assuming the rupee to be worth 1s. 2d., then strenuous economies still leave a balance of 30 lakhs against the unhappy Indian Exchequer.

THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE.

The crisis is alarmingly aggravated by the continued depreciation of the rupee, which stands now at less than 1s. 1d., having fallen by more than a penny since the over-sanguine estimate of the Financial Department at the beginning of the year. It looks, in fact, as though the deficit might swell to £5,000,000 sterling. It is clearly necessary, therefore, to find money somehow, and there are two courses open: (1) to further reduce the military expenditure by diminishing our army, which no responsible statesman would care to suggest; (2) to raise the Import Duties to 7½ per cent. *ad valorem*, and terminate the intolerable immunity of cotton. Lord Lansdowne quoted some very remarkable figures from a statement of Mr. G. Cotton, the President of the Bombay Millowners' Association, calculated to allay the anxiety of Lancashire. According to Mr. Cotton, Bombay and Manchester do not, practically speaking, compete in cotton goods; "fully 94 per cent. of our spinnings are counts that Lancashire does not send, and has not sent us for years." The Bombay machines work 6's, 8's, 10's, 16's, and 20's; while "Lancashire does not, I venture to say, export to this country any goods or yarns which average under 24's." In any case, the impossible position in which the Secretary of State has placed the Indian Government must be immediately alleviated; and it is something to have got Lord Kimberley to admit that in an emergency the interests and needs of India become of primary importance.

INDIA *v.* PARTY POLITICS.

The principle at stake in the Cotton Duty and similar controversies is whether Indian interests or vote-catching exigencies in this country shall guide Indian affairs. In the abstract nine Englishmen out of ten

repudiate the theory of Indian subjection to Party politics, but in practice so voracious is the Party system, and so urgent the need of votes to whatever Cabinet happens to be in power, that not one politician in ten on either side can be trusted to do his duty as between a distant dependency and an adjoining electorate. A striking illustration of the sacrifice of India was telegraphed from Simla on July 12th. Sir Alexander Miller, the legal member of the Governor-General's Council, in introducing the Cantonments Bill which, according to *The Times*, is expected to destroy more young British soldiers in twelve months than fall in action during five years, expressly disclaimed all responsibility for the measure. "The Bill had practically been drafted in England, and he declined to express any opinion as to its necessity." In other words our Indian Empire is completely at the mercy of any well-organized House of Commons intrigue, and those who really know the country, and are held responsible for its welfare, find themselves unable to approve the measures that are forced upon them. We have achieved a brilliant triumph in Egypt by selecting first-rate men, and giving them a free hand. We have also planted our first-rate men in India, but we deprive them of the possibility of doing their best for the country.

A FRENCH TRIBUTE.

As we are all very familiar with the *Truth* and *Daily Chronicle* view of the Matabele campaign, it is worth while noting an interview which a French traveller has recently had with one of Reuter's representatives. M. Lionel Decle, who has traversed Africa from Capetown to Uganda, and is neither an intoxicated British Jingo nor a grasping shareholder in the Chartered Company, visited Lobengula a year before the commencement of hostilities, and describes him as a "broad-minded, far-seeing, and intelligent man," who was most anxious to avoid war with the whites, but was unable to "restrain the violence of his young men." M. Decle proceeds to say:

"The Matabele war was, to my mind, one of the most glorious pages of African history, and, as a foreigner, I cannot understand how some people who call themselves Englishmen should try to detract from the heroism of the troops and the admirable and rapid way in which this unavoidable war was carried through. Without mentioning other names, the fact that Selous, whose name both among whites and natives in Africa is everywhere synonymous with truth and integrity, took a leading part in the operations is sufficient guarantee for the humane conduct of the campaign. I quite acknowledge that Mashonaland settlers were a rough lot, but at the same time the marvellous thing is that when I was in the country, two years after its occupation, amongst the 2,000 white settlers there had not been a single case of murder, highway robbery, or of other serious offences, and this with only thirty police to maintain order. I merely point this out in my anxiety to add my testimony to the weight of evidence that the charges brought by some against the Mashonaland settlers and the Chartered Company's forces must be utterly untrue."

M. Decle expresses the very natural surprise that all intelligent and patriotic foreigners experience at the relentless animosity with which our Little Englanders pursue their fellow-countrymen engaged on active service abroad. The phenomenon is quite peculiar to this country, it would be tolerated nowhere else, and is due to the apathetic indulgence of the English to opinions they hate. One hardly likes to think what would happen to a French or German Labouchere.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

There were some violent shocks of an earthquake at Constantinople on Tuesday, July 10th, which caused considerable damage to property and killed a great number of people. Several houses in Stamboul and in the suburbs were completely wrecked. The roof of the Grand Bazaar fell in, and such was the panic of the inhabitants that the shops (chiefly of jewellery) were abandoned. The earthquake commenced directly after noon with a dull roar, accompanied by a horrible movement of the earth's surface and huge volumes of dust. At this time of day the muezzin or crier has generally mounted the minarets of the mosques and is calling the faithful to prayer. One or two of these minarets were overthrown and the criers were killed. Altogether some 200 people are said to have perished, while a number of inhabitants are ruined. There was another shock on July 14th, less severe, but sufficient to complete the ruin of buildings which had been damaged by previous oscillations. It appears that the Moslem with his fatalistic spirit managed to preserve his equanimity, and, observing the terror of the Christians, scornfully enquired whether the God of the Christians was so much less powerful than the god of Mahommed.

THE CHICAGO RIOTS.

Some very serious disturbances took place in the United States, chiefly at Chicago, at the commencement of last month. They originated with a strike on the part of the workmen belonging to the Pullman Car Company, whose works occupy a sort of suburb of Chicago. Mr. Stead has helped us to understand their grievance in the little volume he has just published, called *The Story of the American Strike*. He tells us that "five reductions in wages, in work, and in conditions of employment, swept through the shops at Pullman between May and December in 1893. The last was the most severe, amounting to nearly 30 per cent." The Pullman Car workmen induced the Railway Union to make common cause with them, and some 40,000 men came out, laying up 30 railways. Mr. Debs, the President of the Railway Union and the leader of the strike,

receives credit from Mr. Stead for having endeavoured to keep it pacific; but if this be so, the official programme of moderation was soon set aside, and force and intimidation were resorted to. The trains were stopped, the Pullman cars detached, and the passengers were turned out on the roadside. All traffic was stopped, and Chicago was like a beleaguered city. English politicians should note how the State or Home Rule rights were invoked by the head of the local executive to prevent the Federal authority from restoring order. But the President was firm, and the Federal troops eventually appeared on the scene. Mr. Cleveland issued a proclamation making rebels of the rioters, and the collapse was as sudden as the outbreak. One reason that rioting is more common in the United States than elsewhere, is that there is no central authority charged with the maintenance of order. The States are supposed to be responsible for this end, but have no force at their disposal to assert authority. At the same time, there is an insane jealousy of Federal interference.

THE LESSON OF STRIKES.

External order, although it is the elementary basis of civilization, does not, however, ensure permanent tranquillity. If strikes, which are disastrous to both sides, occur, it is because only one side is heard by the conflicting parties. In the case of the Pullman strike, it is obvious that neither side thought the other had a leg to stand on. Mr. Pullman kept on repeating that there was nothing to arbitrate on, and the workmen could not conceive why, in any fairness, their wages should be reduced and their fellows dismissed because times were bad. They had seen Mr. Pullman roll up a huge fortune during the "good times." Was not a portion of this available to assist in tiding the business through adversity instead of allowing the burthen of it to be thrown entirely upon Labour? Take again the case of the strikers at Graissesac in France, which has recently been under discussion in the French Chamber. The output of the mines at Graissesac fell last year from 325,000 tons to 250,000 in consequence of the Spanish market being closed by a retaliatory tariff. It became necessary to discharge some 300 men in order to save working the mine at a loss. What was to become of the 300 men with their families? they were natives of the district and brought up to earn their livelihood by mining. Is it too much to hope that some day a fraction of prosperous dividends may be invariably set aside to form a fund for the assistance of workmen during bad times or as compensation in the event of their discharge being unavoidable?

LORDS AND COMMONS: A DIALOGUE.

Blater: And so he said to him——But surely you must know the story.

Lord Welwyn: My dear fellow, for all I know, I may have been the hero of it myself; but I really can't possibly say until you finish it.

Bla.: Well, he said to the doorkeeper, as a sort of final argument—a clincher of the whole controversy, don't you know?—he said to him: "Now, look here. You say you don't recognize me. I may be a member of the House of Lords, or I may not. Well, just ask yourself this question, my man. Do you think I should be such a d——d fool as to come here if I wasn't?" It was conclusive, of course. The youth's whole style and get-up irresistibly confirmed it. It was so abundantly clear that he was the last kind of man to bore himself with that or any other serious business of life except under positive compulsion, that the doorkeeper hadn't another word to say. He drew back with "a profound obeisance," as they say in novels, and my Lord Tomnoddy went in and recorded his vote.

Lord W.: For what?

Bla.: Against what, you mean?

Lord W.: Well, yes, I suppose that would be more likely. Against what, then?

Bla.: Oh, what does it matter now? It didn't matter anything to him even then. The Whips sent for him, and he came.

Lord W.: Ah, I see! How delightfully free and independent you must feel in the Commons, Blater, without Whips. Every man voting according to the dictates of his own conscience, after a careful study of the question in all its details, and a "pious trutination," as some old Johnny of the seventeenth century says, of its merits.

Bla.: Yes, that's very pretty and "sarcusstical," no doubt, Welwyn. But we do know our way to the House, and attend at least often enough to be recognizable by the officials.

Lord W.: Really, I don't think that much matters one way or the other. After all, one can conceive a complete stranger to either House of Parliament, giving an intelligent and conscientious vote;

whereas, on the other hand, it is not difficult to imagine a Member, most punctual in his attendance at the smoking-room of the House of Commons, and yet who cannot be said to have thoroughly mastered every question on which he votes. Is it, for instance, justifiable to surmise, or is it mere spiteful slander to insinuate, that not absolutely every member of the majority had found his way through the intricacies of Sir William Harcourt's Finance Bill? Is it fact or fiction that at least one member of that majority hazarded the opinion that there were not five men on his side of the House who understood the working of the new Death Duties?

Bla.: Maybe. It is a mighty complicated business.

Lord W.: Yet I cannot doubt that there is no member of the majority whose features are not well known to the officers of the House. Regularity of attendance, my dear Blater, is not an absolutely safe guarantee for a competent discharge of duty. It may be only a form of the proverbial tribute paid by vice to virtue—the homage rendered by political indifference in the representative to political earnestness in the constituency. A Peer, of course, has no such incentive to the affectation of legislative zeal: so that, instead of coming down to Westminster to vote on questions which he neither understands nor cares about, he frankly stays away.

Bla.: That is exactly what we complain of.

Lord W.: What? Of his not going through the farce that is played every night in the Commons lobby?

Bla.: No; of his having no constituency to whom he is responsible for the performance . . . . .

Lord W.: Performance? Yes, that's the word.

Bla.: For the discharge of—well, for at any rate the maintenance of a decent show of attention to his Parliamentary duties.

Lord W.: Dear me! And you prefer that attitude to the other? The modern Radical all over.

Bla.: Besides, all this talk about the "item," and the "smoking room," and the "division bell," is vastly exaggerated, as no one knows better than you, Welwyn. How many Members of the House of Commons do you really believe walk mechanically through the lobby at the crack of the Party whip without knowing or caring what they are voting about.

Lord W.: Well, and what proportion of the Peers come down to the House of Lords to record their votes in the same fashion?

Bla.: You mean on the occasion of an important division?"

Lord W.: Of course. It is common ground with both of us that except on such occasions a large number of them never put in an appearance at all.

Bla.: You ask me what proportion of "dead heads" you have in the House of Lords at these divisions.

Lord W.: Dead heads?

Bla.: Yes. I mean men who never come without "orders." It is a theatrical term, but it seems to apply here appropriately enough. Well, I should hardly like to hazard a calculation off-hand; but let me put a question to you. Do you seriously maintain that the proportion of Peers who through ignorance of, or inattention to, a question, or what not, are morally disqualified from voting upon it, is smaller than the proportion of Members who vote on similar occasions, under a similar disqualification, in the House of Commons? Remember we are a considerably larger body than you—nearer seven hundred than six; while you, if I recollect rightly from my last glance at your roll, are a little further from six hundred than from five. Our total exceeds yours by nearly one-fourth. Do you really mean to say that a full division list of the House of Commons contains 25 per cent. more voters who have no moral right to vote on the question than are contained in a full division-list of the House of Lords?

Lord W.: I will answer the question when you have shown me how comparison is possible if you start from the assumption that a Peer is morally disqualified by habitual absenteeism and a Commoner morally qualified by mere regularity of attendance.

Bla.: Well, is not the assumption *primâ facie* a fair one?

Lord W.: No, not unless you begin by assuming a parity of conditions which does not exist. Why should you take it for granted that a Peer who does not attend the sittings of the House is uninterested in politics, or that he is not capable,—so far as so wretched a child of bigotry, selfishness, prejudices, and all those other vices which have been left out of the composition of all Radical Members of the House of Commons, can be capable,—of forming an intelligent judgment on political questions? Surely you cannot pretend to say that, for example, my habitual absence from the House of Lords has the same significance as would your habitual absence from the House of Commons. *My* vote is not wanted except for one of those rare demonstrations we have been talking of; yours is. Comparatively few of us, probably not more than a twelfth, ever take part in debate, and not a twentieth of those who don't take part in it want to do so. On the other hand, I suppose some nine-tenths of the House of Commons are anxious to make their voices heard, and I should think that about two-thirds of them succeed. No wonder a larger proportion of you attend the sittings of your House. But inasmuch as talking, especially talking for talking's sake, is not necessary in these days of voluminous printed discussion for the formation of intelligent political opinion, you Members of the House of Commons are hardly justified in demanding that your

competence of judgment shall be measured by your incontinence of tongue.

Bla.: Well, I can only say that in my own case——

Lord W.: One moment; let me put mine, or rather let me put both together. You are a very regular attendant at the House of Commons. I am a very irregular attendant at the House of Lords. But, if you will admit, for the sake of argument, the presumptuous hypothesis that my opinion on political questions,—always supposing it to have been founded on an equal amount of information and reflection,—is of equal value with yours, then I make bold to say that I have taken all the necessary steps to insure that equality of value.

Bla.: You mean that in spite of your seldom visiting your House, and my being seldom absent from mine, you could——

Lord W.: I could go in for a competitive examination with you on any political questions of the day, and back myself to come out bracketed equal with you as regards information on the subject. And, what is more, I should be willing to make the same bet about many scores of my fellow Peers, whose names are never met with in the reports of the debates, and not very often in the division-lists.

Bla.: As regards yourself, my dear Welwyn, there would be no takers. As to the scores of your fellow Peers, *je n'en réponds pas*. And in any case, the hypothesis which you asked me to accept, of necessity raises a rather delicate question. Two judgments formed by two different sets of people, with an equal amount of care and conscientiousness, are not necessarily (as, indeed, your stipulation for your hypothesis implies) of equal value. The value of your own judgment I do not for a moment question. But—but—how shall I put it? It's rather embarrassing for a modest man. Well, may I ask for proof that the judgments of your "many scores of fellow Peers" are of equal value with mine? I am sure you will forgive the apparent arrogance of the question.

Lord W.: Oh, certainly. Indeed, I must, for I am just going to put a precisely similar question to you. Would you mind opening the case on your own behalf, and tendering proof that your judgment is equal in value to theirs? If the necessity of assuming your superiority gives pain to your modesty, the task of proving it should afford relief.

Bla.: You are very good; but I can obtain the same relief in another way. I can hide my blushes behind the constituents who have been good enough to give me their certificate of competency.

Lord W.: We will consider the validity of that document presently. But is it so clear, as you seem to think, that it shifts the *onus probandi* altogether? Has a Peer no such certificate?"

Bla.: From whom? From his father and mother? I don't see who else can have conferred it.

Lord W.: What, not a heaven-born Prime Minister? Are you really, Blater, among those ignoramuses who talk about the "hereditary Chamber," under the belief that all its members, or, at any rate, nineteen out of twenty of them, sit there merely as the sons of their fathers?

Bla.: Well, no. You may give me credit for having heard of such things as new creations.

Lord W.: It would indeed be inexcusable ignorance in a member of a party which has done so much more to replenish this Chamber of Privilege and Reaction than its adversaries for the best part of a century.

Bla.: Yes, but what do new creations amount to in the sum of the whole?

Lord W.: Ah, what indeed! It is evident that you don't know, or you wouldn't ask the question. But let me put it this way. How many of the members of the House of Lords sit in it, do you suppose, by other than an hereditary title? How many of them are there *not* by accident, but through having been designedly put there? What proportion of them, think you, owe their legislative privileges *not* to the fact that they are the "sons of their fathers," but that some person or persons (no matter who for the present) deemed them fit to become legislators, and specially appointed them to legislate? Do you happen to know the proportion?

Bla.: No, I don't.

Lord W.: Guess.

Bla.: Oh, I have no idea. Well, a tenth, then.

Lord W.: Between a fourth and a third.

Bla.: How do you make that out?

Lord W.: Easily enough. The Roll of the Lords, Spiritual and Temporal, numbers in round figures some five hundred and fifty names. Among them there are between ninety and a hundred new Peers, that is, Peers who have not inherited their seats; there are some half-dozen Lords and ex-Lords of Appeal; fifteen representative Peers of Scotland; twenty-six representative Peers of Ireland; two Archbishops, and twenty-four Bishops, the whole list "footing up," as you will see, to the very respectable total of between 160 and 170 elected or nominated Peers.

Bla.: Elected or nominated! Was there ever such trifling with words? Elected by whom? Nominated on what grounds?

Lord W.: I should have thought the Scotch and Irish representative Peers would have satisfied you as concessions to the elective principle.

Bla.: What! the privileged representatives of a privileged class! How can their title be better than that of their constituents?

Lord W.: My excellent friend, you are wandering from the point. The question we were discussing was one of competency, not one of right. Is Mr. Blater's judgment on political questions of superior or only of equal value to that of a Scotch or Irish representative Peer? You contend that the competence of your judgment is to be presumed from the fact of your election, and you produce the certificate of your constituency. He says the same thing, and produces the certificate of his.

Bla.: The difference is obvious. My election—but the point is too small to be worth fighting. I make you a present of the forty-one Scotch and Irish representative Peers.

Lord W.: And the Bishops?

Bla.: No: now we are getting to the principle of nomination.

Lord W.: Well, is there no guarantee of fitness in the working of that principle?

Bla.: Not of political fitness. A Prime Minister doesn't select a Bishop or a Lord of Appeal because he believes him to have a competent judgment on political affairs. He selects a Bishop for being a man of—how shall I put it?—of pastoral gifts, and of sound, but not extreme, theological views. And he selects a Lord of Appeal on precisely analogous and as strictly professional grounds. There is only one proviso to be observed in either case. The Bishop must be a safe man; the appellate judge, if he is taken from the House of Commons, must have a safe seat.

Lord W.: And you think that proofs of professional ability—of pre-eminence in a learned profession—afford less satisfactory securities for general legislative capacity than a certificate from Mr. Schnadhorst?

Bla.: They afford no ground for believing that the possessor of them is in touch with——

Lord W.: In touch with! Oh, spare me! If there be any other three words in the language which are such invariable precursors of nonsense, I should like to—I mean, may I never—come across them! We are not now discussing whom or what the Peers represent in Parliament, but their power of efficiently representing anything or anybody.

Bla.: All right; take your Bishops and Lords of Appeal, and put them under a glass case with the Scotch and Irish representative Peers. And now for your ninety odd new creations. What do they represent?

Lord W.: Considerably more than half of them represent the heroic readiness of the Radical to sacrifice his democratic prejudice against privileged orders, and his republican contempt for nobiliary

honours, to his loyal desire to reinforce the numerical strength of his party in the House of Lords. The typical Christian attitude, as we know, is that of loving the sinner, while you hate the sin. With the Radical it is just "the other way round." He detests the sinners who bear titles, but he is so lenient to the sin that he is generally willing to commit it himself whenever he gets the chance.

Bla.: Chaff away, my dear fellow; *my* withers are unwrung.

Lord W.: You mean you haven't had your chance yet, but are only waiting for it.

Bla.: If the House of Lords is ever to be peacefully abolished, it can only be by the gradual creation among its members of a majority favourable to abolition.

Lord W.: And you think that that is to be done by raising Radicals to the Peerage? Surely it is impossible to imagine a less effective method. The history of your new creations reminds one of the miserable fate of the Irish Bishops according to Swift. Excellent persons, he remarked, were appointed by the Crown; but somehow or other before they reached their sees they were always waylaid, robbed, stripped, and subsequently personated by the disguised highwaymen. Really some mishap analogous to this must have befallen all your latest created Peers, while in the act of crossing the Central Hall. Political footpads of Conservative principles have smuggled themselves into the Upper House in the robes of the new Gladstonian Barons. Yet you propose to strengthen your party in the Lords by sending us more of them! No, Blater, before you can succeed in abolishing us in this way, you will have to devise some security against Radical Peers giving Tory votes. Couldn't you manage to alter the tenure of Peerages, and make their holders removable from the House by the Government of the day? Yes, you certainly will have to arrange that new Peers shall only sit and vote *durante bene placito*.

Bla.: Instead of *quam diu se bene gesserint*, like those sprigs of more ancient nobility who have little difficulties with the Jockey Club, or figure occasionally in the police reports.

Lord W.: What? Well, upon my word, I am—I really am amazed at your temerity, Blater. During good behaviour, indeed! What an infelicitous suggestion of comparison between Lords and Commons. Do for a moment consider the scandals which have been exploding almost month by month down both sides of the House of Commons like the badly-fired salute of a couple of files of raw recruits. Surely it is most imprudent to take up these one or two "shady" cases of ours which have already been done to death by our opponents. If you seriously propose to count "black sheep" against us, why——

Bla.: Not I. But at any rate *we* can manage to get rid of our reprobates.

Lord W.: Only when you find them out, or they save you the trouble by absconding. But how do we know how many Jabezes may be still blushing unseen in the House of Commons at this very moment, or how many——But, really, Blater, you have gratuitously lowered the tone of the discussion. What do the black sheep matter on either side? Both Houses are entitled to be judged by their best members.

Bla.: No, there I disagree with you, Welwyn. That, it seems to me, is the fallacy which misleads you all. You cite the names of half-a-dozen highly distinguished Peers—Salisburys, Roseberys, Argylls, Selbornes, Devonshires, and so forth; you declare, what may or may not be true, that we cannot show an equally powerful team in the House of Commons; and then you go on to deduce the superiority of your House to ours. A comparison of prize cattle is just as fallacious as a comparison of black sheep. The two Houses must be judged neither by their best nor their worst, but by their average member. And really to cut, or endeavour to cut, a long discussion short, I would just ask you whether you think you can reasonably expect to persuade "the ordinary Englishman" that the three hundred and eighty odd Peers who have inherited these seats—for I will make you a present of the new creations——

Lord W.: Thank you; you are as generous as your late illustrious Chief.

Bla.: Why name him in particular?

Lord W.: Only because that popular idol and inspired genius of democracy has made more Peers himself than all the Tory Governments that have held power between the Queen's Accession and her Jubilee. Those statistics surprise you, I see. They are strictly accurate. But this is a digression for which I must apologize. Go on.

Bla.: Well, I was going to ask you what chance you think you have of convincing the "man in the street" that these three hundred and eighty odd Peers, who have inherited their seats—"hereditary legislators" in the strictest sense of the expression, as meaning men who have not only the power to transmit their legislative privilege, but who have actually acquired it by the accident of birth—can show an equal average of fitness, weight, authority, political capacity (I care not how you describe it), as even our least favourable critic must admit to be displayed in the House of Commons.

Lord W.: Whom do you challenge me to persuade? The man in the street?

Bla: Yes.

Lord W.: Dear old man in the street! How bewildered he must have become with the appeals that are so constantly made to him nowadays; or, rather, how bewildered he would be if he were one man instead of half-a-dozen. Which of the half a-dozen am I to convince, Blater?

Bla: Name them, and I will tell you.

Lord W.: There is no need to name them all. Indeed, if it came to a strict classification, I have no doubt I could find you many more than half-a-dozen distinct types. But three or four will suffice for my purpose.

Bla.: All right: let us have them.

Lord W.: Well, to begin with, let me classify him by the particular purpose of his perambulations. What is he in the street for? Is he standing agape outside a newspaper-office, waiting for somebody to "put up the winner"? Or is he making his way to his daily work with a flag-basket of tools suspended over his shoulder by a hammer run through the handles? Or has he just alighted at the Bank from his omnibus, on his way to "something in the City"—the same man substantially as in the days when he wore a white hat, and Palmerston used (or said he used) to get into his 'bus at Bayswater in order that he might be driven to the City in his company, and, through his comments on current political events, feel the pulse of the great and, in those days, omnipotent class to which he belonged? Or is he—but these three types are enough.

Bla.: More than enough. With the first we have nothing to do. When I said "man in the street," I didn't mean street loafer. Whether the race-haunting rowdy prefers the House of Lords to the House of Commons is a matter of perfect indifference to us.

Lord W.: Yes, while the Nonconformist conscience is on the alert. But, honestly, now—you would rather Ladas won the Leger than lost it?

Bla.: We shall lose more votes by him than we shall win.

Lord W.: Nonsense. The Nonconformist conscience will have fully liberated itself before the next election, and its outraged scruples won't leave their mark on one Nonconformist ballot-paper in a hundred; while the race-haunting rowdy, as you call him, who perhaps never voted before, will vote in scores, not only for the owner of Ladas, but for the sport-loving Lord. So much for one "man in the street." You need not imagine that *he* will trouble himself about questions of political fitness, or nicely weigh the comparative claims of the two Houses to legislate for the country.

Bla.: I have already told you that we do not concern ourselves about the suffrages of this degraded class. You are welcome to the votes of all the snobs and all the gamblers in the community.

Lord W.: Thanks: but are you sure you can spare them? Mr.

Labouchere doesn't think so. He tells us that the Radical "dearly loves a Lord." His enumeration of your snobs is virtually a census of the whole Party. But now for another man-in-the-street,—the working-man with the bag of tools over his shoulder.

Bla.: Yes: How are you going to persuade him that the hereditary legislator has as much right to make laws for him as the elected representative?

Lord W.: How are you going to persuade *me* that he cares two straws about the question? Do you imagine that one working-man in a hundred has ever troubled himself to consider it? Why, what is the beginning and end of his interest in politics? The Labour question, and again the Labour question, and once more the question of Labour. You know it is so.

Bla.: Perhaps: but it will not be difficult to show him the connection of that question with the pending issue between the two Houses. It only needs that the political Party in which he has confidence——

Lord W.: And which is that?

Bla.: Which is that?

Lord W.: You think the question an absurd one. My dear Blater, there is something positively pathetic in the innocent complacency with which you recite all the exploded old commonplaces of your Party. You still continue to talk, all of you, as if you had the working-man in your pocket, as I own you have his supposed representatives—those wonderful "Labour Members," whose connection with labour, after they once get into Parliament, is confined to the work they do in fetching and carrying for the Liberal Whips. You still swagger in the old-fashioned way about using the working-man as a weapon for this purpose and for that, when he has slipped out of your hand altogether, and the next experience you have of this precious weapon may be to find it pointed at your own throats.

Bla.: What do you mean?

Lord W.: Mean! Is it possible that you don't perceive that the first business you have before you,—and a pretty tough job you will find it,—is to win back this "confidence" of his of which you talk so glibly? Can you possibly be unaware that your whole Party and its belongings—its organization, its system, its machinery, are at this moment the object of the British working-man's profoundest distrust.

Bla.: You think he has transferred his confidence to you? Sacred simplicity of the Tory mind!

Lord W.: I think he trusts neither of us. But though he may feel no confidence in the Conservatives he feels no resentment against them. He reserves that sentiment for those whom he has

again and again trusted unreservedly, and by whom he has again and again been deceived. And that is a dangerous mood for you.

Bla.: You think so? I fancy you will find its dangers disappear more quickly than you like when the next election comes.

Lord W.: Not if you hammer away at the idiotic programme which a baffled statesman left you as a legacy, and which a small, though noisy band of Radicals are compelling the Party to take up. The warning I am giving you would be Quixotically disinterested if there were the slightest chance of your paying any attention to it. But I justify it to myself from the tactical point of view by the assured conviction that there is not. If you go to the workmen at the next election on a cry of "Down with the House of Lords!" you will fail disastrously. As soon as you begin to recite the old formulas about the Lords obstructing popular legislation, they will cut you short with the blunt inquiry as to what popular legislation you have given the Lords the chance of obstructing. And what answer will you have?

Bla.: The Employers' Liabi——

Lord W.: No, no. Be serious, Blater. I enjoy a joke against the Radical newspapers as well as anybody, and no doubt there have been few things funnier of late years than the way in which, after all their bluster about that insolent piece of "obstruction" on the part of the Lords, supported by a weighty minority of Liberals in the House of Commons, and a vast body of working-men outside, the Ministerial journals have now fallen as mum as mice on the whole business, and would evidently rather talk about anything else in the world. Still, there is a time for everything, and I don't want to hear your good-humoured chaff of your friends just now. Seriously, is there one measure to which you can point as a "working-man's measure" which has been rejected, obstructed, or mutilated in the House of Lords? Why you can't even begin to do so. With the exception of a sort of field-day which you have managed to allow for a sham fight on the Eight Hours' question, you have spent your whole time in playing off Irishmen, Welshmen, and Scotchmen against each other over a handful of measures in which your British working-man hasn't a grain of concern. And now you propose to lead him off on an expeditition against the "Obstructive" House! Why the thing is ridiculous. You must satisfy him that you can legislate before you can persuade him that they obstruct.

Bla.: What a delightful amusement it is, this fighting your battles in advance, and arranging all the conditions so that you win. You are a regular "organizer of victory," Welwyn. So the whole working-class vote is to go Conservative at the next election?

Lord W.: Pardon me. I never prophesy even about weather, still less about matters so much more uncertain as elections. All I say is that you won't make the *popularis aura* blow in the right direction for you by simply denouncing the House of Lords; and that if it does blow you into office at all it will leave that House not only with its foundations unshaken, but without so much as a slate dislodged. If you can't raise the workmen against us you can raise nobody.

Bla.: There was another "man in the street," however. We left him just alighting from an omnibus at the Bank.

Lord W.: Oh, Lord Palmerston's man, with the white hat—the typical English voter of the ten-pound householder period—in fact the man who stood for *the* typical Englishman before the working-man got the franchise..

Bla.: Yes; what of him?

Lord W.: What of him? You surely don't think you have got any chance in that quarter?

Bla.: Indeed we do. It is quite a mistake to suppose that we rely exclusively or even mainly on the working-class vote in our movement against the House of Lords. On the contrary, we hope much from the solid, sturdy, moderate Liberalism of the trading classes, and even more—nay, I may say most of all, from the growth of a purely critical spirit (quite apart from any developments of political opinion) among the professional, the literary, the artistic, the scientific—in a word the most highly-cultured orders of the community. We believe that the anomaly of an hereditary Chamber, possessing nominally co-ordinate powers with an elective Chamber has never before excited so much impatience in England on purely intellectual grounds, and that consequently we have never had so good a chance of interesting all the best and most thoughtful minds in the country against it as we have now.

Lord W.: Blater, you amaze me! I knew you lived in a fool's paradise; but I always thought you inhabited it with a certain misgiving. Your absolute contentment with your place of abode, your complete conviction of its solid reality, positively takes my breath away. My poor deluded friend, have you really no suspicion that among the very classes to whom you have just made your appeal, it is not the House of Lords, but the House of Commons which is at this moment on its defence?

Bla.: What, are you going to unearth that pretentious, forty-years-old dictum of a foreign Prince, that "representative government is on its trial?"

Lord W.: Not I. The trial is over. The question of to-day is: What has the defendant to say in arrest of judgment?

Bla.: Indeed! So bad as that?

Lord W.: Yes, indeed. So bad, if not worse. Why, what do you suppose your "best and most thoughtful minds" have been about these four-and-twenty years past that they should not have noticed the rapid disappearance of every virtue that keeps an elective system fresh and vital, and the progressive growth of every vice that tends to degrade it into a soulless machine? that they should not have marked the ever-widening severance of interests among the electorate, the strengthening of the hands of the wirepuller and the caucus, the endless multiplication of "sectional questions," the more and more minute sub-division of Parliament into a mere congeries of groups?

Bla.: At last you have stopped for breath. Now perhaps you will explain how the shortcomings of an elective system justify the maintenance of an hereditary——

Lord W.: Hereditary,—elective! Elective, hereditary! And do you imagine that the intelligence of the country, when once it has perceived and been alarmed by these things, will be quieted by the muttering of an Abacadabra like that? Hereditary! Why you yourselves get more and more "hereditary" every Parliament. Count how many of you sit where you do because you are the sons of your wealthy, or locally influential fathers, and how many of the remainder of you owe your seats to a prolonged "nursing" of your constituencies—in other words, to a system of indirect corruption so elaborate and far-reaching as to shame the old days when a candidate bought his voters in the open market at five pounds a head.

Bla.: You exaggerate grossly; but even if all you said were just, a true representative system contains within itself a self-reforming principle which is lacking to every other political form.

Lord W.: Then wait till the principle operates and leave the House of Lords alone. Wait till you have retrieved your character as a genuine representative body, and have ceased to be a mere fortuitous concourse of sectional atoms. Adjourn your denunciations of the "hereditary Chamber" until you can once more speak —if you are ever again destined to speak—to it with that delegated authority of a united nation to which it has never yet refused to bow. But, in the meanwhile, if you find it absolutely necessary to discuss the comparative merits of the two Houses, let your words, if I may borrow a phrase from the judicious Hooker, "be wary and few."

H. D. Traill.

THE PART OF RELIGION IN HUMAN EVOLUTION.

A MEMOIR was contributed three or four years ago by Lady Welby to the Anthropological Institute, entitled "An Apparent Paradox in Mental Evolution." Her main question was plain and definite in substance, and to this effect. In barbaric times all men were superstitious; now, considering the importance of rational action to success in life, how was it that the least superstitious tribes did not prevail over the others, with the result of eliminating a natural bent towards superstition from the minds of men, by the long continued survival of the fittest? This is, as I then thought, and still think to be, a very pertinent question requiring for its answer a fuller discussion from historical data than, so far as I know, it has yet received. My own provisional ideas were that, notwithstanding the obvious disadvantages in practical life of a superstitious tendency, the advantages that accompanied it in barbaric times may have been greater, and in this way. Many influences that bind barbarians are illusions, such as totems, tutelar deities, and much else, but, for all that, they supply sufficient cohesive force to unite them into organized bodies. Whenever a struggle arose between a compact tribe and an equal number of separate individuals, the former would win, however their compactness may have grown into existence. Or again, between two barbaric nations, the one that was the more superstitious of the two would generally be the more united, and therefore the more powerful. Such I imagine to be the explanation of Lady Welby's paradox, but, as already said, it deserves historical investigation before it can be answered with confidence.

A paradox of a somewhat similar kind is the subject of Mr. Kidd's recent work on *Social Evolution*. He has the high distinction of having compelled many readers to give serious consideration to his arguments by submitting them with a remarkable earnestness, wealth of apposite phrases, and happy turns of expression. Let the ultimate verdict be what it may on the net value of his conclusions, his readers will have had the feeling which is rare to most of us, of being forced to travel for awhile out of their habitual lines of thought

and to follow new ones. This is no ordinary achievement, and deserves to be praised ungrudgingly.

The problem which presents itself to Mr. Kidd is this. Human evolution has been brought about solely by the blind action of natural selection, a strenuous struggle for existence taking place unceasingly; the feeble perishing, the strong surviving, and leaving their breed to form the next generation. On the other hand, this struggle is pitiless to the individual, and therefore repugnant to him. His reason protests against submission to such a state of things, saying, Why should we living men care to strive for the good of unborn descendants? Is not the well-being of our precious selves of the first importance to us? Let us be socialists, eliminate the holders of capital and divide the produce, live contentedly, and leave the future to take care of itself. Thus Mr. Kidd's paradox arises, that reason, which is so necessary an end of man's evolution, teaches him to withstand the salutary law of the survival of the fittest, and consequently tends to throw him backwards into degradation. The solution of the paradox Mr. Kidd considers to lie in the interposition of the altruistic sentiments, that is in the preference of the welfare of others to our own. As to the origin and extent of these, he seems to me much too vague, being apparently content to ascribe them wholly to the influence of the "Religious" spirit, using "Religion" in the following sense, which is an abbreviation of his own definition:—

"Religion is a form of belief providing an *ultra-rational* sanction for conduct by which the interests of the individual are subordinated to those of the evolution of his race."

It is evident that we must be cautious in our phraseology if we pursue the discussion along his lines, because different persons attach different meanings to the words Religion, Reason, and Ultra-rational. Religion, according to Mr. Kidd's definition, is necessarily ultra-rational because it is not a rational act to concern ourselves with unselfish ends, but I for one demur to this distinction between what is rational and not. A large portion of the altruistic feelings are natural, and, therefore, in one sense, selfish. The love of a cat for her young kittens is altruistic in its main aspect, though, perhaps, selfish in another: anyhow, it cannot be ascribed to the effects of a religion. It is, however, justly pointed out by Mr. Kidd that the meanings are very various in which authors of high repute use that word. He has collected fifteen definitions, of which only three concern us much; they will be distinguished as A, B, and C.

A is that of J. S. Mill: "The essence of Religion is the direction of the emotions and desires towards an ideal object, recognized as rightly paramount over all selfish objects of desire." B is that of Kant: "Religion consists in our recognizing all

our duties as Divine commands." C is that of Gruppe, namely: "A belief in a State or a Being which, properly speaking, lies outside the sphere of human striving and attainment, but which can be brought into this sphere in a particular way, namely, by sacrifices, ceremonies, prayer, penances, and self-denial."

It will be seen that A is more generalized than B, and B than C. Now, Mr. Kidd would certainly refuse to accept A as sufficient, and would insist on the conditions contained in B or C. The paradox that his book is written to explain depends on the supposition that those conditions are necessary. For my part, I think otherwise, and am content with A; so, in my view, there is no paradox at all.

Even if the case were, as Mr. Kidd's optimistic views would have it, that under the influence of a religious sentiment men are becoming increasingly sensitive to the well-being of their fellows, sacrificing privileges that they have the power to maintain, to a prevalent sentiment of doing equal kindness and giving equal opportunities to all, I cannot see how it could conduce to a successful form of human evolution. By his own theory, the further opening of the careers would make the struggle for place more strenuous than it is even now, which would, as he asserts, further the evolution of man. On other aspects of the case he is silent. My view is very different, believing that over-severe competition degrades. The fir trees near the upper limit of vegetation, that are only just able to hold their own against the inclemency of the weather, are stunted specimens of their race. The over-worked man or woman is feeble and neurotic. Then again, as to the terrible question of over-population, the social condition that Mr. Kidd thinks so favourable to humanity would not check it in the least, but would seriously intensify it.

According to my own views of the main question, any guiding idea that takes passionate possession of the mind of a person or of a people, is an adequate adversary to purely selfish considerations, without being a "religion" in the B or C senses at all. Many of the ordinary emotions which influence conduct admit of being excited to so high a pitch that the merely self-regarding feelings do not attempt to withstand them, but yield themselves unresistingly to be sacrificed to the furtherance of a cause. That the emotions can be so excited, whether in a party or in a nation, easily and often irrationally, is one of the common teachings of history. No ultra-rational sentiment in Mr. Kidd's sense is necessary to this end. Take for example the passionate patriotism among that large part of the French nation, who, however easily carried away by an idea, cannot be called religious in the sense B or C. It supported them through the German War, and it supported the Commune. Glory and victory and the ideas that inspired the song of the Marseillaise were those that animated the earlier armies

of the first French Republic, and were as a religion to them. Loyalty to a chief as that of the Italian revolutionists to Garibaldi, or of the French to the first Napoleon, or of Jacobites in Scotland to the Stuarts, have all of them been sufficiently passionate to subordinate the merely selfish feelings. Of course, a religious enthusiasm in the B and C senses may give a vast help to all this, but I cannot think it indispensable. The ambitions, loves, jealousies, and hates of nations, families, and persons, seem fully strong enough to force men who are under their influence, to disregard what is commonly understood by the phrase of selfish desires.

It seems then, from abundant experience, that we are perfectly justified in interchanging parts of the definitions of Mill and Kidd, and then, by inverting their order, to say as follows:—

"The direction of the emotions and desires towards the furtherance of human evolution, recognized as rightly paramount over all objects of selfish desire, justly merits the name of a religion."

It is under a conviction of the truth of this affirmation that the following remarks are made.

Mr. Kidd complains, and from his point of view the fact is deplorable, that many scientific writers should greatly occupy themselves in destroying the fabric of religions in the B and C senses, while they do not replace them by other fabrics of similar efficacy. It may fairly be answered that the destructive task is a necessary though painful preliminary, because until obstructions are thoroughly cleared away, and the view is quite open, the character and exigencies of the vacant space cannot be rightly understood, nor can a judgment be formed as to how far and in what way rebuilding is needful. It is also pardonable enough that the work of destruction should be over zealously indulged in by some who have long chafed under what they consider to be the irrationality of one or other of the many conflicting creeds.

All earnest inquirers recognize the awful mysteries that surround human life, but they are angered by theosophies that attempt to solve part of its problems by means of hypotheses that are improbable in themselves, while they introduce gratuitous complications. For instance, if we strip from Milton's fable and from the *dramatis personæ* of *Paradise Lost* all the glamour thrown over them by his superb diction, a grotesquely absurd framework remains behind. His high undertaking to justify the ways of God to man becomes ludicrously inadequate. The same spirit under another guise that moved our ancestors in the days of the Reformation to shatter the authority of Rome, is abroad again but is now directed against the dogmas of the time. The spirit is that of a determination to face and view the grand and terrible prob-

lem of life in the clear light of day, and not through artificial mediums that partly hide, partly colour, and partly refract it. It is not an easy matter to pass from theory to practice, the difficulty being great in taking wisely the earlier steps. It is comparatively simple to dig out tares, but very difficult not to destroy the wheat among which they grow. The social system of every nation, including its religion, whatever that may be, has adjusted itself into a position of stability which is dangerous to disturb. Deep sentiments and prejudices, habits and customs, all more or less entwined with the established religion of each nation, are elements of primary importance to its social fabric. It is true that vast changes become obvious in the social system of every progressive people, whenever its habits and customs at one period are compared with those of another long after, but, as a rule, the changes are piecemeal. Each change is primarily confined to a single part, the remainder adapting itself to the new condition with a comparatively small shift of the position of the centre. Common-sense teaches how much can be thus done with safety at any given time. Great and sudden changes in religion are hardly to be attempted except when the stability of the existing system is tottering and on the point of falling.

For the sake of better understanding the large part that a religion of the purely A kind might play in human evolution, let us suppose a nation whose established B or C religion, whatever it may be, has become discredited by the majority of its people, including most of those who were trusted as leaders of opinion. Further, let us suppose the nation to be suffering in a still more acute form than our own, from poverty, toil, and an unduly large contingent of the weakly, the inefficient, and the born-criminal classes, and that the existing social arrangements are acknowledged to be failures. Further, again, I will make the reasonable supposition that socialistic experiments on various scales and in various ways had been largely tried and confessedly found ineffective owing to the moral and intellectual incompetence of the average citizen. There would then be a widely-felt sense of despair; there would be ominous signs of approaching anarchy and of ruin impending over the nation, while a bitter cry would arise for light and leading. A state of things like this is by no means impossible in the near future, even here in England, and, therefore, it deserves some consideration as being something more than a merely academic question. In the imagined event, preachers of all sorts of nostrums would abound, mostly fanatics who could see only one side of a question, and on that account they would be all the more earnest in their opinions and persuasive to the multitude. I will endeavour to present in a clear light what one of these, a professed

agnostic, might say. It will be put in a very brief form, in order to bring out, as vividly as I can, one possible line of argument with which I have much sympathy, but to which I would by no means commit myself without first insisting on serious reservations. These have nothing to do with the present supposed case, and, if introduced now, would merely distract the argument. So I do not speak further about them. It must be clearly understood that my object is only to show how a religion, in the A sense, might grow up and effectively deal with serious evolutionary difficulties which existing religions, in the B or C sense, seem incapable of meeting. Of course, however, some totally new interpretations of the B and C sanctions might be put forward which should serve equally well, or some new religion of the B or C kind might arise.

The supposed agnostic and somewhat fanatic preacher might express himself as follows. The mystery is unfathomed as to whence the life of each man came, whether it pre-existed in any form or not. The mystery is equally great as to what will become of his life after the death of the body; whether it will be perpetuated in a detached form as some creeds say, whether it will be absorbed into an unlimited sea of existence, as other creeds assert, or whether it will cease entirely. As regards this life, there are also mysteries. Every act may or may not have been determined by previous conditions, but man has the sense of being free and responsible: he is accustomed to do and to be done by as if he were so, therefore we may provisionally believe that he is free and should act on that supposition. There is a further mystery as regards the cosmic conditions under which we live, for no assurance can as yet be obtained of any supernatural guidance, the facts alleged in evidence of its existence being more than counterbalanced by those that point the other way. We cannot, in consequence, tell with certainty whether human life is subject to an autocracy, or whether, at least for practical purposes, it exists as an isolated republic; but the latter appears at present to be the more probable, and should, therefore, guide our conduct. Each man's destiny during his life may then be viewed with propriety as depending entirely on his own physiological peculiarities and on his surroundings. He has, consequently, to conduct himself as a member of a free executive committee during his brief life, guiding his actions by whatever he can learn of the tendencies of the cosmos, in order to co-operate intelligently with what he cannot in the long-run resist.

The sense of responsibility that is imposed by this view would sober, brace, and strengthen the character, just as that of dependence on an autocratic power effeminates and enfeebles it. As was

said by J. S. Mill, and quoted by Kidd, but in both cases for a different purpose to that of its present application, "a people who look habitually to their Government to command and prompt them in all matters of self-concern, who expect everything to be done for them, except what can be made an affair of mere habit and routine, have their faculties only half developed; their education is defective in one of its most important branches."

On the foregoing basis our agnostic might say, Let us consider what is peculiarly profitable and proper for man to attempt. One of the most prominent conditions to which life has been hitherto subject, is the newly discovered law of the survival of the fittest, whose blind action results in the progressive production of more and more vigorous animals. Any action that causes the breed or nature of man to become more vigorous than it was in former generations is therefore accordant with the *process* of the cosmos, or, if we cling to teleological ideas, we should say with its *purpose.*

It has now become a serious necessity to better the breed of the human race. The average citizen is too base for the every day work of modern civilization. Civilized man has become possessed of vaster powers than in old times for good or ill, but has made no corresponding advance in wits and goodness to enable him to direct his conduct rightly. It would not require much to raise the natural qualities of the nation high enough to render some few Utopian schemes feasible that are necessary failures now. Conceive, for sake of argument, the nation to be divided in the imagination into three equal groups L, M, N, in order of their natural civic capacities. At present the production of the forthcoming generation is chiefly effected by L and M, the lowest and the middle; if it were hereafter effected by M and N, the middle and the highest, a distinct gain would be achieved in the lifetime of many of those who initiated the reform, for it is probable that the inefficient multitude of weaklings in brain, character, and physique would be sensibly diminished in thirty years.

Our agnostic preacher might go on to say that this terrible question of over-population and of the birth of children who will necessarily (in a statistical sense) grow into feeble and worse than useless citizens must be summarily stopped, cost what it may. The nation is starved and crowded out of the conditions needed for healthy life by the pressure of a huge contingent of born weaklings and criminals. We of the living generation are dispensers of the natural gifts of our successors, and we should rise to the level of our high opportunities.

The course of nature is exceedingly wasteful in every way. It is careless of germs, tens of thousands of pollen grains perishing of which none have had the chance of effecting fertilization, by

being transported to the proper spot at the proper moment, by the blind agency of an insect ferreting among the flowers for food. It is equally careless of the microbes whose part in the animal world is analogous to the pollen of flowers; they are produced in myriads, though only one is needed for fertilization. It is no exaggeration to say that the number of them which is produced each year by an average male of any of the larger animals, would suffice to fertilize a million of females, if every one of them were utilized. The course of nature is also indifferent and ruthless towards our own lives, but reason can teach us to effect with pity, intelligence, and speed many objects that nature would otherwise effect remorselessly, unintelligently, and tediously. By its action, suffering may be minimized and waste diminished. Wherever intelligence chooses to intervene, the struggle for existence ceases, that struggle being by no means so absolute a necessity in evolution as Mr. Kidd assumes it to be. It hardly affects monogamous pigeons, whose breeding is somewhat controlled; it does not at all affect our polygamous cattle, for who ever heard of foals being slaughtered because they were feeble, or of an overwhelming productiveness of horses which it was impossible to check, and which threatened to increase in excess of the means of subsistence? Horses are bred in the number and of the stamp required, within the limits of excellence that experience has taught to be possible. A general high level of the qualities that make a good horse has been attained without any aid from natural selection, artificial selection having superseded it.

Before, however, as even a fanatic must allow, any form of artificial selection could be applied to the human race, other than such moderate, yet not ineffective, reforms as might produce the results mentioned a little way back, much is needed. Accurate knowledge has to be obtained on numerous details connected with productiveness, of which we are now curiously ignorant and careless to study, while national customs would have to be profoundly modified. The fanatic might, however, fairly urge that in considering what is feasible, and what not, the three following canons ought to be freely accepted :—

"1. The customs of every nation are liable to change to an extent that is barely credible to those who do not bear history in mind; therefore the existing customs of any nation may be lightly regarded while discussing future possibilities.

"2. No custom can be considered seriously repugnant to human feelings that has ever prevailed extensively in a contented nation, whether barbarous or civilized.

"3. Any custom established by a powerful authority soon becomes looked upon as a duty, and, before long, as an axiom of conduct which is rarely questioned."

Fortified by these three canons, an anthropologist who is necessarily familiar with the customs of many nations will find abun

dant elbow-room for his wildest speculations. There is hardly any proposition, however monstrous it may seem to us now, that is thereby precluded from consideration.

Thus much for the arguments of the supposed agnostic and fanatic.

So much of my own opinion as I shall offer is purely general, and as follows. It is quite credible that a nation whose old religious notions and social practices, whatever they were, have avowedly failed; who have been aroused to the knowledge that man possesses vast and hitherto unused powers over the very nature of unborn generations, who have learnt to realize the dilatoriness, ruthlessness, and pain that accompany the evolution of man, when it is left as now to cosmic influences, and who have satisfied themselves that the present low state of their race might be materially improved by concerted national action, should seize with irresistible ardour upon the idea of utilizing their power.

That is to say, the nation might devote its best energies to the self-imposed duty of carrying out, in its manifold details, the following general programme :—(1) Of steadily raising the natural level of successive generations, morally, physically, and intellectually, by every reasonable means that could be suggested; (2) of keeping its numbers within appropriate limits; (3) of developing the health and vigour of the people. In short, to make every individual efficient, both through nature and by nurture.

A passionate aspiration to improve the heritable powers of man to their utmost, seems to have all the requirements needed for the furtherance of human evolution, and to suffice as the basis of a national religion, in the sense of that word as defined by J. S. Mill, for, though it be without any ultra-rational sanction, it would serve to "direct the emotions and desires of a nation towards an ideal object, recognized as rightly paramount over all selfish objects of desire."

FRANCIS GALTON.

A NOTE ON MR. GALTON'S VIEW.

THE Editor of *The National Review* has been good enough to ask me, as the author of *Social Evolution*, to reply to the foregoing article by Mr. Galton, on "The Part of Religion in Human Evolution." I am fully sensible of the honour done me by the request.

I would most willingly do so but for one reason: I feel that I have nothing to say in reply which I have not already said, and said as well as I am able, in that book. The argument developed therein can only be understood and dealt with as a whole, and I have not been able, so far, to see my way to amend it or modify it in any important particular. But if it is not out of place, I should much like to express the satisfaction with which I have read Mr. Galton's article. Although I hold it as firmly as an intellectual conviction can be held that the strict application of the principles of evolutionary science to society must eventually lead us to see that even the new religion proposed by Mr. Galton—noble and worthy though its aim—is a scientific impossibility, and that there can be no form of belief capable of exercising the functions of a religion in the development of society which does not provide ultra-rational sanctions for conduct, I nevertheless feel it to be a matter of some significance that Mr. Galton has been able to go so far with me as he has done. The work of the past generation in the department of social science has a distinctive character of its own. It has been, on the whole, work, epoch-making in its results; but it has been, as Mr. Galton justly recognizes, necessarily destructive. And it must apparently, for this reason, be also necessarily preliminary. It is the writer's conception of the work before the rising generation that it will be constructive, and it is in such belief that he has addressed himself to that generation in *Social Evolution*. It is not that we can hope to be wiser than the great leaders of thought who have made the middle decades of the nineteenth century for ever memorable in the history of the human mind. It is merely that we have come after those leaders, and, not having had to take part in the great struggle in which they have been engaged, shall probably be able to view the whole field and their own labours therein with a juster sense of proportion. Every generation has its own work to do, which it must do as best it can and in its own manner. Meanwhile, scarcely any greater satisfaction can come to a humble and more recent worker in the same field than to hear from one of the masters at whose feet he has learned that the efforts of the disciple have led him "to travel for awhile out of habitual lines of thought and to follow new ones."

Only in one particular do I think Mr. Galton has misunderstood me. He speaks of my conception of the rivalry of life becoming ever more effective as a cause of progress as if it involved the idea "over-severe competition" which tends to increase. He will not, I think, find anything in *Social Evolution* to justify this view. The conception of the rivalry of life developed in that book is that that rivalry has been ever becoming *more efficient* as a cause of progress. But this, in itself, involves the idea of its

becoming more and more moral, regulated, and humanized. It is in the over-severe, unregulated, and degrading competition (most erroneously known at present in the literature of economics as "free-competition") that we have now a great proportion of the population engaged. The significance of the next stage in our social development, in which the influence of the State will be gradually extended to departments of life now held to be quite outside the sphere of its interference, will consist simply in the fact that by the gradually-increasing regulation and control of the rivalry of life, this rivalry will be rendered more effective and efficient as a cause of progress than it could ever possibly become under existing conditions.

BENJAMIN KIDD.

THE OUTSKIRTS OF EUROPE.

An article must begin somewhere, and in describing a journey along the outskirts of Europe across the Aral Mountains into Siberia why not begin at the hot, uninteresting, and seldom visited town of Taganrog on the Sea of Azof, where Alexander I. suddenly died when on a tour through the southern provinces of his Empire, far away from the gloomy palace on the Neva from which he was wont to look across the river to the church whose vault would one day claim him dead. It may safely be stated that whoever visits Taganrog in May will be chiefly interested in leaving its stifling streets, its noise, cobble stones, and its blinding white buildings as soon as possible. Nevertheless, proximity to Europe, a mixed population, or the spirit of the departed Greeks, gives to this and to all the ports in the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azof, a European air which is conspicuously absent in Russian towns, always excepting the German city of St. Petersburg and the merely political Russian towns on either shore of the Gulf of Finland.

From Taganrog to Rostof the train runs along the level steppe, and little is to be seen from the line but the Sea of Azof and the town of that name at the estuary of the Don. Villages of little wooden houses are passed from time to time till Rostof appears, a fine town, on a gentle eminence above the river, with long and wide straight streets planted with trees, good shops, and 80,000 busy inhabitants. It is a larger and handsomer town than Taganrog, though the latter is better known, and was founded in 1761 as a fort by means of which the Don Cossacks could be kept in order. It is a busy, bustling place, with a large export trade and a great horse and cattle fair. The completion of the railway from the Caucasus to Novocherkask on the Black Sea has, however, lessened the trade of Rostof and Taganrog, which will still further decline. Hence a line of river steamers runs to Kalatch through the muddy waters of the Don. The traveller soon passes Nakhichevan and Aksai—largish towns,—the former a haunt of Armenians, and the latter a Cossack settlement whence hundreds of tons of caviare are yearly exported.

In three hours Novocherkask, the capital of the country of the Don Cossacks, is seen far away on the right bank. The troubled territory of which it is now the chief town has owned the dominion of Sythians, Huns, and Tartars in turn, and was reduced by Peter the Great, whose cipher figures on the arms of the Imperial province. The heir apparent to the Russian throne is now always appointed Ataman of the Cossacks, whose picturesque dress he often wears. Beyond Aksai are seen villages of houses built on piles, which rise right out of the water, tall campaniles, green domes, red roofs, and sparkling golden balls in picturesque confusion. Flocks of geese graze on grass the tops of the stalks of which alone are visible above the water.

Towards luncheon time, after a start at daybreak, the hills on the right bank have disappeared, and several halts are made alongside raft stations in the stream.

In the afternoon at Melichovskaya the folks were *en fête*, as it was Trinity Sunday. A boat, full of laughing girls in the beautiful costume of Little Russia, put off from the shore. The maiden in the bows was dressed to all appearance in striped Persian saddle-bags, of a finer material however, which hung gracefully on her shapely limbs. All wore white silk or Orenburg shawls over their heads; some carried bunches of purple iris, others of lilac; the hair in every case was plaited and tied with a knot of coloured ribbon. Their fresh complexions and pretty faces would have illuminated the gloom of Petersburg for a week. The whistle of the steamer produced among them a real or simulated terror, and they splashed back to the bank, landing, regardless of legs and drapery, in the orchard.

Hence to Shutor long low hills mark the right, and thickets of willows, apparently growing out of the water, the left bank of the river. Below the hills are continuous vineyards, and upon them frequent windmills, and so, by an object lesson, the traveller learns what are the chief industries of the country. The inundations on the left bank continue, and far away the smoke of a steamer and its black funnel seem to rise out of the fields and woods. At Razdorskaya the deep and silent stream is here and there broken by boats of Calmuck and Cossack fishermen, whose tiny Kibitka tents dot the green turf, where now and again a dry spot offers on which their canvas may alight. At Lenikarkorskaya a large white church seems to rise out of the waters, and the sun, which gilds the halo of the sacred eikon in the cabin, sparkles on the domes of the otherwise sombre village. The fishermen wear red shirts, and give a much needed touch of colour to the picture. Huge timber rafts float past us, and others are at anchor. The caretaker smokes his pipe after his cabbage-soup, and surveys the silent scene from

his little log-house on the top of the raft. Cattle graze along the banks; wild duck are busily fishing in the stream.

At night we halt for three or four dark hours, and next morning (28th May) the steamer puts in at a station consisting apparently of a church and an orchard. A plank from the deck reached the dry ground; the branches of fruit-trees overhung the upper deck so that we could and did pick the white blossoms.

At noon we reach Romanofski, so called in honour of the Imperial family, a village where sieves and agricultural implements are made. Here I saw a table daintily laid with *hors d'œuvres*, smoked salmon, radishes, and caviare; but I think the broom with which I saw a servant brushing the cloth belonged more rightly to the floor. A man was telling amber beads, and I asked him if he prayed. "No, indeed," said he, "but since I gave up smoking I lack occupation and have taken to this."

In the afternoon of the second day from Rostof we reach Tsymlianskaya, famous for its vineyards, which run down to the water-edge. The champagne of the Don, by no means a bad wine, can be bought here for a rouble (2s. 1d.) a bottle. Far away to the eastward stretch the level steppes, almost uninhabited, to Astrachan and the dreary coasts of the Caspian. The low hills on the right side are just here broken, and frequent villas rise with red, green, and yellow roofs, and over the inundated fields on the left side boats are moving in all directions. In the cabarets the Russians are drinking to excess, as they do all over Russia. The June sun is intensely hot, and beats pitilessly, through coat and hat, on spine and head. Towards Kyrmoyarskaya the banks of the Don become barren and sandy, and hills for the first time are seen on the left side. The river here is contained within its bed and not spilt on one side all over the country. At nightfall the priest and the local official come in to drink brandy with one of the officers, and then we move on under a glorious full moon through the night to Potemkinskaya, so called after the Prince Potemkin, the lover of the Empress Catherine and the Viceroy of her Tauric Chersonese, the ancient history of which storied land can now be best studied in the Hermitage of St. Petersburg. Even at Kertch, erewhile capital of the kingdom of the Bosphorus, only one royal tomb retains any relics of departed majesty.

To tell the truth the river is ugly enough up here, and its low sandy banks suggest the unpopulated wastes behind them. Add a few palm-trees, and parts of it might almost pass for the Nile in the midday sun. On the third day we reach Kalatch, whose wooden houses, barges, and stacks of timber are dancing in the haze of noontide. Kalatch is a dreary desert station, and thence to the Volga the railway runs along the level steppe in a straight

line, the transit taking three hours. The thermometer registered 90° Fahrenheit; whirls of sand twisted and raced over the plains, and the inhabitants for the most part wore cloths over their mouths to protect their throats. I never saw a more forbidding country. Conscious, however, of its hideous monotony, the kindly inhabitants delight in colour, and display a wealth of red and blue in their clothing. Timber and naphtha chiefly fill the waggons. Tsaritsyn, where the railway ends, was founded by the Russian Government to enable it to suppress the pirates of the Volga. Near it is Nobel's town, where the petroleum from Baku is stored, and whence it is distributed over Russia in naphtha cars. On the Volga or on the Caspian the steamers are specially constructed so as to allow of the use of this oil for fuel.

Saratof, a town of 120,000 inhabitants, and the seat of a government, occupies a commanding position on the right of the Volga. For long the prey of the Calmucks and Kirghez of the steppes, who sacked and robbed it at will, in 1714 it was taken by the rebel Pugachef. In subsequent years it was almost burnt to the ground, and in 1830 no less than 10,000 of its inhabitants were carried off in a single month. From its plague-stricken ashes, however, it arose to be one of the chief centres of the grain trade and of cattle breeding upon the Volga.

Samara, in the month of June at any rate, is a dusty, hot, and disagreeable town, and at all times it is the seat of a local government, a centre of the grain, tallow, and wood trades, and an important link of communication between Russia and Central Asia. Its population which doubled in the decade preceding 1886 then amounted to upwards of 90,000 souls. Near the town are vast deposits of asphalt. When the Orenburg line is connected with that leading from Perm to Ticemen, by the projected loop beyond the Aral Mountains, and even more, when the Great Siberian Railway to Vladivostok is completed, the trade of this town will increase. From Syzran to Samara the river-bed leads due east; thence it runs a little way north and then doubles back due west to Stavropol, whence again it resumes its general direction of due north. The beautiful peninsula enclosed within this bend of the Volga belongs to the Orloff family, the gift of the Empress Catherine to one of her many lovers, and the scenery here is the most beautiful upon the river. The right bank rises to a height of 700 feet and is densely wooded from the summit to the water's edge. The fragrant breath of the balsam poplar and the delicious scent of linden and lilac are wafted by the breeze across the river; at every bend of the stream a new panorama of wood and water meets the eye, soon to dissolve and disclose another no less beautiful beyond. Huge floating raft-castles from Siberia drop silently down

stream. The beams are piled high as the upper deck of a Spanish galleon, deck-houses are perched above, tunnels run from port to starboard through the wooden mountain, and red-shirted mujicks smoke the pipe of peace and perform the simple functions of raft navigation.

Samara is famous for its koumiss, or mare's milk, establishments, and a Tartar family is kept at the Annaeva Villa for the manufacture, under medical supervision, of this health-giving, but unpalatable fluid. Hence to Simbirsk the steamer several times halts at grassy and well-wooded islands whence passengers are conveyed in boats to the low left bank. At one of these we lose a handsome and well-dressed Circassian, in black tunic and silver belt, who might have been a prince, but was really selling oranges.

On Sunday, 4th June, the S.S. *Tsaritsa* reaches Bogorodskoe and leaves us on a barge in the Volga to await the arrival of the steamer for Perm. Here we spend some hours among a horde of Tartars on their way to Siberia in search of work.

The Kama, though a great waterway of 1,000 miles in length, draining a vast tract of country to the west of the Aral Mountains, is not a very attractive river. On board the steamer we have residents of Siberia dressed, as they say, *à la Parisienne*, one lady wearing a cockroach brooch in jet and diamonds, officials going to their stations, and Tartars from Kazan. The Tartar ladies are dressed in long loose robes and smart jackets trimmed with silver lace and silver roubles. They wear top-boots and trousers beneath their gowns, and at sunset they and the men of their party spread their carpets on the deck, facing the east to pray.

At Chistofol, a town of 20,000 inhabitants, we pass one of the floating prisons in which convicts are sent to Siberia. Here they make corn-brandy and trade in flour and grain. The landing-place was full of women in gala dress, carrying huge baskets of lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots to sell to passengers. The mujicks and their wives and daughters fortunately delight in colour, and a crowd in consequence looks like a bed of tulips in a green field.

On the morning of the second day the river grew narrower; low hills covered with pines and fir-trees relieved the monotony of the scenery, and meadows full of buttercups bordered the stream. At Okhansk, the capital of a district with a population of 2,000 souls, one company of infantry and two or three of the reserves were drawn up to be inspected by the General whom we carried with us. The time-expired soldiers, who can only be called out in event of war, came in their own working dress, but as nine mujicks out of ten wear a red shirt, which fortunately they do not tuck into their trousers, they presented a very uniform and fairly neat appearance.

Hence the scenery along the river improves, and at first sight Perm is quite an attractive town, perched upon the high left bank of the river. Nor does a closer view dispel the illusion. It possesses many sufficiently fine buildings and has grown in appearance and importance since many of the standard works on Siberia were written. We left it in a shower of rain which reduced the temperature from 89° to 65°, whence it declined to 58° when we reached the highest point of the Aral Mountains, crossed by the railway, 1,300 feet; no great climb after crossing the Sylva and Chusovaya rivers.

About 165 miles from Perm, in dense fir-forest, the line reaches "Europe," and soon after passing a sign-post like a little Eiffel Tower with Europe inscribed on one side and Asia on the other, the train comes to "Asia." "Europe" and "Asia" are two smart little stations surrounded by firs and birches, but standing each in a little green field full of buttercups. The firs and pines grow chiefly in zones in the extensive forests through which the line passes, and here and there the dark masses are relieved by groups of light green birches.

Nijni Taghil is the centre of the mines of the Demidoff family and is famous for its magnetic iron-ore and for its malachite. Thence the line runs alongside a lake, till the campaniles and towers of Ekaterinburg appear to mark the site of the pleasant mining capital of a district famous not only for iron, copper, and gold, but for opals, beryls, jacinth, chrysolite, rhodonite, and many other precious substances, of which superb specimens can be seen in the Hermitage in St. Petersburg. Either from Ekaterinburg or from Kamyshloff, 90 miles beyond it, a branch will be constructed to connect the Aral with the Great Siberian Railway at Cheliabinsk or at some point a little farther east. The latter line will run to Omsk on the Irtish, on either side of which work is already in progress. At Tara, lower down that river, a great saw-mill has been constructed in order that the vast forests between the Obi and the Irtish may be utilized for sleepers, while at Koliban, on the former river, large numbers of workmen are already collected. Steamers have been purchased to bring rails down the Yenisee, past Krasnoyarsk, upon which river the line will run on to Irkutsh on Lake Baikal.

Thence it will keep to the north of the Amoor to Chabaropka, where the river has to be bridged, and, at no great distance beyond, it will at Grafskoi join the portion already completed between that place and Vladivostok. It is believed that, from the Irtish to Irkutsh, the construction of the line will cost £15,000,000 and that the Russian Government has arranged to have the money ready as required. The work is to be pushed on with such speed that its

completion within five years is confidently predicted. Curiously enough, there is a rumour current in Siberia that the anxiety to finish the work so quickly is due to the contemplated construction by the Chinese Government of a railway from Pekin to the Celestial Provinces upon the Amoor. The construction of this great work should revolutionize Siberia, quicken its stagnant industries upon and alongside the Aral Mountains and open out fresh ones in so vast and undeveloped a territory. At Tiumen, however, there is some activity, and the river was full of small craft, which had brought flour from the interior of Siberia, besides a fishing boat or two with fish from the Gulf of Obi. The emigrant barracks were full, and crowds of emigrants were camping on the turf without, looking sufficiently comfortable lying round their household gods and beside their beloved samovars. Hard by were hospitals maintained by the charitable and assisted by the Government, which, since Count Tolstoi resigned the portfolio of the Interior, has for the first time encouraged free emigration. No less than 120,000 emigrants from Russia passed through last year to occupy lands allotted to them. At the wharf were 150 families from the Crimea and Little Russia going to become "Cossacks" and occupy lands on military tenure in Semipalatinsk. Useful fellows these real or so-called Cossacks. They provide a ready-made army for the Czar, and wherever they plant their adventurous standards, the ground becomes holy ground—Holy Russia. A handful of such men acquired the great territory of the Amoor for Russia, and a few robbers took Western Siberia. These Cossacks were paying twenty-five and the Government seventy-five per cent. of their travelling expenses. The ordinary emigrant often buys cart and horse here, and jogs along thousands of miles with all his earthly goods to his destination. Last year dysentery and cholera broke out among them. This year the Government is armed to the teeth against the enemy. Doctors, hospitals, and quarantine stations abound in all towns visited by the plague in 1892, and so far they have scared away the disease. Tiumen boasts telephones and electric bells; it is a place of active trade, and, as everyone knows, it possesses a great forwarding station for Siberian convicts. The prison was not very full, and the wives of prisoners who had elected to accompany their husbands were sitting on benches outside the separate house allotted to them.

From Tiumen up the Tura to its junction with the Tobol, and thence up the Tobol to its junction with the Irtish at Tobolsk, there is little of interest. Occasionally a small village is passed, composed of wooden houses built of logs, the interstices between which are stuffed with moss, and the windows of which are made

of primitive glass shot with all the colours of imperfect manufacture. The inhabitants crowd upon the banks with eggs, milk, bread, and cucumbers. The village is emptied of its inhabitants, and in its broad dusty streets a few pigs or head of cattle disconsolately wander. Behind stretches the illimitable steppe. A dreary prospect.

On the second day from Tiumen, when the river has broadened considerably after the accession of two tributaries, its banks become more picturesque. A Tartar village is passed and a vast grain store. The Captain of our little tug-boat was a Polish exile, and had been sent to Tobolsk in 1864. At first he had to work hard for his living as a blacksmith, but he says the Governor of Tobolsk was a humane and considerate official, who made the lives of the prisoners as comfortable as he could. After four years he was pardoned, but continued to follow his profession in the higher grade of machinist. Returning home to Poland he found little to keep him there, learnt to brew, and came back to Siberia, where, as a ship's engineer and ship's captain in summer and a brewer in winter, he has ever since remained. He gives his own experience only, but thinks naturally that others have not been worse treated than himself.

At 1 a.m., in almost broad daylight, we arrived at Tobolsk, the citadel of which hung high above the town, against sky which seemed to me to possess already a faint flush of red. On landing, a youth in a black coat and a rather white shirt took possession of us. He was frankly curious, and, as he first of all read our luggage-labels, I asked him his name. The introduction thus accomplished, he said he was a student and intended to go to China. Why he was waiting about the wharf at 1 a.m. I do no know. He procured us a lodging however, and as we entered an old watchman walked up, beating the wooden pavement with his clubbed stick and springing his rattle. The long straight streets are here paved with planks, along which you roll with rumbling noise but not uneven motion. At 7 a.m. a continuous knocking at the door is followed by a demand for my passport, which I give after noting the recipient's name. The thermometer marks 70° here on the 11th June, but there is a cool breeze at night.

Tobolsk was long the capital of Siberia and the centre of the district conquered in 1578 for the Czar of Muscovy by the Cossack Ermack after a contest with the Tartars, whose descendants are yet found in the country. Before 1640 the Russians had subdued the vast territory lying eastward to the Sea of Okhotsk, but Tobolsk has ceased since 1824 to be the capital of Western Siberia. It still possesses, however, large government and city buildings and a

population of upwards of 20,000, and is yet the capital of a province which contains one-third of all the 4,313,000 inhabitants of Siberia. In a commanding position upon the citadel hill stands a monument to Ermack, and from a neighbouring kiosk in a deserted public garden a fine view of the lower town can be obtained and of the junction of the Tobol with the Irtish. The towers and spires of no less than twenty orthodox churches stand out among the wooden houses. In the Museum, oddly enough, are exhibited different kinds of knouts and an instrument for branding prisoners convicted of serious crime. The use of the whip and brand alike has been discontinued. The long needles of the latter must have caused intense pain. It is curious that these barbarous implements should be exhibited; but the custodian of the Museum had no hesitation in showing them, and explained how the needles were struck into forehead and cheek by the blow of a hammer on the butt end of the brand. There are three prisons here, in two of which prisoners are kept to hard labour.

A visit to a Siberian prison can convey but little information as to its normal condition. The Russians have been so frequently accused of treating their prisoners badly that the authorities are always on the alert, and have everything ready for an inspection. A traveller who asks leave to see the jails is always expected. Mr. Kennan, who went out to bless and none the less came back to curse, has indeed studied his problem thoroughly, but he went through Siberia in the character of the friend of the Government, and was converted or perverted to an unfriendly view of it and of all its works by political exiles with whom he held much communication. As he speaks Russian, and Messrs. Landsell and de Windt I think do not, he was able to acquire information other than that given him by the authorities, and his opinions and statements are entitled to much respect. At the same time the zeal of the pervert is only too apparent throughout his book, and he describes the hard fate of political prisoners in the picturesque language of the professional journalist, and dwells but lightly upon the atrocious crimes with which most of them had been concerned.

Siberia is a dreary country, but the fate of the exile is infinitely preferable to that of close prisoners in the most admirable of European jails. The Russians are naturally a kind-hearted and easy-going people: even their enemies allow this. Why, then, in the name of wonder should it be believed that they habitually ill-treat their prisoners? For my part, I do not believe they do. I have only enquired from convicts, ex-convicts, and free inhabitants of Siberia, but surely theirs is excellent evidence, and those who either do not or cannot examine such witnesses, can hardly pretend to be

in a position to pronounce a judgment. Not that I pretend to be in any such position. I only record my impressions, and repeat what I heard at first hand. A man who cannot speak Russian at all can really do little more than receive what the local officers give him for publication. The hard-labour jails are large four-square enclosures, with tall wooden walls. Within are wooden houses, open spaces, and a conning tower. All was silence when I walked round them at different hours of the day. Through the interstices of the wooden uprights a view of the interior may be had by the passer-by. I could see that the green grass grew in the yards, and so little life or movement was apparent within that I can readily believe that the prisoners are not overworked, and this is what they tell you in the town. That the jails are at times greatly overcrowded is only too true. However, Mr. Kennan's denunciation on this score also must be largely discounted, for the prisoners, as well as the authorities, are Russians who are no believers in the sacred principles of so many cubic feet of fresh air per head. On the contrary, they habitually live indoors, in an atmosphere which is death to an Englishman. In the deck-saloon of a Russian steamer, in the height of summer, you will find the windows carefully closed, and all the passengers voluntarily inhaling inexpressibly foul air, stale tobacco-smoke, and the odour of various viands. Without Mr. Kennan's powers of description, I may claim to have as good a nose, and I unhesitatingly affirm that Russians would not notice anything wrong with the sickening atmosphere which he describes in such a manner as to excite the strongest feelings of compassion and indignation in the hearts of his readers. In the very drawing-rooms of Petersburg, the atmosphere is intolerable, and produces a feeling of sickness in one accustomed to fresh air. In the railway-carriages the windows can only be opened with turn-screws, and printed regulations provide that they shall not be opened to the annoyance of the orthodox passenger, except in certain hot months of the year, and then only by common consent, and only on one side of the carriage. Russians are accustomed to fetidness from their earliest youth. I shall never forget the look a mother gave me when I opened one window in a deck-saloon on a stifling day in June, while a thunderstorm lowered over the ship, and the thermometer in my deck-cabin stood at 90°. She shrieked, "My child! my child!" and called loudly to the steward to shut out the murderous current of fresh air.

The most distinguished of its exiles has been pardoned and has left Tobolsk. Early in the seventeenth century the Czar Boris Godunof, brother-in-law of Ivan the Terrible, the real founder of the Russian Empire, sentenced the Bell of Uglieh to be flogged by

the public executioner, to have its ears cut off, and to be exiled to Siberia. The bell had given the signal for the insurrection. The cruel sentence was carried out, and not a traveller has since passed Tobolsk who has not recorded the presence within its limits of this long-suffering victim of a despot's wrath. But the faithful folk of Uglieh, silent for nearly three centuries, had not forgotton their exiled bell. A feeling that its sins had been sufficiently expiated grew in intensity until last year it found voice in a petition to the Emperor for its pardon. His Majesty at once granted the request, and orders were issued for the transport of the captive to its distant home. But these instructions aroused in Tobolsk a lively feeling of discontent. The bell, not without reason after so long a sojourn, was looked upon as a fellow-citizen, and it was confidently affirmed that in no part of its economy could any *animus revertendi* be discovered—that no such note had proceeded from it in three hundred years. A counter-petition was presented to the Czar, but the monarch had spoken, and though he had not heard both sides of the case, his edict was unalterable. The bell was sent down the Irtish to the Tobol, down the Tobol to Tiumen. The train bore it thence to Perm, whence the Kama had the honour to transport it to the Volga, on whose broad back it travelled, past Nijni of the Fair and Romanof, cradle of the race of the Czar who pardoned it, back to its old home in the ancient province of Yaroslav. The tired traveller of 2,000 miles was received at Uglieh with extravagant demonstrations of joyous welcome.

In the Museum of Tobolsk a magnanimous township exhibits alongside a model of the lost bell a photograph of its return to its old home, and its installation by priests and people in its place which had long been vacant. The chronicles of the *Peking Gazette* must be searched for a parallel case, but, indeed, in Russia Oriental phases of life and thought at every turn strike the observer who is familiar with the East. The sacred eikons cannot be moved, or the wonder-working properties of new aspirants to such honours be admitted, without the consent of the Holy Synod, which is practically a secular branch of the administration. Sir Donald Wallace, in his admirable work on Russia, says that the souls of the departed are often propitiated in the northern provinces by offerings of food and wine, as they are in Southern India. As in the East, the traveller off the main routes must carry his bed and bedding and his bath, and must learn that time matters to no one but himself, but that his affairs are everyone's property rather than his own. By the feeble rill of water that trickles into and out of a wash-hand basin, he will learn that the Russian has the Oriental's

idea—one must wash in running water; and he will be surprised to observe that to wallow daily in a tub would be looked upon by those who surround him as by no means a cleanly proceeding. He will find the same curiosity which distinguishes the Oriental, and the same views as to the efficacy of little bribes. Indeed, in one of the chief towns in Russia I was witness to the offer by an isvostchik, or cabman, to a British Consul of the percentage due to the latter on money paid the former by a visitor. The Consul had ordered the cab for the visitor. Surely he should pay the Consul his dues; it was the Consul's right, and another cabman might be called in next time if the usual commission was not given.

After spending a night on a bench in a barge, we caught a steamer from Tomsk. There are no time-tables in Siberia, and a passenger has literally to sit by the river bank perhaps for twenty-four hours, and to first find his steamer. The Tomsk folk rather look down on Tobolsk. They have a university, many of the students of which are deck-passengers in the Siberian prison barge which our steamer tows to Tiumen. We have also a few prisoners in tow, passportless wanderers being sent back to Russia. The prison barge itself has cabins below for the night, and a deck-house with a grille for the day. It is furnished with a hospital and doctor's drug-store, and there are separate cabins in which political prisoners or the sick are accommodated. There is nothing very dreadful about this floating prison. It runs aground, however, in a shallow, and gives some trouble before we get it off.

Better than another halt at Tiumen is a visit to Ekaterinburg. The fine town itself possesses sufficient interest, and even the mere Isetski Iron Works, equipped with schools, churches, hospitals, and boulevards, over and above all the necessary concomitants of great industrial undertakings. Upwards of a thousand hands are employed daily, at wages varying from 9½d. to 3s. a day. Food is very cheap, and here, as at the great Demidoff mines, ninety miles farther along the line, the proprietors and their agents appear to have a lively sense of the duties of proprietors to their *employés*.

Between Ekaterinburg and the summit of the Aral Mountains there fell the heaviest of showers to which succeeded the setting of the sun. The scattered fir-trees already cast long shadows on the green turf, and the guard passed the window saying, "Asia, five minutes," when the glorious arch of a brilliant rainbow appeared above us, the ends of which at an immense distance from one another rose from the dark forests of fir-trees. It was perfect in its colours, unbroken in its continuity, and its vast proportions

were faintly reflected in a shadowy bow which surrounded it. Before the train reached "Europe" it had faded away with the setting sun, but its appearance on the crest of the Aral Mountains, at the boundary between Asia and Europe, seemed like a happy omen for tired travellers from the older continent. It was set in heaven like a triumphant arch, through which the passage might be made from one to another quarter of the globe.

Passing the happily-named town and river of Sylva in the woods below the hills and the great Government cannon foundry near Perm, famous for its colossal steam-hammer, the train enters Perm, which has made greater progress in the last twenty years than in the three and a half centuries that have elapsed since the first foundation of a village on its commanding site above the Kama, whence now steamers start daily for Nijni Novgorod, just a little less than a thousand miles away.

After passing the confluence of the Viatka and Belaga, both navigable and navigated streams, we ship 46,600 eggs for export across the Russian frontier, several basketsful of lilies of the valley and a Tartar lady in gold brocade, blue velvet fur-trimmed cloak, and green-heeled top-boots. We pass tremendous timber-rafts, not of the floating-castle type, but long and low-lying on the water. Some of these are 1,400 feet in length, 100 broad, and 10 deep. The steerers in the little log deck-houses manage them so well that they are never in the way.

On the morning of the third day from Perm the cupolas of Kazan shine in the rising sun. The romantic Sumbeki Tower and the tall chimneys serve as characteristic emblems of the past and present of the city where dwelt the Tartar Khans to whom, till the days of Ivan the Terrible, in the middle of the sixteenth century, Muscovy paid tribute. From the top of the tower the last Tartar queen is said to have thrown herself in a fit of despair when the city fell, and in a golden ball upon its summit is said to have been enclosed a talismanic charm foretelling the restoration of Tartar rule. Meanwhile, of the remaining Tartars, and they are tens of thousands yet, many sell oranges, and the chimneys tell of manufactories of leather, soap, and stearine, and of the commercial activity of the city which is soon to be connected with the line of rail running from Nijni Novgorod to Moscow.

The Kremlin is like that of Moscow on a small scale, and, like its greater neighbour, has its miraculous images, its gold-and-silver-washed domes, its campaniles, cathedrals, public offices, its university, and long straight streets. At Cheboksary among the women who came down to the wharf to offer butter, bread-nuts, walking-sticks, and strawberries, are some Chuvashes clothed in

white shirts tied loosely around the waist and descending thence to the knees, whence downwards the legs of the wearer are swathed in white felt and bound around with ropes. Huge felt boots complete this singular and simple attire.

The great mercantile town of Nijni Novgorod without its fair is yet a place of much interest, and it possesses the charm of historic association in a higher degree than most Russian towns, the home successively of idolatrous Finnish tribes, of Mohamedan, Bolgars, of Slavs, Tartars, the leaders of the Russian movement which resulted in the expulsion of the Poles in 1612, the centre of the greatest world's fair, the burial-place of ancient Russian princes who preceded the present Romanoff dynasty. The scene of the fair is in May a large town of empty shops and houses. Siberian streets are as desolate as the level plains of Tobolsk; in Chinese Row the grass grows. The Persian quarter cannot boast a red beard or a black cap. The sun beats down on empty boulevards, on silent streets, on a closed theatre, on canals innocent of barges, on flagless flagstaffs, on a huge commercial palace, sections of which bear the names of some of those merchant princes the sphere of whose activity extends from London to China and Calcutta. The 270 miles which intervene between Nijni Novgorod and Moscow are rich and fertile, and midway stands the ancient town of Vladimir, the seat of the Grand Dukes of Moscow in the fourteenth century, the prize of the Tartars in the thirteenth, when on its capture the Princess of Vladimir and her children, the bishops, priests, and clergy, were burnt to death in the cathedral which was subsequently restored, and is now one of the most important in Russia.

But at Moscow we are no longer on the outskirts of Europe, but in the heart of Russia. A description of the busy life of this great commercial centre would be foreign to this article, but it is impossible not to wish its trade were not so heavily weighted by unsound national finance and high import duties, designed to bring about by violent and unnatural means an excess of exports and a balance due to Russia. The cry here is for diminished duties and taxation; for the construction of commercial, and not of strategical, lines of railway, for the development of the Caucasus and other wealthy but stagnant provinces; in short, for a sound financial policy. Quite lately it became necessary to purchase for a public purpose lands and buildings situated in one of the best sites in the city. The owners were called on to value their property in view to its being assessed to a local tax, but their undervaluations when received were at once accepted and taken as a basis of compensation for compulsory acquisition. This is only one in-

stance among many of the difficulties under which Moscow merchants labour, while developing the commerce of the country and building up great fortunes for themselves. They are not immoderately charmed with the prospect of possessing a railway across Siberia, holding that, from a commercial point of view many lines are more urgently needed. It is, indeed, difficult to forecast the result of this great undertaking, and the task must be left to some later traveller over the outskirts of Europe.

J. D. Rees.

AN IRISH LANDLORD'S BUDGET.

THE Irish Landlord who enriched the pages of *The National Review* last month has clearly not lost all sense of humour. The balance at his bankers is on the wrong side. During the day he is defending what he is pleased to call his property within the walls of Room No. 17 at the Palace of Westminster, and at night he struggles within the portals of the Legislative Chamber itself, to protect what little is left to him from the rapacity of Sir William Harcourt. Still, as I have said, he retains his sense of humour, and, if he will allow me to say it, I really believe he is not in quite so parlous a state as he would have all mankind believe. All throughout his humorous Budget article there runs a mild complaint against the Legislature and against what he calls "competitive popular politicians." These gentlemen, it would appear, have been the ruin of his class, and, of course, of his country. But one story is good only until another is told; and I propose, seeing that I am specially classed in the above disreputable category, to briefly provide the Irish Landlord with what he desires—viz., a "reformed Budget," and to suggest some other considerations which his figures and accounts call up.

The "selling value" of the property in question was, in the year 1864 estimated at £130,000. This is the first fact of the Landlord's Budget. For this estate he could now "possibly hope to realize £70,000" by sale "under the Land Purchase Acts." This depreciation, we are asked to believe, has been brought about "chiefly, if not entirely, by the confiscation of landlords' legal rights by the Land Acts." This is the governing fact of the entire Budget argument; and I should really like to know, does anyone believe it to be a fact? Does the Irish Landlord, with all his grim humour, really believe it himself? Take any English or Scottish estate. In Great Britain there have been no Land Acts. Suppose these estates were sold to-morrow, what would be the result? Would they fetch the price they would have realized in 1864? To ask the question is to answer it. The Irish Landlord makes a crucial mistake—he does not take into account the depreciation in agricultural values. He fails to recognize that in these thirty

years we have gone through an agricultural revolution. He puts the depreciation of his estate down chiefly to the Land Acts. Now, one ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory. The enquiry now going forward in Committee Room No. 17 (conducted by the "competitive popular politicians") has proved two or three things conclusively. But one thing has been literally demonstrated. It is this—that since the passing of the Land Act of 1881, 294,054 rents have been fixed by the Courts. The old rental of these farms was £6,140,602 16s. 6d.; the revised, or judicial, rental is £4,861,127 15s. 2d., a reduction of 20·8 per cent. Now, I ask anyone acquainted with British agriculture to take this solid fact and compare it with what he knows has taken place in England and Scotland. I am perfectly within the mark when I say that British landlords, within the same period have lost 40 per cent. of their rental. They also create and maintain the plant of the farm. The Irish landlord does nothing in this way. He simply draws a rent from the land. The tenant finds the house and offices, such as they are, drains, fences, and reclaims the land. No witness in Committee Room No. 17 has ventured to dispute this; it is admitted by every witness. I, therefore, ask the author of the Landlord's Budget—first, is he entitled to credit the Land Acts with the depreciation of his property; and, second, is he not better off under these Acts than the English and Scottish landlord without them?

I come next to the "Revenue Account." The annual expenditure apparently amounts to £5,280; the income from the land is £4,448 (I do not of course count the £100 derived from railway and bank shares), and the annual deficit is £832. Of course we all know what, under such circumstances, the end must be. But why should an Irish Landlord go on to ruin in this way? Why shouldn't he, to use a common expression, pull himself together? Suppose, as he admits, he can get £70,000 for the estate under the Land Purchase Acts, what does a statement like this mean? The ordinary reader of the "Budget" would believe that this involved a loss of £60,000. Is it really so? Let us see. The expenditure now is £5,280. By the sale of the estate the following items would cease to be an annual charge:—

	£
Income Tax reduction from £140 to, say, ...	100
Poor Rate (landlord now pays half on all holdings above £4 value), reduced from £105 to	25
County Cess, reduced from £100, say, to	80
Estate Pension List	30
Agent's Fees	200
Bailiff's Salary	35
Gamekeeper's Salary	25

	£
Law Expenses	100
Repairs to Tenement Houses	100
Purchasing back from tenants Rights of Occupation ...	300
Expenditure on Land taken up from tenants	300
	£1,295

Every item of the above is incidental to the position of a landlord. If the author of the Budget ceases to be a landowner—if he sells his interest in the land to the occupiers, every responsibility incidental to landlordism ceases. I have not, in this estimate, touched his subscriptions to the Church, to education, to charities, to farming societies. I have even, as a good Party man, left £50 annually to Unionist organizations, although why an Irish landlord should go on paying for his own destruction at the hands of Unionist "demagogues" I cannot see. Still, I leave him the luxury of doing so. I do not touch his housekeeping accounts. He may still retain his ten servants. In a country where cleanliness is not always a recognized virtue, I should be ashamed to curtail laundry expenses. He and his may go on eating mutton, pork, poultry just as before. Even the £80 for drink I refuse to lay hands upon. (That, by the way, is a touching passage in the Budget, at which probably Lord Clanricarde smiled, about "the supply of sound port wine for the sick poor.") I leave every item of the Budget intact—save those which are involved in the relation of landlord and tenant. This relation coming to an end with the sale of the estate, of course the expenditure will cease. Now, taking £1,295 from £5,280 leaves £3,985, or, roughly speaking, the expenditure under the new *régime* would amount to £4,000 per annum instead of £5,280.

Next comes the serious question of the safe and profitable investment of £70,000. One-fifth of this sum (£14,000) is at once seized by the Land Commission, and retained under the Land Purchase Acts as the Landlords' Guarantee Deposit. On this sum interest at the rate of 3½ per cent. is allowed. This brings into the account an annual income of say £500. Then comes the balance of the capital sum. This, of course, must be invested in the ordinary way. Placed at 5 per cent. it would produce £2,800. Roughly speaking, therefore, we get an income under the Purchase Acts of £3,300 to meet an expenditure of £4,000. But to this we must add various items the Landlord does not part with when he sells his estate. He will still have a house and demesne land in his own possession. He sets down the house as worthless now. It cost him £12,000, and in the Budget it is returned as of no account. But I submit that under the new *régime* this house will prove of considerable value, and admittedly the home farm and other incidentals now produce £540. This sum added to £3,300 makes £3,840, to meet an expenditure

of £4,000. Figures, I admit, are inexorable. And even with all this the balance is on the wrong side to the extent of £160.

What then is to be done? Why he must do what we all have to do under similar circumstances,—he must retrench. I shall be told that he cannot safely invest the purchase money of his estate at 5 per cent. I admit the difficulty. But it is not impossible, and, like other people, he must run risks. And there are grave risks in retaining the land; for, again reverting to Committee Room No. 17, I can inform all concerned that the testimony of the witnesses has been uniform—viz., that rents fixed between 1882 and 1887 will be subject to a very considerable modification at the termination of the statutory period, now close at hand, with a great number of them. I put the case, therefore, in this way: Agriculture has been caught in the toils of a revolution. The force of the storm has not even now been fully felt. The Irish Landlord has lost considerably during recent years. If he remains a landlord he is certain to lose more. Is it not better that he should manfully face the difficulty, and, instead of bewailing his fate, make the best of things. Suppose he parted with the butler or the footman, put his younger children to business instead of sending them into the Army (where he has to contribute to their support), kept his bank account level and saved interest, he probably would find that, without further serious inconvenience, the Budget would balance.

And I confess the home farm accounts of this Budget are a little embarrassing to an outsider. I find the following items of expenditure:—

	£
Purchase of Cattle and Sheep	150
,, Feeding Stuffs, &c.	150
Wages on Farm	300
	£600

And all that this expenditure realizes by way of income appears to be £300. This is rather startling; but it shows that even upon land not touched by any Land Acts the depreciation in agricultural values works its own way. Farming, in plain terms, does not seem to pay. The tenant may be doing well; clearly the landlord farming his own land is doing badly.

On the whole, I think the situation lamentable, and the way out of it clear. Land will not now produce three profits: it cannot maintain landlord, tenant, and labourer. The Legislature (made up of "competitive popular politicians") has with great wisdom and forethought provided a way of escape for the landlord as well as a great relief to the tenant. The Legislature in past days, when the representation of tenants was unknown, did not think much about the interest of the cultivator of the soil. Free contract (save the mark!) was the law. The tenant created and maintained every bit

of building on the land; he made the drains, he fenced the land. The roads were made out of the County Cess which he paid. Morally, every farthing of this belonged to the tenant; legally, and in fact, it all belonged to the landlord—under legislation framed and carried by Parliaments largely composed of landowners. All this has been, or is in course of being, changed. Did anybody expect it to stand for ever? Had it then, or has it now, any moral right to stand? I hold the case has only to be stated to be scouted. But at the same time,—although a politician, a demagogue, and all the rest of it,—I am not inclined to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children. I leave that to Providence. It comes out true in nature, although I never could quite understand it. But not wishing the present Irish landlords ill, and desiring to give them every penny to which they are entitled, I venture to tell them that their true policy is to make peace quickly. They talk loudly about "not deserting their post," of "doing their duty," and all the rest of it, all of which is excellent sentiment. But sentiment will not butter bread: it will not keep a family. They have probably the best chance they are ever likely to have. Nobody wishes them to desert their posts, or to cease doing their duty. But if they are wise they will sell their interest in the land, cease to be landlords, act the part of country gentlemen, reform their budgets, and live at peace.

T. W. Russell.

AN ENGLISH SHELL.

[Note.—In the summer of 1893 it is said that a peasant ploughing in a field near Sebastopol, came upon an unexploded English shell fired in the Crimean War; this he incautiously struck, when the shell exploded, blowing him and his team to pieces. I do not vouch for the truth of the story.]

I was an English shell,
Cunningly made and well,
With a heart of fire in an iron frame,
Ready to break in fury and flame,
Slice through the ranks my raging way,
Dying myself, to slay.

Out from the heart of the battle-ship,
Yelling a song of death, I rose,
Brake from the cannon's smoky lip
Into a land of foes:
How was I baffled? I soared and sank
Over the bastion, across the hill,
Into the lap of a grassy bank,
Impotent there to kill.

Slowly the thunder died away;
My merry comrades, how you roared!
I in indolent envy lay
Soft in the slothful sward.
Peace came back with her corn and wine,
Smiling faint with a bleeding breast,
While in the offing, over the brine,
My battle-ship steered to the West.

Then were the long slopes crowned again
With clustering vines and waving grain,
Winter by winter the stealing rain
  Fretted me, rotting there.
Suddenly, once, as I sadly slept,
Tinkling, the slow team over me stept,
Jarring the ploughshare, I was swept
  Into the breezy air.

Why did he tempt me? I had lain
Year by year in the peaceful rain,
Till my lion-like heart had grown
Dull and motionless, heavy as stone;
Mocking, he smote me:—

  Then I leapt
Out in my anger, and screamed, and swept
Him, as he laughed, in a storm of blood,—
  Shattered sinew and flying brain,—
Brake the cottage and scarred the wood,
  Roaring across the plain.

How should you blame me? Ay, 'twas peace!
  War was the word I had learned to know;
    Think you, I was an English shell,
    Trained one lesson alone to spell,
  I had vowed as I lay below,
Vowed to perish and find release
  Slaying an English foe.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

DEBASED SILVER AND BRITISH TRADE.

"Few people, probably, except those actually on the spot, fully realise what the present depression in the price of silver means to those countries whose financial fortunes, unluckily for themselves, are bound up with the white metal. In England we are so favourably situated in this respect that it requires some effort of imagination to conjure up the vision of a country the value of whose coinage is, as far as the purchase of foreign goods is concerned, constantly declining. It matters little to us that the intrinsic worth of our half crown may be only fifteen pence or so, provided its purchasing power be in no way diminished and that we can get as much foreign tobacco, silk, or wheat in return for it as before. To the bulk of the English people, therefore, protected as they are from the vagaries of silver by a gold standard and by the high credit of the country, such questions are of purely academic interest."—*Extract from Financial Paper.*

The above is an extract from an article which appeared a few weeks ago in a financial paper on "The Silver Problem," and fairly represents the form in which that question is put before the public by the Press. Perhaps, as we have lately been reminded, it is too much to expect of our journalists that they should be political economists, but in view of the serious importance of the currency question, and the formidable proportions which it has assumed, it is most disheartening to realize the slight amount of knowledge brought to bear on the subject by the guides of public opinion, when such an incorrect and misleading description as that quoted above can find a place in the columns of a leading financial paper.

Were the actual state of a country "whose financial fortunes are bound up in the white metal" correctly drawn, it would show in actual working there the action of two currencies which perpetually alter in relative value; and in seeing how these altered values affect production, industries, and operations of trade in the silver country, we should see by reflection the effect in gold ones. It would then become apparent how these are impeded and congested in some parts, encouraged and expanded in others, how the displacement of one factor in the great combination of international trade affects the position of all the rest. Evil and good would be found distributed, but perhaps the compassion expressed for the silver country might more appropriately be bestowed upon the gold one.

It is with the aim of drawing such a picture as an illustration of the part which a single small colony takes in the fortunes of the United Kingdom, that I propose to give a brief description of the manner in which "depreciation of silver," to use the popular term, has affected the colony of the Straits Settlements. My picture, however inartistic, may claim to be not a fancy one like that of the financial artist, but a photograph taken on the spot.

I will not detain my readers with long statistics about the Straits Settlements. Formerly connected with India they were created a Crown colony twenty-seven years ago, and have for a long time been singularly prosperous. For the first few years of their existence as a colony, some trouble was experienced from the internal dissensions of the neighbouring native States, with which we then had no official relation. Since a system of British protection under Residents has been established, the native States have become an extensive field for enterprise, both Chinese and European, and their prosperity has been the subject of repeated congratulation.

The great industry of the country is tin-mining, which is almost exclusively in the hands of the Chinese. Under native rule it had been carried on in the same way, but under British protection it rapidly developed, and has been the making of the native States. A working population and capital were attracted, and a large revenue was quickly created, which enabled the Government to open up the country with roads and railways, and as needs grew, to erect public buildings, schools, hospitals, &c. It must not be lost sight of, however, that under present conditions tin-mining cannot last for ever. It is all surface, alluvial mining, and after ten to twenty years mines are exhausted and fresh land has to be sought. The land thus worked is destroyed for cultivation, and the miner can often be traced in long tracts of desolation. Hopes are entertained that lode tin will be discovered, but so far these have not been realized, and in one of the smaller States uneasiness is already felt from the diminished supply of tin, and consequently of revenue. The present yearly income of the native States is to a considerable extent derived from royalty on tin, and from the monopolies of various rights concerning Chinese miners.

A more permanent source of prosperity may be looked for in planting, and here the prospect is thoroughly hopeful. Coffee planting has been started with great success, and bids fair to be a great and permanent industry. Many coffee plantations under English management are now in full working in the native States, and are paying well. Much fresh land has been recently taken up for the same purpose. Besides coffee, the chief products of the

peninsula are sugar, tapioca, pepper, and gambier, and some progress is now being made in tea cultivation. The Chinese speculate largely in tapioca planting, which is very profitable, but so dètrimental to soil that restrictions are placed on granting fresh land for its cultivation in the colony. Rice, the principal staple of food, is less cultivated than it should be. The Settlements and native States depend almost entirely for their supply on Burmah and Siam.

There is every element of prosperity in the Straits in great natural wealth, ready supply of labour, and an even climate, in which droughts and famines are unknown. The one condition which blights the prosperity of the colony, and generally of the European colonist, is the state of the silver currency. The currency in use is the silver Mexican dollar and Japanese yen, of corresponding value, and subsidiary silver and copper coin of the colony.

The action of the Indian Government last year in closing its mints and placing an artificial value on the rupee, was felt with peculiar severity in the Straits. Up to this time India and the Straits had been on equal terms with regard to silver, and a large trade between them was carried on. These relations were now upset, and besides the increased distress in trade with Europe, the sudden further fall which ensued on the action of India imposed an altered value between the rupee and dollar, to the disadvantage of the latter. The Straits trader had to meet debts with India at a serious loss, the large immigrant Indian population of the colony felt the increased cost of rice and of all articles of Indian produce, and in remittances to their families. For a time trade was almost stopped.

An inquiry into the state of the currency was held by order of the Secretary of State for the Colonies in the latter part of 1893. The expressions of opinion which it elicited were by no means unanimous, but it had the merit of putting together a good deal of curious information about the trade and industries of the colony. As witnesses generally spoke from the point of view of their own interests, and demanded a change of currency or no change, according as they believed it would suit them personally, the extent of profit and loss to different classes, caused by fluctuating and lowered exchange became defined in sharp lines. The opinions may be set aside, and the demands may be considered impossible or absurd, but the light which they throw on the action of silver depreciation with regard to European trade and enterprise is of very great importance.

The witnesses examined before the Committee represented interests and nationalities of the most varied description. There

were the heads of the local banks, English, German, and Dutch merchants and shopkeepers, Arab and Indian merchants, English planters, and Chinese, who, as traders, mine owners, and planters, are prominent in the business world of the Straits Settlements. The majority of witnesses were of opinion that the fall in exchange had been injurious to the colony, and demanded a coin on gold basis to secure fixity of exchange. On the other hand, those who were prosperous, and believed that low silver was advantageous to them,—notably the Chinese,—deprecated any interference with the currency.

Let me now place before the reader a short *résumé* of some of the evidence brought forward.

It was shown that the most direct and unmixed injury caused by low exchange was that to the European shopkeeper who trades almost exclusively in goods imported for sale from gold countries. The evidence of a partner in the principal retail firm in Singapore is as follows:—

"We are importers of European goods, and supply the greater part of the European community of Singapore and the native States. During the last year we have had to advance our prices, owing to the fall in exchange, more than ever we have had to do before. The present condition of things is causing a shrinkage of trade, and we are selling less than we ever did; many lines of goods which we have been in the habit of selling freely are now a dead stock upon our hands. As regards our own trade, the present low exchange is disastrous from every point of view. It has no redeeming feature, and we have suffered considerably during the last year. It may be only a coincidence, but in 1890, when exchange was at an average rate of 3s. 5d., we were very prosperous. . . . . We have twenty Europeans in our employ, and there is now great dissatisfaction among them. They came out to the East expecting to save a little money. Most of them have to assist people at home, and they now find that they are in a worse position than they were in England. They want their pay to be raised, but our trade is shrinking, we are making less than we have ever done, and it is a very bad time to gratify their wishes; indeed, it is a question whether we may not have to reduce our staff.

"We have not been able to raise our prices so as to make the advance correspond with the fall in silver. We do not raise our prices until a fall in silver is thoroughly established. At present we have not advanced them according to the fall in exchange. We are hanging on, hoping that things will improve. We have been doing this for some time past."

The evidence as to trade generally was varied, and the wishes of the mercantile community were governed individually by the preponderance of each witness's trade, either in gold or silver countries. A merchant, whose chief trade is in local produce, is ready to waive loss on his imports from Europe for the extra profit which he makes on his exported goods. Another, whose chief trade is with Europe, loses by Exchange. It was shown by those in the first class that Singapore, which by its position is a sort of central market for a number of small silver-using countries, such as Siam, the native

States of the Malay Peninsula, Borneo, &c., might be injured by the introduction of a coin which would in any way hamper the interchange of produce. By those in the second, it was contended that their trade was strained to the last point of tension, and that the introduction of some coinage calculated on a gold basis was of urgent necessity.

Interesting evidence was brought forward in the great planting and tin-mining industries. Here the aspect of the question is chiefly its effect on investment, and it is again governed by the opposing influences of capital, whether in gold or in silver. It is the conflict of the English investor as against the Chinese, or the man who is simply concerned with silver. The silver capitalist, represented by the Chinese landowner, stands in a position of security and advantage, and may be considered as at the extreme point of profit, against the position of absolute loss of the European shopkeeper. Silver is the Chinese standard of value; the dollar in China is worth the weight of silver it contains, and is said to purchase in China the same amount of commodities that it did twenty years ago. The Chinaman who invests his dollars and spends his income in the Straits, who imports clothing material, condiments, and delicacies from China, and requires few European luxuries, is untouched by loss, and has not to take exchange into consideration; indeed, if he is affected it is to his advantage. One of the leading Chinese merchants said:—

"I think that although the Europeans in the colony are agitating for fixity of exchange, the Chinese, who form the greater part of the permanent population of the place, do not wish for any change in our present currency. I should say that all the Chinese inhabitants of the colony are satisfied with the present state of things."

Another says:—

"I have given a good deal of thought to the question of our currency. At the present time the Government is a great sufferer by low exchange, owing to the loss incurred in paying the Military Contribution, which is fixed in sterling, and the loss in remittances to England to meet the salaries and other charges which have to be paid there. The European portion of the population of the colony probably get money from England with which to carry on their mercantile pursuits, and of course the low rate of exchange is disadvantageous to them in paying this money back. But the Chinese producers here, who export their produce, benefit by the low exchange, because they get more silver for their produce. I do not think the Government would be justified in introducing a British dollar at a fixed value, or the rupee, in lieu of the Mexicans and yens which are now current. In my opinion the present state of things is advantageous to the Chinese coolie, because as the producer gets more for his produce, he can afford to pay higher wages to his coolies.

"I do not think it proper that the gainers by the low exchange should be called upon to make good by taxation the loss incurred by the Government."

The English planter, on the other hand, has to reckon his returns, not by the mere number of dollars he may get, but by the

value in gold which these dollars may be worth, and what this represents as interest on his gold investment. Thus the English capitalist who invested money some time ago when the dollar was worth 4s., and obtained a remunerative profit of say 100 dols., must now obtain the larger amount of 200 dols. before he is in the same position as to profit. The most serious general loss to the European community is that on value in investments in land and property. Mr. Hill, a planter of much experience, gave valuable evidence on this point. He said :—

"I consider the present state of things with regard to the depreciation of silver to be entirely disadvantageous to the colony. I must speak guardedly as a producer, and as a man with certain interests in capital that has been invested at a certain rate of exchange. I may say that I am thoroughly conversant with the views of capitalists at home. I have many relations with people at home who have been in the habit of lending money for a very great number of years—perhaps for one or two generations—and I know how extremely difficult it is to induce them to send money to any country in which exchange fluctuates, and when they do not know at what rate they will be able to get it back. . . .

"Though planters may nominally make abnormal profits for a certain number of years, they are harassed in their operations because of their inability to protect their capital. I refer to those planters who depend upon gold-using countries for their capital. . . . The planter wants his position to be assured with regard to the money markets of the world, and not to look merely to the gain of the moment, and I do not agree with one of the witnesses who stated to the Committee that the lower silver went the better it would be for the producer. I think the disadvantages as to capital more than counterbalance any immediate profit."

The embarrassment to Government from the increased charges on revenue from increased payments in silver in discharge of its gold obligations, the loss to Civil servants whose salaries were payable in dollars, and who had to bear the full loss of exchange in home remittances, are on a small scale the repetition of what has happened in India, and is too familiar to need comment. I will give but one instance in figures of the heavier burden put on the revenue by the charges to the Imperal Government. The Military Contribution of £100,000, a very heavy tax on the resources of the colony, even when the dollar was of higher value, has thus increased in volume.

In 1890 it cost	577,633 dols.
In 1892 it rose to	745,000 dols.

The published trade returns show a considerable increase in imports and exports during the last ten years, but the revenue of the colony has slightly decreased.

It is evident so far that, broadly stated, the Chinese colonists are gainers, the Europeans losers by low exchange. What has been the effect on trade relations between the colony and the United Kingdom? The following table, which was carefully prepared by

the Straits Chamber of Commerce for the Currency Committee, gives a significant reply :—

STATEMENT OF REVENUE.

Year.	Colony. Dols.	Native States. Dols.
1888	3,858,909	3,642,455
1889	4,409,928	5,093,105
1890	4,269,126	4,840,065
1891	3,826,603	4,571,284
1892	3,652,877	5,346,625

IMPORTS.

	From Silver Countries.	From Gold Countries.		
Year.	Total. Dols.	Total. Dols.	Portion from United Kingdom. Dols.	s. d.
1880-84 ...	38,617,000	33,983,000 ...	16,903,000 ...	3 9
1885-89 ...	52,219,000	44,342,000 ...	18,038,000 ...	3 3½
1890 ...	63,354,000	47,553,000 ...	19,874,000 ...	3 5¼
1891 ...	62,233,000	41,465,000 ...	17,158,000 ...	3 3
1892 ...	68,271,000	36,107,000 ...	15,962,000 ...	2 10⅝

EXPORTS.

1880-84 ...	24,759,000	41,846,000 ... 16,975,000
1885-89 ...	29,999,000	58,046,000 ... 24,853,000
1890 ...	36,377,000	61,130,000 ... 24,784,000
1891 ...	39,346,000	58,970,000 ... 24,510,000
1892 ...	40,000,000	64,556,000 ... 25,053,000

These figures are in dollars, and must be reduced to pounds before their full significance can be seen. For instance, imports from the United Kingdom fell from 19,874,000 dols. in 1890, to 15,962,000 dols. in 1892. These figures in dollars are the equivalent at the exchange of the periods to £3,415,777 and £2,324,746.

The conclusions to be drawn from the preceding evidence may be summarized as follows :—

Those who profit on cheap silver are the planters, miners, and traders who export produce, who deal exclusively with silver countries, and have their capital in silver.

Those who lose by the lessened value of silver are :

1. Traders in produce or manufactures bought in gold countries, the silver price of such goods being enhanced, sale is restricted, and trade is diverted to other sources of supply. European producers are forced to reduce prices to the lowest margin of profit in order to find a market in silver countries.
2. Those whose capital is in gold and invested in silver: the value of such capital has shrunk in the last twenty years to about one-half the original investment.
3. Those who have fixed incomes payable in silver, who have to remit part of them to gold countries and who suffer from the loss in exchange.

These conclusions must be taken with some modifications. It is sometimes asserted with confidence that by low exchange the silver value of produce is enhanced; but this is not altogether correct, and where such enhancement occurs it is likely to be of a temporary nature only. Buyers in Europe reckon on getting the advantage of lowered exchange, and as silver falls their offers in gold are reduced. With regard to tin, the chief export of the States, it has been conclusively shown that its gold price is regulated by the exchange price of silver, which is telegraphed day by day. A certain amount of profit may be made by sudden fluctuations, but this is quickly adjusted, and even the gainers feel the inconvenience of the element of chance which is introduced into trading. Buyers are chary of purchasing in large quantities, and often hold back in anticipation of a fall. Wages rise in proportion as the articles required by the labourer rise, so that increased expense counterbalances increased profit. Last year, when the sudden decline took place, and rice and opium, which are necessary articles of daily consumption to the Chinese miner, went up in price, it was anticipated that a general rise in wages must follow. Taking the average result after some years, it will be found that the silver price of tin is slightly higher, but by a fraction in proportion to the difference in exchange; the gold price of tin is lower, but the difference here also to the consumer is but small. An intermediate profit remains unaccounted for.

The clear advantage to the producer is that of a ready market for his tin, and a stimulus to production. The advantage to the European consumer is a cheap supply of tin, but this cheapness is indirectly dearly paid for by the country.

The importance of immediate action in settlement of currency is now becoming clear, but it must be remembered that when once altered values are established, it is impossible to restore them without a redistribution of loss, which must cause inconvenience, and, for a time, fresh dislocation of trade. The great difficulty to be foreseen is the relative value to be fixed between gold and silver. A ratio which is possible at one time becomes impossible after the lapse of years.

The recommendation of the Committee was that some coin on a gold basis should be introduced. It was considered that a dollar would be the most suitable coin, but that the colony was probably too small to have a currency of its own. As an alternative it was advocated that the Indian currency on its new gold basis should be extended to the Straits Settlements.

The example of Netherlands India was cited to show that no difficulty was experienced there in the employment of guilders having an arbitrary but fictitious value with regard to gold. Many

of the difficulties which beset us in India and our colony are thereby obviated. The natives do not like gold, it is little used, silver is legal tender to any amount, consequently the requirement of gold money is covered by about 18 per cent. of the total coinage. Java is a rich country with a large export and import trade, and is practically a portion of Holland. In the Dutch Settlements in Sumatra, though the guilder is the official coin, the dollar is the one in common use for trading. All dealings with Government have to be settled in guilders. This system of currency is eminently a success for the Dutch Government, owing to the large proportion of silver as to gold required for circulation.

The circumstances of our colony are so different, that for it singly it is useless to consider the possibility of relations with the United Kingdom similar to those which exist between Java and Holland, but the more the hopelessness of special legislation in currency for a single colony becomes apparent, the more pressing seems the necessity for readjustment of currency on a larger and more comprehensive scale, one that will embrace the needs of India and British Colonies, and which, by removing obstacles to commerce, may restore the flow of British trade and enterprise and revive the impaired prosperity of the United Kingdom.

On this all-important subject, the urgent necessity for international settlement of currency, I will not attempt to enter. It has been pressed by leaders of thought in this country, and though so far without success, it is to be hoped that their views are gaining ground. They will, doubtless, before long overcome the prejudice which now prevents the reception of their counsels, and the eyes of Englishmen will be opened to the fact that, to go back to first principles of political economy, wealth does not consist in the possession of gold alone, but in capital and labour working harmoniously together, whose encouragement by Government should be confined to the removal of obstacles which impede freedom of growth. They may realize that while this doctrine is readily preached and admitted, the nations of Europe have created perhaps the greatest financial obstacle that has ever existed, in rejecting the medium of currency common to the greater part of the world.

E. E. Isemonger.
(Colonial Treasurer, Straits Settlements.)

SLEEPLESSNESS.

If the question be asked, what is the characteristic feature of the present day? surely the answer of the majority must be Restlessness. Whatever phase of civilized life presents itself, social, political, or commercial, the same condition of kaleidoscopic unrest bewilders the observer, who seeks in vain, even in the regions of theology and science, for evidences of freedom from the prevailing sign of the times.

Doubtless there are some who would explain away the existence of this restlessness, which they cannot deny, by airily repeating the pronouncement so often made that we are living to-day in the great era of transition; but while it is true that the present is markedly a period of change, it is equally correct to attribute this transitional state of affairs to the restless activity which has followed the development of rapid and easy means of communication between the various human communities scattered over the globe.

Racial peculiarities, local customs, and even national prejudices are undergoing effacement before the irresistible forces which civilized man has brought to bear on time and space, and just as these influences affect communities, so must they also modify the habits and methods of individuals.

Progress, activity, and competition, naturally resulting from the increasing facilities for locomotion and interchange of thought and knowledge of passing events throughout the world, are no doubt fraught with value both to the community and to the individual so long as they can be kept within reasonable bounds; but unfortunately it is not always possible to control their growth and development within healthy limits, so that too rapid progress leads to degeneration, over-activity begets unrest, and excess of competition ends in decay. Thus to the demands of unduly rapid progress and excessive competition must be attributed the morbid restlessness of individuals so frequently met with at the present time; and the results of this unrestfulness are so serious and increasingly common, that a brief consideration of the most prominent

and perhaps the earliest evil-effect of over-activity may not be without interest.

It is not necessary to quote statistics, if they were available, in support of the fact, probably within the knowledge of all, that sleeplessness is one of the commonest complaints of the present day, and employing the term in its widest sense to embrace defects in the quantity and the quality of sleep, it may be alleged that by far the greater number of sufferers from insomnia could trace the initial disturbance of the sleep function to the prolongation of mental strain or bodily fatigue, induced by over-activity in the pursuit of business or pleasure, interfering with the proper rhythm of rest and work.

A regularly recurring period of sleep is necessary to the health of mind and body in every individual, varying in amount with the age, and to some extent in quality with the idiosyncrasy of the individual; for it is well known that whereas babies require sixteen or eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, children about twelve, and young people eight, as age increases the number of hours decreases, and often after the age of sixty, five or six hours sound sleep suffice to maintain health.

Most young persons sleep more soundly than people of riper age; but many individuals at all ages exhibit personal idiosyncrasy in regard to the nature of their sleep, some being easily aroused, while others are blessed with very profound sleep. An interesting fact in regard to the quality of sleep in almost all healthy individuals may here be cited, as it has a distinct bearing upon the disturbance of the sleep function in many cases of insomnia. At first sleep is much heavier than in the later hours of rest. For one or two hours the somnolence increases rapidly in depth, then gradually becomes lighter towards the usual hour for waking. This condition is emphasized in certain cases of sleeplessness, the sufferers from partial insomnia often complaining that sleep is obtained for one or two hours, but that it is followed after this short period by absolute wakefulness, not infrequently accompanied by intolerable restlessness.

In order to appreciate the commoner causes of sleeplessness it is necessary to refer to the most recently adopted views in regard to the production of sleep and the conditions on which its proper quantity and quality depend.

Formerly sleep was believed to be dependent on a state of comparative bloodlessness of the brain, and by the condition of the circulation of the blood through that organ the character and duration of sleep was held to be modified. This view is still regarded as correct by physiologists of the present day; but since physiological chemistry has thrown more light on the processes of

repair and waste it has been shown that in addition to the part played by the blood circulating through the brain, inducing wakefulness or sleep according to the increase or decrease in the rapidity of the circulation and the variation in the size of the blood-vessels, the actual chemical condition of the brain-cells also serves to determine the existence of sleep and wakefulness.

As the formation of clinkers in a furnace reduces the fierceness of the flames and interferes with the activity of combustion, so the accumulation of fatigue products within the brain-cells, formed during the waking hours, tends to induce unconsciousness by reducing the activity of chemical action and interchange between the blood, the vehicle of nourishment, and the brain-cell needing replenishment.

The healthy alternation of work and rest is thus provided; for the very existence of waste material generated during the activity of the brain-cell tends to interfere with the absorption by the brain tissue from the blood of the pabulum necessary to energetic action; but if from any cause the brain is unduly stimulated, whether by emotion, thought, or external impressions on the one hand, or by acceleration of the blood current and increased blood supply through the cerebral vessels, then the supervention of sleep will be delayed and possibly prevented for a prolonged period. In this connection the introduction of exciting drugs into the circulation from without, or the absorption of irritating poisons formed under conditions of disordered digestion, or in consequence of bodily fatigue, must be remembered as fruitful sources of insomnia.

There are, of course, certain diseases in which sleeplessness is one of the most painful symptoms; however, it is not the purpose of the writer to discuss conditions which can only be dealt with by experts according to the necessities of each individual case, but rather to sketch sufficiently some of the causes of insomnia more or less susceptible of modification by attention to certain phenomena associated with the sleep function.

Interference with rhythmical habit of work and rest is probably one of the commonest causes of disordered or defective sleep, and for this reason the over-activity, hurry, and restlessness of the present time may be held responsible for the majority of cases of insomnia so commonly met with. Those who are fortunate in occupying positions in which regularity of habits is seldom infringed, rarely suffer from sleeplessness save as a concomitant of acute disease or as the result of mental worry. Those, however, who lead irregular lives, either in the rush of a London season or in the undue prolongation of mental work and bodily fatigue, which in too many cases are associated with disregard of all physiological conditions favourable to healthy sleep, afford the

most distressing examples of the evil effects resulting from defective quality or quantity of the sleep necessary to health.

> "Oh gentle sleep!
> Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
> That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
> And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
> Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs
> Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, ...
> Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
> Under the canopies of costly state,
> And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?"
>
> Henry IV., 2nd Part, Act 3, Sc. 1.

It is not difficult to answer the apostrophe of the King if enquiry is made into the habits of the sea-boy and the savage, comparing them with those of the politician and the plutocrat; and unless the rhythm of rest and work is more closely observed by the classes whence most cases of insomnia are derived, there is little prospect that sleeplessness will not continue to be one of the most common complaints of the times in which we live.

If it is remembered that the sleep function depends on the non-stimulation of the exhausted brain-cell on the one hand, and the less energetic cerebral circulation on the other, how can sleeplessness be avoided by those who seek rest immediately after a period of prolonged study or intellectual work? When the head is hot and the feet are cold, when probably the processes of digestion and assimilation of food have been damaged by the hasty return to work from a hurried meal, and the blood which should have been filling the vessels of the abdomen is called to flood the arteries of the jaded brain in order to wash away the waste products of activity and supply the oxygen necessary to the prolonged activity of the brain-cell? Then, in addition to the dilated vessels and rapid passage of the stimulating blood through the brain, in themselves conditions prohibiting mental repose, the imperfect digestion has resulted in the formation of poisonous matters, which, being absorbed into the blood, irritate the over-tired brain and keep the sleepless victim tossing in tortured gloom through the long-drawn hours of horrible wakefulness.

How shall sleep woo the fair lady who spends the morning in crowded shops, who wastes the time for exercise in the fatigue of "trying on" and "fitting"; entertains a large luncheon party, drives over the West of London paying calls, hastens home to dress for a dinner party, thence to the opera house, stifled in the heat of an ill-ventilated box, and on again to a ball at which one supper does not suffice to support the weary body, and too many "refreshments" are demanded by the tired mind? Home to bed in broad daylight to sleep? Not so; the over-excited brain, unduly stimu-

lated circulation, the aching limbs, and the exhausted nerves, alone render sleep well-nigh impossible, and how shall the mental repose, the bodily rest, and the external quiet essential to the induction of sleep be secured after reading the contents of the late post letters to the accompaniment of the shrill chirp of the London sparrows on the window-sill and the jarring rattle of the milk-cart on the street below?

Doubtless to the young and healthy, disregard for the conditions conducive, and in many cases necessary, to sleep may continue for a time; but worry, excitement, physical pain, or an attack of some febrile complaint supervenes, and the penalty paid too often is not merely temporary derangement of the sleep function, ceasing with its exciting cause, but nature takes her revenge for past neglect, and sleeplessness becomes habitual. Probably to no malady have so many evil consequences been attributed as have lately been ascribed to influenza. Physicians and patients have conspired, not without reason, to hold this complaint responsible for the many nervous troubles apparently resulting therefrom; but close enquiry often elicits the fact that the habits, circumstances, or mode of life have been such as to favour the onset of the acute malady in the first instance and to predispose the victim to the after consequences, in so many cases apparently out of all proportion to the acute disease which immediately preceded them.

Not the least serious nor uncommon post-influenzal trouble is defective sleep, so that since the recent epidemics of influenza, insomnia appears to be a more frequent complaint than before. For the relief of disordered sleep the sufferer in almost every case is ready and willing to have recourse to any, or many in turn, of the numerous drugs known as soporifics, with the unfortunate result that not a few fall victims to the baneful consequences of habitual drugging. It is so much easier to obtain artificial sleep by taking narcotics than to woo healthy sleep by attention to physiological conditions which favour it; albeit the sleep so obtained is far more refreshing, and amply repays the observance of any irksome restrictions enforced in order to secure it.

The production of sleep depending mainly on two great factors, viz., the inactive state of the brain itself, and the comparatively small quantity of blood circulating through its vessels, another important influence must not be ignored. Recent research has led to the conclusion that certain materials are formed in the body during sleep which after a time stimulate the brain-cells and produce wakefulness, while exactly the reverse process occurs during the time in which the individual is awake, so that after a period of wakefulness a storage of sleep-inducing matters is effected, which, when sufficiently accumulated, tend to drowsiness.

This being the case it is easy to understand the existence of rhythm in wakefulness and sleep; but if this process, the manufacture of soporific material, is disturbed by the introduction of stimulating influences, whether psychical or physical, especially if such antagonism occurs at or about the close of the waking period, it is not difficult to upset the rhythmical alternation of vigil and sleep on which health depends. Sleep is postponed, the activity of the brain and circulation is increased, the circumstances of ordinary life compel undue prolongation of wakeful hours, with the inevitable reduction of the normal period for repose, until, under the a-rhythmical conditions so induced, the habit of sleep is lost, and the individual is no longer able to obtain rest, even when the circumstances initially the cause of insomnia have ceased to exist. A vicious condition of affairs such as this cannot be successfully combated by the abuse of narcotics, neither will the temporary use of soporific drugs be useful in re-establishing physiological rhythm without recourse to the less artificial aids to the inducement of sleep indicated by nature herself.

In order that a habit of sleeplessness should be broken, the sufferer must employ the hours of wakefulness in preparing for the timely advent of "nature's soft nurse."

A certain amount of mental work as free from worry and excitement as possible may be performed in some cases wherein nervous exhaustion has not assumed serious characters; this work, however, must be limited to the earlier hours of the day, and no occupation demanding sustained effort of mind must be undertaken for some hours before sleep is desired. The meals taken must be light and easy of digestion, and every precaution should be observed against taxing the powers of assimilation by such mischievous practices as eating hurriedly when fatigued, or attempting mental work or physical labour directly after taking food.

"After dinner sit awhile, after supper walk a mile," is an adage which holds as good to-day as at the time when it was first enunciated. Moderate exercise, involving a certain measure of healthy tiredness, will favour the production of non-stimulating waste-product and the elimination of irritating substances from the body which accumulate when muscular activity is neglected.

An evening walk will often conduce to that condition of mental repose and bodily fatigue which is essential to the onset of sleep.

The circulation is affected by exercise so that the tension in the blood-vessels of the brain is reduced, the blood current being in a certain sense diverted from the internal organs into the limbs and over the surface, thus providing for the dilatation of the vessels which occurs during sleep and promoting the warmth conducive to somnolence, while at the same time the manufacture of carbonic

acid, a soporific substance, is increased. Many persons find themselves dropping off to sleep when they sit down in a crowded room, this being due to the reduction of the supply of oxygen and to the augmentation of carbonic acid gas in the air breathed by many in a confined space. Our domestic pets teach us a lesson in the attitudes adopted by them when seeking repose; dogs curl themselves up and bury their noses between their limbs, and the writer has frequently observed that the favourite attitude adopted by cats is one in which they almost appear to be sitting on their heads, the face being buried in the fur of the chest and the nose thrust between the front limbs. Here both warmth and a limited supply of oxygen are provided for, and in view of the habits taught by instinct, it may often be found useful to keep the windows of a bedroom closed during the time sleep is desired, provided there is fair ventilation through the chimney and the usual crevices of modern ill-fitting doors and windows.

Work, food, and exercise being duly regulated and a non-stimulating atmosphere, with sufficient warmth, both bodily and aërial, being provided, there remain still other conditions provocative to sleep, if not actually essential.

Quietude is decidedly important; but monotonous sounds, steady and prolonged, are more conducive to repose than complete silence enduring for a time to be broken by sudden noise. The dull roar of a busy thoroughfare more readily conduces to sleep than the deep silence of an unfrequented street, disturbed by the rare passage of a belated cab.

Many sufferers from that form of sleeplessness which is characterized by loss of the power to go to sleep until some time has passed after retirement to bed, complain in injured tones that whereas they go to their rooms sleepy and quite expecting a good night, as soon as they get into bed all drowsiness is lost, and they feel as if their "eyelids were propped open" with wakefulness, the wildest brain activity replacing the previous somnolence. The cause of this may be sought for in the sudden change of bodily posture from the erect position maintained during the passage upstairs and while exchanging day for night clothes, to the recumbent attitude adopted when lying in bed. To a certain extent the stimulating effect of the cooler garment or bed-clothing may come into play, but this may have been provided for by warming the night-dress and bed sheets; still, sleep is banished. This is notably so when there is bloodlessness or enfeebled circulation. The brain, which in the erect position has been kept on short commons (both by reason of the feeble heart action, which has to work against the force of gravity, and because of the lack of tone in the muscular coat of blood-vessels in debilitated persons), as soon as

the recumbent position is adopted, becomes flooded with the blood so much more readily finding its way through the lax blood-channels of the brain, now almost on a level with the heart, which no longer has to pump up hill. The head begins to throb, singing in the ears and marked wakefulness ensue, so that the very position in which bodily rest is generally most easily obtained, is the most inimical to sleep.

A sufferer from partial insomnia, involving great loss of sleep in the earlier hours of the night, once confessed to her physician that she dated her want of sleep from the time when she ceased to say her prayers before retiring to rest, and was immediately recommended to resume her religious duties in the usual attitude just before lying down. The result was declared by the patient to have been most happy, and no doubt the mental repose engendered, coupled with the fact that the transition from the erect to the horizontal position was rendered more gradual by the interposition of the usual reverential attitude of the bended knee and bowed head, conduced to the tranquillity of heart action and slowness of circulation necessary to sleep. In many cases, however, the assumption of the recumbent attitude, even when effected gradually, is followed by wakefulness, but the application of warmth to the extremities will help to equalize circulation, and a meal of gruel or a cup of hot soup, by inducing the determination of blood to the organs of digestion, will greatly aid the supervention of sleep. The effect of the hot fluid may be maintained by applying warmth externally to the stomach, indeed, it is quite hopeless to seek sleep if the surface of the abdomen is cold, a condition frequently overlooked in the substitution of night clothing for that of the day.

It has already been noted that sleep is at first heavy and gradually becomes lighter as the usual hour of waking is approached. Now in some cases of insomnia refreshing sleep is obtained for a brief period, which is followed by most wearisome wakefulness. This condition may sometimes be overcome by taking a light meal after the first sleep, the blood supply being drawn from the brain to the belly, and at the same time the blood itself is replenished by substances formed in the process of digestion, which have a soporific effect; that this is probably the case is illustrated by the ease with which animals and some human beings fall asleep after a heavy meal.

Monotonous sounds, sights, or other sensory impressions will sometimes induce somnolence, as evidenced by the effect of lullabies on restless infants, the results of massage and the influence of hypnotism; but these last methods of inducing sleep are only useful under medical supervision, and in cases selected for their employment under the conditions of personal observation by

experts, whose choice of the treatment applicable can only be made by judicious appropriation of remedies to the individual needs of each sufferer. Within the limits of this article it is not possible to discuss the interesting phenomena of disordered sleep afforded by dreams, somnambulism, and other abnormal states associated therewith. The object of the writer has been rather to warn those who in the plenitude of healthy vigour may be tempted to tamper with due alternation of work and rest, and to try, though very imperfectly, to sketch the conditions under which "sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye" may "steal me awhile from mine own company."

A. Symons Eccles.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

In that portion of the Report of the Royal Commission on Labour which is devoted to the Employment of Women, we have the first-fruits of the first serious attempt to grapple with the problem of the part played by women in industry. In its present form the Report presents us with so much information which is necessarily in the form of details and particular cases that it becomes difficult to grasp the question in its wider bearings, or to see one's way to any more solid conclusion than that the working-women of England are indeed in a very sorry plight, and that if knights-errant were still to the fore they would find work enough for lance and sword in freeing their sisters from the tyranny by which they are oppressed. Not that the Report is without its brighter sides; it is not wanting in the exceptional instances which show us what may be, and point the way to better things. Meanwhile, it is well that a knowledge of what is should be as widely spread as possible, and I propose, therefore, to summarize briefly the leading features in some typical industries, in the hope that readers of *The National Review* may be induced to invest two shillings and tenpence in the Report and study the facts at first hand.

One of the first things by which one is struck is, that earnings vary more within the different employments than between the different employments. There is an absence of anything approximating to a fixed, or even an average, rate of wage, which is very remarkable; and, with a few exceptions, there is an absence of any great superiority of earnings in one branch of industry over another. An even greater inequality may be noticed in the conditions under which the work is carried on; a factor which, as circumstances at present stand, is of graver importance to the welfare of women than the actual rate of wages.

If we look at the employment first dealt with in the Report, that of shop-assistants, we find the wages varying from under £15 a year (with board and lodging) to over £100 (with board and lodging). The latter rate is, of course, exceptional, more so we fear than the former; but between these two extremes every rate may be found. Nor does it depend entirely upon

the individual, as the same woman will vary (and not always for the better) with almost every change of place, and changes are very frequent. Of course, it must be borne in mind that the actual money wage goes a very little way towards measuring the advantages and the disadvantages of such a situation; the hours of work vary greatly, though not so much as the money. The range is, roughly speaking, from 53 to 79 hours a week; the London shops as a rule working for much longer hours than those in the provinces, Wales being the most considerate in this way, and Scotland (? Glasgow) sinning to the extent of 93, 96, 99, and even 102 hours. Besides the hours of work, there are many considerations which may affect the comfort, and too often the health, of the shop-assistant. Some employers—we fear many—show a negligence which amounts to brutality, in failing to provide proper sanitary arrangements; and where the women live on the premises we find every degree of consideration, or the reverse, in the way of providing proper living and sleeping accommodation. Harassing regulations may also be made a source of great misery. Compare, for instance, the evidence of an assistant as to her employment in different, but very similar, London districts. At A she gets £20 a year, at B £25; but whereas at A she works only 66½ hours a week, at B she works 75½ hours; at A she has twenty minutes' rest in the day, at B none; at A she gets premiums on her sales, at B none; *at neither are seats allowed;* at A she may stay indoors all day on Sunday if she wishes, and finds it very comfortable, at B she must go out without breakfast and remain out all day (think what this means to a young girl in London, possibly without friends); at A she has the use of an excellent library and piano, a private sitting-room, and a doctor when ill, at B she says the food is poor and the accommodation disgraceful. We need not be surprised to hear that at B the effect on her health is complete prostration, while at A it is merely "not so injurious." That seems to be the best which can be said for any of them on the score of health; here at any rate we get little variation. Indigestion, anæmia, and worse ailments are invariable, and will continue to be so until better arrangements are general. Take the one question of providing seats; much was heard about it at one time, and the impression certainly got abroad that matters had improved. But out of a list of twenty-seven shops concerning which evidence is given only two provide seats for their assistants. No wonder that we are told as a significant fact that "whereas large numbers of factory girls cannot be prevailed upon to give up their factory work after marriage, the majority of shop-assistants look upon marriage as the one hope of release, and would, as one girl expressed it, 'marry anyone to get out of the drapery business.'"

The conditions of the milliners and dressmakers differ comparatively little from those of shop-assistants. Wages range about the same, except that there is a higher limit for first hands; it is probably the chance of attaining to this higher limit which affords the economic justification for the fact that it is more usual for dressmakers and milliners to pay a premium, or to give two or three years' service, than it is for shop-assistants.

Another employment in which the conditions are more injurious to health—and perhaps more inevitably so—is laundry work. Considering the amount of skill necessary to a good laundress, the general earnings are small, ranging from 6s. to 25s. a week; but the hours of work, although sometimes long, do not exceed to quite the same extent as in the employments already mentioned, varying from 36 to 70 in the week. Laundresses, however, seldom work every day in the week, the work of the ironers being necessarily preceded by that of the washers. Moreover, laundresses, especially in the West of London, are said to be a very independent race, working long hours under pressure, and liking to take their ease when it suits them. Many of them are married women whose husbands are more or less failures, and many find it thirsty work, and succumb to the temptation to drink. It is distressing to hear that "ladies screw down laundries dreadfully"; there seems also to be reason to suppose that they might contribute essentially towards easing the conditions of laundry work by having a more plentiful supply of linen, and so avoiding the rush of work into two or three days. Hotels also sin in this way by having an insufficient supply, and insisting on having their work done in a hurry.

Amongst employments more generally recognized as dangerous, are those of the match-workers and the white-lead-workers. The latter occupation is peculiarly injurious, and more so to women than to men, the poison affecting them at an earlier age and being more fatal in its results. Morover, women are unavoidably prevented from taking all the precautions which are open to men, and are thus more liable to incur the ill-effects. Colic, paralysis, epilepsy, wrist-drop, blindness, loss of speech, these are some of the horrors which lie in wait for the unfortunate lead-workers. It is worth while to note the statement that the *means of prevention are mainly within the power of employers.* Of how they exercise, or fail to exercise, that power we have more to say later on. Earnings in this trade certainly do not include much compensation for risk. About 2s. a day, or from 8s. to 14s. a week, seems to be the ordinary run; and this is said to be about half what the men earn for the same quality and quantity of work.

Among the match-workers there is not such a grim variety of

disease, and the cases of necrosis are comparatively rare. Employers, moreover, seem more awake to their responsibility, both for prevention and cure. The match-buying public may like to be told that the disease is found to occur mainly, if not entirely amongst makers of non-safety wood matches; let the public, therefore, confine themselves to the innocuous wax vesta and patent safety, and so do their part towards stamping out this pest.

Straw-plaiting and straw-hat-making are interesting because of the variety of economic problems which they illustrate. The former industry has declined, owing to competition from China and Italy; the Chinese can make, and sell in England, at 7d. the 120 yards, a plait which the English cannot sell in their native place under 6¾d. for 20 yards. Why is this? The President of the Chamber of Commerce says it is because, "whereas formerly plaiting was taught in the dame-schools, under the Education Act of 1870 the elementary schools are not allowed to give such instruction." It is only fair to the Education Act to add that he also says that since sewing-machines were introduced women can earn more by machining imported plaits than by plaiting; if the Chinaman merely sets free our women to do better-paid work, we need not grudge him his sevenpence.

Besides the problem of foreign competition, this business also illustrates the effects of home-industry, of irregularity of earnings (varying with the season from 6s. to 40s.), and—unfortunately—of the want of versatility in the worker. They decline to learn new ways. "Each village, perhaps, has three or four patterns to which it has grown accustomed, and they continue to produce them in spite of the fact that there is no demand for them."

In the textile industries in Yorkshire the tendency seems to be for women's work to be substituted for that of men; they are almost invariably paid at a lower rate, only one instance of equality being found, and there the men are paid upon the women's scale. The women's scale is used as the basis of calculation for all wages. Earnings vary from about 7s. or 8s. to an occasional 20s., 13s. to 15s. being the most common amount. Here, again, we find very various conditions, the chief sources of discomfort being bad sanitation and ventilation, harassing fines, and danger from the absence of proper guards to the shuttles. The most unhealthy part of the work seems to be the sorting and picking of rags for the manufacture of shoddy; many of these are foreign, and arrive in a filthy condition, giving rise to an appropriate complaint known as "shoddy fever."

In Lancashire we reach a higher level. There all weavers are paid alike, and men and women do the same work. "Many women earn, as weavers, about 24s. a week all the year through, whereas in Yorkshire 18s. a week is an exceptional wage for women weavers,

and is seldom maintained for any length of time. The wages of weavers in Lancashire, men and women, when in full employment, are equal, on an average, to those of the best men weavers, when in full employment, in the highest paid district of Yorkshire."

The conditions of work, however, are, if anything, rather worse in Lancashire than in Yorkshire: sanitary accommodation abominable, ventilation generally bad, and an almost universal absence of guards to the shuttles, which have a casual way of knocking out the women's eyes and teeth, which one would think might be worth guarding against. An additional evil results to the cotton spinners from the steaming which is nearly always employed as a means of softening the cotton, and which inevitably leads to rheumatism and prostration. And yet there is an alternative which, according to one witness, is quite as cheap as the steaming, though not perhaps so picturesque as one we remember to have read of as successfully practised in an American mill, where the atmosphere is kept moist by growing plants.

In silk-weaving wages range lower, averaging in the different districts 7s., 10s., and 11s. 6d. per week; hours are from 46½ to 56. There is an unwholesome process known as "gassing"; but, on the whole, the general conditions of work are better than in the other textile industries. Ventilation is, however, generally much neglected. It is refreshing to read of one mill where "pleasant grounds are attached . . . in which the women take their meals during the summer, and during spare time in the dinner hour a woman is employed by the firm to teach them to make their own clothes. The material is supplied at cost price by the firm. There is a small free library in connection with the mill for the use of the operatives, and the dining-room is used during the winter evenings for dancing lessons and entertainments organized by the firm."

In Birmingham, women's work is on a low level, although there is a considerable variation in earnings and an almost endless variety of small industries. In one of the worst paid of these, wages range from under 6s. to 12s., and 40·4 per cent. of the hands get under 6s. In the jewellery trade they average from 8s. to 11s. and work 52½ hours a week, while in the cocoa and chocolate works earnings rise above 18s. Much difficulty was thrown in the way of enquiries in this town, and objections to giving information were frequent. The worst feature in the industrial life of Birmingham (and one which will account for the low level of wages) is said to be the employment in factories and workshops of married women whose husbands are well able to maintain them. Girls are employed in processes which are absolutely useless in home life; the rate of infant mortality is very high; and a comfortable home is said to be the exception. On the other hand, Birmingham may take credit to

itself in that it is doubtful "whether there is any town in England where the evils are so clearly recognized, and efforts to remove them so vigorously and sensibly made"; and, again, that "so far as public effort is concerned, it may be safely said that, in Birmingham, if any scheme can be proved worth carrying out it will be undertaken."

A considerable section of the Report is devoted to women serving in places of refreshment. Here we get the maximum of long hours, amounting sometimes to over 100 in the week; and it is not the least merit of the temperance houses that their hours are never known to exceed 70 in the week, while the Aërated Bread Co. is attempting, by a system of double shifts, to bring the hours down to 56. The most objectionable branch of this employment is, of course, in public-houses; and though the position of barmaid is said by some witnesses to be very suitable for a steady girl and in a properly-conducted house, yet all agree that it is only the "strong-minded" girls who can come through it successfully. The temptation to drink is great, and although a barmaid who is known to drink is seldom kept on in a situation there must be many who have received the first impulse on the downward path at the bar. Like the shop-girls, waitresses suffer much from the effects of long standing. Wages vary from 8s. to 20s. a week, with and without board and lodging, the greater number receiving about 10s. But the money wage is hardly any measure of the real remuneration, "the gratuities of waitresses often largely exceed their wages"; in some refreshment bars where drinking with customers is not allowed, a girl may ask to have a box of chocolates instead, and this may be sold again to the manageress. Some restaurants give all the food free, others—such as the Aërated Bread Co. and Coffee Tavern Company—a considerable amount; some give medical attendance, and some have convalescent homes; some pay for washing (which the wearing of white collars and cuffs makes a considerable expense), some do not. Obviously, it is impossible to form any general estimate, either of earnings or of well-being, in this walk of life. That it has its compensations must be concluded from the fact that the girls entering into it are both drawn from and occupy a higher social status than those who enter domestic service, probably even than shop-assistants.

Interesting evidence is given in connection with the printing trade, especially in Edinburgh. The women are said to be healthy, well-paid, and contented. This does not mean that they are paid at the same rate as the men, but it is generally allowed that there are many parts of the work which can only be done by men at present. But it is significant that whereas when the women are paid by time on the established wage they earn from 4s. to 15s. a

week, when working by piece they can earn 20s. to 35s.; this, however, seems to be exceptional. In London, women are subject to the difficulty that printers refuse to teach them any but the lower branches of work, and that they, nevertheless, will not allow them to be employed in a Union shop unless at the same rate as men. From several witnesses, however, it would appear that women show little inclination to learn the more skilled work, and it is perhaps fair to assume that when women are resolved to advance in this line they will find a way of doing so. As it is, the earnings of women who have served their apprenticeship vary from 12s. to 20s.

As an instance of the depths to which women's industry can be dragged when unprotected by the comparative publicity of the shop, and when the wages are subsidized from the rates, we may quote the case of two women in Lambeth who work at home at "finishing" trousers for tailors. The rate of pay is 6d. a pair for men's trousers, from which about ½d. must be deducted for thread; for this 5½d. they have to "join pieces for linings, run them in, hem them all round, put on bands, sew on 12 buttons, and make 6 button-holes." Not a bad sixpennyworth for the employer! or should we say for the customer? These women can earn between them not more than 9s. in eight days; they pay 4s. 6d. rent, and receive Poor-law relief. This, we regret to say, is an instance which we could match with many from our own experience.

Though these are only a few of the industries dealt with, they may be taken as fairly representative of the state of women's industry at the present day. On the whole, the Report leaves us not unhopeful of the future; the progress that has been made in one or two directions shows that there is no insuperable obstacle to women's holding an honourable position in the industrial army. A position, that is, in which they will neither do bad work nor receive bad pay; where, therefore, they will help the men to maintain a high standard, and be no longer open to the accusation of dragging them down to their own level. Meanwhile, we are convinced that the industrial inferiority of women is due to the fact that so many women who work have no independent economic position, but are mere adjuncts to the men. Want of skill, irregularity, inferiority of work, all the minor causes to which low wages are often attributed, may be reduced to this one cause: that in the majority of cases the men are earning the living, and the women are working either for pocket-money or for an escape from the monotony of home life. We have seen the effect of this in Birmingham; the fact itself is still more strikingly illustrated on page 183 of the Report, where we are told that in certain districts in Scotland the textile industries are decaying because of the migration of miners.

The men take their families with them, the rate of wages in the textile industries being too low to enable women to detach themselves from their families. In the section dealing with Wales, again, it is pointed out (page 235) that the rate of wages of shop-assistants is lower than in other places because of the number of farmers', colliers', and quarrymen's daughters who crowd into the towns in search of occupation. The women who work from choice set both the rate of wages and the standard of work for the women who work from necessity; but that this position is not inevitable has been proved by the Lancashire weavers.

Where the Report is most depressing is not on this question of wages, which everyone allows to be beyond the power of individuals to control, but which seems likely to right itself in the course of time. It is where we read of conditions which are beyond doubt within the control of those concerned that our pity and indignation are aroused. We can forgive the most inveterate abusers of employers; we can look leniently upon the wildest schemes of Socialism; we can almost find it in our hearts to seek excuses for Anarchists themselves, when we reflect upon the cold-blooded indifference to suffering, the hard-hearted brutality of employers, which is depicted in the sober evidence of the pages before us.

To justify the use of epithets we must quote a few more instances, though for the worst we must refer our readers to the Report itself. We have already alluded to the horrible complaints to which lead-workers are liable, and to the statement that "the means of prevention are mainly within the power of employers." There are special regulations issued under the Factory and Workshops Act with reference to this employment: let us see how they are carried out. The first is that employers shall provide sufficient bath accommodation for all men and women employed. Many witnesses concur in saying that in many cases the accommodation is insufficient, while in one factory there is only one bath for all the workers, men and women. Another is, that they shall arrange for a weekly visit by a doctor, who shall examine every worker individually. In one factory the doctor has only paid one visit during several years, and on that occasion he examined the men but did not ask to see any of the women. In another, although the doctor visits once a week, he does not examine the workers, but merely ticks their names as they pass through the room in which he sits. And so it goes on. Employers are supposed to supply a sufficient number of towels, &c., in the lavatories; these are found to be in a filthy condition, and in one factory the supply is so insufficient that women are obliged to use their own clothing, which is saturated with lead. They are supposed to provide acid drinks to counteract the effects of the poison; in only one factory is this

properly done. They are to give any person feeling unwell an immediate order upon the doctor, and to provide the prescribed medicine; in one factory the workers are refused orders for the doctor, and obliged to go into the workhouse when ill.

For the worst cases of neglect of sanitary arrangements, and the consequent effect upon the workers, we refer readers to the chapter on the Cotton Industry in Cheshire and Lancashire; they will not bear quoting. As an example of the way in which employers accept their responsibilities we may, however, cite mill No. 289, in which the thermometer is watered twice daily at the time appointed under the Act for taking the temperature. Of course the only radical cure for these evils is a wider interpretation of their duty by the employers, upon whom the well-being of so many people depends. The defect is probably as much in their imaginations as in their consciences, and if they could once be made to realize for how many painful and ruined lives they are making themselves responsible, the ingenuity which is at present directed towards evading the Factory Acts would turn itself towards devising new remedies for existing evils.

Meanwhile, more might be done, pending the awakening of the employers, towards the effective carrying out of present legislation. We may conclude by quoting the opinion expressed by one of the Lady Assistant Commissioners who have compiled this report, "that the conditions of mill life in Yorkshire for women and children could be much improved by a more thorough system of inspection in factories. It is not possible for the present staff of inspectors to devote time to detailed enquiry; nor is it possible that they should, without such enquiry, become acquainted with the conditions of women's labour. The difference of wages for men and women, where both are engaged in the same employment appears to be a matter for trade organization, but the due ventilation of the work-rooms, the safety of the machinery, and the necessary sanitary arrangements could be enforced by law, *i.e.*, if it were possible for the inspections to be efficiently carried out."

H. Dendy.

THE HEROIC COUPLET.

I.

The history of the English heroic couplet illustrates the growth and development of our literature in a way which no other metre could afford. It has existed as a measure throughout the whole course of our poetic literature, and few are the great names which are not connected with its use. Were English prosody capable of providing exact definitions it might be difficult to find an apology for treating the structure of the heroic couplet at length. But this is not so; and to describe the variations of which the couplet is capable, it is necessary to illustrate many usages which it would not be possible to analyze with verbal accuracy. The framework of every ordinary English metre is a constant number of feet determined by emphasis; but within this limit the effect of the verse on the ear is infinitely varied by considerations of quantity, time, and the position of the cæsural pause. These qualities have never been submitted to the analysis of English prosody; and thus it happens that the normal English heroic verse, which may be mechanically defined as a ten-syllable line with five emphatic points, contains within itself a great number of varieties, apparently unacknowledged, but in the free and creative use of which the originality of the versifier is displayed. These varieties are so marked that the couplets of one writer might almost pass for a metre different in kind from that of another. The swift movement of Marlowe's verse affects the ear quite differently from such slow, winding lines as are to be found in Mr. Swinburne's *Erotion*.

> "Amorous Leander, beautiful and young,
> Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung,"

and

> "Sweet, for a little even to fear, and sweet,
> Oh love, to lay down fear at Love's fair feet,"

have only to be put side by side to illustrate such a proposition. Both couplets are by any metrical test strictly heroic, yet how great is the difference in rhythm, weight, and movement detected by the ear.

Again how different are Donne's

> "Thou art not soft and clear and straight and fair
> As down, as stars, cedars and lilies are,"

or Pope's

> "And he whose lightnings pierced the Iberian lines
> Now forms my quincunx and now ranks my vines,"

or Shelley's

> "The fountains of our deepest life shall be
> Confused in Passion's golden purity."

Chaucer's most famous verse is without doubt that composed in the couplet. With him the use of the metre was regular—an iambic rhythm, but without particular attention to the integrity of the couplet, or the place of the cæsura. Chaucerian prosody however, has passed beyond the limits of consideration proposed here,—the effect of verse on the ear,—and has entered the regions of the philologist and the grammarian, where we need not follow it. Of the poets from Chaucer to the age of Elizabeth who employed the metre little need be said. Its use was not frequent, and when we do find it there is no change from Chaucer's method. Gower, Lydgate, Occleve used the stanza and rhyme royal in preference to the couplet, though Douglas, who professedly was a follower of Chaucer, chose it for his translation of Virgil and proved himself a very successful imitator of his master's manner. Thus the stanza had in the interval between the age of Chaucer and that of the Elizabethans decidedly triumphed over the couplet. The metre which was destined to become the controlling power in English verse fares still worse among the writers who usher in the dawn of the greatest poetical era in our history. Surrey, Sackville, Gascoigne, not only never use the couplet but appear to be doing it irreparable injury by introducing its rival, blank verse. When English dramatic verse emerges from the barbarous doggerel of Gammer Gurton's Neddle, or Ralph Royster Doyster—"the jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits,"—it does so, not into a more polished form of rhyme, but into the neat, if "drumming, decasyllabons" of Gorbuduc or the "mighty line" of Marlowe; and the couplet seems as little likely to be advanced by one branch of poetry as the other. Action, however, is followed by reaction as surely in literary as in moral and political history. A desire to return to rhyme, was soon apparent in the great harmonizers of blank verse—Peele, Greene, and Marlowe. The instinctive tendency towards rhyme in all modern languages reasserted itself, and Marlowe, the very man who, if he did not discover blank verse, made it a living measure, was the first, out of that blank verse, to reproduce the heroic couplet. It needed but to rhyme the ends of a blank-verse line to produce what was in outward appearance the

old couplet of Chaucer, but what was in reality something very different—rhymed blank verse. Our modern heroic couplet, then, is descended not from a rhyming but from a blank-verse stock, and is metrically in continuity, not with Chaucer, but with Surrey's translation of the *Æneid*. This is the capital fact to remember in the consideration of the heroic couplet. The couplet of the Elizabethan and succeeding ages bears ample traces of its origin. The structure of its pauses and periods is the same as that of blank verse.*

II.

To illustrate the growth of the measure, it will be necessary to quote examples at each point where the metre took a new departure: in fact, to emphasize each link in the chain. These points, putting aside the first birth of the metre in Chaucer—will be its second and true birth in the Elizabethan age; the earliest modifications alike for dramatic and narrative purposes, for the elegy, the pastoral, the satire, and the epigram; the transitional period with the metaphysical poets; the new departure under Dryden; the crystallization with Pope; the eccentric forms in Churchill and Crabbe; the partial thawing in Campbell and Rogers and Cowper; the new birth with the Romanticists; and finally its elaboration with the poets of the Victorian age.

In Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* the verse starts into being in such perfection that it is difficult to believe it the creation of one man. The bounding fiery rhythms with which the poem is filled can with difficulty be read in silence, so strong is the sound that lies imprisoned in the lines. Taylor, the water-poet, has preserved a tradition that in his day the watermen on the Thames sweetened their labours at the oar by reciting lines from *Hero and Leander*. And, indeed, such verses are just those which rise to the lips in moments when mind and body are exhilarated by the excitement of physical exercise. Perhaps this rapid exulting quality of verse appears in its highest perfection in the lines which describe Leander's beauty:

> "Amorous Leander, beautiful and young
> (Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung),
> Dwelt at Abydos; since him dwelt there none
> For whom succeeding times make greater moan;
> His dangling tresses that were never shorn,
> Had they been cut and unto Colchos borne,
> Would have allured the venturous youth of Greece
> To hazard more than for the Golden Fleece.

* In that portion of this essay which precedes the present note I have resumed a few sentences from an article written by me in *The Saturday Review* in 1883.

Fair Cynthia wished his arms might be her sphere,
Grief makes her pale because she moves not there.
His body was as straight as Circe's wand,
Jove might have sipt out nectar from his hand."

Such lines can be better felt than analyzed, but, if some analysis is necessary, the secret of the swift movement of the verse is probably to be sought in the fact that at least half the lines begin with a strongly emphatic syllable, followed by two unemphatic syllables, a device which forces the pace of the line by starting it with a semi-dactylic rhythm. There are also, for English verse, comparatively few monosyllables, and a large number of the syllables are short in time. Yet the swift line was by no means the only artifice at the command of Marlowe. Verse can hardly be made more gliding and soft, nor "the heavenly rhetoric of love" find language that suits its gentle and winning mood better, than—

"If not for love, yet love, for pity-sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosom take;
At least vouchsafe these arms some little room,
Who, hoping to embrace thee, cheerly swoom:
This head was beat with many a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest upon thy pillow."

The sequence of emphasis is here iambic and regular; soft consonants predominate and syllables long in time. Hence the peculiar softness of cadence. Marlowe's verse, as all lovers of his poetry know, abounds with gnomic lines of most exquisite workmanship. These gems of sententious writing are usually conveyed in the form of one couplet, and claim special notice here as foreshadowing the time when the scheme of the metre should become a mere string of couplets entirely independent of each other in construction.

"Love is not full of pity as men say,
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey."

"Cupid beats down her prayers with his wings,
Her vows about the empty air he flings."

"Sweet are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
When like desires and like affections meet."

"'Tis wisdom to give much, a gift prevails
When deep persuading oratory fails."

Of Marlowe's use of the female ending many examples might be given. Not till Keats reawoke the tones of the Elizabethan lyre was the secret of interweaving double rhymes with single practised with such art. The couplet describing the waves—

"Which mounted up intending to have kissed him,
And fell in drops like tears because they missed him,"

is a good example. The description of the shepherd girl wooed by Mercury yields another—

> "Whose careless hair, instead of pearl to adorn it,
> Glistened with dew, as one that seemed to scorn it."

But no more space can be spared to Marlowe than is enough to establish the facts that the metre started by him is a rhymed blank verse using the already discovered artifices of blank verse, and that Marlowe gave to the world an instrument from which he could elicit almost every possible harmony. Indeed, in the variations of the measure used by Marlowe may be discovered instances of almost all the artifices used by later versifiers. It is as if in the seed of a flower it were possible to find indications of all the varieties which the flower would prove capable of producing. In most of his imitators, however, the measure at once sank below the height to which he had raised it, a height and splendour not again attained till *Lamia* and *Epipsychidion*.

III.

The ten-syllable rhyming couplet in the drama must be treated separately from the main stream of verse. Almost contemporaneously with the publication of the *Hero and Leander* we begin to find in the drama continuous passages of rhyme, and not of the old doggerel verse but of regular measure. That these rhymed passages do not begin till after the appearance of the *Hero and Leander* it would be unsafe to affirm too absolutely; but it is certain that rhyme, banished entirely from the earliest blank-verse plays, is reintroduced about this date. The old play of *Jeronimo* yields the following couplets, which may stand as an example of the first appearance of regular rhymed iambic verse in the drama :—

> "Here seal the letter with a loving knot,
> Send it with speed, Horatio, linger not."
>
> "That Don Andrea may prevent his death,
> And know his enemy by his envious breath."

It is a pleasure to turn from this to the beautiful verse in which Shakespeare attempted to use the couplet for dramatic writing.

> "Demetrius loves you fair, oh, happy fair,
> Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
> More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
> When wheat is green, when hawthorne buds appear."

This is evidently sprung from Marlowe, though the last line could never have been written by anyone but Shakespeare. No poet of that age could write of the woods and fields as he does. Marlowe is followed still more closely in such lines as

> "Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind,
> And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind,"

which are simply an echo from the *Hero and Leander*. Apart from the Marlowesque verse of the earlier plays, those remarkable passages of rhyme in which the Player King and Queen speak in *Hamlet* must be noticed.

> "Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
> Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
> To desperation turn my trust and hope.
> An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
> Each opposite that blanks the face of joy,
> Meet what I would have well and it destroy!
> Both here and hence, pursue me lasting strife
> If, once a widow, ever I be wife!"

What is it that gives the peculiarly stilted and monotonous cadence that we find in these lines?—a cadence in no way accidental, for Shakespeare evidently meant to make this play within a play stand out distinctly, and to mark its frigid academic character—"writ in choice Italian." The effect is produced in the first place by the constant verbal antitheses which tend to give an artificial colouring, and then by the marked and monotonous insistence on such emphatic syllables as are suitable to see-saw declamation. The lines seem to anticipate the time when the blank-verse structure of the couplet should be entirely abandoned.

The largest and most methodical use of rhyme in the Elizabethan plays is in the Pastoral Drama and in the Masques. Here the couplet is often found wrought with great lyric and idyllic beauty. The splendour and variety of the measure in such writing can be best shown by putting side by side three examples.

From the Masque in the *Tempest:*

> "Cæres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
> Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease,
> Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
> And flat meads, thatched with stover, them to keep;
> Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,
> Which spongey April at thy hest betrims,
> To make cold nymphs chaste crowns."

From Ben Jonson's *Pan's Anniversary:*

> "Well done, my pretty ones, rain roses still,
> Until the last be dropped; then hence, and fill
> Your fragrant prickles for a second shower.
> Bring corn-flag, tulip, and Adonis-flower,
> Fair ox-eye, goldy-locks, and columbine,
> Pinks, goulands, king-cups, and sweet sops-in-wine,
> Blue hair-bells, pageles, pansies, calaminth,
> Flower-gentle, and the fair-haired hyacinth,
> Bring rich carnations, fleur-de-luces, lillies,
> The chequed, and purple ringed daffodillies,
> Bright crown-imperial, kingspear, holyhocks,
> Sweet Venus-navel, and soft lady-smocks."

From Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess:*

"Shepherd, I pray thee stay; where hast thou been
Or whither goest thou? here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled streams, with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any.
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines, caves and dells.
Chose where thou wilt whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes to make many a ring
For thy long fingers, tell thee tales of love,
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountains with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest."

Such passages as these hardly fall below Marlowe. One extract to illustrate the curious attempt made by Dryden and Otway to reintroduce rhyme into tragedy will conclude all that need be said on the couplet as written by the dramatists. Don John (in Otway's *Don Carlos*) "discovered in an orange grove," declaims against the tyranny of Law over Nature—

"Why should dull Law rule Nature, who first made
That Law by which herself is now betrayed.
Ere man's corruptions made him wretched, he
Was born most noble, who was born most free.
Each of himself was Lord and unconfined,
Obeyed the dictates of his God-like mind;
Law was an innovation brought in since,
When fools began to love obedience
And called their slavery safety and defence."

We may smile at this, and Otway had no doubt set himself an impossible task; still if declamation for the stage is to be put into rhyme it could hardly be more skilfully managed than Otway contrives to manage it throughout a long tragedy. It is not possible to look through his three rhymed plays, *Alcibiades*, *Don Carlos*, and *Titus and Bernice*, without being struck by Otway's power of manipulating long sentences in rhyme. Dryden's rhymed plays, if not successful dramatically, give still more remarkable instances of the masterly handling of a rhyming period, but these we must leave to continue the history of the couplet.

IV.

Before, however, dealing with the main stream of verse, it will be necessary to speak of Spenser. Spenser, far more than any of his

contemporaries, was inspired by the native spirit of English verse. He alone of the Elizabethans holds Chaucer and the elder poets by the hand. Thus it happens that the newest metrical products of his age affect him so little. Blank verse he never uses, and he has only once adopted the true heroic couplet. This one occasion is *Mother Hubbard's Tale*. Here, like Shakespeare, Spenser has no alternative but to imitate Marlowe's cadence. A few archaic words are all that separate them. The fine lines which describe what it is to be a suitor for Court favour will serve as an excellent example.

> "To lose good days, that might be better spent,
> To waste long nights in pensive discontent,
> To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
> To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow,
> To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres,
> To have thy asking, yet wait many years,
> To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,
> To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs,
> To fawne, to crouche, to wait, to ride, to run,
> To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

This has something of the ring of those rhetorical passages in which Leander pleads his love. The first words seem even a verbal echo from *Hero and Leander*. The line, "And spends the night that might be better spent," occurs near the beginning of the second Sestiad.

Marlowe's measure did not undergo any marked change or development till it was taken up by Ben Jonson and Dr. Donne. These great poets by using it for epigram and elegy, rather than for narrative or semi-narrative purposes, gave it a new configuration, new powers, and new resources. Ben Jonson's famous lines on Shakespeare are his high-water mark in the use of the heroic verse; but the less familiar lines forming an epigram on a courtier shall be quoted here. They show how direct and how nervous the couplet could become when used for purposes of invective by a master-hand. One sees the mould being shaped for Dryden and Pope.

> "Ask not to know this man. If fame should speak
> His name in any metal it would break.
> Two letters are enough the plague to tear
> Out of his grave and poison every ear.
> A parcel of court dirt, a heap, a mass
> Of all vice hurled together, there he was
> Proud, false, and treacherous, vindictive, all
> That thought can add, unthankful, the lay-stall
> Of putrid flesh alive! of blood the sink,
> And so I leave to stir him lest he stink."

As Ben Jonson shares with Donne the praise of having introduced the "epistle in verse," a form to which we are indebted for so

much that is admirable, from the *Epistle to the Countess of Bedford* to the *Letter to Maria Gisborne*, it would be only justice, did space allow, to quote an example of his literary letters. Jonson also, as the introducer of that kind of poem which, for want of a better name, may be called "a copy of verses," deserves special notice. The lines on Lord Bacon's birthday belong to this category, and contain one couplet of great beauty made familiar by Macaulay's quotation—

> "Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full
> Out of their softest and their whitest wool."

Donne, though his occasional epistles are not to be compared with Jonson's, far outshines the latter in his Elegies. In these wonderful poems, Donne has exhibited passion not in its first heat but in all the intensity of its reflex action. Such moods may be shameful, morbid, unholy, but if they are to be analyzed they can hardly find more minute and truthful expression than in Donne. His verse possesses a quality which will always make Donne repulsive to the many: above all price to the few. Here is an example drawn from the curious, half-satirical elegy *On Change:*

> "Waters stink soon if in one place they abide,
> And in the vast sea are more purified;
> But when they kiss one bank, and leaving this
> Never look back but the next bank do kiss,
> Then are they purest: change is the nursery
> Of music, joy, life, and eternity,"

This illustrates his use of the measure well, though it is not a very striking example of the quality alluded to above. This must be sought in his poems as a whole. Perhaps his greatest metrical triumph is to be found in the lines called *The Autumnal.*

> "Fair eyes! who asks more heat than comes from hence,
> He in a fever wishes pestilence.
> Call not these wrinkles graves: if graves they were,
> They were Love's graves or else he is nowhere.
> Yet lies not Love dead here, but here does sit
> Vowed to this trench like an anachorit;
> And here till hers, which must be his death come,
> He doth not dig a grave but build a tomb.
> Here dwells he, though he sojourn everywhere
> In progress, yet his standing house is here.
> Here where still evening is, nor noon, nor night,
> Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight."

They show to some extent the tones of the curious instrument on which Donne played airs so strangely seductive. Donne's versification has been called crabbed and absolutely unmusical. Indeed, it has been doubted if it is verse at all. For such critics no attempts at scanning will avail, nor, on the other hand, will they for Donne's admirers elicit the secret of his harmonies. In Donne for the first time we begin to lose sight of the influence of Marlowe, and to find

the metre written in complete couplets, *i.e.*, not with an obvious blank-verse structure.

The first uses of the couplet for satire do not yield anything especially characteristic. Neither Marston nor Donne shine much in their satiric verse. Heywood's *Hierarchy of Angels* contains some well-written familiar half-satiric verse.

> "Excellent Beaumont in the foremost rank
> Of the rarest wits, was never more than Frank.
> Mellifluous Shakespeare, whose enchanting quill
> Commanded mirth or passion, was but Will;
> And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
> Be dipped in Castalay is still but Ben.
> Fletcher and Webster, of that learned pack
> None of the meanest, neither was but Jack;
> Decker but Tom; nor May nor Middlêton;
> And he's now but Jack Ford that once was John."

As Lamb points out, the author of this complaint against the curtailment of the poets' names was not really satirically given, nor has the measure in this case effectively fitted itself to the point and wit of satire.

V.

A little later in date than the authors already quoted, Browne, Herrick, and Habington, were beginning to introduce a new note into the metre. Habington will always claim notice for the quiet charm of his language and the purity of his sentiment. Such lines as *To Castara in a Trance* are indeed excellent, and show a rare sweetness of versification. Herrick's couplets are not equal to his short songs, but they are interesting as an attempt to treat the measure lyrically. The verses that usher in that fascinating revel of rhymes, the *Hesperides*—that fairest of gardens to wander through in summer—are as successful as any. The first four lines of a little lyric called *The Meadow Verse* are, however, less well-known and as suitable for quotation.

> "Come with the spring-time forth fair maid, and be
> This year again the meadow's deity.
> Yet ere ye enter, give us leave to set
> Upon your head this flowery coronet."

Browne's *Pastorals*, as all lovers of English verse know, abound with descriptive passages of great beauty. Foremost among these is the passage from which Keats (as Mr. W. Arnold has pointed out in his masterly introduction to Browne in Ward's *English Poets*) took the idea of the description of the unrobing of Madeline in *The Eve of St. Agnes*.

> "And as a lovely maiden, pure and chaste,
> With naked ivory neck and gown unlaced,
> Within her chamber, when the day is fled,
> Makes poor her garments to enrich her bed.

First puts she off her lily silken gown,
That shrieks for sorrow as she lays it down,
And with her arms graceth a waistcoat fine
Embracing her as it would n'er untwine.
Her flaxen hair ensnaring all beholders
She next permits to wave about her shoulders."

Great, however, as was the metrical skill employed by these writers, it was not from them that we have directly inherited the couplet. It is the poets of the metaphysical school,—writers like Sylvester—that hand on the metre. Strange to say, it was doomed to enter this slough of verbal conceit and tumid epithet before it could rise purified by Denham and Waller. These two poets who stand on the threshold of the new era, the era of Dryden and Pope, deserve full illustration. As Dryden pointed out, the couplet in Denham's *Cowper's Hill :*

"Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full,"

was a discovery capable of revolutionizing our heroic verse. The following lines, also from *Cowper's Hill,* show two important facts connected with Denham,—his introduction of the antithesis on the one hand and the metaphysical qualities of his verse on the other.

"My eye descending from the hill surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays,
Thames the most loved of all the ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold
Whose foam is amber and whose bottom gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom but survey his shore.
* * * * *
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes nor mock the ploughman's toil ;
But God-like his unwearied bounty flows,
First loves to do, then loves the good he does."

There is hardly to be found in literature a more curious and complete instance of a transitional style. The old and new manners are side by side. Pope might have written from the sixth line to the end. Donne the second and third couplets. Waller's lines on the *Death of the Protector* show the other great influence at work. The attention paid to the integrity of the couplet and to the refinement of the diction are Waller's contribution. The danger of keeping the couplet entire is always the danger of falling into a bathos, and this Waller did not escape. He leads off with a famous example of the anticlimax.

"Under the tropic is our language spoke
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke."

One good line is written, the second is a botch to make couplet and sense end together. But Waller could do better than this:—

> "We must resign! Heaven his great soul dost claim
> In storms as loud as his immortal fame;
> His dying groans, his last breath shakes our isle,
> And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile.
> * * * * *
> Our bound's enlargement was his latest toil,
> Nor hath he left us prisoners to our isle."

To deal adequately with the transitional period it would be necessary to treat of all that "mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease during the days of Charles II. and James II." As it is we must be content with examining Dryden, nor try to show in each of his contemporaries whether they held like Oldham with the old order or like Roscommon with the new. And with Dryden it will be necessary to notice how the metre, which had changed so slowly in the hundred years since Marlowe, suddenly assumed a new form—by a single man's touch became transfigured. Dryden, though he largely adopted the metrical discoveries of Denham and Waller, was needed to make those discoveries vital and permanent. Without Dryden the metre might easily have lost the little impetus those poets had given it, and might never have taken the position it now holds. The pre-eminent position of the ten-syllable couplet in English poetry seems to us so like a fact of nature that it is difficult to think that it might have fallen into the second place; yet this might easily have happened had Dryden, instead of using it, adopted the quatrain which Davenant had tried so hard to rear as the true heroic verse in *Gondibert*, and which the author of the *Annus Mirabilis* himself at first seemed inclined to employ. Examples of Dryden's different manners, put side by side, will show the enormous advance made in the metre, not perhaps in mere beauty of sound, but in crispness, flexibility, and perspicuity.

The first is from *Phalamen and Arcite*, and describes the victor Arcite in language which was perhaps meant to suggest the weak and beautiful Monmouth:

> "The victor knight had laid his helm aside,
> Part for his ease, the greater part for pride:
> Bareheaded popularly low he bowed
> And paid the salutations of the crowd.
> Then spurring at full speed ran end-long on
> Where Theseus sat on his imperial throne;
> Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye,
> Where next the Queen was placed his Emily."

The following is an example of Dryden's elegiac manner from the *Elegy on Oldham*.

> "Once more, hail and farewell; farewell, thou young
> But Ah too short Marcellus of our tongue!

Thy brows with ivy and with laurel bound ;
But Fate and gloomy night encompass thee around."

His satiric manner may be well exampled by the description of Doeg.

" Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blundering kind of melody ;
Spurred boldly on, and dashed through thick and thin,
Through sense and nonsense never out nor in ;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And in one word heroically mad,
He was too warm on picking work to dwell,
But fagotted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhymed and rattled, all was well.
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature ;
He needs no more than birds and beasts to think,
All his occasions are to eat and drink."

A few lines must be extracted from one of the Prologues to show his manner in this peculiar form of writing. Such verses, it must never be forgotten, were intended for declamation.

" What Greece, when learning flourished, only knew,
Athenian Judges, you this day renew.
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes lost or won.
Methinks I see you, crowned with olives, sit,
And strike a sacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where even the best are but by mercy free ;
A day which none but Jonson durst have wish'd to see."

The prologue is addressed to the University of Oxford. These four quotations show Dryden as the poet who wielded a more practised pen than any in our literature. Had his soul been as great as his power of expression, what name could be found to equal his. Never frank and open, cursed by the weakness of self-criticism, Dryden is baffled when he tries to reach the highest heaven of invention, just as is the faultless painter in Mr. Browning's *Men and Women*. Dryden, in many allusions, indirect or reflective, shows us how well he knew this himself. " The second temple was not like the first," is a note ever present. Its most direct expression is in the heart-stirring lines—

" Oh, gracious God! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy,
Made prostitute and profligate the muse,
Debased to each obscene, each impious use."

A note of passion is sounded here that is absent from Dryden's ordinary work.

The metrical artifices of Dryden are not complicated; he does not use any extraordinary expedients. The secret of the beauty of his verse is to be sought in the wonderful balance he contrives

to keep between the various rhetorical and metrical requirements of his theme. This sense of balance is marvellously maintained in the use of antithesis and alliteration. His exquisite critical faculty saved him from falling into extremes in either case.

VI.

When Addison, Garth, Gay, and Prior wanted to "lisp in metre," the verse that came was the couplet of Dryden. But they could not bend the bow. Antithesis, antithesis, and again antithesis, was all they saw in it, and what all resolved to use. This coarse artifice, recklessly employed, could not but end in spoiling what it was meant to adorn. Pope, by the exercise of that good sense which he possessed in so high a degree, by his variety of diction, and by an unfailing instinct in the use of words, was able, though he employed the antithesis unsparingly, to do so in such a way as seldom to weary and disgust. But in this he stands alone. His contemporaries and followers were not proof against the seductions of the antithesis, and were destroyed poetically by its tyranny. The best passages in Pope are so constantly on our lips that to quote them seems a work of supererogation. Yet to write on the couplet and not give illustrations from Pope would be impossible. What may be called his staccato use of the measure, little crisp antitheses which fall on the ear as rays of light flashed quickly from a mirror, is well illustrated by the lines which precede the famous description of Godolphin.

> "See the same man in health and in the gout,
> Alone, in company, in place or out,
> Early at business, or at hazard late,
> Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate,
> Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball,
> Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall."

This is indeed perfect, and if taken alone almost makes what has been said of the antithesis pass for blasphemy. The lines on Addison, on Sporus, on Atossa, are each in turn excellent for musical cadence and sparkling, almost explosive, diction. The elegy *On an Unfortunate Lady*, the rhetorical description of Heaven in *Eloisa and Abelard*, the didactic splendours of the passage on Marlborough in the *Essay on Man*, the catastrophe of the *Dunciad*, might all be quoted to do justice to Pope's beauty of verse. The lines in the *Dunciad* which describe the travelling youth are, however, not so well known and equally worth notice. They show in a marked degree Pope's power of heightening his satiric writing by introducing touches of true

poetry. Pope was a poet, no matter how seldom he wrote poetry.

"Intrepid then o'er seas and lands he flew,
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too,
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way.
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons,
Or Tiber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls,
To happy convents bosomed deep in vines,
Where slumber Abbots purple as their wines.
To isles of fragrance, lily-silvered vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales,
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves,
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps.
Where, eased of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamoured swain."

The verses which end the *Epistle to Martha Blount* have in them like the last quotation, the true poetic note, though they contain, nothing quite so exquisite as the "happy convents bosomed deep in vines."

"Ah Friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring
Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing.
So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light
Serene in virgin modesty she shines
And unobserved the glaring orb declines."

To follow the scheme already laid down it will not be necessary to examine the ordinary verse of the eighteenth century. Its manner was Pope's manner without any change as far as externals were concerned. The two exceptions (though perhaps Goldsmith almost makes a third) are Churchill and Crabbe. The peculiarity of the former's manner can be best exhibited by the lines which form a refrain to the satire of *Gotham*.

"Rejoice ye happy Gothamites, rejoice!
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness; and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing."

His style is more ordinary in the next quotation, but still he wears the metre "with a difference."

"Italia, nurse of every softer art,
Who, feigning to refine, unmans the heart,
Italia, to complete and crown our shame,
Sends us a fiend and Legion is his name.

> The farce of greatness, without being great,
> Pride without power, titles without estate,
> Souls without vigour, bodies without force,
> Hate without cause, revenge without remorse,
> Dark mean revenge, murder without defence,
> Jealousy without love, sound without sense,
> Mirth without humour, wit without grimace,
> Faith without reason, Gospel without grace,
> Zeal without knowledge, without nature art,
> Men without manhood, women without heart.

Crabbe need not detain us long. It is true that he used a form of verse which to the ear has a peculiar ring, but the explanation is rather to be sought in the quality of his diction than in any peculiar metrical artifice. His use of the antithesis was extraordinarily copious and he mixed with it a curious love of conceit. The famous lines in the *Rejected Addresses* parody this defect with great success. Crabbe, however, could on occasion make his verse assume the passion and intensity which his subjects demanded, and often he showed an exquisite grace of language. Take the charming lines—

> "Or like fair virgins dancing in a round,
> Each binds the other and herself is bound."

Cowper, Rogers, and Campbell cannot be considered in detail. Cowper, in effect, uses Pope's couplet, while Campbell and Rogers, if they can lay claim to having made any alteration, must do so as the creators of what we may call the Prize Poem Style. Byron had too little ear to enable him to do anything original in the couplet, and his lack of knowledge of English literature prevented the Elizabethan forms from influencing him. Little that he has written in it is remarkable, though some of the early satiric poems have a clear metallic ring, and the *Corsair* contains a few passages of glowing rhetoric. Yet one couplet of supreme excellence is to be found even in his worst poem, *The Island*.

> "The buttress from some mountain's bosom hurled,
> When the poles crashed and water was the world."

VII.

The new awakening of the metre with our Romantics presents great difficulties to one bent on selecting illustrative passages. Keats, Shelley, and their satellite, Leigh Hunt, may be put side by side, as these three are all inspired directly from the Elizabethans. Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Landor may also not inappropriately be grouped, because they, not so much from contact with the Elizabethans as from an inborn sense of melody, developed striking and original uses of the metre,—not equal, perhaps, to those of Keats and Shelley, but still beautiful and interesting.

Keats may be represented by a passage from one of the Epistles, which shows how natural was his return to the Elizabethan manner. He did not begin by using Pope's couplet, as did Wordsworth, in his boyish verse.

> "Lays have I made of such a dear delight
> That maids will sing them on their bridal night,
> Gay villagers upon a morn of May,
> When they have tired their gentle limbs with play,
> And formed a snowy circle on the grass,
> And placed in midst of all that lovely lass,
> Who chosen is their queen—with her fine head
> Crowned with flowers purple, white, and red:
> For there the lily and the musk-rose sighing
> Are emblems true of hapless lovers dying;
> Between her breasts that never yet felt trouble,
> A bunch of violets, full blown and double,
> Serenely sleep."

For Shelley, since space allows but a single quotation, nothing can be found better than the lines of fire which end the *Epipsychidion*.

> "And we will talk until thought's melody
> Become too sweet for utterance and it die
> In words to live again in looks, which dart
> With thrilling tone into the voiceless heart,
> Harmonizing silence without a sound.
> Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms bound,
> And our veins beat together; and our lips
> With other eloquence than words eclipse
> The soul that burns within them; and the wells
> Which boil under our beings inmost cells,
> The fountains of our deepest life shall be
> Confused in passion's golden purity."

The following lines from the *Story of Rimini* may serve to show Leigh Hunt's elegant and harmonious versification.

> "And round about ran on a line with this
> In like relief, a world of pagan bliss
> That shewed, in various scenes, the nymphs themselves;
> Some by the water-side, on bowery shelves,
> Leaning at will,—some in the stream at play—
> Some pelting the young Fawns with buds of May—
> Or half asleep, pretending not to see,
> The latter in the brakes come creepingly."

In each of these three quotations, but least in Shelley, it is easy to see abundant traces of Elizabethan influence. Keats has most of the spirit of the Elizabethans, Leigh Hunt most of their mannerisms. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor, completely shook off the influence of Pope, and created a metrical form each for himself. Wordsworth and Coleridge, however, seldom employed the metre. When they did it was rather for lyric or elegiac than for narrative purposes. Landor, too, though he wrote a considerable

quantity of verse in the couplet, used it principally for fugitive or occasional verse. The *Happy Warrior* affords a good example of Wordsworth's handling of the measure—

> "Whose powers shed round him in the common strife
> Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
> A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
> But who, if he be called upon to face
> Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
> Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
> Is happy as a lover, and attired
> With sudden brightness like a man inspired."

We must go back to Ben Jonson before we can find couplets written with such a noble breadth and sweep of hand, and yet so melodious. Coleridge, whose ear for the music of verse was critically perfect, wrote only one poem of great mark in the heroic couplet. The *Garden of Boccaccio* is written with the utmost art. There is the same power of composition that we find in Dryden, with a far more exquisite appreciation of sensuous melody. Take the lines—

> "I see no longer, I myself am there,
> Sit on the green-sward and the banquet share;
> 'Tis I that sweep that lute's love-echoing strings,
> And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings,"

It is a miracle that verse can be so sweet and yet "bring to its sweetness no satiety."

Landor must be next laid under contribution. It is very difficult to find a short quotation which will do him justice; and yet his use of the measure was so much his own that he cannot be omitted. The second line in the *Epitaph on Southey* has a beautiful cadence often used by Landor.

> "Friends hear the words my wandering thoughts would say,
> And cast them into shape some other day.
> Southey my friend of forty years is gone,
> And shattered by the fall I stand alone."

VIII.

It is curious that the greatest name in modern verse is but little associated with the use of the couplet, for Lord Tennyson wrote a very small number of consecutive ten-syllable couplets, a fact which seems almost inexplicable when we remember the exquisite rhythms that precede the *Vision of Sin*. Perhaps Lord Tennyson found that the measure hardly left him free enough to use his idyllic felicities of expression. Mr. Browning in one memorable poem has used the couplet for a longer subject. In *Sordello* the handling of the metre is markedly Elizabethan. The framework of the measure is exactly that of blank-verse. Mr. Browning also used our heroic verse for some of his shorter pieces, such as the *Lady of Tripoli* and *The Last Duchess*, and always with great force and

beauty. Mr. William Morris has probably written more couplets than any of his contemporaries. He attempts to revive the cadence of Chaucer, and has met with considerable success, but his elegant and flowing verse cannot claim any great praise for originality of metrical artifice. Three poets of the present generation who have made a conscious effort to differentiate the metre are Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Frederick Myers, and Mr. Watson.

Mr. Swinburne in his *Tristram and Iseult* has made a real contribution to the resources of English heroic verse. His use of the measure, however, though original, legitimate, and admirably suited for lyric or elegiac purposes, is for narrative verse too circular in movement. One has only to quote the exquisite description of Iseult to illustrate this.

> "The very veil of her bright flesh was made
> As of light woven and moonbeam-coloured shade
> More fine than moonbeams; white her eyelids shone
> As snow sun-stricken that endures the sun,
> And through their curled and coloured clouds of deep
> Luminous lashes, thick as dreams in sleep
> Shone as the sea's depth swallowing up the sky's,
> The springs of unimaginable eyes.
> As the wave's subtler emerald is pierced through
> With the utmost heaven's inextricable blue,
> And both are woven and molten in one sleight
> Of amorous colour and implicated light
> Under the golden guard and gaze of noon,
> So glowed their aweless amorous plenilune,
> Azure and gold and ardent grey, made strange
> With fiery difference and deep interchange
> Inexplicable of glories multiform;
> Now as the sullen sapphire swells toward storm
> Foamless, their bitter beauty grew acold,
> And now afire with ardour of fine gold."

Mr. Myers' handling of the couplet next deserves notice. Mr. Myers' manner has been termed "the apotheosis of the prize poem style," and this it is, though in no derogatory sense. His verse is essentially declamatory and academic. It has no kindred with the Elizabethan revival, and holds far more with Rogers and Campbell than with Keats or Shelley. It has little or nothing of blank verse in its cadences, and yet seems to have solved the problem of preserving the integrity of the couplet without degenerating either into bathos or meaningless antithesis. The high-sounding lines that conclude the *Translation of Faith* bear ample testimony to the truth of this. Faith appears at the Œcumenical Council in St. Peter's.

> "In that high dome I neither know nor say
> What Power and Presence was alive that day,
> No, nor what Faith, in what transfigured form,
> Rode on the ghostly spaces of the storm:

For sight of eyes, nor ear with hearing knew
That windless wind that where it listed blew;
Yet seeing eyes and ears that hear shall be
As dust and nothingness henceforth for me
Who once have felt the blowing Spirit roll
Life on my life and on my soul a soul.
And first the conclave and the choir, and then
The immeasurable multitude of men,
Bowed and fell down, bowed and fell down, as though
A mighty rushing wind had laid them low;
Yea to all hearts a revelation came,
As flying thunder and as flying flame;
A moment then the vault above him seemed
To each man as the Heaven that he had dreamed;
A moment then the floor whereon he trod
Became the pavement of the courts of God;
And in the aisles was silence, in the dome
Silence, and no man knew that it was Rome."

The last of the modern poets who demands notice for his handling of the couplet is Mr. Watson. Mr. Watson has the happy gift of being both original and classical in spirit. He knows how to be fresh without putting his trust in affectations. "The perfection of this inestimable art" is well shown in his contribution to the use of English heroic verse. Take the following lines:—

"Darkening the azure roof of Nero's world,
From smouldering Rome the smoke of ruin curled;
And the fierce populace went clamouring;
'These Christian dogs, 'tis they have done this thing!'
So to the wild wolf Hate were sacrificed
The panting, huddled flock whose crime was Christ.
Now Peter lodged in Rome, and rose each morn
Looking to be ere night in sunder torn
By those blind hands that with inebriate zeal
Burned the strong Saints, or broke them on the wheel,
Or flung them to the lions to make mirth
For dames that ruled the lords that ruled the earth."

It is difficult to read this and not to feel that Mr. Watson is destined to enrich even a measure already so augustly endowed. Truly the English heroic couplet has a splendid history. It flows "with pomp of waters unwithstood" throughout our literature, and every age and every poet has done it homage. There are only five among our greater poets who have not used it largely. These are Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold, and even these five have all written in it. Milton's verse may indeed be said to have first blossomed in the couplet. The only one of the Juvenilia quite worthy of him is the English continuation of his Latin prize elegy. Again, Wordsworth's noblest elegy is in the couplet; while Coleridge in the *Garden of Boccaccio* and Matthew Arnold in *The Church of Brou* each gave it of their best. As a measure, indeed, the ten-syllable couplet has only one rival—blank

verse. There, truly, it must own a superior, for in dignity, melody, and force the rhymed verse can never equal the unrhymed.

IX.

I cannot leave this amateur ramble in the Highlands of Poetry without a word of apology for my temerity. I make no claim to any real contribution to the history of the couplet. Those, however, of my readers who have been brought in contact with aspects of our poetry hitherto unobserved will, I feel sure, readily grant me pardon; nor need a like pardon be withheld by those to whom every one of my quotations is familiar. They will at any rate have had the pleasure of recognizing old favourites.

St. Loe Strachey.

COLLIERY EXPLOSIONS AND COAL-DUST.

UNTIL less than twenty years ago, firedamp (CH_4) was held to be the chief and essential agent in all colliery explosions, and is still so considered by some experienced mining authorities and by many practical mine managers. Coal-dust is not mentioned in any of the Coal Mines Regulation Acts, passed in 1850, 1855, 1860, and 1872; the term first appears in the Act of 1887.

In the year 1876 Mr. Wm. Galloway, then one of H.M. Inspectors of Mines, read a paper before the Royal Society, describing experiments he had made, proving that an atmosphere containing less than 1 per cent. of firedamp became inflammable at ordinary pressure and temperature, when charged with fine dry coal-dust. As the only means of detecting firedamp in practical use will not show less than 2 per cent. of firedamp, this paper revealed a serious source of danger. Mr. Galloway's further researches led him to the definite conclusion that firedamp was not an essential element in colliery explosions; but that explosions could be initiated, and indefinitely extended, by coal-dust alone. Others arrived at the same conclusion from experience gained in investigating some of the largest explosions of recent times.

The question was prominently raised before the Royal Commission on Accidents in Mines, by the explosion, at Seaham Colliery, on the 8th September, 1880, when 164 men and 181 horses and ponies were killed; the explosion being attributed by the writer and by Mr. Forman, president of the Durham Miners' Association, entirely to coal-dust, ignited by a gunpowder shot. The final Report of this Commission left the question in an unsettled state. The collective result of the report, owing to the guarded and qualified terms in which it is couched, may have led practical men to the conclusion that a pure coal-dust explosion was not possible in their mines. At any rate, the conclusions set forth fell far short of the contention of the so-called coal-dust theorists, who maintained that not only was coal-dust the chief agent in wide-spreading or monster explosions, but that it was the sole agent in some of the most extensive and destructive explosions of recent

times. In a book* published in 1886, five such explosions are particularly described; and three of them are attributed entirely to coal-dust, ignited by gunpowder shots. Since then the large explosions at Altofts and Elemore, both in 1886, are attributed to the same cause, and fifteen later explosions, involving the loss of about 920 lives, have occurred under conditions which render it probable that coal-dust was a prominent, if not the chief or only agent of destruction.

In order to render intelligible to those unacquainted with the working of mines, the further discussion of the subject, the following brief description of the working of coal mines is given. The entrances to deep mines, such as those in which extensive explosions occur, are almost invariably perpendicular shafts; usually from ten to twenty feet in diameter. The shafts, always two, and sometimes more in number, are usually sunk within a short distance of each other. One of the shafts, called the downcast, is used for the entrance of the ventilating current, and this shaft is usually also the winding shaft for the extraction of coal and the passage of workmen. The other shaft, called the upcast, is often used solely as the exit for the ventilating current, and as a second outlet for men in case of accident to the downcast shaft, but in some cases it is also used for winding coal. As soon as the shafts are connected at the bottom, the ventilating current is induced by a furnace near the bottom of the upcast shaft, or a fan on the surface. As the working of the mine advances, the air current is forced from the downcast shaft to the working faces by closing all entrances between the roads connecting the two shafts by brick stoppings or doors, so that the only routes between the shafts left open for air, are those by way of the working faces. The roads from the downcast shaft by which the air enters the mine are called main intakes, and the roads leading to the upcast shafts by which the air leaves the mine are called main return air-ways. In large mines the current is divided into several divisions or "splits," each ventilating a separate district of workings, and all returning by different routes to the upcast shaft. Enormous volumes of air are thus circulated in large and fiery mines; in some cases approaching half-a-million cubic feet per minute; and velocities exceeding 1,000 feet per minute are not uncommon in the main intake and return air-ways. The coal is worked either on the "board and pillar" system or by "longwall," which need not be here described. The main roads for the passage of air and haulage of coal vary in size from about six feet square to seven or eight feet high by eight or ten feet wide. Sometimes the mine is laid out in "panels," or isolated districts, each connected with the rest of the workings by two or three

* *Explosions in Coal Mines*, by W. N. and J. B. Atkinson.

passages only. The coal is filled by the hewers or getters at the working faces, into tubs or trams holding from six to thirty hundredweights, about ten hundredweights being a common load. These tubs are conveyed from the working-places by manual or horse-power, or in inclined seams by gravity, to the main haulage roads, along which they are usually drawn by engine power, acting through ropes, to the shafts. The main haulage roads are also almost universally the main intake air-ways of the mines; and in large mines these roads extend in several directions for thousands of yards, and in extreme cases for four or five miles from the shaft.

Firedamp issues from the strata of fiery mines, and chiefly from the coal itself, as a steady flow; and nearly all deep mines produce firedamp in smaller or larger quantities. When the coal is moist the evolution of firedamp is accompanied by a hissing noise, as it forces its way through the water. In some cases firedamp is given off in the form of "blowers" or "sudden outbursts," some of which suddenly liberate enormous quantities of gas. When mixed with air in proportions varying from about 5 to 16 per cent., firedamp forms a more or less explosive mixture, according to the proportion of gas, and the conditions under which the ignition or explosion occurs. When there is 9·38 per cent. of firedamp, the mixture contains the proportion of oxygen necessary for complete combustion, and this forms the most explosive mixture. Pure firedamp burns, in the presence of oxygen, with a bluish flame, but is only explosive when mixed with air within the proportions stated above. When there is from 2 to 5 per cent. of firedamp in the atmosphere it can be detected by the "cap," or halo, which it forms above the flame of a safety-lamp; when it is present in less proportion than 2 per cent., its presence is not revealed by ordinary safety-lamps; but by means of recently invented lamps burning alcohol or hydrogen gas, as little as a quarter per cent. of firedamp can be detected. Firedamp is usually found at the working faces, where fresh surfaces are constantly being exposed; on the edges of the goaf which cannot always be effectually ventilated, and mixed with the current in the return air-ways.

Coal-dust is formed in dry mines by the working and haulage of the coal. The great majority of deep mines are dry, either wholly or in most parts. The temperature increases with the depth, and the large volume of air necessary to dilute and render harmless the firedamp usually evolved in such mines, has an enormous drying power. To a certain extent coal-dust may be said to be ubiquitous in dry coal mines, but several conditions are necessary before it can be present in sufficient quantity, purity, and fineness, to give rise to the dense cloud required for the transmission of flame through the atmosphere containing it. These

conditions are, however, usually present over long lengths of roadways, and sometimes over considerable areas of workings. When the coal is tender much fine dry dust is often present at the working faces, especially if the holing or undercutting is made in the coal itself, and not in an underclay or clay band. It often happens, however, that the working faces are amongst the least dangerous parts of the mine, so far as coal-dust is concerned. If the coal is not tender and dusty, the working and leading of small quantities from individual passages produces little dust, and this is often modified by the dampness of virgin strata, and by an admixture of uninflammable dust and *débris* caused by the working of stone or clay in conjunction with the coal. The return air-ways are also frequently innocuous so far as coal-dust is concerned; but not invariably so. These roads are seldom used for the haulage of coal, and thus the chief source of coal-dust is entirely absent in them. The timber supporting the roof in return air-ways is frequently removed, and the stone which falls in consequence is led away or built along the sides; and this work, together with the travelling of men on the stone floor, gives rise to dust and *débris* of an uninflammable nature. In some cases, however, the return air-ways are equally charged with coal-dust, as other parts of the mine. There may be a coal floor, or the sides of the road may be formed of friable coal, which falls on to the floor and is ground into dust by the workmen's feet; and in some cases it would appear that coal-dust is carried from the working-places and deposited in considerable quantities in the return air-ways; but this is far from being universal. The roads on which the most and the finest, purest and driest coal-dust is deposited are the main intake and haulage roads. Over these roads large quantities of coal are led against strong currents of air. Small coal and dust are shaken out of the tubs or trams, the coarser particles fall on to the floor, and are ground up by the feet of scores of workmen passing daily; and much of the finest impalpable dust is swept off the passing tubs by the air current, and adheres, in the form of a soot-like deposit, to the sides, roof, and timbers of the roadway. There is often sufficient of this wind-borne dust, or "coal flour," as it has been termed, deposited for long distances on the upper parts of main haulage roads, to form the dense cloud necessary for the transmission of flame, even if the floor is damp or wet. The dust on main intake air-ways is also the driest dust, owing to the dessicating power of the air currents. In the vicinity of the downcast shaft coal-dust is deposited in the intake air-ways from the tubs of coal passing up the shaft, and even from the screens on the surface. It is a mistake to imagine that, even in the dustiest mines, the atmosphere is normally charged in any part with suffi-

cient coal-dust to be dangerous in the absence of firedamp. The great bulk of the dust is quiescent, if not disturbed by some unusual shock.

It may be asked, if coal-dust really possesses the dangerous property now attributed to it, how it comes that the danger was not recognized long ago, and why it is not yet universally acknowledged? This question cannot be answered in a sentence, because it is due to a combination of various reasons.

In the first place the large majority* of explosions in mines have been undoubtedly due to firedamp. Many mining engineers have probably never had occasion to investigate a coal-dust explosion, and only a comparatively small number have had experience of more than one or two explosions in which coal-dust has been the chief or only agent. Explosions of firedamp, occurring much oftener, have been observed more or less frequently by most mining men. The difficulties attending the thorough investigation of large underground explosions—and usually it is only when the explosion is on a somewhat extensive scale that the influence of coal-dust can be observed with certainty—can hardly be appreciated by any who have not themselves made the attempt. The work of tracing the explosion back to its point of ignition involves minute scrutiny of the indications of force left by the blast over perhaps thousands of yards of roadway. This work has to be done by the dim light of safety-lamps, rendered less useful by the dense blackness of all exposed surfaces (the result of the incandescent dust), and having to be set in hand whilst the indications are still fresh, has to be conducted amid the confusion, impediments, and dangers

* In a table presented to the Royal Commission on Explosions from Coal Dust in Mines, by Mr. J. B. Atkinson, H.M. Inspector of Mines, and published in their Preliminary Report, an attempt was made to classify the explosions recorded from 1851 to 1889, by a careful examination of all accessible information. After correction of a few unimportant errors discovered since the table was handed in, and the addition of the figures for the year 1890, to make the table cover 40 years, the following is the result:—

	No. of Explosions.	No. of Lives lost.
A. Explosions in which, so far as there is evidence, coal-dust probably played no part.	1,872	2,988
B. Explosions in which coal-dust probably played a part. (Insufficient evidence.)	111	1,625
C. Explosions in which coal-dust probably played the principal part.	98	4,508

Putting aside the doubtful cases (B), it will be seen that 1,872 explosions are attributed entirely to firedamp, against 98 explosions in which coal-dust is credited with the principal *rôle*: but the loss of life by the purely firedamp explosions is only 2,988 as against 4,508 by the coal-dust explosions.

which are the necessary sequel to an explosion—such as fallen and falling roof, obstruction of the roadway (often for hundreds of yards), precarious ventilation, risk of fire or of further explosion. And such exploration is the only available mode of enquiry. The only persons who could give information from personal observation, as to the direct cause of the explosion are almost always killed.

Another reason for the tardy recognition of the influence of coal-dust is its complete harmlessness under ordinary conditions, as proved by the daily experience of thousands of miners working in contact with it; whilst of firedamp it is equally well known that when it is present, within the inflammable or explosive limits, the smallest naked flame will infallibly ignite it, and cause an accident more or less serious. The known danger from firedamp has, in fact, obscured the danger from coal-dust; notwithstanding that firedamp is invisible and coal-dust easily seen. In flour and other mills, producing much dust, but where natural gas is absent, it was soon recognized that inflammable dust was capable of causing disastrous explosions. As nearly all mines, which are deep enough to contain dangerous deposits of coal-dust, also yield firedamp, and as the majority of the expert observers after an explosion are not, as a rule, very intimately acquainted with the management, ventilation, and temperament of the mine, there may have been a natural disposition on their part to suppose that the mine had been normally in a dangerous condition from firedamp, or that some serious derangement of the ventilation or sudden invasion of firedamp had rendered the explosion possible.

After the question of the influence of coal-dust was seriously raised, its solution was retarded by conclusions drawn from experiments on too small a scale to exhibit results in the remotest degree resembling those observed after mine explosions. These negative or inadequate results were accepted by many as proof that coal-dust alone was practically harmless. Some experimenters, however, held that the experiments, although not conclusive, indicated the possibility that explosions might be caused by coal-dust alone, rather than the contrary.

Finally, there is the inherent disposition to resist any new doctrine when it runs counter to preconceived ideas and traditions. It is said that after Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, no physician of standing, who was over forty years old at the time, would believe it.

The following reasons may be advanced to show that coal-dust has been the chief, or only agent, in all recent wide-spread colliery explosions, and they apply also, so far as the conditions are known, to nearly all the great explosions of which there are records.

These reasons are, however, deduced almost entirely from observations made and experience gained in investigating explosions during the past fifteen years—explosions involving the loss of more than 1,000 lives.

Widespread explosions always occur in dusty mines; whilst explosions of firedamp happen in all classes of mines, whether dry or damp.

A common feature in most of the explosions investigated was their unexpectedness. No unusual source of danger was known to exist, and in the absence of a knowledge of the danger of coal-dust they could not have been deemed possible. These explosions came like "a bolt from the blue," as well to the mine managers and officials as to the workmen; and some of them occurred in the best-managed collieries in the world. In some cases firedamp was known to exist at particular spots, but it was not for a moment suspected that an explosion of such magnitude as occurred was within the bounds of possibility. In some cases all the districts of the mine had been traversed by officials and workmen a few hours before the explosion occurred; and their evidence, and that of survivors who were in the mine at the time of the explosion, was unanimous as to the feeling of security which prevailed; and the positions in which the bodies of the victims were found, in all parts of the mine, showed, that up to the moment of the explosion, they had felt no alarm, but were doing their work in the ordinary way.

In some cases the explosions were confined to the main intake air-ways of the mines, and traversed these roads for enormous distances, frequently for miles. Return air-ways, when free from coal-dust, were not affected by the explosions. In fact, the explosions were confined to roads on which there was a supply of dry coal-dust; the return air-ways and working faces—the places where firedamp was most likely to be present—escaping more frequently than any part of the mines. Intake air-ways when free from coal-dust, or where there was a sufficient intermission in the supply, also escaped. In seven cases the indications of force and direction left by the explosions clearly pointed to places on dusty main intake air-ways as the places where the explosions originated; and as to each of these places there were indications and evidence, more or less incontrovertible, that shots had been fired there, either directly before or at the moment of the explosion. In addition to the direct indications that flame and force had radiated from these points, a remarkable circumstance was common to all. This was, that for distances of from 50 to 100 yards on each side of the point where the shot had been fired, little or no force was developed, although there was evidence that flame

had passed over these undisturbed sections of road. It was not until the flame had travelled from 50 to 100 yards from the point of ignition that it developed force sufficient to blow out timber or mutilate the bodies of men. On reaching the limits of the undisturbed sections of roadway, the blast sped on with terrific force until it reached places where the supply of fine dry and pure coal-dust ceased, often traversing thousands of yards before reaching such places. To account for the presence of firedamp at the places where some of these explosions undoubtedly originated, necessitates assumptions of the most improbable sort. These places were constantly swept by strong currents of air direct from the downcast shaft, and in some cases there were no places near where, by any reasonable stretch of the imagination, firedamp could have been supposed to lodge. The aid of supposititious sudden outbursts of firedamp of which there was no evidence was sometimes invoked in order to account for the presence of large quantities of gas on the main intake air-ways; but even supposing such outbursts to have taken place, they were quite inadequate to account for the results observed, because the blast traversed long distances of intake air-ways along which passed currents separating at or near the downcast shaft, and in one case coming down separate shafts.

If such explosions as those under consideration were due to firedamp, or if firedamp was essential to their propagation, the natural places to expect them to occur would be at the working faces, where new surfaces giving off firedamp were exposed, or in the return air-ways carrying off all the firedamp produced in the mine; but it was invariably found that where those portions of the mines did not contain fine dry coal-dust, they were uninjured. Another peculiarity several times observed was, that an explosion appeared to exercise a choice in the routes it pursued; that is, when the blast came to the junction of two roads along both of which passed a portion of the air current from the single road along which the blast was advancing, it continued its course along one only of the two roads beyond the junction. The only explanation which could be discovered was that the route selected contained a supply of coal-dust, which was lacking in the route avoided. Numerous cases were observed where the blast ceased, for no other apparent reason than the failure in the supply of coal-dust.

Some monster explosions have occurred in mines worked entirely with naked lights, while such lights were in use all over the pit. How these mines could suddenly become in an explosive state from firedamp, over wide and distant areas, it is difficult to imagine.

An argument confidently advanced to support the opinion that

firedamp was an essential factor in mine explosions, was, that explosions had only taken place in mines known to produce firedamp; none in mines, stated to be numerous, which produced no firedamp, and yet were dry and dusty.* An explosion in the Pocahontas mine in Virginia, U.S.A., in 1884, causing the loss of 114 lives, was reported to have occurred in a mine entirely free from firedamp and very dry and dusty; but the argument was not practically refuted in this country until November last, when an explosion traversing about 1,500 yards of a dusty intake air-way, occurred at Camerton Colliery, in Somersetshire,—a mine where firedamp was absolutely unknown.

In considering the measures necessary to prevent or reduce the loss of life by explosions in mines, the first and most important step should be thoroughly to convince those responsible for the safe working of the mines, of the true sources of the danger, and the conditions under which they arise. From this point of view it is much to be regretted that no experiments have been made on a scale large enough to yield visual demonstration of the effects of an explosion of coal-dust, under conditions approximating as closely as possible to those existing in mines. The nearest approach to such experiments in this country, were those recently made by Mr. H. Hall, H.M. Inspector of Mines, in an old pit shaft fifty yards deep. The length of such a shaft is insufficient to develop the whole force of a coal-dust explosion, and the conditions under which the explosions or ignitions took place were necessarily different from those obtaining in the practical working of mines. These experiments, however, are valuable, as demonstrating that the dust ordinarily existing in a great number of mines, (not particular, exceptional coal dusts), are capable of propagating flame to the full limits admitted by the conditions of the experiments.

The observation of results after explosions in mines, assumed to have been due to firedamp, but in reality chiefly due to coal-dust, has led to exaggerated conceptions as to the amount of expansion and force due to the explosion of definite quantities of firedamp and air mixtures; and on this point also experiments should be made on a scale large enough to yield reliable results; especially as it is not possible to arrive at such results by calculation. It is not intended to attempt to minimize the danger from explosions of firedamp; any such explosion is dangerous in a mine, and in a dusty mine a small explosion of firedamp may cause the most disastrous results.

* This statement requires considerable modification before it can be accepted as accurate with reference to coal mines in this country.

For practical purposes the means by which coal-dust may be ignited in mines may be limited to two—(1) Explosions of firedamp; (2) Shot-firing. It is not impossible that coal-dust might under certain conditions be ignited by other means, such as a large flame or a fire, but the risk of ignition from any cause except the two specified is remote and problematical. The existing rules for the prevention of the ignition of firedamp are framed exclusively with reference to firedamp, and apply equally to damp and to dusty mines; these rules may be sufficient in the case of damp mines, but they are not sufficiently stringent and definite for dusty mines. The legal requirements respecting shot-firing are very stringent, but somewhat complicated. Amongst other regulations it is required that when shots are fired in dry and dusty places, there must either be copious watering within a radius of twenty yards from the shot, of all parts where dust is lodged; or, that the explosive is so used with water or other contrivance as to be prevented from inflaming gas or dust, or is of such a nature that it cannot inflame gas or dust; and there are further restrictions when the shot is fired on dusty main haulage roads. If these regulations were properly carried out they are probably adequate to prevent explosions by shot-firing from coal-dust alone; but shot-firing is only one of two certain means by which coal-dust may be ignited; and when a complicated rule like this has to be carried out by persons unconvinced of the existence of the chief danger it is intended to guard against, or imperfectly aware of the conditions under which the danger arises, there is risk of failure. Since the rule was framed several new explosive substances have been invented, which afford a very much greater degree of safety than gunpowder, and are simpler to use and, so far as is yet known, not so liable to fail in action as the water cartridge. The abolition of the use of explosives in coal mines has sometimes been advocated, which is, at present, out of the question from the industrial point of view; but now that science has provided explosives very much safer than gunpowder or dynamite and analogous compounds, the rule requires amendment.

In addition to the legal requirements, some attempts have been voluntarily made to deal with coal-dust, by preventing the presence of dry dust in the roads and workings. It is not possible to do this by the simple collection and removal of the dust, although the amount to be dealt with may be thus reduced. In the working-places, where the dust lies almost entirely on the floor, water can sometimes be applied effectually by simply wetting the floor, but there are often serious practical difficulties even in doing this. Where water can most beneficially be applied is on the main haulage roads, as these are usually the routes by which an explosion

extends from one district of a mine to others. It is generally useless to moisten the floor only of such roads, because the most dangerous deposits of coal-dust are found on their upper surfaces. The method usually adopted is to convey water from the shaft or surface, under high pressure, in small pipes along the roads, and allow it to escape at intervals from short branch pipes provided with nozzles or "sprayers," which break the water up into a fine mist, which is carried along by the air current, and moistens all the surfaces of the road. An improved method is to combine the use of compressed air with the water, which has the effect of producing a finer and more far-reaching spray than when water alone is used. In this way the roads can be rendered innocuous from coal-dust, for indefinite distances; but as the method is sometimes applied it would probably be ineffectual; either because the sprays are too far apart, or do not break up the water into a fine enough spray, or because the sprays are applied for too short periods or at too long intervals.

It is too early to discuss the Report of the Royal Commission on Explosions from coal-dust in mines, which has just been issued; but it may be maintained with confidence, that the resources of science are not exhausted for the prevention of explosions in mines; and when it is considered that there are hundreds of collieries whose normal condition is such that the imprudent firing of a shot, or a small explosion of firedamp, may at any moment cause a sweeping explosion of coal-dust and the loss of scores or hundreds of lives, the importance of the subject is apparent.

W. N. Atkinson.

MARGARET: A SKETCH IN BLACK AND WHITE.

She was my baby's nurse, but I had not known her for many days before I realized that she was also a most remarkable young woman, taking her colour and surroundings into due consideration.

The warnings and experience of my friends had prepared me to find in her the typical West Indian servant—lazy, idle, and generally untrustworthy, without morals or conscience, and only redeemed by a certain amount of ill-judged devotion to her little "Missus" from being hopelessly bad and inefficient.

The days passed by, and I waited for signs of depravity, but they came not, and to my delighted amazement I slowly realized that except perhaps for a tendency to worship the white "Buckra" baby that was her peculiar charge, in Margaret I possessed the proverbial "treasure."

Of course she was not altogether faultless, but what defects she had were her own, and were often so droll and original that I would hardly have had them absent.

Clad in a vivid red plaid calico dress, and with her frizzly black hair surmounted by a neat sailor hat, she produced indeed a very favourable impression on my mind from the first moment I saw her.

Many other young ladies—yellow, brown, and black—had already been to see me when they heard I wanted a nurse, but she was unlike them all.

A nurse is the one servant that is easy to procure in the West Indies. It is the fashionable and popular form of service, and such a place with an "English Missus" is eagerly coveted. Not that Margaret called it a "place" or even a "situation." That is not at all the "genteel" way of expressing it. She described herself as "being in search of employment," which is the correct phrase among the Creole black and coloured people, and words make as much difference here as at home.

She was a very fair mulatto girl, some twenty-two years of age, with a tall slight figure and a smile that lighted up her whole face. I think it was her smile that decided me to engage her, even more than the tattered little testimonials that she produced with pride, all vouching for her excellent character.

No one could resist Margaret's smile. It was, indeed, her chief stock-in-trade.

She had also nice bright eyes, round and brown as coffee-berries, and carefully smoothed and plaited hair, on which she bestowed a vast amount of attention and castor-oil. Its natural frizziness asserted itself round her forehead, but that was not her fault.

If her nose and mouth fell short of any classical standard, they were at all events quite passably European, and she moved, spoke, and walked with the peculiar gentleness that is the rule among her class and race.

This gentleness, although delightful in itself, gives rise to many misunderstandings with newcomers from England, for if the negro women were rough and rude less would be expected from them. As matters now are one feels taken in and disappointed, when a girl, who is apparently quietness and modesty itself, is found grievously wanting in all essentials according to European views of propriety.

Margaret, however, proved to be a good girl in every way.

She was an excellent nurse, quiet and careful, and from the first moment that she took the "little Missus" in her arms, the baby seemed to know that in her new attendant she had found her best friend. The baby did not mind, if Margaret when excited invariably exclaimed in her soft Creole drawl:

"Great Scott! what is dis dat I see," an expression that, although I banished it, as in duty bound, from the nursery, invariably made me shake with suppressed laughter. The contrast between the soft slow voice and the words making it sound even more piquant, for Margaret had picked up the phrase from some former American masters, and thought it a supremely aristocratic form of exclamation.

Neither did "little Missus" object when, a few days after Margaret's arrival, the neat red cotton was discarded, and her nurse appeared in absolute rags and tatters.

I must admit that, as rags go, they were certainly clean enough, but still they were rags and I had to remonstrate with her accordingly. "What is dis for a Missus?" she answered calmly with pained surprise on every feature. "Yes, Missus, course I plenty dese dresses; but I keep dem for church. Fo' true de Missus will ruin me if I no wear my ole dresses in de week. No, Missus, we never mend our dresses here," in reply to a suggestion that a few stitches would remedy matters considerably. And so in truth I found was the case. To buy a new dress was very usual but to mend one was unheard of.

Somehow or other I provided Margaret with a couple of decent dresses for week-days, for, after all, I reflected, I could not expect

very much on the regulation Creole wages of five shillings a week, on which, moreover, as a rule the maids "find" themselves.

She was delighted with her new attire and nice white aprons, and made no objection either to the pretty French caps that I gave her to wear. I would have preferred her to adopt the gay handkerchief, "tied" in the orthodox and picturesque style that is distinctive of the Creole negresses, but when Margaret had such "good hair—*real* hair," as she remarked with pride, it would have been sheer cruelty to have hidden what was indeed such "a glory to her."

I told her with some diplomacy that I could not have given her white caps if she had not had nice hair to show under them, so she was gratified and wore them with great contentment.

Her own Sunday headgear was truly terrible. There was in particular a marvellous edifice in the shape of a Scotch bonnet of bright crimson plush. A long draggled feather of light hue stood erect in front, where it was fastened with a large and somewhat dilapidated brooch of gilt tinsel and sham pearls. The whole effect was ludicrous but striking. For when Margaret was thus adorned for church on Sundays her head presented a kind of compromise between a Highland Chieftain and "The Last of the Mohicans." She had other wonderful specimens of attire in her small trunk; a pink flowered sateen for church-going, and a white velvet and feathered bonnet bespangled with gilt beads and pearls.

There is an etiquette to be observed here in church attire: a cotton dress must be always clean and freshly starched, although a new one is preferable.

No dress or hat must be worn more than three times, and the ingenuity with which alterations as to trimmings, ribbons, laces, &c., are carried out, to effect at any rate the semblance of a new garment, is worthy of a better cause.

Margaret's nose was a great trouble to her I found. It was not a large feature in itself, but it weighed heavily on her mind.

"I tink all you English ladies are so pretty, Missus, 'specially in de nose," she complained at last plaintively, after gazing at me one day with a fixity that had made me feel quite uncomfortable. "Our nose so vile an' all flat too."

The flatness was too evident to admit of contradiction, so I contented myself with remarking consolingly:

"But you have all such nice white teeth instead. Think of your teeth, Margaret, and you will forget your nose."

Margaret grinned. "Mine is all false, Missus; dat is most of dem is," she answered with melancholy pride. "De *black* people hab often nice teeth, but de coloured folk hab dem real bad, jest de same as de white Buckra. I get my set last year," she went on

with great satisfaction. "It take all my saved money, but most of de coloured people in Port Albert try an' 'ford to hab dem put in."

Indeed, the fact, far from being a drawback, was regarded by her as a cause of elation, for it not only bore witness to her claim to white kinship but was a tangible proof of her thrift in having saved enough to procure such a costly luxury. At the time it struck me as a curious subject for pride, but later on I understood the feelings that prompted it well enough. All servants, however, were not like Margaret, as I found to my cost, when one day, owing to illness, some temporary help was wanted in the house.

"Dere is my sister Georgiana, Missus," suggested Margaret hesitatingly. "She down hyar in search of employment, so Aunt Rosa tell me."

Now, Aunt Rosa was our washerwoman, and was also in her way a good creature, so my spirits rose. In my mind's eye I conjured up a duplicate of Margaret, and feeling I was indeed in luck's way, I requested that Georgiana should come to me with all haste.

She sauntered up next day. An untidy black girl in a ragged and dirty white gown that trailed behind her in the dust.

Her appearance was a distinct shock. To see her standing by her trim fair sister was such a contrast, that it seemed almost impossible to believe that they were even relations.

She remained with me four days—days that I prefer to forget. She had a positive genius for creating disorder, when she was not standing helplessly and contentedly idle. I believe—for I wish to be quite just—she retained enough of the family traditions—for they were all noted laundresses—to do a little washing fairly well, but on the whole she gave so much more trouble than she saved, that on the fourth day I gave her her week's wages and most thankfully dispensed with the young lady's services.

On her side, she said, moreover, she was too "delicate" to walk the two miles to and from my house. She asserted it "tired her feet." This amused Margaret and the other maids greatly, for country girls, such as Georgiana, think nothing of a twenty miles' walk to Port Albert on Market days. Margaret was rather disgusted at her black sister's defection, and generally spoke of her scornfully as "Dat pore Georgiana dat shamed me so 'fore de Missus."

To Georgiana I owe indirectly that Margaret's family history was first made known to me. If it sounds shocking to English ears, my excuse must be that this little sketch is from life and would be valueless if not absolutely true, also—but this perhaps is immaterial—Margaret's is only a typical case among many thousands of our West Indian inhabitants.

"How can Georgiana be your sister, Margaret?" I asked after some meditation. "She is so much darker than you, and altogether so different."

"Yes, Missus, course she different, 'cos her fader nearly black man. Mine quite white man, English dey say, or praps German. I once hear his name Maclennan, an' he lib up at Chester where he keep a great store.

"He quite rich man dey say, an' ob course he nebber look at pore ole Mama, 'cos she black, if he could hab found any white woman dere, but Mama den berry nice an' 'spectable girl, an' good cook too, an' she wash nicely as well, an' so he see her an' he took her to lib wid him as his housekeeper. Dat is what all de white gentlemen do here, Missus, you know.

"Well, Missus, pore ole Mama quite young den, an' soon I born, an' when she see me come so fair she berry proud an' pleased, but den my fader die, an' course, 'cos she not his praper wife, she get noting ob his property, but de white people an' de lawyers were not too bad to pore ole Mama, 'cos dey know she nice quiet 'spectable woman, an' so dey let her take de cow dat my fader buy her, an' gib her five pounds too for me.

"Den she sell dat cow, an' wid part ob de money she buy for me a little bit ob land. I hab it now, Missus, an' it is tree acres. I pay tax on it, an' it bring me in a little eberry year, 'cos I let it to my step-fader. For I hab step-fader, 'cos a year later Mama marry, really marry praperly dis time, Mr. Duncan, my step-fader. He farm an' work my land an' what land she hab too. Dey hab den six black children, an' Georgiana is de eldest ob dem all. De folk 'bout say it great pity Mama marry my step-fader, 'cos he so black, an' when I so fair a chile, Mama might do better an' praps find anoder white man to lib wid same as my fader, but I no 'xactly see why, Missus, 'cos he berry good man to pore ole Mama, an' most 'spectable an' good too. Work hard also an' no drink rum." She looked reflective for a moment and then went on meditatively.

"Dey are, ob course, Missus, all berry good to me, an' most pleased at seeing me so clear an' fair, but Mama not like to see me lib 'long ob black people like dey all are, so since I lilly girl 'cos I such a nice little fair girl, she put me wid white ladies, an' dey all like me, an' learn me all dere ways. I like de white Buckra, Missus. I like black folk too berry much, but I hate de coloured, 'specially de light kind. Dey always bad an' de worst to de black people."

"But, Margaret, you are coloured yourself and fair too?" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Yes, Missus, I know dat, but it all the same. White are good.

I know dey are God's chosen people. Black are good too in anoder way, but de coloured are mostly vile, 'specially de rich coloured people. Dey treat de black ones like dogs, much worse dan de real white Buckra for dat." And with this sweeping assertion Margaret leisurely left me and went to iron some clean pinafores for her little "Missus Baby."

Now Margaret, in the tidy new dresses and neat white caps, was fast turning into a pretty girl. Even to English eyes she was far from unattractive, while as to coloured admirers I believe she could count them by the dozen, but she was really a respectable girl and kept them all at a distance.

Suddenly, however, she captivated what, according to the views of the other servant girls, was a real prize in the shape of an Englishman. He was the sailor-servant of a naval officer—good for nothing enough, I dare say, but undeniably white, pure white, with no trace or suspicion of black blood in his veins, while to add to his advantages he possessed fair straight hair and blue eyes.

He proposed to Margaret in due form, but meeting with no decided answer he next wrote her a formal offer of marriage, but to my utter surprise, and the horrified astonishment of all her relations and friends she refused him point blank.

For a coloured girl to decline such an honour was indeed quite unheard of.

Her old Aunt Rosa, the washerwoman, black herself and with a character that in England would have been pronounced decidedly shaky, was genuinely shocked at such conduct.

"Oh, Missus," she complained to me in a horrified voice, "Maggie fo' true must hab lose her sense. Certain sure, Missus, she nebber hab such a good chance again. To tink ob her not marrying a white man, a *real* white man, when he ask her. It makes me real vexed wid her. When her pore moder hab her so fair an' done all she could to improve her colour, to tink she should be so 'ngrateful an' act so, an' all, Missus, for such foolishness. 'Cho, I no hab patience wid her," and she stalked out of the house, carefully balancing a large bundle of linen on her head. She was positively trembling with virtuous indignation at her niece's folly and wrong-headedness.

Now, I have myself a strong personal prejudice against such marriages, and, moreover, I thought Margaret was wise in refusing the young man, but in face of such a storm of family wrath it was only fair to urge her to reflect well about the matter.

Margaret was very decided, however, on the subject.

"Dey all mad, Missus, an' curse me 'cos I engage to a dark young man. He call Charles Francis, an' I know him all my life. He lib up at my home in St. Agnes, near pore old Mama, an' he

go to school wid me when he an' I picnics togebber, an' he always berry nice boy and berry fond ob me," she added simply. "He hab now a little shop up at Mount George, an' he so steady an' getting on so well, an' making money too. Last year he come home to see his moder. She berry nice brown woman, Missus, an' he see me again, an' ask me to marry him, but Mama an' all my family dreffful vexed 'bout it, 'cos he so much darker dan me.

"Dey say, I ought to make myself high an' try for a fair man, but, Missus"—with a smile and a flash of her shining eyes—"I *like* Charles, an' so I promise to marry him when he get 'nuff to build a house. But, Missus, all my own people berry angry wid me, although at last Mama consent, 'cos he doing so well wid his shop. Dat is why I come to Port Albert to get employment 'way from dem all, 'cos dey curse an' rough me so much 'bout him at home."

After this I heard much more about Margaret's poor little love-story, and the liking I had always had for the girl developed into genuine interest and affection.

She had, indeed, a good deal to put up with from her aspiring black family. From their own point of view they had some excuse, for in Margaret and her "clearness" lay their solitary claim to aristocracy, and on this fortunate fact, and the superior marriage that might be expected to result therefrom, all their hopes were pinned. If she married the dusky Charles, be he never so respectable and well-to-do, all their chance of rising came to an end.

One has heard, even at home, of much the same idea, only it is presented in a less crude form.

A cousin of Margaret's, then maid to a friend of mine, and herself a nearly black young lady, almost "cut" Margaret on this account, and Maggie's folly and "low taste" were the favourite themes for the gossip of all the swarthy damsels of the locality. The old women shook their heads as she passed by, and used her to point a moral with to the younger ones, but Margaret heeded nothing, and stuck to her point undaunted and undismayed. I may remark, however, that she yielded sufficiently to popular opinion to explain to me at great length that her Charles was not altogether a *black* man.

Into the complicated mysteries of his tortuous descent I cannot enter here. The subtle brown and black distinctions therein involved bewildered me completely, but I know she ended her long history by saying:

"So you see, Missus, fo' true he not *black*. He course much darker dan I, but he a pretty broonette colour, wid hair too, and when we marry I tink our children will be a nice light chocolate

colour. I like dat colour, Missus, so much. Do you?" For Margaret was, on certain subjects, artlessly frank in her speech, and from natural observation she had discovered for herself certain indisputable physiological facts.

"De light coloured people, Missus," she asserted dogmatically, "hab always such ugly little children, so sickly too, an' most always a bad yellah colour. Course I tink a real white Buckra baby much de nicest ob all, but after de real white baby, I b'lieve de light chocolate ones the nicest little tings. I no 'derstand de girls here at all. Dey tink more ob habing a fair chile den anyting else. Den dey hab to work for it always, fo' true de fader, 'specially when he white or light coloured, nebber help dem more dan he 'bliged, an' oftentimes go clar 'way an' you hyar noting more 'ob him," and Margaret shook her head at the iniquity of humanity in general and of light coloured mankind in particular.

The week afterwards, prompted, I have reason to believe, by some rumours that had reached her, Margaret's mother descended from the hills. It spoke volumes for the nice nature of the girl that she was genuinely pleased and happy at seeing her, and that she had no false shame in introducing the old negress to the household and to myself. "Missus," was her simple introduction, "pore ole Mama is outside an' would like to see de Missus."

And "Poor ole Mama," whose full title was Mrs. Dorothy Cowell, entered smiling and nodding. She could not have been more than forty, but negresses age early, and so thin and wrinkled was she, that she looked a very old woman already.

She was dressed in her best clothes, in a clean yellow calico gown, sprigged with red. A gorgeous imitation gold, silver, and coral necklace of many rows encircled her withered neck, while a picturesque red-patterned kerchief was tied turban-fashion round her old head.

She had bright cunning eyes and a nice manner. Her English, like that of all the country folk, was difficult to follow, for it was clipped and altered and mixed with many purely Creole words and expressions.

Her pride and joy in Margaret was, however, pretty to see. She was in a continual state of adoration before her treasured "white" child.

It was the mother's love intensified a hundredfold by the instinctive feeling of reverence to the white blood that ran in her veins.

"Oh, Missus," she exclaimed ecstatically, as Margaret left the verandah to see after the baby, "is she not beautiful? She look so well an' fat too, an' Missus, does she no look quite white in dose lubbly English clothes? Tank you, Missus, tank you, I hope you keep her wid you an' she stay altogebber down hyar."

She looked round to see if anyone was listening, and then whispered mysteriously, "Fo' I no want, Missus, Maggie to git merried yet at ahl. She young to be merried, an' I sure she could merry anyone down hyar."

I told her how pleased I should be to keep her daughter, and how quiet and discreet she had been, and old Dorothy looked gratified, but when I proceeded to tell her of her English admirer her black eyes gleamed with suppressed excitement. I pointed out how sensibly Margaret had behaved, for he did not seem very steady, and the probable conclusion of the whole story would have been that he would have got tired of his West Indian bride and deserted her after a time.

Old Dorothy looked wise. "Yes, Missus: dare say he would. Dat reglar Buckra trick we all know well 'nuff; but, oh! to tink dat a *white* man should ask my dater Margaret in real marriage." The mere thought of such glory was too much for the poor old thing, and she literally began to dance and caper from sheer delight until her glittering necklace jingled again.

"Missus," she exclaimed at last, imploringly. "Pramise me, you try an' keep Maggie fram merrying at ahl jis yet. She so well hyar as she is, an' one nebber know what may come. 'Nebber trow 'way you stick till you git a top ob de hill.'"

I made no promise in response to this proverb, and a little later, after a long and apparently animated conversation with her daughter, old Dorothy departed.

"Pore ole Mama!" remarked Margaret that afternoon. "It is I, Missus, who real pore now, 'cos she smouch up all de money I put by to save for my wedding. She berry vexed wid me still 'bout Charles. She tell me all de folk say I hab no praper pride at all. She speak too, an' say she *raise* me by marrying white man, an' now I wish go an' 'grade her by marrying dark, but I no care, 'cos I like my Charles an' he like me. He write me letter eberry week, Missus. He getting on so well, an' want to marry me soon now, but I tell him in my letter I no marry him till he hab a house for me ready, an' so he building me such a nice little wooden house, Missus! an' he planted coffee an' chocolate trees too, an' dey do well an' thrive, an' by de time we married an' hab little children dey bring in plenty money," and Margaret smiled happily at the thought of the blissful little home that she already saw in her mind's eye.

We were all by this time enrolled among Margaret's sympathizers, and she used often to talk to me of her Charles—of his goodness to his old mother, and of the progress the little house was making. "Such a nice little house, he say, Missus. He build it wid two rooms an' a parlour too, an' a nice little piazza in front. Dere is a little

kitchen close to de house too, an' water. An' de coffee is doing well an' he plant more chocolate, an' all he does seem to be blessed an' de shop thrive, an' now, Missus, I must hurry up an' save some money or else I go to him like an' ole coco stump all in rags. I would hab plenty, but pore ole Mama she for ebber writing to me for more money, an' so she always nobble up all I get when I do save a little," and poor Margaret would look ready to cry as she considered her own poverty.

Gradually it became a settled habit that various trifling odds and ends should be laid aside for "Margaret's house." Everything she seemed to find a use for. Old children's garments, with admirable forethought, were gratefully received with the remark, "Dey do nicely for my pore babies, Missus, for it berry cool up dere in de hills," for anent these probabilities Margaret had none of the shyness that is customary in England, and, indeed, such unknown bashfulness would have been deemed in this part of the world both ridiculous and unnecessary.

Charles wrote every week now.

He was growing impatient.

"Missus, Charles say de house quite finish now, but I tell him he must still get some furniture to put in it. No much, but jest a sideboard an' some pitchers an' plates. Better we buy it now dan later. 'Sides I no in such great hurry to marry. I lub Charles well, but all de ole people say 'Marriage hab teeth,' an' I tink so too. I happy wid you, so I wait, 'sides it good for Charles. He like all men, do he berry good, but dey tink more ob you if dey not find you too sweet." So Margaret waited still.

I did not want to lose her as nurse, so I was pleased.

Christmas time came. Such a strange Christmas to northern eyes. The hillsides and hedges were white, however, with flowering "Christmas Bush," a freak of nature, and one that makes many English hearts homesick by the associations it awakens.

"I no get Christmas letter from Charles, Missus," said Margaret to me one day. She looked a trifle anxious, although I had just given her her Christmas gift.

"I must marry him soon now, Missus, 'cos he vexed last time 'cos I put my wedding off. I dreffful sad at leabing you an' de Missus Baby, but I must go now. Charles he so good an' wait so long. No many men would be so patient."

A week afterwards Aunt Rosa came with the washing. I saw her pass with the clean clothes from my verandah, and she waved a greeting and exchanged a few words to me on the way. Through the open door I could see her tall figure and stiff, starched skirts as she nodded and talked to Margaret in the inner room.

Suddenly I heard a gasp and a low cry. I looked up. Margaret

had vanished. I went into the room. Aunt Rosa was counting the clothes alone. Several piles of clean little garments were neatly laid out on the bed.

"One—two—three—four—six dresses, Missus," she repeated as I entered.

I looked at her. Her rugged black face was hard and stern.

"Where is Margaret?" I asked.

"Maggie jest gone out. She no feel well, Missus."

"What is wrong with her? She was all right until you came."

"I tell Maggie ob a friend's death, an' she vexed 'bout it. She all right soon, Missus."

"Who is it, Rosa?" A presentiment of evil rose in my mind.

"Only de young man she engage to, Missus. He dead fortnight since."

There was a ring of suppressed triumph in Rosa's voice.

I waited no more, but was on the outer verandah where Margaret was in an instant.

She was crouching by the doorway.

She looked up when I touched her.

Her poor brown face looked grey and drawn, and her whole frame was shaken by great tearless sobs.

"Oh! Missus, it my Charles! He dead an' I no know it all dis time! Rosa an' eberybody know it dese last ten days! Oh! Missus, my heart is pierced, such a sad distress has nebber come near me before!"

It was piteous to see her. Her eyes looked like some poor dumb animal in pain. We begged Aunt Rosa to tell us what more she knew, and she relented sufficiently to give us a few details in her most dogged manner.

The news was true enough. No need to tell Margaret before, she maintained: "Better to wait till he buried." Charles had died suddenly after a day or two's illness, and "Maggie had best no' fret 'bout it 'cos it ober an' done wid now." And with that she left us.

Rosa's unsympathizing demeanour exasperated me beyond measure, but poor Margaret took it as a matter of course.

"Dey all pleased, 'cos dey nebber wish me to marry to him," she said with quiet resignation.

Very sad it was to watch the girl that day. She said little or nothing, but, carrying her little Missus in her arms, walked up and down the room unceasingly.

"Oh! little Missus, my heart is pierced! Oh! my love! my Charles! an' you were dead an' lying in your grave when I laugh an' talk! Oh! Missus! Missus! what shall I do? What can I do?" she broke out at last. It was the helpless shriek of a creature in agony.

I did what I could to soothe her, but she was past my help, and later on I could do nothing but sit beside her with tears in my own eyes, for, as the shadows of evening deepened into night, the old forgotten African beliefs and fears took hold on her, and, sadder still, the terrors of hell for him that she loved overshadowed her.

"Oh! Missus!" she moaned, "do you tink it *must* be? I know he good and steady, but he no tink ob death, an' he no prepared. Oh! my love! my love! while I sit here you may be in hell an' in agony." Her voice rose to a tortured cry. "Oh! my love! what would I not do to bear it with you?"

It was heart-breaking to hear her. That night was one of unutterable misery to her at least, if not also to me. She begged me to let the door of her room which adjoined mine be open, for she was not altogether above the fear that the "Duppy" of her poor Charles might come for her.

Such superstitions are too deeply ingrained to be disregarded.

I went to look at her several times.

She lay huddled together in a heap, her head bound up as is habitual to coloured women at night, as wretched a piece of humanity as could well be found anywhere.

Her altered appearance next day showed her sufferings. To console her was impossible, but I let her talk, for it seemed to comfort her somewhat, and again and again she told me of all Charles had done, and all they meant to have done in the little home that now never would be hers.

Now the little house would be sold without her ever having seen it. Everything would have to go.

"But since he gone, de rest can go too, no matter now."

It was only a tiny wooden shanty, but it had been their castle in the air, and poor Margaret sat crushed and broken among its ruins.

I saw she would never rest until she heard more about her sweetheart's end, and, further, of the story, Aunt Rosa would not or could not tell.

"Margaret," I said gently, "will you go home?" A gleam came into her poor tired eyes.

"Yes, Missus, but you no can spare me, an'—May I come back?"

"Yes, Margaret, we will spare you, and you must come back soon." And so she went. Her preparations were simple enough. She left us at dusk, for she had to take the boat at early dawn and to coast along the island for a day. I gave her some trifles to take to her mother. She thanked me for them, but her face hardly changed.

A ghost of a smile hovered, however, for a second on her lips as I handed her a bunch of old artificial poppies. Artificial flowers are the diamonds of the negress.

"Oh! Missus!" she faltered, "if my Charles no dead I would wear dem. Dey beautiful. Now I no care, an' I tink I always wear black." She had contrived during the day to put away all her gay colours and to wear some semblance of mourning. It was quite a relief when she left, for it is well nigh as hard to look at misery as happiness "through another man's eyes."

A week later, and with the morning's light she was back again.

She looked faint and worn. She had walked all the way across the island that night—some thirty miles.

She was so exhausted physically, she could hardly speak, and after she had eaten something she slept more than eight hours without stirring. When she woke up she was her usual self. Her grief had worn itself out with her fatigue.

She told me about Charles and his death.

"He asked for me, Missus, de last ting, an' his moder show me his grave. I nebber forget him, Missus, but I strive an' grieve for him no more."

And as the days went by, I saw that her words were true. One Sunday she appeared with the poppies in her black hat.

"Dey so pretty, Missus, I sure Charles no mind if he could see me in dem," she observed apologetically as she passed me.

I was very glad, for I knew then that Margaret was herself again and that the wound was healing.

Creoles who knew the story said that probably Margaret's family had used "Obeah" on Charles. It was possible enough from the facts, but I am happy to say the idea had never struck the girl herself.

Some things are not good even to think of.

* * * * * * *

So far I had written when Margaret herself entered, bright and cheerful, with blue ribbons in her cap.

"Missus, I got a new bow!"

"Yes, Maggie, I see—a dark blue one," I said, as I looked up from my writing.

"No, Missus, not dat kind, but a new lover. He fairer even dan I, an' he say he lub me true, an' make me offer ob marriage, but I do not know yet."

There was an almost imperceptible pause.

"Yes, Missus—I no lub him like my pore Charles, but Charles—he dead—an'—so—I—must find anoder sweetheart, an' dis one seem to be a pretty good one—so—I—tink—I—say—him—Yes."

I am afraid this spoils whatever romance may have been associated with Margaret, but it is so characteristic that I feel bound to leave it as it really happened.

Although she so soon recovered from her poor sweetheart's loss, her misery and pain were none the less bitter while they lasted.

Such things are questions of temperament. Remember also, that, although her father was a white man, she, in common with all her kind, is none the less the true daughter of her mother.

THE AUTHOR OF "A STUDY IN COLOUR."

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Correction.

To the Editor of "The National Review."

Sir,—

I observe in Mr. A. Patchett Martin's article in the July Number of *The National Review*, "Lord Sherbrooke and Sir Alfred Stephen," the following quotation from a letter signed "Robert Lowe," dated April 3rd, 1870: "We should never think of allowing a new writ to issue till the time for petitioning had expired. I am surprised that His Excellency [the Earl of Belmore] made such a mistake. He never was in the House of Commons, which may account for it."

The mistake (if any) was Mr. Lowe's, not mine. As a matter of fact, the writ for the re-election of Sir Charles Cowper on accepting the Premiership (on the retirement of the late Sir John Robertson from that office, owing to private affairs, early in 1870, almost immediately after a General Election) was issued as a matter of form, upon Sir Charles's advice, given in the ordinary way, there being at the moment no Speaker of the Legislative assembly. Subsequently, the leader of the Opposition, the late Sir James Martin, thought it proper to make a personal attack upon myself, in the principal daily newspaper. The matter was then looked into by my constitutional advisers, when it was found (I am writing from memory) that the Constitution Act of New South Wales rendered it imperative to issue the writ immediately. That Act overrode the English Statute of Queen Anne, which regulates the practice of the House of Commons.

It may be presumed that when Sir James Martin came to look into the case he arrived at the same conclusion, as we did not follow the matter up when Parliament met.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Belmore.

(Formerly Governor of N.S.W.)

Carlton Club, Pall Mall, S.W., July 7, 1894.

A Protest from the South.

To the Editor of "The National Review."

Sir,—

At a recent meeting of the Canterbury Diocesan Conference the Archbishop stated that the working-men of the North of England meant to have some strong restrictive legislation to control, and if possible limit,

the sale of all intoxicants. "There is no question," said the Archbishop, "that is more on the heart of these great populations, the miners and the rest of them, in the North." Let the politicians assure themselves. Let them beware. The North, the mighty North, the land of hard heads, the land of strong arms, is up.

Let the politician, the brewer, the distiller, and the publican, look after themselves. The North can vote, like other men, be their heads hard or soft. But the rest of England, and especially the South (the mere South as we are sometimes called), is becoming a little weary of the ding-dong of the North. We have been content to be little, and soon we shall be belittled into nothing. We could endure the patronage of the North; Sir Walter's sweet stories steeped our minds with love of Scotland. But in these last days there has sprung up a loathsome cant, the prime singer being, no doubt, an exalted personage, according to which the English, apart from the North, the mere Southern English, are the offscouring of the United Kingdom. Ever since the land has had safety from foreign foes and fairly good government, we Southerners have been a quiet, peaceful people, steadily developing such natural wealth as we have had, silently doing our work. We are no longer, if we once were, inflammable matter for the political agitator to set on fire. To more ardent spirits we may seem dull. Perhaps we are dull. But, whatever our faults and shortcomings, we have had enough of the scorn of our fellow-countrymen; and whilst we allow them all honour, be they Northern English, Scotch, Irish, or Welsh, we should like to remind them that the South of England has taken a leading part in the past history of these islands, and that our present mood of political rest can be fully explained on grounds honourable to ourselves and worthy of quiet reflection on the part of our critics.

It was in the South that the first groups of petty kingdoms arose, and the streams of English public life which sprang forth in Kent, Sussex, Essex, Hampshire, the Midlands, and East Anglia, flowed together, with one northern rill only, into the ever deeper and broader river of national life. It was the Southern English that flew to arms at Hastings; and, long after the terror of the North Sea rovers had ceased to disturb the rest of the Northerners, our ancestors down here never ceased to watch the ships and ports of France. From the Southern ports came the old Royal Navy and such sea police as could protect their fisher and their merchant-man from the pirates of the Channel. It was we Southern English that went aboard the little ships that nimbly followed the Spanish fleet on its progress up Channel, and it was we that then fought, suffered, and died. It was the Southern sailors that sailed West to America before Liverpool was. It was they that opened up Levantine commerce, and that raced with the Hollander and the Portugee over unknown Eastern seas, and laid the foundation of our Eastern Empire. These things have we done, and we have held our tongues; but we are not ashamed, even if there was roughness in our deeds. We had to meet rough people, and the whole land from Beachy Head to Shetland has had peace and has grown fat whilst the bones of our men have lain in the sea-bottom and in many a foreign land. Most of our families have paid tribute in blood.

The help of the South towards political progress has been yet more remarkable, especially as proved on lines of reason and principle, and not upon romantic sentiments of loyalty to worthless dynasties or dangerously fascinating personages. Herein lies our present offence and the exciting cause of the attacks that are made upon us. Romance led the Pilgrimage of Grace; but, whenever Kent has risen, there have been solid grounds of discontent and alarm. We foamed out the headiness of untamed youth, and burst through some illusions, that still deceive our belated brethren, in the days of Tyler, Cade, and Wyatt. Our instinct has always been soundly set towards freedom and public progress. In the great War of the Roses, whilst the romantic loyalty of the North and North-West sacrificed itself for an imbecile King, the practical South made good terms with the Yorkists, who represented progress and enlightenment. Again, here and in East Anglia, lay the Parliamentary strength which in course of time crushed all opposition in the North, and in the West as well as in Scotland. It was we that supported William III.; we that established the present dynasty, even against that touching loyalty of Scotland to the Stuarts which, in its fidelity and its incorruptibility, forms one of the most charming episodes in all our island history. And through all these generations and centuries our people, we ourselves, if not in control of public business, have, in a very real sense, been in touch with the moving springs of national life. Our many towns, small as they were, had Corporations founded by Royal Charter. Many of them returned Members to the House of Commons.

Now, contrast this condition of high political experience which the Southern English had reached, the public sacrifices that they had made for so many generations, the rapid beats of the national pulse amongst them, with the state of the North and of Scotland at the time when, in 1832, we were nearly all flung together upon a level of political equality which has been further modified since in the same direction. The Northerner had fought no ancient foe except the marauding Scot. Upon the issue of their valour no great event had ever turned. It was certain that Scotland could not subdue England; and, though the Northman fought for the honour of England, he never, like the Southerner, kept her safety and her national life by means of his sword. He was in national safety so long as the Southerner kept the gate; but, by reason of distance and of his small representation in Parliament, his interest in the national life was languid, and his hold upon Westminster was slight, and had not grown in strength as time passed. Still slighter was the hold of the Scotchman, whose ridiculously narrow and restricted franchises had placed the Scotch representation in the House of Commons on the smallest possible basis. Substantially it comes to this, that only two generations of Northerners and Scotchmen have had votes, and that these enormous classes of raw voters entered upon their trust, burning with rage against the old Tory Party, and determined, election after election, to retaliate upon the Conservative candidates all the pent-up anger of years of suspicion, opposition, and conflict. Angry hearts cool slowly, and these new classes of Northern and Scotch voters cannot even yet approach a polling-booth with calm judgment. Furthermore, as classes, they are still new to power and have yet to learn its limitations.

Has the Southern half of England been barren of great men? Again we are forced into boasting. Let us see. In active life Wolsey, Burleigh, Pym, Hampden, Eliot, Oliver Cromwell, Sidney, Vane (in this context let me point out that Wentworth was from Yorkshire), Walpole, Pitt—all these and a host of others whom we despised Southerners reared and trained, whom we saw in their times of hope and prosperity, and out of the often sad and sometimes tragic web of whose lives we learnt the sacrifices and heart-breakings of political life. In arms and adventure, Raleigh, Drake and Grenville; again the great Oliver, Blake, Clive, and Nelson. In letters, Shakespeare, Milton, not to mention numbers of other men who have a place in the Temple of Fame—Bunyan, Pope, Dryden, Locke, Addison, Cowper, Johnson, Coleridge. Last, in science, Harvey, Bacon, Newton. Be silent, ye that speak of England as if England south of Trent had yielded no valuable elements to our national life. The facts are all the other way. In political training we are far in the van. National defence has always been in our hands, for hundreds of years almost entirely; and even now we yield most men to the Army and Navy. Our roll of fame is unrivalled.

We are accused of apathy; but if need be the South will move. We are more sensitive to external dangers to the national life than the North, or Scotland, Wales, or Ireland. We are still in the gate. If evil befall the nation the stroke will be first on our backs. Any policy that will weaken us as a nation the South will resist. First, by Parliamentary methods. If these fail, by other resources. Mr. Gladstone has said the English people need discipline. We know whom he means. But we, in the South, have had a better discipline than Mr. Gladstone himself. Our ancestors made the House which he has degraded; and, whilst they were dealing with national defence and advancement, in the face of difficulties that tried nerve and temper to the uttermost, Mr. Gladstone's forefathers were Scotch "lairds" and "factors," who dealt in no matter of much more than parochial interest. Hitherto the weight of the South has settled every great Constitutional struggle. For generations we have thought that no momentous crisis would arise. If the South yields Home Rule the contest is over. But if, as all probabilities suggest, aroused by fears of national disunion and dangers that would arise if the Irish Legislature coquetted with France, armed troops, and by means of bounties, attacked English trade, the South shall oppose Home Rule (which is now seen to mean the subjection of England) with increased stubbornness, then all her power will emerge from the reserve of past years, and she will once again save England from disaster.

I remain,

Yours truly,

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